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# THE STORY

OF AN

# EARNEST LIFE:

A Woman's Adventures in Australia,

AND IN

TWO VOYAGES AROUND THE WORLD.

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BY MRS. ELIZA DAVIES.

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"Life is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
Was not spoken of the soul."

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CINCINNATI:  
CENTRAL BOOK CONCERN, NO. 189 ELM STREET.  
1881.

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## PREFACE.

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FOR many years I resisted the earnest entreaties of many friends to write an autobiography. I did so for two reasons: First, my inability and inexperience as a writer; second, the pain which the effort would cost me. But, finally, the honored and lamented Dr. Robert Richardson, of West Virginia, who was long a co-laborer of the illustrious Alexander Campbell, and who knew me well, convinced me that it was my duty to write. With many tears, I have sacrificed my feelings at the shrine of duty.

I claim for my narrative no literary merit, but I have tried to make it as accurate in statement as it is sincere in design. It has pained me to be compelled to place some, who were dear to me, in an unfavorable light; but the necessities of the case demanded it. I have written an unvarnished story of a life of many vicissitudes, hoping that my readers may derive strength from it under trials, temptations, pain, privation, persecution, and exposure. I send it forth to the world with the earnest prayer that the gracious God—who, in all my outgoings, my incomings, and my shortcomings, has ever been my best Friend—may make it a blessing to all who read it.

E. D.

GEORGETOWN, KY., *December*, 1880.

(iii)

DEDICATED  
TO  
The Pupils of the Kentucky Female Orphan School,  
AT  
MIDWAY, WOODFORD COUNTY, KY.

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YOUR privileges are more valuable than gold. Unlike the humble author of this volume, you are passing the days of girlhood in a Christian atmosphere. The Bible is in your hands—you are taught its precepts and encouraged to obey them. Your teachers invite and exhort you to come to Christ, where only is safety for the young; and when you put Him on in baptism you have many willing hands to help you. Prize highly your present privileges; and may the Father of the fatherless enable you to employ your gifts to His glory.

# CONTENTS.

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	PAGE.
CHAPTER I.	
My Childhood and Childhood's Home, . . . . .	7
CHAPTER II.	
Farewell to Scotland, . . . . .	49
CHAPTER III.	
Life and Sufferings in New South Wales, . . . . .	84
CHAPTER IV.	
From New South Wales to South Australia, . . . . .	103
CHAPTER V.	
An Exploring Expedition, . . . . .	121
CHAPTER VI.	
Sad Experience of Wedded Life, . . . . .	169
CHAPTER VII.	
Return to New South Wales, . . . . .	203
CHAPTER VIII.	
Return to Scotland, . . . . .	221
CHAPTER IX.	
New Experiences in Scotland, . . . . .	237
CHAPTER X.	
Farewell to Scotland and Voyage to America, . . . . .	262
CHAPTER XI.	
Life in Bethany, . . . . .	280
CHAPTER XII.	
At the Kentucky Female Orphan School, . . . . .	296
CHAPTER XIII.	
Plantation Life in the South, . . . . .	310
CHAPTER XIV.	
Preparing to Leave America, . . . . .	322

	PAGE.
CHAPTER XV.	
Second Voyage to New South Wales, . . . . .	334
CHAPTER XVI.	
My Reception, . . . . .	346
CHAPTER XVII.	
Teaching on Hurricane Hill, and Other Labors, . . . . .	360
CHAPTER XVIII.	
Voyage to South Australia, . . . . .	406
CHAPTER XIX.	
Return to New South Wales, and Teaching in the Bush, . . . . .	430
CHAPTER XX.	
The New School-house, . . . . .	455
CHAPTER XXI.	
The New System, . . . . .	501
CHAPTER XXII.	
Third Voyage to South Australia, and Teaching in Adelaide, . . . . .	527
CHAPTER XXIII.	
Voyage to America, . . . . .	553

# The Story of an Earnest Life.

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## CHAPTER I.

### MY CHILDHOOD AND CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

I WAS born at Paisley, in Scotland. This town is interesting to me, not only as my birth-place, but as the site of an ancient abbey, with its ruined monastery, and the historic Palace of Balgowny; and, within a radius of three miles around it, are, the birth-place of Sir William Wallace, the ruins of Cruikstone Castle, and various other ruins of historic interest. These all add a charm to the dear old town. When very young, I lost my father—a loss I did not realize. I remember him only as he lay in his coffin, ready to be carried to his last resting-place. My mother was young, pretty, gay, and fond of society, and she was soon married again to one who had loved her ere she saw my father.

All through my childhood's loving years my heart yearned for her love. Nothing could eclipse my mother in my affection; but she would have none of my homage—she turned away from my caresses with indifference, and my love was thrown back on my own heart. Many and bitter are the tears I have shed, when, with open arms, I would run to my mother and ask her to kiss me, and she would thrust me from her. I was sent to school at a very tender age, but my education did not wholly depend on master, pastor, or parent. There is a spirit of independent knowledge pervading the very atmosphere we breathe in Scotland. All ranks of people inhale it. We are susceptible to the charms of beauty long before we can reason about it. Nature's cloud-pictures in the sky attract us, and the gold-brocaded carpet of emerald that covers the earth. The foundations of my education were laid among the heather-clad hills, rippling brooks, and glassy lakes of bonnie Scotland. Alone in hollow caves, worn by the resistless billows,

and on naked crags, have I very often stood, oppressed with thought and with yearnings for something yet unknown. I had, as a gift from the Creator—a precious gift—a love of the beautiful. It has impressed on my mind forms both animate and inanimate, and memory brings back the picture fresh to my mental vision. My imagination was early stimulated by the legends of the mountains.

Maggie Campbell, my highland nurse, took me at an early age to visit her mountain home in the Western Highlands, amid deep, dark glens, and bonnie wee burns, with their rush and roar as they approached the precipice and dashed over in tiny cascades. Oh! how I wished to be old enough to read all the romantic histories of all the people who had lived in the ruined piles of ancient grandeur, which we passed on the banks of the beautiful Clyde. Maggie was full of highland lore, and, though her narratives were greatly tinged with religious romance, I loved to listen to her broken English. She told me of the brave Wallace, as we passed the rock on which stands Dumbarton Castle. As we sailed into the Firth, and passed the historic isles of Arran and Bute, my admiration was unbounded. We sailed up Loch Fyne, celebrated for its “callar herrin” (fresh herrings), and landed at the Gaelic Town of Loch Gilphead—my nurse’s birth-place, and the home of her mother, Luckie Campbell, and her brother, Lachie. (Luckie means mother, or old woman.) She had three married sisters, who lived high up among the hills, whose husbands were farmers and fishermen. But more of them anon.

Maggie grew sick, and while she was being most affectionately nursed by her mother, her brother Lachie (Lachlan) would carry me to the sea-shore, and sit, or walk, or gather sea-weed and dulce and shells, as best suited my humor. On these occasions he would tell me tales of the hills and their inhabitants, which charmed me. I was ever ready to listen to tales of “brave men and bonnie leddies,” from whatever source. My good and faithful nurse told her mother that she had come home to die, but dear old Luckie could not believe that her Maggie should die. Nevertheless, she passed away to the better land, and was laid down in a small picturesque graveyard, on a hillside overlooking Loch Fyne. My love for Maggie was deep and sincere, and when she was hidden from my sight forever, I shed many tears for the loss of my dear friend. She seemed to have left a legacy of love to each of her sisters, her mother, and her brother, to be lavished on me, “the bonnie wee toon lassie,” as they chose to call me. After one of my rambles with Lachie on the beach, I ran up to the house which

stood near by, and the first thing which attracted my attention was an elegant crimson velvet bonnet, hanging on a nail, with a Prince of Wales ostrich plume on it. I exclaimed,

“That is my mother’s bonnet; who brought it here?”

“Your mother!” said a quiet voice behind me. I turned and saw my mother, and would have embraced her, had she allowed me. On hearing of the death of her faithful servant, she had come for me. I was glad to see my mother, but sorry to leave. They made an agreement that I should spend some weeks every summer among the hills. This agreement gave me great delight, and many of the happiest days of my childhood were those that I spent in the highlands during my yearly visits.

Loch Gilphead lies at the head of the Loch Gilp, nestling at the foot of a high hill. At this place the Crunnan Canal cuts through the Peninsula of Cantyre, and joins Loch Fyne to the Sound of Jura. This canal is cut through the midst of the wildest and most beautiful scenery, and it is full of locks. Here I saw what was entirely new to me—the canal boats going into and out of the basins formed by the locks. I expressed a wish to board one of the boats and pass through the locks, and when I felt myself floating down on a body of water into an empty basin, and rise up again, I thought I had gained a wonderful experience.

Luckie and Lachie took me to visit the other members of the family, who lived amid the mountains. We started in an odd-looking little carriage, drawn by two little shaggy Shetland ponies, on a bright, breezy day; and, when we arrived at our destination, I was left among a people who could not speak one word of English, except Luckie Campbell’s family, who had all sojourned in the Lowlands, and had learned the language and manners of a higher civilization.

These hardy Scots are happy and contented, simple and virtuous. Their highest happiness is to serve God, and honor their Queen, and obey the laws of their country. The women and boys attend to the small farms, while the men go out on the stormy Loch Fyne to catch their far-famed herrings.

Our shaggy Shetlands drew us several miles through wild and romantic scenery, till we came to the foot of a high mountain, where we had to leave them and take to our feet. We climbed and wound round and up on a sheep track, or narrow pathway, through the heather, till we reached a little plateau half way up the mountain. On this plateau stood, nestling close together, a number of curious-looking buildings,

in shape much like square hay-stacks, with conical roofs. They were built of unhewn stones, cemented with mud, and thatched with heather, so that in the distance they were not distinguishable from the hill behind them. I asked what these buildings were for. Luckie said:

“That’s Mary’s hoos in the middle, that’s the byre, and this is the dairy beside it.” Just then the “hoos” sent up through and among the heather a blue column of curling vapor (peat reek), which declared it to be a human habitation. We entered the sheeling by a low doorway, and an opening with a wooden shutter served for a window. The room was full of peat reek, so that for some time we could see nothing. In the middle of the floor a large place was hollowed out, about one foot deep and four in diameter, in the center of which was placed a round, portable grate, filled with peat, burning brightly, from which arose, in a great volume, the peat reek. A hole in the conical roof was intended for its escape; but, ere it made its exit, it went curling over, and around, and through everything, till the house was filled and the inmates looked smoke-dried. Around the one large room, which constituted the house, were bunks, one above another, with sliding doors in front. These were beds for the family, their servants and visitors. When the family were about to retire for the night, “the Book” was handed to the father, who reverently read from it in Gaelic. The family then sang a Gaelic psalm, and the father prayed in the same tongue. They were reverently religious, and whether they lay down in the recesses around the room, or went to their fishing-boats, to be rocked on the stormy Loch, dark and dreary as it often was, they committed themselves to the care of Him who neither slumbers nor sleeps; of Him whose chosen friends were fishermen while He sojourned upon earth. A cruse of oil hung from the rafters to give light to the household; and when one wished to retire, he had only to disappear behind the sliding-doors of the bunk. I was very much interested in their primitive mode of serving and eating food. At breakfast, oatmeal porridge, in a large wooden trencher, was placed upon a long, low table; another trencher, filled with the richest, creamiest milk, such as only Highland cows can give, was placed beside it; a large pile of oatmeal bannocks stood also on the table; and a heap of cutty (horn) spoons also adorned it. This was all. The family brought their “creepy stools” (low stools) up to the side of the table, each took a spoon, and all supped from the same trencher. This mode of eating seemed to me so funny that I laughed out several times; but I managed to eat a good breakfast. At dinner, I did not succeed so well.



In one trencher was an immense heap of dry, mealy, red-coated, laughing potatoes; in the other a heap of the most tempting herrings, all smoking hot; and a pile of salt on the table between the trenchers. No table-cloth, knife, fork, or plate to be seen. After grace was said, each one took a potato in his hand, drew a fish by the tail to his side of the table with his horny hand, peeled his potatoes with his fingers, and ate his fish. I took one of the rosy bulbs in my hand, but I could not peel it with my fingers. I tried my teeth, but I had to drop it. Good and tempting as the herrings were, I did not like them. I said nothing, and should have gone dinnerless had not Mary, the mistress, come to my help. She spread a clean, coarse towel on a "muckle kist" (large chest), put some potatoes on a plate, took out from her Lowland treasures a knife and fork, gave me a basin of rich milk and a boiled egg—and I feasted like a queen.

In harvest-time, women and children are all busy with their reaping-hooks, cutting the grain. I, among the rest, with my kilted coat and wee jupe, attempted to shear the grain; but, instead, I cut my fingers, and dropped the hook for aye. Some of the wild mountain children were very beautiful, with black, curling hair falling over broad, white brows, lustrous black eyes, and white, pearly teeth, with only kilt and jacket on, showing to advantage their well-shaped limbs. The little Gaelic that I had learned, enabled me to gather a group of these untamed children around me, at times. To them I would recite, "A chieftain to the Highlands bound;" but, as they did not understand one word, I was not very edifying to them. They would stand open-mouthed for awhile, with staring eyes, apparently very attentive. All at once they would break and run, chattering in Gaelic to their hearts' content, leaving me all alone in my glory. They seemed afraid of me and my strange tongue. Thus left alone, I would stand and meditate, or climb to the top of the highest mountain, till the spirit of solitude would fill my whole being. Sometimes, when standing on the brow of a hill, or the face of a cliff, or a projecting rock, I would startle the reapers below with the sound of my voice, reciting a piece of prose or poetry. They would look up and around, but could not see me, or find whence the voice came. This delighted me. My mountain friends marveled much at the fearlessness of the "wee toon lassie," with her white skin, golden curls and slender form. I was in my element. The mountain breezes bronzed my pale face, and climbing the rugged hills gave my fragile form health and strength, while exploring the smaller glens, gave me courage.

'Twa bonnie lassies were Kate, with her sparkling black eyes, her rosy lips and white teeth, and her raven hair coiled round her well-shaped head; and Mary, with her lint-white locks and bonnie blue een. The fresh breezes and peat reek had bronzed their faces; they were full of robust health and lithe of limb, and merry as the morning. Well, these two, one wet, drizzling morning, were going some distance to take flax out of a peat hole, where it had rotted, in order to have it spread out to dry. I wished to go with them, as the place where they were going, and the thing they were going to do, were alike new to me; but they positively refused to take me. I felt crest-fallen at this, but I begged very hard to go.

"No, no!" they said; "the wee toon lassie will tak' cold and be sick, an' she must na gang."

I protested, and at last prevailed upon them to take me. I doffed my shoes and stockings and frock, donned a kilted coat and jupe, and with a tartan plaid over my head, pinned under my chin, crossed on my breast and fastened behind, leaving my limbs all free, I started off, full of glee, with my two companions.

We crossed the wee burn, that rippled by the cottage-door, dancing on its joyous way. I often sat beside this burn, with naked, idle feet, dashing and splashing the tiny wavelets, as quietly they glided on their way to the mountain's brow. It served for a laver to the cottagers. But the contrast between the rippling brook on sunshiny days, and the rushing, roaring cataract that I saw tumbling over the cliff this rainy day, was very great. We had to cross a large bog, and to see my two guides hop, skip and jump, leaping and laughing over this bog, would have delighted me, had I been able to follow them. My little feet got entangled among the twigs, and I fell and called for help. The two lithe figures bounded back, each caught a hand, and landed me safe on the other side. They advised me to turn back, but this I would not do. One difficulty was overcome, and another presented itself. A big "stanedyke" (high, stone wall) had to be climbed over. This I managed to do without help, and then climbed a precipitous rock; and, when rounding the projecting point of the mountain, my heart almost stood still at the sight of a deep, dark abyss, into which tumbled several angry, swollen mountain torrents. We had to walk on the almost perpendicular face of a mountain, overlooking the wildest glen I had yet seen. I was told if my head turned dizzy, to look up and hold to the twigs that grew out of the face of the wall which rose high above us on the other side.

I took heed to my instructions, and it was well for me that I did; for one false step and destruction was inevitable. I held to the twigs of heather, and looked up to the beetling crags above me; and, though dark and frowning, they enabled me, by keeping my eye fixed above, to move along with firm foot and steady head. The pathway was narrow and, in some places, slippery; but, chamois-like, we made our way in safety to our destination. The peat hole was full of water and bundles of flax. Katy stepped lightly upon one of the bundles of flax, and, balancing herself, she began to throw out the bundles to Mary, who caught them and drew them to the solid ground. I admired the ease and grace with which Katy lifted and threw the bundles out, and I wished to imitate her. So I stepped lightly upon one of the movables, balanced myself, and was proud of my feat; but my triumph was short lived. I stooped to lift a bundle, but found it too heavy; so I tried to push it to shore, instead of which I pushed the bundle from under my feet and fell splash into deep water, and would soon have been drowned had not Mary, who was watching me, caught hold of the bundle that my hands clutched, then caught my hands, and pulled me out. We left for home as soon as all the flax was landed, taking a longer and less dangerous road on our return. I was wet and weary, but next morning I arose well in body and happy to think of my adventure.

A messenger from Loch Gilphead brought a letter from my mother, recalling me home. With regret, I parted from these hardy Highlanders. They were loving and kind to me—they petted and indulged me, and I loved them dearly.

On reaching home, I found my mother preparing to make a visit to friends in the Emerald Isle, on which I was to accompany her. We rowed in a boat three miles down the river Cart, and then embarked in the steamer *Fingal*, which steamed down the Clyde. The *Fingal* was a fast boat, and we expected in twelve hours from the time we left Greenock quay, to steam up Belfast lough. But we reckoned without the storm spirit, as the sequel will show. We were six days in reaching our destined port. We had a delightful sail down the Clyde, under sunny skies and amid romantic scenery, till we reached Greenock. Here we took in the last of our cargo, which was several puncheons of Scotch whisky and several barrels of Jamaica rum. These were lashed to the deck. Every portable thing was secured, and we set sail with a motley crowd on board; Irishmen with crownless hats, and wisps of straw tied round them, and the like ornamental band tied round their trousers under the

knee. These were rough, rowdy Romanists, all drinking, swearing and swaggering, brandishing the whisky-bottle and the shillaly. Irish women, with long, blue cloaks on, all wearing "mutches" (caps) more or less dirty. These poor creatures had been harvesting for the Lowlanders of Scotland, and with their earnings half spent on whisky and tobacco, were returning to their half-starved families with what remained. They were a sorry lot of deck-passengers. Wind and tide were with us for an hour or two, when the wind veered round, and rising gradually, burst into a furious gale. The pent-up waters between the islands Bute and Cumbray and the main land began to seethe and surge, and became so boisterous that we were driven hither and thither, in spite of all the steam we could get up. The clouds poured down their contents, not in drops but in streams. The lightning flashed, and louder roared the thunder, and darker and darker grew the night. Then a cry, louder than the storm, came from the lookout, "Breakers ahead!" We had to "bout ship" in a hurry to escape the Crag of Ailsa, a huge rock over 1,000 feet high, near the middle of the Firth, as it opens into the North Channel. This rock is the terror of all coasters, as round it the waters whirl and break, and the foam rises, at times, to a great height. My mother, instead of going to the cabin when the other passengers went, sat down under an awning that was spread over a handsome carriage that was lashed to the deck. There she sat till all the cabin-doors were fastened, and the hatches battened down. So we were compelled to stay on deck. And, oh! what cursing and praying to the Virgin Mary was going on in the forward part of the boat, among the Irish. It was perfectly awful. There was one drunken priest. He was praying to the Virgin Mary, and made strange promises to her if she would save them. The waves seemed to grow wilder as the night grew darker. The sea broke over us every now and then. At times, I was sitting to my waist in water. One tremendous wave broke over the ship, carrying away her bulwarks and every thing that had not been well secured. At that moment, my mother's perilous condition was discovered by one of the officers, who dragged her, half dead, to one of the side cabins, and shut her in. She could only say,

"My child!" The man came back to where I was coiled up, and feeling with his feet, picked up a bundle and thrust it into the cabin beside my mother, saying:

"If that's your child, well; if not, it's gone." All the lashings gave way, and I had scarcely been lifted from under the carriage when it was washed clean overboard. The whisky and rum puncheons broke

loose, were staved in, and hundreds of gallons of the burning liquid flooded the decks. The fearful cry,

“Fire! fire!” was heard. The spirits had found a way to the furnaces, and all was quickly ablaze. But, fortunately, the fire was soon quenched by the seas that swept over us, and the liquor was washed overboard into the sea. Mother and I sat cold, and wet, and sea-sick in the little, dark cabin; the stewardess could not get to us. All through that night of terror we were cooped up. I had no feeling of fear, but I thought we must be drowned. I was happy to be beside my mother. Daylight came, and showed us our shattered condition, and also our danger. The chopping sea and shifting wind would not allow us to steer past the Crag of Ailsa, and now it was full in sight, with breakers roaring around it. A fearful sweep of the gale drove us right past it; on and on we were driven before the fury of the tempest, helpless enough, with broken spars and sails rent to ribbons, and the pumps hard at work. The ship could not keep her course, but was still driven on, past the Mull of Galloway, into the Irish Sea. But we could not cross the North Channel, in the teeth of such a gale, in our shattered condition. We tried to find a place of shelter; we turned to look for Loch Ryan. Just as we were about to double Corsewell Point, our engines suddenly stopped.

“The boilers will burst, or are bursting,” was the next agonizing cry. Our mast, rudder, sails, bulwarks, all gone, and our engines stopped; we were entirely at the mercy of the wind and waves. Another night of gloom had gathered round us; but not before we had seen the high and frowning rocks, and the jagged shingles shelving under the waves or lifting their pointed summits above the breakers of this dangerous headland.

“*We are doomed,*” cried the master of the ship, as he heard the roar of the breakers on the thousand broken fragments of rock that former tempests had riven from the parent cliff. Blue lights were hung out; rockets were sent up into the darkness, and the minute gun was fired—all signals of distress. We were in momentary expectation of hearing and feeling the last dreadful crash, when all would have sunk into eternal silence. But it did not come. Whether the Virgin Mary heard the prayers and strange promises of her votary, the drunken priest, or not, she received full credit for saving her worshipers; and, through their prayers, the ship and all the heretics on board. A large steamer had run into the loch for shelter that day; she saw the rockets, and heard our signals of distress, while she rode at anchor in safety.

She quickly weighed anchor, came to our rescue, and towed us inside to a safe anchorage opposite the town of Cairn, about two miles from the shore. The sudden stopping of our engines was caused by a little fish, which accidentally got jammed into the conduit, and cut off the supply of water to the boilers. Many a curse was hurled at the little fish, while the pipes were being cut open to thrust him out.

As soon as we anchored, our only boat was lowered to take the passengers ashore. My mother was one of the first to go ashore: she left me on board to wait her return. I watched the boat as it rose high, and then sank out of sight behind the billows. I feared several times that she had gone down to rise no more; but up she came again and finally she touched the shore. Mother, hearing that the vessel would remain a day or two, sent for me. A gentleman asked if I would be afraid to go in the boat with him to the shore.

"Oh, no," said I; so he lifted me up and handed me down to a man in the boat, just as if I had been a kitten, then swung himself down, took me on his lap and held me fast while we rose and sank on the stormy waves. I believe all our passengers landed safely. But not so a boat full of men from another ship which sought safety from the raging tempest outside. The boat capsized, and all but one old man went down into a watery grave, right before our eyes. The old man buffeted the waves bravely and swam to shore. He was an old tar, and as he came out of the water, shaking his wet clothes and shaggy head, he said that he had sailed too far out on the ocean to come so near home to be drowned.

The Cairn is only a small town on the eastern shore of Loch Ryan, a long row of houses built on a slope toward the beach. An unpretending, though very comfortable inn provided for us a warm fire and a hot breakfast, both of which we greatly needed. We had our clothes dried while we went to bed to have a sleep. Our trunk being on board, we could not get a change of dress. I slept all that day and night, and while I slept in comfort the storm raged without. A great number of vessels of all sizes had sought the shelter of the Loch, and though they were tossed about considerably, yet they were safe.

Never on that coast, and it is a dangerous one, was such a gale known to blow in the memory of the oldest man. Many a proud and richly freighted East India-man, and other meaner craft, sank in the waves. Our vessel was being patched up, and getting ready for sea as soon as the storm was quieted. I was the only child on board our

ship, and the gentlemen all said I was a brave little sailor, and I was a good deal petted by them.

One more day and night and we moved out of Loch Ryan, and proceeded on our watery way. We reached Belfast on our sixth day out, a very sad contrast to what we were when we left Greenock. The *Fingal*, though one of the finest steamers on the Firth, was so weather-beaten and broken that she was not recognized, as she slowly steamed up the lough.

Three pilot-boats had been sent out in search of us when we fell behind time, and all three, with their crews, were lost in the gale.

What a commotion was created when we landed on Belfast quay. It had been reported that we were lost, and we were received by the enthusiastic Irish as if the sea had given us up again.

"Blessed be St. Patrick and the Holy Mother!" was shouted by the crowd. I found myself, if not an object of interest, at least an object of curiosity, to a host of young ragamuffins, who crowded around me and called out:

"Look at the little Scot! She's half drowned."

"Och! let's see the half-drowned little Scot?" said one, and my wraps were nearly pulled off my shoulders, to my great discomfort. The gentleman whose carriage was waiting for us, rescued me from my young tormentors. We were taken, amid cheers and huzzas, from the crowd to the house of my mother's friends, Mr. and Mrs. Q——n. The lady received us with a warm Irish welcome. She kissed me most affectionately, as if she loved me very much. I wondered at a strange lady kissing me, when my mother never did. These friends had no children, so I had petting to my heart's content while I was with them.

My mother's elegant wardrobe, that she had brought with her, was totally destroyed by the sea water.

I hate monkeys. I went out a little distance from the house one day, sight-seeing. I saw a woman at the corner of the street, with a sheet spread out, full of apples for sale. "Twenty four a penny!" she called out. I invested a penny and had to lift my frock in order to carry my load. I returned to the house, and went to the kitchen to see how the cook roasted her beef. I stood with my back on the edge of the open door, and swung from side to side eating an apple. I felt a hand on my shoulder and looked around, and saw a large monkey stretching down from the top of the door, first to touch me and then to beg for an apple. I gave him one, and he quickly disappeared with it to his house over the door. In a minute he was at my shoulder

again. I gave him another, and another, in quick succession, till he nearly had all my apples. I began to think he was a greedy monkey, and had not eaten, but hidden the apples. So, when he came again, I gave him a slight tap on the side of his head, and told him he was greedy. He ran to the top of the door with a hideous yell, and, showing his teeth, he pounced down upon my head, bit and scratched me, and tore out my hair. The blood streamed over my face and shoulders. It was with great difficulty he was made to let go his ugly grip. I was taken up stairs to my mother, crying and covered with blood. My mother was startled, sent for a doctor, had my wounds dressed, my yellow curls all cut off, my head bandaged, a cap put on, and then put me to bed. I have had no friendship for monkeys since that time.

Our pleasant host and hostess took us to see the lions of Belfast in a jaunting-car—I mean a car that resembles two sofas placed back to back—and we sat with our feet hanging over the side above the wheels. I was in constant dread of falling off at every jerk, and we had not a few, as the car had no springs. Our delightful visit over, we embarked on board another fine steamer for home.

We had a safe and speedy passage to Greenock, where we had breakfast. I drank a cup of hot coffee—the first I had ever tasted. Our nursery table was never furnished with strong coffee, or tea, or hot bread. Our constitutions were not tampered with. We grew strong and healthy on simple food, well prepared, and plenty of it. The steamer unloaded a portion of her cargo, and a few passengers landed here also, and then she sailed, taking my mother and leaving me behind.

The spiteful old monkey had done my head great damage, besides taking my golden locks from me. He left my head very sore, and the doctor prescribed sea-bathing for me; so my mother left me with our friends at Greenock. Here I had a delightful time, and was well nursed and cared for. I was quite a lion, or at least a cub. I had been out at sea in the great gale, and came back alive. I was a natural curiosity to the children who came to see me, and I was quite proud of my distinction and great experience. Greenock is twenty miles below Glasgow, and stands on the west side of the Estuary of the Clyde, partly on a small tract of level land, and partly on some fine commanding heights, which rise in terraces behind and on the west side of the town. It has a great many beautiful buildings. It is a busy place. Sugar refineries, ship-building yards, iron foundries and machine shops, paper and sail-cloth factories, distilleries, breweries, tanneries, etc., are all at work, day and night, by the powerful aid of



steam. The harbors are spacious, and they have every accommodation for shipping. A century ago, James Watt was born in Greenock, and it was then but a small fishing village. Now, by the discovery and application of steam, it has a large population and all these industries at work. Many a splendid steamship leaves this port to plow the mighty deep; many an iron horse goes snorting, with a long and heavy train behind him, by means of the power that was discovered in a tea-kettle.

I had a fine opportunity of visiting all the beautiful towns on the Firth of Clyde. My host had a brother who was master of a beautiful steamer, which plied between all the noted watering-places on the Firth, and with him I had many a pleasant trip. There was danger in crossing the Firth on rough days, but nothing roused my enthusiasm so much as being out on the water in stormy weather.

I was strolling along the quays one day, looking at the docks and ships. I saw two little boys wrestling on the brink of one of the docks, which was half full of water. Each little fellow tried to throw the other down. Fast locked in each other's arms, both at last tumbled over headlong into the dock. A loud splash, and the water closed over them. I screamed out: "Two children in the water!" but, as no one but myself saw them fall in, no one seemed to heed the cry. I called out: "Save the boys!" Some men near by ran down the steps of the dock, but saw nothing, for the boys had sunk a second time. "The boys are drowning!" I cried, in tones which were heard by a tall, handsome, well-dressed youth, who came near me. I pointed to the spot, he obeyed the signal, plunged into the water, dove, and brought up the poor little fellows. The men on the side-steps received the burden. The unconscious children were carried to the nearest house, and the usual remedies were used, which brought one back to life, but the spirit of the other had escaped to the better land. After the young gentleman had delivered his precious burden to the men, he clambered up the side of the dock, stood a minute to wring some of the water out of the elegant clothes he had spoiled, and then walked away as if nothing had happened. Oh! how my heart bounded out toward him, to thank him for his deed of nobleness; but he was gone. The crowd followed the children. I stood alone, wondering at all that had passed within the last fifteen minutes. I wondered if any other young man would do as this one had done. I did not know, but he has ever lived in my memory—a much admired hero.

I had been sent for to come home and attend to my dancing lessons.

This was a most important class, and must not be neglected, whatever else was. I was passionately fond of music and dancing. It is strange that though all over the world Presbyterians are opposed to dancing, yet in the very cradle of Presbyterianism no education is considered complete without it. As soon as I arrived at home, I asked for my mother. She was in the parlor; I ran to where she was; I longed to clasp her round the neck and lie on her bosom; but this liberty I was never allowed. My mother did not see me as I stood at the parlor door admiring her. To me she looked so pretty that I did not like to break the spell. I moved a little closer, she looked around, saw me, and said she was going to have company, and sent me up stairs. No welcome kiss, no kindly greeting for me! Ah, me! my heart sank. A dark shadow that had no brightness, crept over my spirit that night; it has beclouded many a day, and the memory of it bedims my eye, even now, after so many years. Some great man says, "It is folly to grieve over past suffering." He says, "The suffering that is past, is as truly non-existent as the suffering that never has been at all." This is true of physical suffering. But the remembrance of our past life is a great part of our present life. I believe, I feel, I know that past sorrows are a great reality in my present life, whether for good or ill. It will not do to tell me that past sufferings have ceased to exist, while their remembrance remains so vivid, and the results such as they are. The great sorrow of my childhood was, that my mother had no room in her heart for me. I do not think that she laid herself out deliberately to torment me; but there was an unnatural repression of all my joyous childish feelings, a weeding out of all endearment from my young life.

Concerts were given semi-annually by my music master, and balls by my dancing teacher. These parties were thoroughly enjoyed by me. My whole heart was in them; but they had a drawback that nearly spoiled all the pleasure. Children love to tell each other what they are going to wear at a party, and enjoy the anticipation of putting a new dress on, and admiring it before it is put on, as much as the reality; but I never had an opportunity to admire my pretty things till they were on my person; for I never knew what I was to wear till the time came to dress for the concert. Then I had no time to enjoy the beauty of my richly embroidered India muslin dress, my dainty white satin slippers, my long white kid gloves and broad satin sash. Hie to the concert or ball room as soon as dressed; there I could admire others, if not myself. It was a pretty sight to see fifty or sixty little

boys and girls dancing the garland dance. It was like a fairy scene, each holding a garland of beautiful flowers over her head like a picture frame, and many a sweet face peeping out from under the flowery arch. None of the indelicate, immodest dances that are in vogue now, were then known; consequently I never saw in the ball room anything leading to licentiousness, or even suggestive of impropriety. O, that mothers would ever protect their innocent children from learning the dances which lead to death! I believe my mother enjoyed seeing me dance in the ball room.

I was once practicing my music for a grand concert, when my mother suddenly came into the room, and thus accosted me:

“Do you think you can sing?”

“I do not know,” I said, “but the master says I can, and he has given me several pieces to practice.”

My mother repeated my words, and then said:

“I hate to hear you sing, and you shall not sing at the concert.”

I looked up to her face in consternation and said, “The programme is printed, and I must take my part, the master expects me to do so.”

“If you go upon the platform to sing, I shall pull you down. I am master, and I say, you shall not sing at the concert.”

“The master will be disappointed,” I said.

“I shall be implicitly obeyed,” said my mother. I did not sing at that concert or any other concert, evermore. The voice of the canary was hushed, no more song from her throat. My spirit was crushed. I took no interest in learning music after that, though my mother paid Professor M. for teaching me. I made no advance, though passionately fond of it. As usual, I was sent away from home on the day of the concert. When I came home in time to dress, I went into my room to see what I was to wear. I saw a very beautiful *black* Norwich crape dress on the bed. I asked the servant where was my dress: she pointed to the bed. My mother does not mean that I shall wear a *black dress!* I was told that she did mean it for she placed it there, and I was to make haste and dress, for my cousins were coming for me. I held back, hoping that a white dress would yet be forthcoming. My mother dispelled the illusion by coming to see if I was nearly dressed, but I was crying and had not begun to dress. I asked why I had to wear a black dress, but was told to dress at once, and ask no questions. I had either to dress in black and go to the concert, or go to bed. I had two minutes to choose, after that I should have no choice. I very reluctantly put on the dress, nothing white about me but my shoes and

gloves. I cried all the time I was dressing. I was ready when my cousins came for me. The girls did not get out of the carriage; only Cousin Jack, who had just come home from the Indies. He was a midshipman, and I had not seen him since his return. I was ashamed of my black dress and red swollen face, but I was glad to see him and dried my eyes. Cousin Jack was a great favorite with me, and it would have given me great pleasure had my mother allowed me to know he was coming with his sisters for me. Kind Jack took no notice of my mortified feelings. He talked me out of myself ere we reached the Tontine Hotel. What was my astonishment on entering the assembly room, to see all Professor M.'s scholars dressed in black. Why was this, I asked, and was told that one of the royal family was dead, and the Professor had requested his patrons to dress their children in black in honor of the dead, which they did. How much misery would I have escaped had my mother only told me this. But her intention was to teach me unquestioning obedience. Well, I obeyed reluctantly, because I did think my dress would be laughed at by my school-mates, and it was a very great trial to me, and all the admiration which was lavished upon my dress was lost upon me. The pleasure I might have had was crushed out of me. The principle of obedience is right; but the manner in which I was taught it, made my spirit oftentimes rebel. The sorrows of my childhood made me strangely thoughtful, and I was as much alone in my thoughts as was Robinson Crusoe on his island.

It is well said that there is a Providence over children, for they are cared for even when parents are careless. On a bright, sunshiny Sunday morning, my half-sister and I set out on a trip to Dumbarton Castle as blithe and merry as a canary and a black bird could be. (At home we were named canary and black bird on account of the color of our hair.) Our journey wound along the banks of the White Cart for three miles, amidst the richest verdure and sweetest song. Oh, how calm and beautiful was nature at this time. My heart seemed flooded with a sweet joy. I could give no reason for the feeling. I simply felt happy. The banks of the Clyde were still more glorious with their deep shades, their beautiful retreats, their green hillocks and grassy flats. The castles and cottages that gleamed in the sunshine through the grand old forest trees, presented everywhere beautiful pictures, and the great Ben Nevis a splendid background. I was delighted to be able to tell B—— of the different places as we passed; but she took no interest in what I told her. Perhaps I was not as entertaining

as Highland Maggie had been to me, though I tried to be. We sat down on a knoll under the shade of a large tree, and ate our lunch, which was very sweet. B—— was so tired that she had no more enjoyment in our walk. She wanted to go back home to her dolls and playthings. I pointed to the castle and said:

“We are near Dumbarton.” With a pout she said:

“I only see two hills sticking together.”

“Well,” I said, “on these two hills the castle is built.”

Poor B—— had never been so far from home before. She was the petted and sheltered one, whilst I was roaming, unheeded, over mountain-tops, in deep glens, on swift-gliding streams, or on the stormy firth. We were being educated for our different spheres in life. When opposite to the castle we hailed a boat and crossed the Clyde right under the walls of the renowned fortress. Oh! how my heart beat while I stood looking at these huge, massive stone walls, wide and deep, and turreted and towered, bastioned and battlemented, with soldiers walking on top of the walls—so far up that they looked like puppets. I dare say that they could not see us wee midgets from their elevation. We stood where the brave Sir William Wallace stood nearly six hundred years before, looking for a place to scale these formidable walls! Here he struck the first blow for liberty; from here, by his daring intrepidity, he drove the oppressors of his country. What a boon was this for Scotland! But this was only an earnest of what he vowed to do for his beloved country. Noble man! He delivered Scotland from the English yoke of slavery, and was himself delivered to an English scaffold. We entered the wide gateway, passed the huge portcullis. It was out of sight now. No enemy was about to enter; peace reigned within and without.

We went up a long flight of wide stone steps till we reached the level of the foundation of the first battlements. It was a curious sight to see the soldiers lying on the glacis reading and sunning themselves, and the sentinel with measured steps pacing the rampart. We continued our ascent till we reached the summit of the lower cone, on which the ponderous buildings of the castle stood. We entered a gateway and stood within a tower in a massive wall. Everything was massive. We were at the entrance of the citadel, and a soldier informed brother Tom that two very young ladies wished to see him. We wished to surprise him and did not tell who we were. When Tom entered the tower by a door from the inside of the wall, how pleasant to see the glad surprise that ruled lines on his handsome face. He put his arms

round us both and kissed us; took a hand of each and led us into the citadel. I was happy then—I felt that some one loved me—and my poor little heart was grateful that one so handsome, in his scarlet coat and shiny epaulets, and great brown eyes looking so kindly into mine, and showing so much care for me, was my kinsman. He was a half-brother by a former marriage. What a contrast to his brother with the keen blue eye and cutting glance, whose look was freezing and had forever chilled my love for him. We three had a cozy dinner, and as B—— was very tired she lay down and went to sleep. I was not tired, and after dinner I asked Tom to take me out and show me things. I threw my arms round his neck with all the artless ardor of my nature, and told him how much I loved him. He reciprocated my affection, and we promised to love each other all our days—a promise which has been kept. We started to explore. Tom took me to the summit of the taller cone, by a long, narrow, almost perpendicular stair. We had to climb behind each other, the stairway was so narrow. When we reached the top we had a full view of the tremendous mass of buildings on the lower cone. On this pinnacle stood the powder magazine, out of the reach of danger, and a tall flagstaff, from which floated the national colors. We sat down at the foot of the flagstaff, while he told, and I listened to, tales of the castle. He told me of Edwin Ruthven's exploits, and how Wallace and his brave followers scaled the almost perpendicular walls. He pointed to Wallace's Tower, standing on the cleft between the two summits, in which the sword of the noble patriot is preserved. I was promised a sight of it on the morrow, with thousands of others besides. Next morning, before the sleepers of the castle were astir, I was up and away to the top of the flagstaff summit, drinking in through the eye all I could of this stronghold, once the prison of the liberties of Scotland. But the invincible two-edged sword of the conquering hero was the key, wielded by giant strength, and the gates flew open and let the captives free. When I saw Tom coming up the stair I gave a glad cry and ran round the pole. Tom gave chase and caught me and led me down to breakfast, then to the Tower of the renowned chief. We entered on the first floor of the armory, where thousands of guns were stacked like bristles in a clothes brush. Swords, pistols, spears, and every kind of war weapon ornamented the walls, in shapes of crowns, crescents, stars, and various other artistic devices, all very wonderful to my young eyes. Shields and coats of arms, coats of mail, helmets, armor, tattered banners and trophies of war were hung around everywhere. But that which had

the deepest interest for me was the two-edged sword of Scotland's champion. There it hung glittering bright, with here and there a dull spot. I looked upon it with awe. It was taken down that I might handle it. I tried to lift it, but I was not able—it was so large and heavy. Several inches were broken off the point, yet it was longer than I was tall. The basket which covered the hilt was made of steel, with figures wrought in bass-relief all over it. It was as large as a good-sized punch bowl. None but a giant could wield such a ponderous weapon. Wallace was exceedingly handsome, of surpassing size and strength and courage. George the Fourth, King of England, ordered this sword to be carried to the Tower of London, to be had in safe-keeping. But the Scots were indignant at an English king thinking he could take better care of their champion's sword than they could. They murmured at the sword being where the owner's brave life had been taken from him. The king kindly restored the sword to its rightful place, and now it adorns Wallace's Tower at Dumbarton. Sir William Wallace, his country's savior, will live for ages, as he has lived—a rich and proud heritage to his country. His fame lives in glens and caves, in towers and trees. Rocks and ravines have been hallowed by the tread of his weary feet. The small but lovely Carron has an historic interest connected with the meeting of the Wallace and the Bruce on its banks. Clyde, Dumbarton, Stirling, Ellerslie—his birth-place—all are consecrated spots. Enthusiasm kindles at the name of Wallace. In every home his name is a household word.

The town of Paisley was divided into parishes, and we at one time lived in the Middle Kirk parish. The Rev. Mr. B—— was minister of the Middle Kirk, and visited his parishoners occasionally, our family amongst the others, though we never went to his kirk. He wished, being a new minister, to make the acquaintance of his people; but our family did not wish to make his acquaintance, and were, as a rule, not at home when he was expected. On one occasion, I was at home; and, though I was afraid of ministers, I soon felt quite at home with Mr. B——. He asked me if I went to Sunday-school.

“No,” I said.

“At our kirk we are going to open one, will you come and help us to organize?” I laughed at this idea. I said:

“I do not know how.” He smiled at my ignorance, put his hand upon my head, and said:

“Come, anyhow.” I promised to do so. He shook hands with me, and I have never been afraid of ministers since.

I went to the Sunday-school, where were several gentlemen teachers, but no ladies. Instead of placing me in a class with ignorant girls, like myself, to be instructed, they gave me a class of girls, bigger and older than myself, to teach. This was great folly on their part, as the sequel will show. Of course, I could teach them nothing. I could read better than they, and could hear them read and recite, and tell them of mistakes, that was all. I gave them tickets when their lessons were good. My big scholars seemed to like their little teacher, for one of them one day gave me a little package of lozenges; I thought her very kind, but her lesson was bad that day; I did not think she ought to have had a ticket, and so told her. She begged me to give her one this time. I thought of her kindness and gave her one, on condition, that she would have a better lesson next Sunday. This she promised to have. Next Sunday, I had seven or eight packages, and as many bad lessons. I tried to look dignified; I was afraid to give tickets, the lessons did not justify me in so doing; but the smiling faces and pleading voices prevailed. All promised to do better next time. Next time, I had my little presents as usual (value about one cent each). One idle girl, who never had a good lesson, and never had received a ticket, nor given me a present, gave me one this day; and, as usual, a bad lesson. I could not in conscience give her a ticket. She asked me why I did not give her a ticket, as she had given me lozenges? I at once returned them to her. A flash of light crossed my mind. I questioned myself whether it was right to give tickets for half-said lessons, or take lozenges from the girls. Did the girls give me presents, in lieu of good lessons, to get the reward? If so, they had gained their point. Evidently, the idle girl thought to buy, not earn her reward. I was sorely puzzled in the week following as to what was right. I had nothing but my own unenlightened conscience to direct me. I spoke to no one, asked counsel of no one. My heavenly Father, or Christ my elder Brother, at that time, I knew nothing of; so I could not go to them for counsel, as I did not know the way. They had never occupied my thoughts. In fact, I was in total ignorance of who and what they were to me. Next Sunday, all were ready with their gifts. I would not accept of any, however, till after the lessons were recited; and not one good lesson was recited that day. I refused to give rewards, though they seemed angry and murmured discontentedly. I took my resolution. When school was dismissed, I went to the superintendent and told him I could not teach.

“Oh, yes, you can; you do first-rate.”



“No, I do not; I am not fit to teach.”

He asked me why I said so. And I laid the whole case before him; told him what I had felt, and what I had done. He said that older teachers than I had done the same thing, and never to mind; I must not be so over nice. Had I known Moses, or his writings, I might have told Mr. A.: “Thus saith the divinely inspired Moses, in Exodus xxiii. 8: ‘Thou shalt take no gift: for the gift blindeth the eyes of the wise, and perverteth the words of the righteous.’” I was neither wise nor righteous, but my conduct did not satisfy myself; and, to prevent the repetition of what displeased me in my own conduct, I could never be induced to go back to that Sunday-school. So ended my first attempt at Sunday-school teaching.

The first ten or twelve years of my life were spent in my dear, old, native town of Paisley; where I was taught, in that short space of time, to love dancing, balls, concerts, theaters, fairs, horse-racing, novel-reading and card-playing. All these were fashionable, and my family patronized what was fashionable. My æsthetic sensibility was being cultured by the stage trappings. The race course was a lively scene, and I enjoyed it. Novel-reading charmed me, and every one of Scott's heroines I admired and tried to imitate; but, this being hard to do, I satisfied myself with adopting their names; so, at one time, I was Ellen Douglas, at another Helen McGregor, etc.

Our family removed to Glasgow, where our circle of acquaintances was enlarged and gaieties increased. Glasgow is the chief city of Scotland; it stands on both sides of the river Clyde, and handsome stone-bridges span the river. The beauty of the public and private buildings is unsurpassed.

At the last grand party I attended in Scotland, I wore my first silk dress. On some national occasion, a grand soiree of unusual magnificence was given at the Assembly Hall. The elite of the city were there; I was taken with my mother and her clique. My dress pleased me much; but as soon as I entered the gorgeously decorated hall, with its magnificent chandeliers lit up, and with vases of every size and of rare beauty filled with most beautiful flowers, I became oblivious to myself and my dress, in my intense admiration of all around.

Girls, as a rule, are called vain if they admire anything they wear, or their faces, or their forms; but I think it is their innate love of the beautiful that gives them the desire to be well dressed. My mother had taught me that I was ugly and I believed her, so I had no cause for vanity on that score, but I did admire myself when I was hand-

somely dressed. A new minister was going to preach at a Presbyterian church near by, and I went not so much to hear him as to show others my dress I thought so beautiful. I took the front seat in the gallery, spread out my glossy dress on the crimson velvet cushion, took off one white kid glove, placed it carefully in shape on the crimson-covered Bible shelf before me, and all this to be looked at and admired. Then I looked round and admired all the pretty bonnets and dresses I could see. I had no higher motive for being in that house.

The minister, in gown and bands, mounted the pulpit stair with slow and solemn steps. After psalms were sung and prayers were offered, the minister took for his text the sixth and seventh verses of the thirteenth chapter of Luke: "A certain man had a fig tree planted in his vineyard; and he came and sought fruit thereon, and found none. Then said he unto the dresser of his vineyard, Behold, these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig tree, and find none: cut it down, why cumberest thou the ground?" He said that children, till they were five years old, were not responsible beings; but, after that, every five years of this life they were cumberers of the ground, yea, every year after the first five they were liable to be cut down as cumberers of the ground. The dainty white glove was crushed up and put in my pocket; my dress was forgotten. My undivided attention was given to the preacher and what he said. I had spent more than five years of responsibility. I felt that I was a cumberer of the ground and liable to be cut down. What was I to do? What could I do? The preacher answered not these questions. How I was to escape the cutting down I could not learn, and I was in trouble. I was deeply concerned but woefully ignorant as to what I should do. I went again to hear the same minister, but I learned nothing more. I was in total darkness.

I became acquainted with a Miss H——, who had been a Methodist, but was now an English Baptist. She was the first acquaintance I ever had who was decidedly religious. She was double my age, and I wondered why she took a fancy to me; but the fancy or friendship was mutual. She was an orphan, and dependent on her own exertions for a living. She was highly respected by her friends. She induced me to rise early and take a walk every morning to the Green. These walks, along the shady banks of the Clyde, or a seat by the fountain or some shady nook, where we could enjoy the glory of the fresh morning, were very pleasant. She would read or talk, and I loved to hear her do both. One morning we were on our way to the Green

when we saw some unfortunate women who were using profane language. I shuddered and exclaimed:

“Oh! the wretches! They ought all to be tied together and cast into the Clyde.” I did not think of their language as being sinful, but only as offensive to polite ears. Miss H—— looked at me and asked, in a kind voice:

“What makes us to differ from them, my dear?”

I felt indignant at the question, but did not answer. Again she asked:

“What is it makes us better than these poor creatures?”

I answered, curtly, “I don't know.”

She said that grace made us to differ; grace kept us better than those poor unfortunates. Grace! I mentally exclaimed. I do not know what it is. I never heard of it; at least, I have never noted the word if I have heard it before. I was sorely puzzled to know what grace was, but I could not ask Miss H——. So we walked on to the Green and took our seat by the fountain in silence. She took out a book that was new and strangely interesting. It was not a novel, yet it was very novel. It was a dream dreamed by a poor man in a prison cell. The dreamer was no other than John Bunyan, and his dream the *Pilgrim's Progress*. I did not understand the design of the book, but it kept me spellbound till I had heard all of his dream read. As I had admired Scott's heroines for the various beauties of their characters, so did I now admire Miss H——; and she neither read novels, nor attended balls or theaters, but there was a new beauty (to me) about her that I could not define. I had a great desire to be like her, but then I must give up that which was very dear to me—all worldly amusements—and, as they had never done me harm, but had given me great pleasure, I could not, would not, give them up. I loved them too well. The reason why Miss H—— did not indulge in, or have pleasure in such things was, I thought, because she was too old. She was twenty-six or eight years of age. I did not appreciate high and holy motives for ignoring the follies of the world. She had a pocket Bible out of which she would read little bits, and all this reading was new to me. I saved up money enough to buy me a Bible of my own, and began to read it as I would a new novel; and no novel disclosed such wonders as did this wonderful book. Peter being sent by his Master to bring money from out of a fish's mouth; Christ turning water to wine, and feeding thousands with a few loaves and fishes; poor little Rhoda being so frightened at hearing Peter's voice at the door, think-

ing it was his ghost, pleased me wonderfully. I saw, every time I read the Bible, new beauties; but I had to read by stealth, as I was afraid to be seen reading it, and I was ashamed to tell Miss H——. I thought she might laugh at my ignorance, so I kept all to myself. Miss H—— had a truly missionary spirit. On Sunday mornings she would tread the lanes and back slums of the city, carrying to the poor inhabitants the bread of life, in tracts and in conversation. She often wished that she could carry bread to the body as well as to the minds of the poor. I was her constant companion on these excursions. Such scenes of misery as we sometimes witnessed were awful to me. One dark den of misery and filth we entered on a bright, sunshiny Sunday morning, but the brightness of the sun's rays could not penetrate the dismal gloom of that dwelling. We clambered up a broken stairway, every moment expecting to fall through. We reached a garret by cautiously groping our way. Miss H—— knocked at the door and a feeble voice said:

“Come in!” and we went in. We could not see at first, the place was so dark. The skylight was begrimed with dirt, and the broken panes stuffed with foul rags. On the middle of the floor lay an old woman on a bundle of rags, with hardly any covering on her, and no furniture of any kind in the room. We stood while we stayed. Miss H—— asked this aged woman about her soul, her family and her circumstances. The old creature began to curse and swear, saying her family had all left her to starve and die; she had nothing to eat; no money to buy anything. She said there was no hope for her here or hereafter; she was going to h—l; she wanted no religion, no rant; she had served the d——l all her days, and she was going right to him; she wished us to leave her and let her alone; she would soon be dead. I was horrified at her blasphemies. Miss H—— took some comfortable things to this old sinner shortly after this, but she was dead and in a pauper's grave, and another family occupied the room, who did not know anything about the old woman or her family. The scene in the garret made a sad impression on my mind.

We visited another house, whose exterior was similar to the one we had left, but oh! how different the interior! Two aged maiden sisters occupied a room. Though the furniture was scant, it was scrupulously clean. The floor, the bench, the backless chair, and the old deal table were as white as sand and water could make them. The walls were whitewashed, without a cobweb in the corners; the broken panes

were replaced very neatly, by a newspaper pasted over the openings. The garments worn by these two women were meagre in the extreme, but well patched and clean. The little they had was well taken care of. The elder sister was a confirmed invalid; the younger one went out to do day's work, and so tried to keep both. They were cheerful and happy. I wondered at this. The secret of the Lord was hidden in them, and gave them joy and peace. They were glad to see me with their friend Miss H——. They talked on matters of eternal import, of which I know nothing. I concluded, however, that the sisters were pious. I asked one of them, in a whisper when I was leaving, if I might come and see them again. A bright, cheerful, "Yes, hinny," was the answer. I wondered how these poor women could thank God for what they had not, viz.: comforts. I noted the great difference between the old woman who died and these two. I wondered if grace made the difference. What is grace? was my mental cry. A week after my first visit to these poor women I started to visit the same humble tenement, but the houses were so much alike I could not tell one from another, and I had some difficulty in finding it. I did not know the name of the women, and when I went into a wrong house I asked the people if they could tell me where two old maiden sisters, who were very pious, lived.

"Very pious?" was repeated, with a laugh; "well, that's good."

I got away from there as quickly as I could. I left out "pious" at the next house, and asked for the sisters.

"Go home and find out the name of the sisters, then we may be able to tell you where they live."

Nothing daunted, I hunted them up; but I was tired, for I carried a good-sized bundle. I had a cheerful welcome from the sisters. The one was sick in bed, the other sitting by her. They had no fire, though the day was cold. I sat some time ere I could tell them what I came for. At last I began to cry and said I hoped they would not be angry with me for what I had done. They, much concerned, asked what had I done. I told them I had brought them a bundle of old clothes and things.

"They are all in the bundle; and here is a pound (five dollars) in this little bag that I begged for you."

An exclamation of "Thank God!" with clasped hands and up-turned eyes, came from both sisters at once. Then, with tearful eyes, they turned to me and said:

"God has heard our prayers, and sent you to our relief. He feeds

the young ravens when they cry." Then they sent up a burst of gratitude to their heavenly Father, then to me. I told them that God did not send me, I had just come, and nobody knew anything about it. I began to feel afraid that they would not like it. Ella asked me if I would stay with Nannie a few minutes, till she would run and buy some coals to make a fire for her. While she was gone, I opened the bundle and put the various articles on the bed. I saw I was giving pleasure, and I gained courage. I had a package of sugar, one of tea, one of barley, and a pot of jam. While I was displaying the contents of the bundle to the sick woman, she was asking God to send blessings down upon my young head, and lead me to Himself. I was well pleased with what I had done, because it gave pleasure. That morning they had neither meat, money, nor coal; nor did they know from whence anything would or could be obtained. Ella had come home from a fruitless endeavor to get a few shillings from a lady for whom she had done some work; but it was not convenient for the rich woman to give to the poor, half-starved creature the little that she worked very hard for.

"It will be more convenient for me to pay you Monday; call then."

Poor Ella did not like to tell the haughty dame that her sister might be dead ere Monday, if she could not procure fire and food for her ere that time. The rent of their room was due on Monday, and if they could not pay, their little all would be taken from them. When I went in, poor Nannie was trying to strengthen her sister's faith, by telling her that God hears the raven's cry. While the sick one was telling me what they had been talking about, she said:

"And to think a young girl, that we never saw but once, was God's messenger to us to bring money, meat, coals and clothes. Oh! he is a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God, and who can doubt his goodness!"

I listened to this language with profound awe; it was new to me. I thought, if they were thankful for so little, what ought I to feel? But I did not know; I was poor and blind. Nannie asked me:

"Do you wonder that we say God sent you, when you know how we were when you came?"

I said: "Last Sunday, when I was here, I thought I would try and get a little money and a few things for you from some of our acquaintances, for they have plenty; but I began to think that I had taken too great liberty with you, so I deserve no thanks, and when the money is all spent, I shall try to get more for you."



worthy of me; and he that taketh not his cross, and followeth not after me, is not worthy of me." Again "the Son of Man is come to seek and to save the lost." I was beginning to feel, after reading the different passages of Holy Writ, that I was, with all my self-sufficient ideas of piety, not safe. But what must I do? often burst from my sad heart, and as often sent me to the Bible, where I was told to "Knock, and it shall be opened to you." Here was something for me to do; but, then, all I could do was of no avail. I had thought that I was doing good, and was good; but I felt that I had not the gifts of grace and faith, and I did not know what to do to deserve the gifts or earn them. I had thanked God that I was better than others. The more I read, the more I felt self-condemned. All my self-righteousness left me; I was brought to feel that I was a sinner in the sight of God, and I asked God to be merciful to me as such. I was helpless, hopeless; I was afraid of God; I was very miserable. I would cry out in the night, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." I cried with my whole heart to the Lord to save me, but He did not seem to hear or attend to my cry. My spirit was overwhelmed within me. Tears were my food, I could not eat or sleep. Oh! the misery of those days! I prayed and wept, and read the Bible. My soul's salvation was now my only concern. I was willing to give up all my worldly pleasures. Theaters, balls, dancing parties, all and everything I prized most highly, I was willing to give up, if God would accept the sacrifice. I read in God's word, "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all he hath, he can not be my disciple. He that loves father or mother more than he loves me, is not worthy of me." Shall I have to give up my mother, I exclaimed, my heart's idol? "Children, obey your parents *in the Lord*, for that is right," was another injunction, and gladly would I have obeyed my mother in the Lord. The Lord, however, was not in all her thoughts. The world was her idol, and she worshiped at its shrine. I had never dared to disobey my mother in anything, and now I am to obey her only in the Lord. As often as I could, I stole away to read my Bible, but this I could not do with impunity. I was jeered at, and taunted with my pretence to be religious. I was only a young hypocrite; I was no better than other girls, and why should I pretend? I had a great many petty persecutions, that I tried to endure. I was told that I was neglecting everything for the sake of reading the Bible, and I must quit that nonsense. I said, I was told to search the Scriptures, and I asked my mother to read them with me, and she would become better and happier. She threatened to turn me out of the



house, if I dared to talk to her in that fashion. She said she would cure me of all that nonsense and folly soon; such folly was not to be tolerated. I heard her one day deliberately enter into an engagement with an old roue, who was rich and old enough to be my grandfather, to give me to him to wife, if he would allow her to keep me at home till I had done going to school. Some worldly benefit was to accrue to the family through this bargain. My heart rebelled and revolted. I was sickened at the horrid thought that my mother could plot against me so, but I resolved never to marry the bad old man. I could not obey mother in this, let the consequences be what they would.

A near relative of my father's had an only daughter about to be married. I was invited to spend a few weeks with the family, who were wealthy, and the wedding was to be a grand affair. I was barely permitted to make the visit. My mother, having married so soon after my father's death, gave offense to his family, and ever after there was a wide breach between the families, which was never closed. The grand preparations for the wedding and the wedding itself, made me, for a time, forget my great anxieties about my soul's eternal interests. The grand event was over, the bride went on a tour to some distant place, and quiet was somewhat restored. Then a great temptation assailed me. My relatives said:

"Eliza, now we have no child, we have given Maggie away. Will you come to us and be the child of our adoption? You shall take Maggie's place. You shall have everything money can procure. You shall have plenty of fine dresses, go to the theater, opera and parties, just as Maggie did, and we will love you, and take good care of you."

My heart yearned for love, and I felt like saying, "Yes, I will come if my mother will allow me, and then she will not traffic me away to that hateful, wicked, old man." While I was longing for some one to love me, and everything was looking fair and promising for my friends to do so, a passage of Scripture crossed my mind like a flash of light: "What will it profit you if you gain the whole world and lose your own soul?" I trembled at the words, as they rushed across my memory. "What must I do?" I asked myself. I postponed my answer till I could consult my mother. I went home and consulted my Bible, and read: "As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." I cried to the Lord to have pity upon me, for my mother had told me that she had given me to Mr. H——, and I was to marry him when I was older. I burst out with the words, "Never, while I live, shall I marry that hateful, hated, wicked, old wretch." I begged of my mother

not to think of such a thing, for I would rather die than marry him. She said:

“Oh, when you are older you will think differently.”

“Never! never! I hate him! I am afraid of him! I can not, will not have him, were I ever so old!” She said:

“We shall see if you dare to disobey me. Does your pretended religion teach disobedience to parents?”

“No,” I said, “we are to obey our parents in the Lord.”

This was for me a bold speech. My mother said she wished to have no discussion with me: I must either consent to obey her implicitly or leave her house forever. I had come to the junction of two roads in my life's journey. The one was very broad, full of flowers, pleasant companions and worldly pleasures, and led down to endless darkness; the other, narrow, thorny and difficult to climb—but it led to a fairer world beyond. Which road should I take? I did not hesitate, for did I not read: “If ye love father or mother more than me, ye are not worthy of me.” I was in sore trouble to give up my mother; but she said I must go, and, with a breaking heart, I hid my Bible under my cloak and went forth into the dark world alone. I knew not where to go. I now had no home, unless to go to my rich relatives, whose house and hearts were open to receive me, with plenty of the pleasures of life for the poor little houseless one. But the word of truth met me here again: “What will it profit you if you gain the whole world and lose your own soul?” My heart was sorely troubled. My precious Bible gave me such a world of new ideas, and every word I read from it had a literal meaning to me. John wrote in his gospel: “Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you; \* \* \* that where I am, there ye may be also.” My poor heart cried out, Is there one for me? Where shall I go for a present shelter? Where find food and clothes? “Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment? Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not; \* \* \* yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?” “But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow.” I went forth with a crushed heart seeking the kingdom of God. I had given up all, even

my much-loved mother, for the sake of my soul, and I felt that my soul was not yet saved.

I went to Miss H——. I told her I had to leave my mother, but did not say she had turned me away from her. Miss H—— took me to her lodging-house. I told her that I had no money to pay for my board, but I was willing to work for money to pay for it. She got me some fancy work from the house in which she was employed. She also had an old lady friend, who was a pious woman, who she said would take care of me and I could live with her. Tears were my only thanks for her kindness. She saw that I was not happy, but she never questioned me. I got what work I could do, paid my board and read my Bible constantly, to find the path in which I was to walk. I went to different churches, to learn from the various preachers more than I knew, but the precious word of God taught me more than all put together. Sometimes, while walking on the street, a feeling of utter desolation would come over me. I would rush into a close, cover my face with my hands, and cry to God to have pity upon me and not to cast me away from Him, for I had nobody else to talk to. I found my way into a Scotch Baptist Church one Sunday. They partook of the Lord's Supper, had fellowship, exhortation and prayers, and sang hymns. The service was different here from any I had ever seen. My mother utterly despised the Baptists, and I was taught to dislike them. Their mode of baptism, or "ducking one another," was considered very indelicate.

I went back to this church again; for I liked to hear them read so much of the Bible as they did. One Sunday a young lady rose up in church and spoke, and told what she felt about religion, and repeated a creed, or what she believed. She said a great deal that I did not understand. I was perfectly amazed at the proceeding—how she could remember and repeat so much. When she sat down a gentleman rose and said:

"Bro. M—— and myself have waited upon Miss McL——, and we have found her well qualified to be a member of the church, and we recommend her to the church for baptism."

Was this what was meant by "Whosoever confesseth me before men, him shall I confess before my Father and his angels?" As Miss McL—— passed me on her way down stairs to the vestry room, to prepare for the immersion, and several lady friends with her, she looked radiantly happy. Tears that would come, and a choking sob from my poor heart, caused me to cover my face with my hands, and to

ask mentally if she were to be taken and I left. I was in a perfect agony of grief; I sobbed aloud in church—I could not help it. Oh! if an invitation had been offered to me to come to Christ at that time I should gladly have accepted it; but no such invitation was given. After the baptism the right hand of fellowship was given, and the Lord's Supper partaken of. Several portions of Scripture were read. One was: "Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." I was willing to learn, but I did not know how to take the yoke. Another read of the Philippian jailer's cry: "What shall I do to be saved?" Oh! I said, this has been my cry for weeks. "Believe and be baptized. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." These and similar passages were read; but I seemed to comprehend nothing that was said, for as soon as a portion of Scripture was read, telling one what he ought to do, the speaker would add: "But of yourselves you can do nothing." I thought it strange that the Bible told me to do something, and these exhorters said it was impossible to do it. Why did God tell us to do that which was impossible. I was mystified by what I heard. A hymn was sung, the words of which took a firm hold of my mind. They were very beautiful. They ran thus:

"Baptized into your Savior's death,  
Your souls to sin must die;  
With Christ your Lord you live anew,  
With Christ ascend on high.  
There by His Father's side He sits,  
Enthroned divinely fair—  
Yet *owns Himself your Brother* still,  
And your *Forerunner* there.  
Rise from these earthly trifles! Rise  
On wings of faith and love;  
Above your choicest treasure lies,  
And be your hearts above."

The words all seemed familiar to me, yet I had not heard the hymn sung before. "He owns Himself your Brother still!" Who was He that owned Himself my Brother? Who was my Forerunner? Who sat enthroned beside His Father? Christ evidently was meant; but would He own Himself my Brother? Would He love me?—me, the forlorn orphan? These questions filled my thoughts all the way from church. As soon as I got my Bible in hand I forgot to eat my dinner.

I was hunting up all the passages I could remember that would give me light upon the subject nearest to my heart. I went off to afternoon service, still anxious to learn more of Him of whom I had heard that morning. My spirit was broken, and my heart contrite and sorrowful. The day was somewhat cloudy; my thoughts were more so. I went along one of the most retired streets, my sad eyes bent on the ground, all the time repeating: "He owns Himself your Brother."

"Oh! I wish I knew whether this Brother has anything to do with my soul's salvation. Teach me and lead me, O my Father!"

All at once I was startled by a sudden light shining on part of the street, while the rest remained in a dim shadow, as it had been all along. Now, what I saw, whether it was an optical illusion or a reality, I will not say; but to me, at the time, it was no illusion, but a blessed reality—a reality that flooded my soul with light, as it did the pavement on which it shone. It filled my heart with hope and joy. I realized for the first time who the Brother was—my Brother. The picture was painted on my heart as with sunbeams, and is as fresh and beautiful to-day as it was on that memorable Sunday. Shall I describe the picture as I saw it, or thought I saw it? I suddenly raised my eyes from the bright spot on the pavement, and, looking upward, I saw a bank of pure white, fleecy clouds, and in bold relief was hung a human figure, nailed to a cross, the lower part concealed by the clouds. The sublime beauty of that face surpassed everything I had ever seen or imagined; the large, love-lit eyes, full of pity, penetrated my very soul, and, as I have said, inspired me with hope and joy and peace. Feelings so new and so strangely happy were to me almost as wonderful as the picture that I saw. I was not superstitious, so I did not think that I saw anything that was not a real presence. I stood looking for some time, then left the spot joyous and happy-hearted. I had found Him at last, who died that I might live. I turned to look again, but the brightness had left the pavement; yet it shone in my heart. I felt as if I could never be unhappy or downcast again—I had found Christ and He was my Brother. I now wondered at my own ignorance. Many things appeared perfectly plain to me that formerly had puzzled me. Everything seemed changed; even the houses and streets had a more cheerful look. I went up the chapel steps with lighter feet than ever before. I tried to pay attention to what was said, but I could think of nothing but Christ, God's Son, hanging on the cross for me, and calling Himself my Brother. I could hardly contain myself.

Miss H—— took me to a Methodist prayer-meeting that night. I heard the people tell their experiences, their feelings, and I know not what—such rambling talk I had never heard, as it was the first meeting of the kind I had ever been at. Oh, I thought, if these people only knew Christ their Savior, and had Him for a Brother, they would not talk such nonsense. I longed to tell of Christ, but I was dumb. I parted with Miss H—— very reluctantly that night; I wanted to tell her of my new-found happiness, but I had no language to express it.

She asked me what ailed me. I said, “Oh, nothing,” and left her. I read that night in my Bible: “Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and my sister, and my mother.” Well, here was I with Christ for my Savior, my Brother, and if I would *do* God’s will, I should be His sister. The Bible was very plain, but the good Baptist preachers mystified me. Christ said: “If you will *do* God’s will,” etc.; the preachers said you can *not do* it. I said I shall try to do God’s will. I went on searching the Scriptures—I had no other guide or teacher. But the Bible to me was its own interpreter, and He, the Author, made it plain. I read: “Believe, and be baptized.” This I had read before, but did not understand it. Now I believed that Christ died to save me, and I was baptized when I was a baby. What next? I kept on searching for the treasures which lay on every page of the precious Bible. Believe and be baptized seemed to cling to my thoughts. I began to doubt whether my baby sprinkling was baptism. Repentance and belief were to come before baptism. I wondered if dipping or ducking was *the* baptism of the Bible. I had seen Miss McL—— immersed, but she had not been sprinkled when a baby, as I had been. Was that the true baptism which my mother despised, and taught me to dislike as a thing too indelicate to practice? This mode was repugnant to my flesh; but I was willing to be dipped in fire if this was a condition to sisterhood in Christ.

The English Baptists partook of the Lord’s Supper once a month, without exhortation from the Elders. The Scotch Baptists had the Lord’s Supper every first day of the week. These were nearer to the Bible teaching in their church practice than the other, so I decided to join the Scotch Baptist Church.

Up to this time I had not opened my lips to utter one word about my dark days; my beclouded thoughts; my crushing misery; the despairing cries I sent up to God to save my soul; the persecutions I had endured; the temptations that were in my way; the sacrifices which I had made. God alone knew everything; it was to Him I told every-

thing, and He alone heard my despairing cries, and Christ alone came to my relief. In my present happiness I had forgotten all my misery. I asked Miss H——if she knew any one in the Scotch Baptist Church; I wished to be baptized, and join the Church. She said she knew a lady in that church, who knew the elders, and she would tell them my wish. Forthwith two venerables called upon me, but I did not know why they came, or for what purpose. I stood in great awe of them, and this awe deepened when they began to question me. They asked me why I had applied for baptism. I said the Bible told me to believe and be baptized, and I believed and wished to obey the Bible commands. At this confession the two good men exchanged looks, and then they asked me to give them a Christian experience. I said:

“I do not know what that is.”

“Not know what that is!” exclaimed they both.

“No,” I said; “I have never so much as heard of a Christian experience. I have heard the Methodists give experiences, but I do not know what they mean.”

“You must not have been well taught,” said they.

“No; I have had no teacher, and no book to learn from but the Bible.”

“Do you know our creed?” asked they.

“No; for I do not know any one in your church, and nothing of religion but what I learned in the Bible.”

“Why do you wish to join our church, then?”

“Because I think your church comes nearer to what the Bible teaches than any other.”

The good men smiled and said I had much to learn before they could recommend me to the church to be baptized. I asked:

“What have I to learn? Oh! tell me, and I shall learn anything you say. I do want to be baptized.”

“You ought not to be in such haste,” they said.

I said: “The Philippian jailer was baptized as soon as he believed and repented—in the same night—and I wish to do just what the Bible tells me.”

I was told to think more about it, and get more instruction, before I thought of being baptized.

“I have no one to instruct me,” I said; “and I have no books but my Bible. I burned all my foolish books, as the Bible tells me some men did who believed and repented.” (Acts xix. 19.) “The Bible has told me all I know, and I wish to obey it.”

The good men said they would pray for me that God would pour out his Spirit upon me, that I would learn more, and they would come and see me again. They left me deluged in tears and full of grief, without telling me what to learn or what I lacked. I went to my Guide-Book and read: "All things whatsoever ye ask in my name, believing, ye shall receive." I asked God to tell me what to do to be baptized. I could find nothing new that I was to do. To be baptized seemed to be the first thing to be done after believing and repenting, that I might be saved. What obstacle was in my way I knew not. The elders said it was want of knowledge, but they did not say what kind. Oh! how I prayed to God for the right sort of knowledge. Two other good brethren called upon me to question me, with the same result; only these threw a thicker vail over my mind, and left it more bewildered than before. I was asked if I were one of the elect.

"I do not know what elect means, and I can not tell whether I am one," I said. "I know that I am very ignorant of all you have asked me, but I do know that I am a sinner, that Christ died to save me, and I wish to obey Him by being baptized; and He has told me in the Bible that where my treasure is there will my heart be also. Now, Jesus Christ is my treasure, and He is in Heaven and my heart is there also. Oh! I can not say all I feel and think about Jesus; but I feel that I could die for Him. Will you let me be baptized? I love all who love Christ, and I wish to be among them."

"But," said they, "you have no Christian experience."

"Oh, no; for I do not know what it is."

With this utterance I burst into tears, and sobbed as if my heart would break. I thought if I were to die, what would become of me! Would God reject me because I did not know what elect was, or whether I was one of the elect, and could not be baptized in consequence of my ignorance. "Believe, and be baptized, and thou shalt be saved," was a positive injunction by an inspired writer, but these good, uninspired men said you must do more ere you can obey your Lord; you must give a Christian experience before you are a Christian.

"Tell me what to do," I said.

"You can do nothing of your own self," they said; and that was true: I was helpless and bewildered. I thought the Bible told me exactly what to do, but these elders of the Baptist Church told me first to do more than the Bible told me to do, and then cruelly told me I could not do it, and I could not be baptized until I did do it. What inconsistency! They prayed for me and I cried all the time. They



gave me no encouragement to hope that I should be received into the church, and nothing else did I care for. For weeks and months I went about sorrowing; I could not eat or sleep; I was sick and weary with crying; I was full of sorrow. But I prayed to my Father: "Teach me thy way, O Lord: lead me in a plain path;" "Thou art the helper of the fatherless." The Psalms of David were very sweet to me: I could pray to God, and express my trouble, and tell my wants while reading them. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope in God, for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance." Hope in God! Yes, I will hope in God, for man gives me no hope—I shall wait. I did not have to wait long; for help came and hope, and I revived. An elder, a very old gentleman, came to see me; but the first thing I said to him was:

"I have not learned the Christian experience yet; nor can I tell whether I am one of the elect. I have been looking in the Bible for these things, and I can not find them, or yet what they mean."

"What did you find in the Bible?" he asked.

I told him I had found that I was a sinner, and that Christ died for sinners, and I believed that He was my Savior, and I wished to obey Him and be baptized. "But they will not baptize me till I can tell them what they ask me, and I do not know how. I wish to do what Christ tells me, for He does not contradict Himself as they do—first, to tell you 'to do,' then say you 'can not do' what they tell you to do, and then they say 'you must do it ere you can obey your Lord.' I do not know what to do, I am so unhappy and confused, and I have no one to teach me or to tell me what to do." The dear old man put his hand upon my head and said:

"You are one of Christ's lambs;" and, with a trembling voice, he continued: "Can any man forbid water that you should not be baptized?"

"Oh, Mr. M——e, may I be baptized?" I asked.

"You are one of Christ's lambs, and the Church is commanded to feed them with the sincere milk of the word, that they may grow thereby. It would be cruel, as well as dangerous, to send you to the world to learn what it is the duty and the privilege of the Church to teach you, when you have no one else to teach you. You must be brought into the Church and fed and made to grow. I shall certainly recommend you to the church for baptism."

Oh! how that old saint understood me and entered into my feelings, and encouraged me to tell him all I had read, and all I felt and believed.

I told him I had prayed to God to help me to know what to say, and I thought God had sent him to me, and he understood me better than the others did.

‘And you,’ I said, ‘do not ask questions which I do not understand and can not answer.’

The dear old man prayed God to bless me and guide me through life, and left me happier than I had been for many a day. With a lightened heart I went to church the next Sunday, took a back seat, humbly awaiting the decision of the church, whether they would receive the trembling one into their fold. My heart beat violently when Mr. M—— rose to introduce my name. He spoke eloquently on the duties of the Church. ‘It had lambs of the Good Shepherd to feed as well as sheep, and Christ had said: ‘Suffer the children to come unto me, and forbid them not.’ Here is a child, comparatively speaking, a lamb of Christ seeking admittance to the fold, in His own appointed way, and who has kept her out? Who forbids water that she may not be baptized? I do not, and I sincerely recommend her to the church.’

The vote was taken—I was at last received. I could hardly sit still for joy. My heart was filled with love for the dear old man who had so kindly undertaken to speak for me, and prepare the way for my entrance into Christ’s fold. Christ is the door of entrance, but the under-shepherds stood before the open door long and obstructed the way. Now the obstacles were removed. I was asked to rise, and my friends were next called upon to prepare me for the rite. I rose and came out to the aisle alone. Not one friend, not one acquaintance had I in that congregation; but I was happy, though not one in that crowd of human beings rose to take me to the vestry to don the baptismal robes. I was the observed of all observers. Christ by my side alone gave me courage to stand there and be gazed at. At last the woman who cleaned the chapel came and asked me if I had no one with me. I said I had no one, I knew no one, and I did not know where to go.

‘Come with me,’ said the woman, and she took me down stairs to the vestry-room, and helped me to doff my own and don the baptismal robe. And no robe, however elegant, or rich, that I ever put on, delighted me so much as this one did. No indelicacy, no impropriety was thought of; no dislike to the ‘ducking,’ as I had irreverently called the sacred ordinance. I now considered it a high and holy privilege to be immersed in the name of Christ. It was grace that

made all the difference between my former and my present self. Memory carries me back, after the lapse of many years, and I think I see myself coming up the stair without any attendant, walking into the church before all eyes and up into the baptistry, utterly oblivious of everything on earth. My whole being was filled with the idea that I was Christ's sister and He my Brother. I was owning Him before men, and He would own me before His Father. I clasped my hands together, looked up and gave myself to Him—it was all I had. I was rich—I possessed Him. Though, to the people of this church, I was an unknown orphan, I had given up all for Him, and I was happy in the possession. Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none on earth I love as well. After I was baptized and went down stairs to dress, the woman asked why I laughed and cried and talked so. I told her I was so happy, and asked her if every one who was baptized was not just as happy as I was, when they had found Christ.

“I suppose they are,” she said.

I could hardly get quieted before I went up stairs to receive the right hand of fellowship and partake of the Lord's Supper for the first time. I received many a warm shake of the hand, and a whispered “God bless you, dear.” I felt that I had found many new relations here. I was once more of a family—a happy, holy family—who would teach me the way more perfectly; and, if Jesus led, I was willing to pass through flood and flame.

“Onward, for the truths of God! Onward, for the right!

Firmly let the field be trod. In life's coming fight

Heaven's own hand will lead thee on; guard thee till thy work is done.”

When the bread was broken and handed to me, as emblematic of Christ's broken body; when the wine was handed to me, as an emblem of His shed blood, I partook and felt that His works, His pains, His tears, His bonds, His wounds, His blood, His cross and cruel death were all needed to save me—and could I ever prove ungrateful to Him or be ashamed of Him, who had done so much for me? His love for me was stronger than death, mightier than the grave. He sought me, bought me, and brought me to His table to partake of its royal cheer. Love so amazing demands my whole life, and I dedicate it here to Thee!

When I look back to the time in which I suffered such hopeless misery and discouragement at the hands of ignorant but well-meaning men, who kept me back from obeying the Lord because I did not understand some of their church technicalities, I am astonished. How

they can expect or demand a Christian experience from one who has not put on Christ, is a mystery. The young who join that church are children of the members, and have become indoctrinated and know the creed. The Bible alone was my creed, and I was happy in Christ, and I wished to bring my sister to him. I met Barbara accidentally on the street one day, with one of my nice dresses on. I told her how happy I was, and wished her to repent, believe in Christ, and be baptized, and she would be far happier. She cried and said she did not know how she could do what I told her. I told her if she would meet me sometimes I would tell her, and teach her out of my Bible. This she would not consent to. I thought if my mother knew Christ and loved Him she would love me, too. All the weeks I had been away from her did not seem to soften her feelings toward me. I had not seen her, nor did she wish to see me or know anything about me.

“How can a mother’s tender care cease toward the child she bare?  
Yet, she may forgetful be, still will I remember thee.”

I was longing, yearning, homesick to see my mother. I was living in a totally different sphere, breathing a different atmosphere from that she lived in. Outwardly, all human ties seemed to be severed between us. A very few knew the circumstances in which I was placed. One old lady who knew, and was interested in me, asked me one day if I wished to go back to the flesh-pots of Egypt? did I wish to turn to the world again? just because I had expressed a wish to see my mother.

“Oh no, how could that be? But,” I said, “I wish mother was pious and good and loved Christ.”

She said: “You can do your mother no good, and she may do you harm. I advise you not to see your mother at all. You must take up your cross daily and follow Christ. Have you counted the cost of what you have undertaken?”

I said I did not know, but I thought there was no harm in wishing to see my mother. If it were wrong to see her, I could not help loving her and praying for her. I saw on the street one day a cloak like one my mother wore, and, as I had never seen one like it, I followed the lady to see if I knew her. I came quite near enough to see that it was my mother. I walked as near to her as I could, not to let her see me. I feared that she would not speak to me, and I dared not go to her and speak first. I felt pleased to be near her. She turned into the street that she lived in. I watched her till she was out of sight. I turned and left the spot with a choking sensation in my throat.

“O Father! are we to be thus separated forever?” I felt very sad.

On leaving my mother's home I took no clothes with me, only what I wore at the time. Now I had managed to get another change of raiment, and I was well off, I thought, when I could earn money to buy my own clothes. I was caught in a heavy rain one day—I was drenched—and while I was changing my wet for my dry clothing, I sat down and thought of all the nice clothing I had left behind. I fancied my sister in my beautiful French gray silk, and many others; and all the pretty things I owned—she would have them all. I looked at my poor garments and felt thankful that I had a change. I felt that my heavenly Brother did not despise me on account of my dress. I wondered if this was counting the cost.

My golden hours were few and fleet. I was called upon to leave my native land, without a friend to ask counsel of, or to cheer me in my decision. My pathway was strewn with new difficulties. I knew not what to do. Every trial I had to encounter seemed harder than the last; but my Bible said: “As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.” A Mr. and Mrs. H——, members of the church, had taken quite an interest in me. They had purchased land in the far-off country of New South Wales, and were about to leave Scotland for what was to be their distant home. They asked me to go with them.

“Yes, I shall go,” I said.

I had no one to consult. When I said yes so readily, I certainly had no thought for the morrow, what I should eat or put on. I just allowed God to direct my way, and I was willing to follow. I had but a short time to prepare, and I did not know how to go about it. I had not seen my father's relations since I refused to go and live with them. They had said they would take no further notice of me, and I never troubled them with my presence. I felt it due to them to tell them that I was going to leave Scotland for a foreign land. They asked some questions, Why I was going? With whom was I going? The why I was going was because my relations did not like me. I had become religious, and I was turned out of my mother's house, and I had no home among my own people, nor anyone to care for me, and I was going to trust God and leave my country, and seek a home among strangers; perhaps they would be kind to me. They were amazed at what they called my temerity on account of my youth. I told them I should be well protected; I had no fear. They made me a handsome present in money, to furnish me with a suitable outfit, if I would go. I had no fear now of giving offence to my Baptist friends by going to

see my mother, and I intended to go; and, if my mother would not receive me, I should bid her farewell.

I saw my mother; she asked me what I wanted. I told her that I wanted her forgiveness. If ever I had given her offense, I did not wish to do so. I knew I had disobeyed her, but I could not in that one instance obey her. I hoped she would forgive me. Her brow clouded; but before the storm burst, I said:

“Mother, forgive me, and I shall leave you forever, if you dislike me. I have promised to go to New South Wales with Mr. and Mrs. H—— and their family. We shall go soon, and all I now ask from you is forgiveness.”

“I do not believe in the religion that teaches children to disobey their parents,” she said.

“Dear mother, my religion does not teach me to disobey you, if you tell me to do what is right. You wished me to do what was not right, and I must obey God rather than anybody else.”

She became impatient with me. I told her how much I loved her, how I always had loved her; but she had always thrown my warm, gushing love to the winds. I had tried to please her all my days, had always obeyed her, right or wrong, until I began to know right from wrong, and now my religion is all my fault. And now, that I was going to a foreign land, I hoped she would not let me go without her forgiveness. I went near her to kiss her. She thrust me from her, and shut me out of her heart as if I had no right there.

“Mother, dearest mother, I am going far, far away, do be reconciled to me before I leave you. It may be forever; I may be drowned at sea, and you will, perhaps, be sorry then that you did not love me, and forgive me for trying to serve God, who has done so much for me. When I am dead, perhaps you will realize how much I loved you, and how much I wanted your love.”

“You are talking nonsense,” was her reply.

Great God, be ever near me to protect me; hear my weeping prayer! Dear Father, let me come near to thee, for the gulf is wide between me and my kindred, whom I loved so well.

## CHAPTER II.

### FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND.

ALL my preparations were made, trunks packed, and I was ready for the long voyage to the antipodes, with a sad heart, but a brave spirit. Mr. and Mrs. Holmes and I had a public leave taking with the church, and I had the most affectionate farewell spoken to me by all. Letters of introduction and commendation were kindly given to me, and as we three stood up to take the parting hand, tears and kisses and blessings were showered upon me. We took a steamer to Greenock, where the ship lay ready to sail in a few hours. My mother accompanied me to Greenock. She did not speak to me all the way. We went to a hotel, to wait for the signal of departure. As my mother did not speak to me, my heart was too full to give utterance to my feelings before so many people on the boat; but as soon as we entered a room and the door was closed, I said:

“O mother, my heart will break if you do not bless me, and forgive me before I go. If you do not love me, at least kiss me once, mother.”

I knelt at her feet. I threw my arms around her neck, and kissed her cheek. She pushed me from her with an angry gesture, and said: “That was a Judas’ kiss.”

My heart sank within me, and I wept sore, and could not be comforted. My idolized mother had no place in her affections for me, no pity for me. I was thrown out of what ought to have been a sheltering place, upon the perilous billows of an untried life. The wide world lay before me, and I went out to encounter its dangers alone. Father of the fatherless, protect me now. I shall try not to feel alone, for thou hast said, “When father and mother forsake thee, I will take thee up.” And again, “I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.” It was well for me that those precious promises crossed my thoughts at that time, when the tidal wave of sorrow swept over my defenseless head.

“One more word, mother; and then, farewell. Forgive me for asking you for what you can not give, and now, farewell;” and with a bowed spirit, I went on board the good ship *Portland*. O, who can imagine the agony of that moment! Farewell, mother, I have

been a sad and lonely child all through my childhood's years; now I am in my teens, and were it not for the gracious promises of my heavenly friend never to leave or forsake me, I should be utterly prostrated by my misery and grief.

“Jesus, I my cross have taken,  
 All to leave and follow thee;  
 I am poor, *despised, forsaken*,  
 Thou henceforth my all shall be.  
 Perish every fond ambition,  
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known;  
 Yet how rich is my condition,  
 God and heaven are still my own.  
 Go then, earthly fame and treasure,  
 Come disaster, scorn and pain;  
 In thy service pain is pleasure,  
 With thy favor loss is gain.  
 Storms may howl and clouds may gather,  
 All will work for good to me.”

Our ship was towed out to the tail of the bank. As we left the quay, I saw my mother standing conspicuous among the crowd; her beautiful fawn-colored suit glistened in the sun, and she stood amid the dark forms of the other spectators like a pillar of light. I think I see her now. Such a leave-taking on board the ship; friends parting with friends, doubting whether they should ever meet again, weeping, ringing of hands, and some, in the excess of grief, tearing their hair. My tears were held back as long as I could see that pillar of light on shore. I stood looking over the taffrail until the light figure became a speck, and then vanished. A long, last look, and again, farewell, my mother. The cords that bound our noble ship to shore had been loosened, and she was about to try her strength on the bounding billows of the ocean. She had rudder and compass to guide her over the pathless deep, and experienced officers and men to man her. I felt that the cords that bound me to family and home were loosened, and I, like the ship, was about to try my strength in unknown regions. Strength! did I say? I had none, but the Lord could make perfect his strength in my weakness, and I prayed that he would. His word was my rudder and compass, to guide me through the storms of life. Night gathered her ebon mantle over ship and shore. The steamer had taken all the people ashore, who were not bound on the long voyage. But there I stood looking over the taffrail, where I stood for hours, straining my eyes in peering through the darkness, if, perchance, I



might catch one more glimpse of that dear form; but all was shrouded in night.

I retired early, but I could not avoid contrasting the noisy mirth of some of our passengers, with their equally noisy grief, when goodbyes were being spoken a few hours before. At early dawn we were gently gliding down the Firth with a fair wind, and we passed the Cumbrays, the Isles of Bute and Arran, and the Aisla Crag, whose irregular rocks, over which the sea breaks with such fury, had nearly proved fatal to the steamer *Fingal* on our voyage to the Emerald Isle. But now, as we passed, they were flooded with sunshine and dressed in holiday attire. Sea-weed and shells festooned the projecting cliffs, and studded the beach below. On went our ship with easy grace. She was large, and conveniently fitted up for passengers, of whom she carried a goodly number. A human dwelling, with all the appurtenances of a home, constructed to float on the surface of the water, is a great contrivance, and one of the wonders of the ocean. The sweet singer of Israel says, "Those who go down to the sea in ships see the wonders of the deep," and our ship was a great wonder to me. It was fitted up to carry three hundred persons, and many whole families were amongst them. How all these were to live together in one house for four months was a puzzle. The weather was delightful, and everybody was busy, passengers and crew, putting things in ship-shape.

As I had nothing to do, I took a seat on the top of a pile of spars, that were firmly lashed to the starboard side of the ship. They formed steps up to the top of the bulwark. Up these I climbed and took a seat, which I occupied every day that I was able to be on deck all through our long passage; and looking over the ship's side, I learned many a lesson. I was greatly interested in studying the creatures living in the sea. A great number of Medusæ were shining through the water. These are star-shaped, of various sizes and beautiful forms, with tentacles streaming downward, as the animals floated in the water.

I had heard of flying fishes; for I had cousins who had sailed the seas, and had seen many wonderful things, but their tales seemed to me almost too wonderful for belief. Our second day out a shoal of these very "fishes that flew" sailed across our deck, and several dropped on deck. We had a good opportunity to examine them, which we did with great interest. They have excessively long pectoral fins, which serve them as wings and sustain them in the air for a few moments. They swim in shoals, and are pursued by legions of voracious fishes, bonita, sharks, and other kinds. They spring into the air to

escape one danger; another, not less imminent, awaits them—for a host of sea birds are on the lookout for them, and their wings, which only serve them as a parachute, soon dry and they drop into the sea again.

At two bells we all went to dinner. As the day was fine and the ship floating steadily, we had soup. I took one or two spoonfuls when I had to leave the table. I became deathly sick. Mrs. H—— said I was sea-sick. Be that as it may—I was sea-water-sick, certainly. Our head cook had several very inexperienced mates. One of these know-nothings was asked to fill a boiler with water to make soup, and he did so, but it was sea-water with which he did it. He was economical; he saved the ship's salt at the expense of several being laid up sick. He lost his position through his carelessness. I was very sea-sick for several days.

We had fair winds and fine weather till we reached the Bay of Biscay, when our ship began to tumble about at a fearful rate, to the great consternation of all those who had never been on board of a ship before. I felt that I was quite an experienced sailor. I not only had no fear, but I apprehended no danger. I had been on board of the *Fingal* in the great gale, and was not a little pleased with my experience. One night one of our stud sail-booms cracked and split, and the sail flapped and made a great noise. Such a cry arose from the timid ones as brought the captain and some of the officers down to see what was the matter, when, with one voice, they cried:

“Oh, captain! are we going down?”

“Down where?” asked he.

“To the bottom!” said the frightened ones.

“Oh, no!” said the good-natured captain; “not yet. But I would advise you not to bring me down to tell you that you are not going down.”

We tumbled through the bay without any serious damage; but all those who had not their “sea legs” on, as the sailors express it, had many a tumble on the deck; and it was ludicrous in the extreme to see a man of great dignity walking with stately steps and slow, all at once take to running hither and thither, trying to catch at something, missing it just as he was laying hold of it; falling away, as if trying to catch something in the opposite direction, missing it, reeling and staggering like a drunken man.

The stormy Petrel, or “Mother Carey's Chickens,” as the sailors call these interesting little birds, flew around and followed our ship in

great numbers. They sweep along the trough of the sea as if in a sheltered valley, and then mount again on the rising billow. Of all the palmipedes, these remain most constantly at a distance from land. They are nocturnal birds, and when they are seen in the daytime, seeking food or shelter near a ship, or in the shrouds, they are forced so to do by tempestuous weather; and on this account they are called storm birds. The name Petrel (little Peter) is given to them, it is said, from their walking on the water by the help of their wings, which reminds us of the Apostle Peter walking on the Sea of Tiberias. Their wings are sharp and slender, and their pectoral muscles strong, which enables them to keep on the wing a long time. Gulls we saw in great numbers. They are about the size of a duck, with long wings and webbed feet. We saw great shoals of porpoises tumbling about, and leaping out of the water a considerable height, though they were big and clumsy looking. Their name, which means hog-fish, has been given them on account of the quantity of fat found beneath the skin. They are never more than four or five feet long. One of these sea-hogs was caught, the flesh prepared, and I ate some. It was very coarse-grained, had a fishy taste, but not unpleasant. Its skeleton was very much like a land animal's.

We passed the Madeiras, that lovely group of islands celebrated for their wines. They belong to the Portuguese, and consist of Port Santo, Madeira, and three uninhabited islands called Deserta. We passed so close to Madeira that we saw houses and people. We were delighted, for we had not seen land for some time. I have heard people say that "a sea voyage is so monotonous." I did not find it so. After we lost sight of land, everything that I saw—above and below and round about—was new, strange and wonderful. I thought I had some knowledge of the sea because I had been out in a great gale in the Firth of Clyde, and had crossed the Irish Sea; but, when I had bidden my native land good-night, and she had vanished from my sight in the distance; when I was out on the boundless deep, where the water was dark, nearly to blackness; nothing but the mighty moving element, through which our ship was cleaving her way, around me; while over me was the equally beautiful vault of heaven spanning the ocean on every side, I felt lost in the vastness of the scene and acknowledged to myself that I was a poor, little, ignorant creature—too insignificant for God to notice. But then I thought of the sparrows and the ravens, and took comfort. I was of more value than many sparrows. It was delightful on a calm, still day to sit on the spars and

peer over the side of the ship and down into the depths of the sea, and feel myself rocked upon the great waves and floating over the dark, blue sea. What a contrast to the howling storm when the winds are drawn up in battle array, and one can not distinguish the thunder of the clouds from the roar of the winds, or the sullen plunging of the angry waves on the rocky coast! I shuddered as I thought of the *Fingal*. I hoped we would not encounter the elements in their anger on our voyage.

The Bible represents the winds as a vehicle of Divine power in judgment and in blessing. God rides on the wings of the wind. The wind on the Sea of Galilee is associated with the presence of our Savior, who said to it: "Peace, be still!" The winds are God's messengers to carry the blessings of Christianity around the world.

When the main, the maintop, the fore, the foretop, the mizzen and mizzentop sails, with studding sails, are all set and filled with the elastic wind, how swiftly does the ship move on from country to country without exhausting its power. And a ship in full sail is a thing of beauty! She seems imbued with life as she bounds along on her watery way. I can appreciate David's exclamation of admiration: "There go the ships!"

We had a little rough weather after we passed Madeira. I thought we were going to be turned upside down once or twice, and it was so amusing to see everything jumping about. When we sat down to eat, a plate of soup, without ceremony, would throw itself into one's lap; and, while another was laughing at the frolic the plate of soup was having, a decanter of water would tumble over on him; another laughs, and the plates go dancing over to his side. Soup, water, meat, vegetables, dishes, plates, knives, forks, and spoons would have a regular waltzing frolic; and all who sat around had to rise and run, and involuntarily join in the dance.

I was not long out at sea till I made a very pleasant discovery. A midshipman, young, handsome, and the son of a rich shipowner of Greenock, was on board the *Portland*. His father wished to make one of his sons a sailor; so Tom Arbuckle was learning his business, and he was my cousin—a cousin I had never seen or known. As I have said, when my father died his family and my mother had a breach that was never healed. I was very young when I lost my father; consequently I had heard but little of my father's relatives. My uncle, Arbuckle, I never knew, nor any of the family. Only by accident I met my cousin Tom, and we became very friendly. When he was

off duty, and had time to spare, and I was perched on my usual seat on the spars, Tom was at my side. He asked me one day if I were not lonesome, as he always saw me by myself on the same seat.

“Oh, no!” I said; “I can not be lonesome with so much beauty in the sea, and so much variety in the ship.”

“There is beauty in the deep.  
The wave is bluer than the sky;  
And, though the light shines bright on high,  
How softly do the sea gems glow,  
That sparkle in the depths below.

There is beauty in the deep.”

The sea gems sparkled as brightly as did the sky gems, and were as interesting to me. The sea sparks were phosphorescent lights. One of the ship officers, an old tar, and a great friend of Tom's, also became a friend of mine, and between the two my time passed very pleasantly and profitably. One or the other of these two were with me when I was on my perch, and from them I learned all sorts of nautical lore. They were interesting companions. I was thirsting for knowledge, and they had stores of which I knew nothing, and they were pleased to communicate to me of their abundance.

Several young ladies took seats one day on the spars beside me. Mr. G——, the old tar, was near, and we were all chatting away right merrily. Mr. G—— lifted a great monkey jacket in his hand, and, before I could think what it was for, he threw it over my head and shoulders, causing me to bend forward. I was angry as a Turk. What did the old man mean? I asked, mentally; but, before I could give vent to my indignation, it gave place to gleeful gratitude. When the jacket was lifted off my head, I saw the young ladies on the deck shaking themselves. They were drenched to the skin, and the deck was covered with water. I felt inclined to laugh at the ludicrous scene. Mr. G—— had seen a great crested wave rolling toward the ship, and knew it would sweep over the decks, and we were right in its way, and, as he could only protect one from a ducking, I was that thankless one. After this I was called “Neptune's favorite.” I accepted the distinction. I had dubbed the old man Neptune; he seemed to know so much of the sea.

I had heard that a sunset and sunrise at sea were glorious sights. I was not impressed with the glory the first time I saw either. The sun, on his westward course, looked like a great fiery globe, dropping into a great bowl of water to quench his fire. I looked for the beauty of

the rising sun, and was only impressed with the magnitude and vastness of his majesty's realm of waste waters, over which he traveled daily. But the scene, to be beautiful, must have the accessories of meandering brooks and fertile plains, with the accompaniment of luxuriant foliage and sky-piercing mountains crowned with snow; all these, reflecting the various tints of the sun's rays, make a sunrise or sunset on land far more beautiful than at sea.

We had a sick lady in the hospital (we had such an institution on board, for we had a large family). I went to see her one morning before I went on deck. The hatchway of the lazaret had been left open by the careless steward's mate, and the place was so dark that I could not see; so I fell prone across the open hole, doubled up, and then fell several feet down among barrels and boxes, and was bruised all over on the edges of the iron-hooped barrels. I scrambled up and out, I know not how, but when I saw the lady I went to see, I could not speak to her. I had no bones broken, but the doctor advised me to go to the hospital. I was very ill from my bruises. The hospital was very comfortably fitted up for the sick, we had professional nurses, and the doctor was a skilled physician. He said, when I had been in bed a few days, that I was dangerously ill; I must be put into a hot bath and bled. He also said it was life or death with me, or he would not use the lancet on such a rough night; the ship was rolling so heavily. I said I would hold the bowl into which the blood was to flow. A lance cut a vein in my arm for the first time. The doctor was afraid he might cut an artery. I bled until I grew blind. The nurse was at hand, took the bowl from me, and I fell senseless on the floor. The doctor used restoratives, and I heard him tell the nurse to feel my feet. She did so, and said in solemn tone, they are getting cold. That was all I knew for twelve days. When I became conscious, I asked where I was, and if it were morning. I had no idea of the lapse of time. I asked the nurse why I was in bed in the hospital. Mrs. H—— came to see me, and told me I was ill, and how long I had lain there unconscious, no one expecting me to live. I said I knew nothing about it. I thought I was well now, but I could not walk after Mrs. H—— and the nurse had dressed me. I fainted, and fell back on the bed. The doctor soon restored me, and gave me something in a spoon. I asked what it was. He said, take it you foolish girl, it is a little brandy. I pushed his hand away, but he caught both my hands, and then made me swallow it, and then he gave me a little rice and sugar in a spoon, and in an hour after a little

more rice and sugar, and so on, till I could stand and walk, to my own and the doctor's astonishment. I felt well again, and asked the doctor if I might not leave the hospital.

"You may be helped upon the deck to-morrow if the weather is fine."

I was on deck as soon as I could get up next morning, and stayed as long as I had permission to do so. I went below and to bed light-hearted, and slept. A little before midnight I heard a cry: "Oh, will no one go for the doctor, my child is dying!" I started out of bed half awake, and said, "I will go!" I wrapped a mantle around me, and went upon the main deck. Not knowing where the doctor was to be found, I looked for Mr. Stalker, the officer of the watch, but no where could I find him. I looked alow and aloft, but not a living creature was to be seen. Nobody was looking after the ship; she might take her own course, if she chose, and carry everybody with her. I looked up to the moon, pale queen of night, who shone wondrously bright, and the blue vault of heaven was studded with many stars. The ship was in full dress, with a fair wind, and her white sails, filled with favoring breezes, made her look like a huge bird, with wings wide spread, soaring away over the trackless deep. A feeling of awe crept over me; I felt as if I were alone on the mighty deep, under the wings of that strange, huge bird, being carried I knew not whither. The night was enchanting, but the doctor had to be found. I went near to the man at the wheel, but did not speak for a minute, for he was looking intently at the mast-head. I wondered if he, too, felt as if under the wings of the strange bird. The spell, if spell there was, must be broken. I spoke, and asked where was the officer of the watch. He could not tell. I did not know what to do. I found two sailors asleep under a boat, who ought to have been walking the deck at that midnight hour, instead of lying asleep and leaving the ship to the care of one man, with hundreds of human beings all fast asleep in his charge, and he not able to leave his post for an instant, even were the ship on fire. I knew where the captain's room was, and I knocked at his door as loudly as I could. His dog began to bark, and soon roused all the sleepers. I told the captain that the doctor was wanted to come to a dying child, and that all the watch were asleep, and the ship was going along by herself. The dog had roused them all by this time. The doctor made his appearance, laughing at the speech I had made to the captain, and the stir among the sleeping watchmen. The child got better, and next morning the captain took his first officer to task about his neglect. I know not how he exonerated himself, but the first op-

portunity that Mr. Stalker had, he stalked up to me, and took me to task for arousing the captain from his sleep. I told him I did less wrong by rousing the captain from his sleep to look after the ship, than he did by going to sleep with the watch and neglecting the ship. He was very angry with me, but I told him I would just do the same thing again under the same circumstances, and he need not be angry with me, for I had done what I thought to be my duty.

“Why did you not call me?” asked the irate Stalker.

I asked him if he were on board; if so, he was invisible. I could not find him. He began to laugh, and left me.

I was once more able to be in my own cabin, and take my accustomed seat on the spars, and view, with fresh admiration, the blue above and the blue below. I have sailed in many ships since I sailed in the *Portland*, forty years ago. Larger, grander, more magnificently fitted up, but none more completely comfortable. The passengers' cabins were all between decks, and the families were all on the best of terms. Most of them were married men, who had land in the rich and growing country, and were going out to occupy it, and work in their different professions, and they were nearly all singularly prosperous. Many of them afterward became distinguished as members of Parliament, and immensely wealthy. They were a highly respectable class of passengers, and many friendships were formed on board, that ended only with life. The discipline of the ship was perfect. Passengers and crew were under the strictest rules, and everything worked well, and went like clock-work. Our sailors were all sons of gentlemen. Such a crew I have never sailed with since, nor are there many such. They all seemed brothers of one family, each handsomer than the other, and so good-natured. We had splendid weather, and it was a pleasant sight to see our handsome tars on Saturday, washing their ducks—that is, their fine white canvas suits—and making a general preparation for Sunday. The ship's decks were nearly as white as snow, and every coil of rope in its place. Every sign of work was put away, such as sailmaking and mending, and splicing ropes, and making basset. The ship went along with a fair wind, and needed but little looking after. On Sunday morning the ship-bell tolled seven, and passengers and crew assembled on deck under an awning, where seats were placed athwart-ships, and the doctor behind the capstan, which was covered with the Union Jack, and used as a reading-desk. The Church of England services were then read by the doctor, but the Psalms were sung by all, and what fine voices there were in



that crowd. The prayers were read, and after the services were over, all passed the day as if they were on shore. Some groups were reading or talking on Bible subjects, while others were reading religious books. Our gentlemen sailors were dressed in their white duck trousers and jackets, or garibaldiies, and had jaunty little caps on their heads. Everything was spotlessly clean about them and the ship.

Mr. McK—— and family had their cabin opposite to Mr. Holmes and family. Mrs. McK—— had left Scotland for her health, but the grim king had marked her for his own, and she sank daily after she came on board, till she dropped into his relentless embrace. It is a solemn thing to die at any time, or in any place, but I think to die at sea is most solemn. Mrs. McK—— died in the midst of her family, and everything that affection and kindness could do was done, to show sympathy for the living, and respect for the dead. After the body was dressed for burial, an officer of the ship prepared canvas, wrapped the body in it, sewed it up, and then sewed a bag full of stones to the foot of the shroud. This was done to sink the body, and save it from the voracious jaws of sharks. The bell tolled, and the passengers were assembled on the quarter deck in solemn silence. The body was lashed to a plank, and covered with the Union Jack for a pall. The ship's officers were the pall-bearers. They carried the corpse to the deck tenderly, mournfully, and laid it on a rude bier, until the service for the dead was read by the doctor. He paused when he came to "ashes to ashes." The pall-bearers lifted the body, and rested it on the gangway. The doctor omitted "ashes to ashes," and said, "we commit this body to the deep, till the sea gives up its dead." The plank was lowered over the side of the ship, a plunge, a slight gurgling sound, and the waters gathered over the body.

"And there she lay in her coarse, cold shroud,  
 And strangers were 'round her, the coffinless;  
 Her family were there among that crowd,  
 Their eyes did weep, and their lips did bless.  
 Not a whisper did linger upon the air;  
 O'er her body one moment her family bent;  
 But the plunging sound of the dead was there,  
 And the ocean is now her monument."

A more magnificent one than the hand of man ever fashioned, but one by which no hand of affection can plant a flower. The bereaved ones can not rest their thoughts on the hallowed spot where the ashes of the loved one lies. Her sepulcher is large, but she is alone. "The

average depth of the ocean is ascertained to be five miles. If we suppose now, which may not be far from the truth, that such a weight would descend at the rate of one mile an hour, the body would be five hours passing to its final place of rest. What a march to the grave is this! Five hours alone, unattended, unthought of, pressing steadily on away from all light, passing without a pause the limit where the last ray of the sun becomes extinct, and where the last trace of life forever fails. And what a tomb to come to at last; what silence; what darkness; what desolation; what eternal and motionless rest. At such a depth it would seem that nothing, absolutely nothing, could transpire, and a human body, seeking there its last home, must find one so entirely its own, that probably for ages to come there will have been nothing but its own intrusion to disturb the death-like repose."

One day I was looking over the ship's side from my usual perch, when I saw a great shoal of what I thought were the most beautiful fishes, swimming and gamboling a few feet below the surface of the water. Cousin Tom told me they were dolphins. The dolphins, when at play on a bright day, as I saw them, are so rapid in their movements, so changing in their color as the sunbeams fall on them, that they look like broken rainbows flying about. We can not help admiring the beauty of their form, and the rapidity with which they swim. They were held sacred by the Greeks in ancient times. The poetic Greeks created for the dolphin an assemblage of virtues that the human family is far from possessing. They placed its image in their temples, impressed it on their coins and medals, and made it a symbol of the God of the Sea. It is from eight to ten feet long, and is found in every sea. It is bluish-black above, and white below. Its jaws are armed with teeth. These animals are the most carnivorous, and, in proportion to their size, the most cruel of all the cetacea. They are the swiftest swimmers of all the finny tribes.

"Sail ho!" was shouted from aloft one day. What excitement that shout created on board our ship. A ship in sight was a new wonder; it was the first ship we had seen since we left land. It was quite an event to see, outside of our ship, something besides the denizens of the deep. I was surprised to see the stranger pitch, and toss, and roll, and plunge, in so quiet a sea. She would pitch her stern high in air, and plunge her head deep into the water, so that you could see half of the copper sheathing of her keel. Then her bows would rise high in air like Neptune's locks, dripping with brine. Her decks were filled with passengers. I suppose they, like ourselves, were brought

to the deck by the cry of "Sail ho!" I was watching the stranger very intently. We were not near enough to hear the captain's answer to our captain's questions, through his huge speaking trumpet:

"From whence? whither bound? and what's your cargo?"

But we could guess she had a live cargo. I saw her give a sudden, fearful plunge. I screamed out:

"Oh! she has gone down!"

Our captain laughed at my fright. I had hardly the words out of my mouth till she righted again, and then rolled over on her side, careering in a most frolicsome way. The captain told me that our ship presented the same appearance to them that theirs did to us. I could not realize that our ship was behaving so badly, but I had become accustomed to the motion of it. I excused the captain for laughing at me; I almost laughed at my own ignorance.

As we neared the tropics the days were longer and the nights shorter. We had fair winds, but very light. We progressed but slowly, but we were all as happy and as cheerful as so large a number of persons, living in one house, could be. Our time did not hang heavy on our hands. My Bible was my most valued companion; but cousin Tom and Neptune were valuable auxiliaries. Our shipmaster—or, for politeness' sake, our captain—was a gentleman, a good sailor, and a kind father to all his numerous family on board the *Portland*. As we neared the equator we had less wind and more heat. Some of our passengers were anxious to know whether Neptune would visit our ship as she crossed the line, and handle those roughly who had never crossed the line.\* Neptune the Second, who was on board, assured me that if his namesake came on board, to handle the passengers roughly, I should be exempt.

Some of our masculines asked our good-natured captain if they could see the line when passing it.

"Oh, yes!" said he, laughing.

This piece of nautical information sped round, and many believed it. All such were to have the use of the captain's glass to look through. The splendid telescope was in place; excitement ran high as we neared the line. No one could see it but only those who were privileged to look through the glass; and to them the line shone out as clear as day. Oh! it was beautiful! What? The equator, the line which divided North from South latitude? No; but the beautiful line they saw was a hair that the fun-loving captain had stretched across the lens of the instrument. Cousin Tom had prepared me for this;

\* It is a common custom to duck such persons with buckets of sea-water.

and, as I was in the secret, I enjoyed the fun amazingly. The captain loved a little harmless fun, such as this; but he sternly forbade old Neptune, the god of the sea, to enter his ship. His visits were troublesome and disagreeable to those who for the first time crossed the equator. Our ship was becalmed about one degree from the equator. The heat was intense. The sails went flapping about. The ship rolled about with the ground swell. The sea was like molten glass. Everybody was idle and listless. It was too hot to sit or walk on deck in the daytime. The sun was scorching, and not a breath of air was stirring. Below it was stifling. Our water was not sweet. Water being carried on a long voyage rots after a few weeks, and then purifies itself. Our ship carried immense tanks of water, but none too much, and none to waste or use in our ablutions. Salt water was used for almost every purpose but cooking and drinking. The sailors had nothing to do; everything was trim. They kept throwing water on the decks to cool them, and to keep the pitch from melting and the seams from opening. The two weeks that we were becalmed on the equator, or near by it, were idle, lazy and listless weeks. One thing I noticed, but was too idle to speak of it: our shadows looked very short. A slight breeze at last sprang up and we moved, but very slowly. We were all thankful for the motion, though it was so slight. We breathed more freely. One day some one remarked to me:

“Why, you have no shadow!”

I looked round and round, but, sure enough, I had lost my shadow; but I was not the only one. All on board the ship, and the ship itself, had lost their shadows. The sun was in the zenith, and we were directly under him. The excitement when about to cross the equator was nothing to compare to what now prevailed. Two or three persons would stand in a row and look for their shadows, but no shadow, or the shade of shadows, appeared. How we all enjoyed this new experience! We had something new to talk about. The captain could not take an observation till the sun would move from the zenith, or we from under it. When our shadows were next seen they fell to the south of us instead of the north, as they had done. We were now in South latitude.

We had a young lady on board who had not been on deck since we sailed. She had been sick in the hospital. To her I made a daily visit, to tell her what was going on in our little world, and to cheer her up. The sun from a cloudless sky shone in his midday splendor, reflecting his brightness on the white and glistening decks, dazzling one's

eyes to blindness; and, out of this glare, I plunged one day into the darkness of the hospital. I could not see my way, but I knew it, and on I walked till I came to the open hatchway of the lazaret, which I could not see; and, being right in my pathway, down I went into a deeper darkness. I became unconscious ere I reached the bottom of the hold. When I opened my eyes I did not know where I was. I closed them again but could not think where I was. When I became fully conscious I was lying at the bottom of the hold, my head supported by one of the ship's officers. I moved and tried to rise, but could not. I was helped to my feet and supported by the young man. My head was in a maze; I felt like lying down again—I could not stand alone. I saw a dim light in the distance, and figures of men. The young man who supported me called out: "Make haste!" I was utterly unable to stand, and I shut my eyes again. I could not make out where I was. Everything was dark around me, only the dim light in the distance, which was moving nearer to me, and then two men—one with a great bowl in his hand, the other with a lamp. They put the bowl to my mouth, and I was told to drink. My head fell away from the bowl, but a hand was quickly at the back of my head: two men held me up, firm and fast, while a third forced me to take a great swallow of brandy, raw from a barrel. As soon as I swallowed the brandy I recognized the men, and asked them where I was. They told me that I was in the hold of the ship, that I had fallen down, and they thought I was dead—I lay so long unconscious. They had placed Jim to watch the open hatchway, in case of an accident, and he had fallen asleep, but was suddenly awakened by my falling over him. I could not yet take in the ludicrous situation, but they forced me to take another swallow of brandy, and then I felt much better. I could stand without support. The next thing was to get me out of the hold. There were no steps or ladder; but they fastened a seat with ropes and pulled me up into daylight and fresh air, and I felt almost well. The doctor felt greatly concerned about me, but I had no broken bones, not even a bruise. My senses were shaken out of me, and it was long ere I could come to myself; but when I took the brandy, that seemed to revive me.

I was once more on deck. The whole thing seemed a dream to me. I was thankful to my kind, heavenly Father for His protecting care. I had had two falls down into the hold, and two very narrow escapes from death, through the carelessness of others; yet was I preserved. I was the only one on board who had been roughly handled on cross-

ing the line, though I was the only one who was to be exempt. The captain told me that my adventure in the hold was just as good as if "Neptune" had come on board and ducked me.

"Land ho!" was shouted from the man on the lookout. This was a new excitement. We were all on the lookout, but our inexperienced eyes could not see as far as those of a sailor. We had to wait a nearer approach to it ere we could be gratified. When I was a very little girl I had an idea that the world was round like a bannock, and supported on a pillar; but where the pillar rested gave me no concern. I was taught that the earth was a globe, and was balanced in space by the almighty power of God. This idea to me was wonderful at first; but this wonder gave way to greater wonders, as I was wafted over the wide waste of waters that everywhere surrounded me.

"Land ho!" again passed from one to another. Neptune and cousin Tom were near me to show me and explain the wonders of the beauteous land, that could only be seen in dark outline against the eastern sky. We had not seen land since we passed the tall peak of Teneriffe. The land was beginning to take shape; mountain-tops were to be seen. I thought we were looking at land, but Neptune had traversed these seas before, and told me what I saw was not land but clouds, which would presently assume a beauty that would astonish the beholder; and they did astonish me. The sight was the most wonderful that I had ever seen. I saw these clouds, dark, dense and impenetrable, in some places charged with oceans of water. The stratum, as it was stretched across the sky, looked like solid land, and over this rose the cumulus, capped with snow, mountain on mountain piled up high; then cirrus, with its curling, waving streamers, and the nimbus crowned the whole. These four clouds were thrown together, spread out, piled up in every variety of shape, so that when the sun was in a certain position, a more glorious picture of cloud-land could not be imagined than was this. First we saw, or thought we saw, the solid land with fertile plains, wide-spread and carpeted with gems of brightest hue; then tall, dark forests, and wild beasts hunted by hunters in gorgeous array, mounted on elephants, some on horses, some on foot—all distinctly outlined. Then the snow-crowned mountains, rising one above another, cold and desolate-looking, though pure white and dazzling. Then castles, palaces and thrones, all painted on the heavens with colors the brilliancy of which is past description. The grandeur of this cloud-picture has never been effaced from my memory. I could not realize that this gorgeous picture was floating clouds, bal-

anced in space by an unseen hand. How these clouds, so dense, did not break and fall in torrents of water, seeing they were formed of this element, was a wonder to me. But then God has the power to balance them, as He has the power to balance the earth, for neither has foundations to rest upon. "God makes the clouds his chariots," and controls them. I could only look and admire and wonder, but could not understand. Neptune had seen these clouds often, but had never seen them so brilliantly colored before. Most of the spectators were disappointed when they were told that they had been admiring cloud-land, and not real land. Others were mortified to find the captain quietly laughing at their enthusiasm over the beautiful landscape. Those clouds could not be surpassed in coloring by any landscape. I thoroughly enjoyed cloud-land.

In these latitudes we saw great birds flying about, sitting on the water, and rising and falling on the crested waves. They were Albatrosses. Neptune shot one one day, and, as we were idly moving along, he and another officer lowered a boat and went out on the broad bosom of the Atlantic, and soon they were in the distance, looking like a speck on the water. I felt a little afraid that the ship would leave them. They picked up the huge floating bird and were soon alongside; handed up the prize, and sprang up the ship's side, all in a very short time. When I saw all safe on board in so short a time, I felt sorry that I had not gone out in the boat with them when they asked me, but it was now too late for regrets. I had great curiosity to see this bird, and study it, and I had a fine opportunity. The Albatross *Diomedea* has a very long, strong, hard, trenchant and compressed beak, straight at the base and suddenly curved at the end. The nostrils are tubular and placed in a furrow. The feet are short and palmate, and there are three toes only on each foot; nails short and dull. The Albatrosses are the largest of the oceanic birds. Their rapid and long-continued flight, notwithstanding their heavy, massive form, has caused sailors to call them "man-of-war" birds. They are pure white, with black wings. Of all the birds, this one is seen the farthest from land. They are most graceful birds on the wing, or floating on the water; but on deck they are the most awkward, clumsy, waddling creatures imaginable—every step they take they fall down. Several were caught in nets and kept alive for some time, and we were greatly amused at their absurd attempts to fly. The Portuguese, who first doubled the Cape of Good Hope, in describing the Albatross, the Gull and Frigate birds, said: "The birds looked like geese, and brayed

like donkeys, and did not know how to fly; but spread out their wings like sails and scudded before the wind."

We caught several Frigate birds. They inhabit none but intertropical regions. Their flight is so powerful and rapid, and so far from land, that they have shared the name of "man-of-war" birds with the Albatross. Frigate birds are great enemies to the flying fish. Of course these birds are web-footed and long-winged; as also the Boobies, which are very stupid birds—hence their name.

"There she blows!" was a cry from the bows one day. We were all on the alert.

"What is it?" ran along the ship.

"A whale! Look how she spouts the water!"

I looked and saw jets of water rise high in air, from an object not yet visible to us. We soon both saw and heard the blowers. Several of the hughest animals that live either on land or in the water rose out of the water, and what enormous bodies they had! We got sufficiently near to see that they were sperm whales. There seemed to be quite a number of them at play. These long, big-headed blowers inhabit from choice the equatorial regions. They are met with in bands of females, led by two males, which are much larger than the females. They feed on molluscs. The muzzle, which is of cubic form, is truncated in front, with a single spiracle or breathing-hole. These animals are about seventy feet long. The tail is about eight feet wide; their heads are enormous and singularly shaped, flat-topped, and all above the face and cranium is formed into a large oval basin, divided into two stories, which contain the spermaceti. The whalers dip the oil out of the head as out of a well. This animal has less blubber than the Balaena whale. The odorous substance, known as ambergris, met with floating on the surface of the sea, appears to be a morbid concretion formed in the intestines of these animals. And this aromatic substance is used in *materia medica* as a highly valued drug.

Farther south we see another variety of cetaceous blowers, the common whale Balaena. It is enormous in size—between seventy and a hundred feet long. Its head is one-third the length of its body, and its jaws are from fifteen to twenty feet long, but without teeth; and the upper one, which is keel-shaped, is furnished with whalebone. This name is given to great horny plates, of fibrous texture, which are very elastic, and fringed at their ends, and are placed transversely, like the teeth of a comb, strongly locked one into the other, and attached to the jaw at the base, so as to extend from each side of the palate,



forming a sort of great sieve, through which the water taken into the immense mouth of the animal partly escapes, without letting out the small animals which it contains. The size of whales' heads leads many to suppose that they live on large fishes; but this is a mistake. They have no teeth, and the muscles of their jaws are weak. Their esophagus is very small; they can only swallow molluscs, zoophytes whose bodies are soft as jelly; and these are so numerous that the whale has only to open his mouth and thousands enter. Part of the water drawn in with the food runs out again through the whalebone sieve; but the greater part is pressed back by the tongue, and blown out with great force and noise through the nares on top of his head. It rises in jets forty feet high, and falls in spray. They swim with great rapidity. They are timid and fearful; but when pursued and defending themselves, they become furious and put forth their whole strength, to fight or flee. Their tail is their weapon of defense; and, when they strike the water with it they produce a commotion like that from a cannon-ball. A whale about seventy feet long has been ascertained to weigh about seventy tons, equal to the weight of one hundred and forty oxen. Most of the sea giants are enormous in size. They have warm blood. The heart has two ventricles and a double circulation. Their young are born alive and are suckled by the mother. Truly, those who go down to the sea in ships, and do business on the great waters, see the wonders of the Lord! I would sit for hours watching these monstrous giants at play in their native element, and think and feel how small and insignificant in comparison I was. But, when my own littleness, ignorance and insignificance would trouble me, I would have recourse to my Bible, to be reassured that I was not overlooked, seeing the sparrows were looked after. My faith in my heavenly Father's care of me never wavered; but I felt of so little consequence in the scale of creation that I had always to look to Jesus to find out my own value—at least the value He put on me. I had cost Him too much to be neglected by Him.

"Jesus, I love thy charming name," were words often breathed by me in the midst of tumult. Everything in nature that I saw interested me, and I studied as much as I could. But I had sad and sober thoughts. I often wondered if my mother thought of me. I would turn from my earthly to my heavenly parent for comfort. I looked to the future, and though my pathway was veiled from my view, yet I had no fear, for God had said, and I believed: "I will be a swift witness against those who oppress the hireling in his wages, the widow

and the fatherless, and that turn aside the stranger from his right, and fear not me, saith the Lord of hosts." I did most emphatically trust myself to the guardianship of my heavenly Father.

The deep azure of the sky, and the dryness of the atmosphere in the Southern latitudes, greatly favor the observation of clouds and constellations. The Southern Cross is one of the most beautiful constellations of the South. It is formed of four stars. It has been ascertained at what time of the night at different seasons, the Cross of the South is erect or inclined. It is a time-piece that advances very regularly near four minutes a day, and no other group of stars exhibits to the naked eye an observation of time so easily made.

"Midnight is past, the cross begins to bend." Humboldt says: "The less regular distribution of light gives to the zone of the Southern sky, situated between the parallels of  $50^{\circ}$  and  $80^{\circ}$ , which is so rich in crowded nebulous spots and starry masses, a peculiar and, one might say, almost picturesque character, depending on the grouping of the stars of the first and second magnitudes, and their separation by intervals, which appear to the naked eye desert and devoid of radiance." "How beautiful are all thy works, O Lord! In wisdom hast thou made them all."

We could not drink or cook with "rotten water," and our fresh water gave out before its time; so, as we neared the Cape of Good Hope, the captain, a good man, thought he would put in for a fresh supply. This proposition gave universal satisfaction. Our voyage seemed more like a pleasure trip than anything else, and the Cape was one of the points of interest that we were to see. We were all glad that we needed water. In those days there were no condensers, or but few, to distill the salt into fresh water, and steamships alone could use them. Though the weather was fine, we had a terrible pitching and tossing with the great ground swell, as we rolled and tumbled into "Table Bay." The Bay is greatly exposed to the heavy swell of the ocean, though it gives safe anchorage to ships. We entered "Table Bay" with colors flying, sails spread wide, and everything ship-shape. We had traveled far, but were nothing worsted. What a glorious view presented itself to our admiring gaze,—the shimmering of the water in the morning sun; the tall ships that lay lazily at anchor; and row-boats of various sizes, plying hither and thither, and darting along with the velocity of birds, skimming over the lucid deep as lightly as the petrels that sport around them. There was life, yet great repose, no bustle, no hurry. We let go the anchor as near to the shore as we

could. Large vessels can not get close to the landing-place. We were sufficiently near to see the picturesque town to great advantage. We had a striking view of Table Mountain, as it rose almost perpendicular with dark and frowning front to meet the clouds. The White Cloud, in beautiful contrast, rolling over and spreading out on the top of the Table, has the name of "Table Cloth," a very appropriate name, I think. On either hand rise the barren crags of Lion's Head and Devil's Peak. At the foot of the mountain nestles Cape Town, like a child with its back against a rock and its feet in the water. So near to the water did it seem, that we could imagine it sat in it; so near to the mountain did it seem, we could imagine it leaned against it. The town is regularly laid out, and in Dutch style, with canals in the principal streets. The white-washed houses, and green painted verandas, and shining windows, looked charming in the distance. We had not long let go the anchor, till we were surrounded by a number of boats full of fruits and bread. The bread was the whitest I ever saw, but, while eating it, you had to crunch what felt like the white sand from the beach, mixed in with the flour. The fruits were of various kinds, luscious and very abundant.

Mr. Holmes told me in the evening that several parties were going ashore in hired boats, but the captain had placed his own boat at his disposal, and told him to take me ashore with him, if I wished to go; that I was a very good girl, and deserved to have some pleasure. I was very much surprised at this compliment from the captain, and as much pleased as surprised. I liked the captain, but stood in great awe of him, and had very little to say to him. Indeed, I talked to few on board, except my cousin and his friend Neptune. I never asked the captain troublesome questions; this, no doubt, he liked. Mr. Holmes selected a very nice party to go ashore with him, and the next morning we were all in our "go ashore" dresses. We were lowered into the boat very carefully. Cousin Tom said he was sorry he could not go with us. The captain had said "the officers and crew are to remain on board while the passengers are on shore." We had violins and bagpipes on board, so we had lively music going ashore from the ship. We were a merry party. We landed, and walked to a very fine hotel, had an excellent breakfast, and were very handsomely treated by Captain Lewis, the proprietor of the hotel. He was an elegant gentleman, young, comparatively, and very handsome. He said he was delighted to meet Scotch people; he admired and loved them, and had most profound veneration for the Scotch character. He had not seen Scotch

ladies for many years, and he was at the service of all present, would do everything to make their visit to the Cape pleasant. And he fulfilled his promises. The whole house seemed turned up-side down for our accommodation. I was admiring some oil paintings on the wall of the parlor we were in, when he came to my side to give me some information concerning them. I was interested in what he said, and the manner in which he said it was pleasant. He asked me if I were fond of paintings.

"I like everything that is beautiful; but I know very little about paintings," I said.

He said he had a few superb pictures upstairs in the drawing-room he would take pleasure in showing them to me, if I would do him the pleasure to accompany him. I asked Mrs. Holmes to go with me, but she sent Miss King, a young lady friend, in her stead. We went upstairs to admire paintings, but we admired everything we saw. Everything was elegant as oriental splendor could make it. Captain Lewis showed us the various suites of rooms his house contained, all fitted up in a style more gorgeous than I had ever seen before. I was perfectly charmed, after having been so many weeks confined to one small room in our ship. I sank down on one of the velvet covered divans, and thought of my perch on the spars. I had been confined and cramped up, but did not realize it. I now felt a freedom of limb that I thoroughly enjoyed, all the fine sights were truly refreshing, and the owner of all this grandeur was, for the time being, our "*humble servant.*" All was so pleasant in our survey, we hardly knew how to keep our admiration within bounds. We returned to the drawing-room, where were two grand pianos. The Captain sat down and played, and sang some beautiful pieces. He had a rich, full voice, and played exquisitely. Our host excused himself for a minute, and left the room, but shortly returned with a jewel case in his hand. He opened it, and there lay a very costly set of jewels, necklace, bracelets, ear-rings and a finger-ring of great value. We both admired, and exclaimed, "Oh, how beautiful!" He put the case into my hand, and asked me to accept of it as a memento of our visit to the Cape of Good Hope.

"Oh, Captain, I would not dare to accept of so valuable a gift from a stranger."

"I have no lady friend to whom I can present it, and you will do me a favor to accept it. Take the case to your mother, and ask her permission to accept it."

"My mother is in Scotland," I said, with a quivering voice.

He thought Mr. and Mrs. Holmes were my parents. He then said: "Take them to your guardians and ask them."

I took the jewels to Mrs. Holmes for her to admire. She asked me what I intended to do with them.

"Return them to their owner," I said; "I can not, dare not, accept of them. I could not wear them in my present circumstances."

I returned them to their owner. He asked if I would not accept of the ring. I thanked him for his kindness, but firmly refused the beautiful gem. The temptation to accept the case was very great; but I had nothing in my wardrobe suitable to wear with such splendid jewels, and their possession might draw my thoughts more to earth and earthly possessions than I cared for.

Our party separated, some going one way, some another. Miss King and I took a stroll over the town alone; at least we started with that intention, but Captain Lewis, either intentionally or unintentionally, joined us before we had gone far. The quaint, square-roofed houses, whitewashed, and the green shutters and verandas were new to us, and so were the canals along the streets. There were some fine villas in the vicinity of the town, and beautiful walks shaded with oaks, poplars and pines. The streets were also shaded, and lined with trees. There was one beautiful walk, whence we had a splendid view of the town and the bay, and a commanding view of the sandy plain and distant mountains. This walk led along the top of Wynbey Hill, was wide and thickly lined with tall trees, whose branches interlaced at the top, and formed a complete leafy arch, impervious to the sun's rays. It was perfectly delightful to sit on a rustic seat under the shade of this arched avenue, and look abroad upon a scene so beautiful and new.

We saw Hottentot women washing clothes in a brook in a very primitive style. The clothes were put on a stone worn flat, just a few inches below the surface of the water, and with another stone they beat and battered the clothes most unmercifully, without regard to buttons or hooks and eyes. They used no soap, only beat out the impurities and let the running stream carry them off. The clothes thus washed looked pure and white. These Hottentot women are very ugly. They are short and thick, with a bustle or tornure so large that a full-grown person could sit on it. This, their natural shape, they think very handsome. I think it a hideous deformity. Their eyes are restless, rambling, ape-like; they have an ugly expression; flat nose,

thick lips, and a click in their voice. Their bodies are a wonder to anatomists.

We returned to the hotel to dinner, and we fared sumptuously. After dinner the captain had his black horses and phaeton at the door, and said he would be happy to give me a drive to the suburbs, where I would have a new view. He did not ask Miss King to go, as his phaeton had only two seats; so I politely refused to go, much as I should have enjoyed a drive. I could not drive out alone with a strange gentleman.

Our doctor had given, as a preventive of sickness, a dancing prescription. I never felt inclined to join the dancers on board, but in the parlor the bagpipes and violins were vieing with each other, which would send forth the most enticing dance music. I said I should like to see how they danced to the bagpipes. The captain asked me to dance a Scotch reel with him, and as I had just refused to drive out with him, I consented. I could dance, and loved it, but had forsaken it. The bagpiper was asked to play the tune for the reel, and my Scotch Tartan dress was to figure in it. I laughed at the idea of we two only dancing a Scotch reel, but when the piper began a real reel tune, I was off. My partner seemed to enjoy this reel amazingly; I know I did.

Our kind and gentlemanly host had so often said through the day that he loved the Scotch, that Mr. Holmes began to suspect that he wanted some of the Scotch party to remain at the Cape. Mr. Holmes called for our bill, but the gallant captain said that he charged him and his party nothing; he said he had felt great pleasure in entertaining us, and he entertained us very handsomely. As we intended to sleep on board ship, we prepared to leave our kind host. He said he would like us to stay at his house as long as the ship remained in the bay, free of charge. This offer was more than kind. Our own captain's boat was waiting for us, so we started. Our host accompanied us to the ship in another boat.

Our Pibroch continued pealing or squealing all the way over the water, to the great astonishment of the Dutch boatmen. After parting with our kind host, reaching the deck, Captain Lewis handed up a basket to me, filled with the most delicious fruits, a bottle of goat's milk (something I had never tasted before), and some old and rare Constantia wine; all of which was unexpected, but fully appreciated.

"Good-bye, Captain Lewis! I thank you for all your kindness; I shall never forget it."

“Come back and stay here altogether,” he said, as we shook hands.

“No; I must see more of the world, now that I have started on my travels,” said I.

“Will you come back with me if I go to Australia for you?”

I was somewhat startled at this speech, but I said:

“Oh, no! Do not think of such a thing. I think we must part without the probability of ever meeting again. Once more, good-bye!”

“But still upon our pilgrimage we pause a while, and lo!

In some fresh ties and hopes engage, that make it sad to go.”

Rough weather outside kept us in our sheltered harbor for eight days. This I did not regret, as I could see more of the Cape and the people.

One day I saw twelve pair of oxen drawing a dray with some barrels of wine they had brought from Constantia. I exclaimed:

“How cruel to make cows draw carts.”

I had never seen ox-teams before. There was a little laugh at my expense, and I enjoyed it. The Dutch boor, who drove the team of twenty-four oxen, was perched on top of a long pole, with a seat on top of it, his head and shoulders protected by a huge sombrero, which served for a parasol. It threw off the rain and kept off the sun. It was a curious-looking article, but very useful, as it spread wide all round his shoulders, and tapered away into a point above his head. This quaint-looking boor, as he sat on a pole eighteen feet high, with a whip long enough to reach the foremost ox, with his oxen and his little dray, was to me a very singular sight.

I had thought it a cruel thing to yoke cows together, but when I saw men tied two and two together, and driven into the sea, till they were above their waists in water, and then haul out great logs of timber, I thought this was more cruel. The half nude men thus treated were not prisoners, as I had supposed, but Caffres, with a Dutchman to superintend their labor. They were handsome fellows; tall, well made and strong, with black eyes and brown skins. The Caffres are differently described by different authors. Lichinstein says: “The universal characteristic of all the tribes of this great nation is an external form and figure varying exceedingly from the other nations of Africa. They are much taller and stronger, and their limbs are better proportioned. Their color is brown, their hair black and woolly. Their countenances have a character peculiar to themselves, which does not permit their being included in the other African nations or races. They have the high forehead and prominent nose of the Eu-

ropean, the thick lips of the negro, and the high cheek-bone of the Hottentot. Their physical and moral traits partake of the highest and the lowest of the African races."

Cape Colony lies  $30^{\circ}$  and  $35''$  South latitude. It possesses a comparatively temperate climate. Its exports are wine, wool, skins, ivory and palm oil. It was discovered by Bartholomew Diaz in 1486, and in 1520 it was taken possession of by the English. In 1650 it was colonized by the Dutch; in 1795 it was again taken by the English, but was restored to the Dutch in 1802. In 1806 it was again taken by the English, and was confirmed to them in the general peace of 1814. The Caffres and colonists have had many fights since then. The inhabitants are English, Dutch, Caffres and Hottentots. The beautiful Dutch town, with its quaint, flat-roofed houses, its terraced gardens, its canals, its shaded avenues, its beautiful villas, its fruits and flowers, all nestling at the foot of the great mountain, forms a perfect picture, and, if once seen, is not soon forgotten.

I sat at the ship's side, drinking in the beauty of this scene, while others were dancing. This became a favorite amusement, and it proved beneficial—saving the doctor some trouble.

The fragrance from the orange groves was gently wafted across the water by softly blowing zephyrs. The moon walked abroad in her garb of light, and her reflected rays danced upon the rippling waters of the bay, and the bay itself, mirror-like, reflected the shadows of the tall ships, while small boats darted like graceful swans across the still water. Some of these had violin, flute, or guitar, or all three, and they sent forth upon the still air soft sweet sounds that were soothing to the soul. Music on the water has more charms, I think, than on the land. The dancers were tired; some went to their cabins, some to cards. I kept my seat; the evening was not far spent. I was charmed by the scene of beauty which lay before me, and my last admiring look lingered long and lovingly on that which I might never see again. The picture of that scene is painted on my memory, as if by a moonbeam, in soft, pure, light colors.

"Look around! Of all the clouds not one is moving;  
 'Tis the still hour of thinking, feeling, loving.  
 Silent and steadfast as the vaulted sky,  
 The boundless plain of waters seems to lie.  
 Comes that low sound from breezes rustling o'er  
 The grass-crowned headland that conceals the shore?  
 No! 'tis the earth-voice of the mighty sea,  
 Whispering how quiet he can be."



Our ship's supply of fresh meat was greatly augmented by a number of Cape sheep being brought on board. These sheep are remarkable for their huge, fat tails, which weigh from twenty-five to thirty pounds. The body of the sheep is small, and the wool is inferior. The tail is the principal part. We had sheep's tail soup—very good, indeed—as long as the sheep lasted. We had a plentiful supply of all the semi-tropical fruits brought on board, which lasted some time.

My visit to Cape Town gave me, from beginning to end, unalloyed pleasure; but it was not so with others on board. On calling the roll of passengers ere we started, or rather resumed our voyage, one of our hospital nurses was missing. She had gone ashore and had not been seen since. Search was made all over the town; the authorities were notified, and they searched, but all to no purpose. We had to sail without her; but our captain left a letter with the proper authorities to continue the search, and, if they found her living, to send her home to her native land by the first opportunity; if dead, to write to her friends of her fate. She had been a good, kind nurse. The mystery that hung over her fate cast a shadow over the hearts of the thoughtful. Poor Mary!

At the break of day one morning the sails were spread to the freshening breeze, and filled with a fair wind, and we moved out of Table Bay on a flowing sea. I was glad to go, yet sorry to leave.

“Now here, now there our steps abide; then something spurs us on—  
A few short hours bring back the tide: we came and we are gone.”

The first Sunday we were out on the Indian Ocean we had all settled down in our floating home and to our ship duties—our sailors all clean and trim as usual, in their “go-to-ship-church clothes.” On Sunday they were always exempt from every kind of work, except what was absolutely necessary. After the doctor had read the service for the day, and all had taken their books and were reading, and quietly waiting to hear the dinner-bell call, the captain called aloud for his telescope, and looked a long time in one direction, and then gave the glass to his first officer, and he looked long in the same direction.

“Bout ship,” shouted the captain; “Bear down on that disabled ship.” In a moment, “bout” went the ship, and up started every one to his or her feet, and all were eagerly looking out for the unfortunate ship. We bore down upon her rapidly, and got near enough to her for the captain to speak through his trumpet, and ask those we were trying to approach what they wanted. “Everything,” was the

answer. On a nearer approach, we found the distressed ship had shattered masts and tattered sails. There were only a few men to be seen on board, and these looked listless. The captain ordered a boat to be lowered, and put out to the ship, and in a twinkling our men were climbing up the sides of the huge, dismantled vessel, and in a short time they brought back several of the officers and crew. The ship and crew had been battling with foul winds and cyclones, till all their sails were torn to tatters, and their masts twisted and broken. They had been out from India for six months; they had expected to be in England ere that time. They were out of provisions; out of water; out of canvas; out of spare spars; in fact, they were out of everything that was necessary. The poor fellows could not be worse off and live. Some of their men were dying from privation. The men who came on board our ship were, for the time, well cared for; food and water were given to them. Meantime the hatches were opened, and provisions, water, spirits, canvas, sails and spars for masts, were all sent on board of the unfortunate ship. Everything that humanity could prompt was done for the poor, sick men. We kept close to her all that day, and our sailors were going back and forth, helping and cheering their fellow men with commendable alacrity, showing that their hearts were in the work. Our ship had suddenly been roused from its usual Sunday quiet, to one of stir and commotion. Our sympathies were all excited for these poor, starving men; our tears rained plenteously at the recital of their hardships. The same winds that were carrying us along toward our desired haven so delightfully, were adverse to these men, destroying hope and life. A few more days, and none would have been left to tell of their sufferings. It is a very exciting thing to meet a ship out in mid-ocean, and speak to those on board; but if the ship is disabled, and the crew in distress, excitement runs high, and knows no bounds. Those poor fellows bade farewell, shaking hands with deep gratitude, felt and spoken.

“Hands were linked, and answering eyes,  
 With kindly meaning shone;  
 The brief and passing sympathies  
 Like leaves together blown.  
 Then proudly, freely on their way,  
 The parting vessels bore;  
 In calm or storm, by rock or bay,  
 To meet, Oh, never more.”

“Land ho!” was once more heard from the lookout. “Where? where?” was asked by one and another, all along from stem to stern.

Of course, none but the practiced eye of the sailor could discern land, at the distance we were from it. But in time, a dark line along the horizon made itself seen. This was Australia. This was the Great South Land! How my heart fluttered when first I saw that dark line; but why it fluttered, I could not tell. The line broadened into a belt, and day after day it grew more distinct. How many anxious hearts were on board our ship. Our good captain was not the least of the many who were anxious. Australia lies between  $10^{\circ}$  and  $45^{\circ}$  South latitude, and  $130^{\circ}$  and  $154^{\circ}$  East longitude. The mainland of Australia, in its greatest breadth, between Shark's Bay on the west, to Sandy Cape, on the eastern shore, is 2,400 miles; and from Cape York, on the north, to Cape Otway, on the south, 1,700 miles. The Dutch gave it the name of "New Holland," and the English named it "Austral-Asia," including the numerous islands adjacent in the Pacific and Indian Oceans. Australia is the fifth great division of the Globe. The French applied to it the name "Oceanica," and gave it a still greater and wider range. The Germans changed "Terra Australis," the Latin term used by old geographers to Australia, and this name is now almost universally used as the designation of the mainland and the adjacent islands. Australia is the Great South Land of the ancients. Strabo, fifty years before Christ, mentioned a great island, which lay about twenty days' sail southeast of India. Pomponius Mela also mentioned a great South Land, but did not know whether it was an island or the beginning of another continent. Pliny, in A. D. 77 refers to a great island to the south of the equator, the central parts of which were said to be occupied by an inland sea. The Great South Land has been an object of deep interest to navigators, geographers and explorers, of ancient as well as of modern times. But all through the night of the Dark Ages all enterprize seemed to be abandoned. The Great South Land was not unknown to Marco Polo. From the time Bartholomew Diaz discovered the Cape of Good Hope, the Portuguese, the Dutch, the Spaniards and the English were all interested in solving the mystery of the great unknown South Land. The Dutch were the first to solve it, and they took great pains to guard their rich prize. They adopted stringent measures to prevent all other nations from gaining a knowledge of its character and resources, or forming settlements on its shores.

Among the methods adopted to assert and assure their title to the whole country, an immense chart of its coasts was engraved or cut in the pavement of the new Stadt House, or Town Hall, of Amsterdam;

and metal plates, containing suitable inscriptions, were ordered to be fastened to rocks, and hung upon trees, by the Dutch navigators, wherever they landed on the shores of their New Holland—the name they gave to it in 1664. One of these plates was found on Dick Hartog's Island, on the western coast, nearly two hundred years after it had been placed there. Here is a translation of the inscription by Monsieur Perin: "The twenty-fifth of October the ship *Endraght*, of Amsterdam, touched here. The chief owner, Gillis Micbais Van Luck; the captain, Dick Hartogs, of Amsterdam. He sailed the twenty-seventh of same month for Bantam. The supercargo was Janstius; the master, Peter Ecoores Van Bu., the year, 1616."

The great pains taken by the Dutch to secure undisputed possession of New Holland had an effect different from what was intended. The attention of the world was drawn toward the mysterious land. The English navigators, especially, were attracted toward a land which was believed to be rich in proportion to the jealousy by which it was guarded. In 1768, Captain James Cook was chosen to command an exploring expedition into the Pacific. The principal object was to prove the existence of a southern continent. The expedition intrusted to Captain Cook sailed from Plymouth on the twenty-sixth of August, 1768, in the *Endeavor*. Mr., afterward Sir, Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander accompanied him. Captain Cook did not believe in the existence of a southern continent, and in the account of his voyage he enters into arguments to prove that everybody was mistaken about this land. Until within a few days of sighting the Great South Land, Cook did not believe in its existence, much as had been written and spoken about it. On the eighteenth of April, 1770, he discovered land near the south of the continent. The first point he called Point Hicks, after his lieutenant, who first discovered it. He sailed up the East Coast, naming and taking possession of all he saw, in the name of the English king. When he got as far North as Botany Bay he entered it and landed on its shores, hoisted the English flag, and, in the name of the English king, took possession. He named the bay which he entered Botany Bay, on account of the many and new specimens of plants found around its shores by Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander, both botanists of the expedition. The south side of the entrance to this famous bay was named Cape Solander, after Dr. Solander; and the north side Cape Banks, after Sir Joseph Banks. The *Endeavor* sailed from Botany Bay and a few miles to the north, a sailor, named Jackson, who was on the lookout, descried an opening which he thought was a bay or harbor, in

which might be a good anchorage. Captain Cook named this, as he supposed it an unimportant opening, Port Jackson, after the man who discovered it. He did not think it worth the trouble to enter what he thought could only shelter a boat. In this, as in the matter of the Great South Land, the great navigator was entirely mistaken. But great men as well as small men are liable to mistakes. When Cook was about to leave the eastern coast of New Holland, he once more hoisted the English colors and took possession of the eastern coast in the right of his Majesty King George III., of England, by the name of New South Wales, with all the bays, inlets, harbors, rivers and islands situated upon it, and fired three volleys of small arms, which were answered from the ship.

Our good ship, the *Portland*, was steadily pursuing her course with fair winds. My friend, Neptune, told me that we had a dangerous strait to pass through, full of rocks, sunken and seen; but he hoped we should steer clear of all in safety. The ship, always in good order, was being again overhauled, and tackling, cordage and all the *et cæteras* of a ship's garniture, were placed so as to be within reach at any moment, in case of an emergency. It required skillful navigation in these seas. But our shipmaster, or captain as we called him, was cautious, though brave, and I had no fears. Winds and waves were propitious, and we needed not to slacken sail, or alter our course. We steered through the strait bravely. We were all in high glee. We were nearing the end of our long, but pleasant and prosperous voyage. Oh, how much we had to be thankful for! Our kind, heavenly Father had certainly kept us under His protecting care.

Mr. Jefferson, one of our passengers, announced that he would give a lecture on "Convicts," between decks, on a certain evening. Seats were arranged so as to form a gallery for the occasion. We were all on the *qui vive* to find out what he could, or would, say on his singular subject. I never heard what he did say. I was on one of the high seats. The space between decks was crowded; the air was stifling. The lecturer began his lecture, and to my eyes the lamps began to dance in the most singular manner, and the people's heads to rise far above their shoulders; then all was dark. I had fainted. When I opened my eyes, I was stretched on a bench at the foot of the stairway. Mrs. Holmes, cousin Tom, Neptune and two or three others were standing by me, bathing my face and hands, and holding salts to my nostrils. I was ashamed of fainting and giving trouble. I not only lost the lecture myself, but caused others to lose it also. Cousin Tom spoke out, and said:

“O, never mind the lecture; I would rather lose the lecture than lose you.”

I told him laughingly, that I was not lost, nor was I ill; I had only fainted, from the oppressive heat, and stifling air of the crowded cabin.

We doubled Cape Howe, and saw what Captain Cook called the Ram's Head. We passed the various bays and capes named by Captain Cook. The coast was diversified by hills and valleys, bold bluffs and pointed capes, ridges and plains. We continued our sailing north and a little east, till we came to what our captain thought were Port Jackson Heads, or the sea gates into the harbor. The captain had lost his reckoning, and discovered, when too late to rectify his mistake, that he was making for the wrong inlet.

“Breakers ahead!”

What consternation took hold of captain and crew, when they found themselves running full tilt against the rocks, with sails spread and well filled, a stiff breeze carrying us into the very jaws of death. The sails were reefed and double-reefed with lightning speed. “Bout ship” was of no avail. We had a head wind and a lee shore, and no sea room. The danger was imminent. What was to be done? Nothing more could be done but wait. Our fate was in the hands of God. Nothing to a sailor, short of actual ship-wreck, is half so appalling as a head wind and a lee shore. A ship-wrecked sailor has lost his hope, when he has lost his ship; but here he looks on hoping in fearful suspense.

I was sitting on my cabin floor, reading some of my Savior's promises to those who love and try to serve him. Thus occupied, Mr. Jefferson came down to me and said, in a grave and solemn tone:

“Miss Arbuckle, prepare to meet your God. In a few minutes, we shall all be at the bottom of the sea.”

I asked him what he meant. He said:

“We are doomed, and must all go to the bottom, so prepare.”

I said I had not thought of danger, but if there be any, I must see it for myself. Mr. J—— tried to persuade me not to go on deck; but this I wished to do, and I did go up on deck very quietly after I had laid down my book. When I reached the deck, never shall I forget what I saw and felt. A thrill of horror passed through my frame. The first object that met my gaze was a huge perpendicular cliff, standing out in fearful, frowning majesty, bidding defiance to the proud waves that lashed its base. It was a grand sight. But when I turned my eyes on the several groups on deck, I was startled. On the poop stood

the brave, good captain, his arms folded over his breast, his face pallid, anxiety written on his brow, his nostrils distended, his lips compressed, and like a marble statue, he was motionless. A little below him stood his first officer, a man of iron nerve, with his eyes almost starting from their sockets, his arms a-kimbo, and intently gazing at the object that was riveting all eyes. The crew were standing here and there in groups, and in different attitudes, but all had that look of dismay that appalled me. The passengers were standing in silent groups, some looking at the countenances of their fellows, only to see their own fears painted there. I looked toward the frowning cliff, with the huge breakers dashing with sullen roar at its base, and saw our peril. We were drifting, under bare poles, broadside toward the fatal rock. The bay, with its narrow inlet, was before us, into which we desired to go, but hope and fear were in the balance, and the suspense was awful. To those only who have waited the approach of death in all its terrors, in fearful suspense, as the moment of their fate was approaching, and each looking at the other in blank despair; to those only can a picture, such as I saw that morning, be realized. No human hand could save us. But many a silent prayer went up from that deck to Him who alone was able to help in this hour of extremity. I had not moved from the head of the stairway, where my steps were arrested when I first came up. I was awe-stricken at all I saw, but I felt that I was in God's hand, and for myself I had no fear. Nearer to the breakers. The spray leaped over our ship's side and wet our decks. Nearer we are being drawn to the fatal cliff. One moment more, and we are gone. A great swell of the sea came moving on; this would decide our fate. On it came like a moving mountain, and lifted us high up. A cry arose as we were being dashed against that bold, black and frowning headland. No; we are carried on the bosom of that friendly wave, right past the frowning face of Cape Solander, into the far-famed Botany Bay.

"Thank God, we are saved!" burst from the captain, as his muscles relaxed. "I should not have liked to go down with so many precious souls on board, so near the end of our voyage."

Our first mate, with deep-toned voice and lithe limb, was here, and there, and everywhere, giving orders, which fell on willing ears, and the cheerful "Aye, aye, sir," rang all over the ship. The scene was changed. As soon as our ship was carried along-side the surf, parallel with the face of the cliff into smoother water, she was shaken to her center; but then she shook life into all on board of her, and all was animation and stir. What a shaking of hands, and ejaculations of

thanks to God, for our unexpected deliverance. We were on the very verge of eternity. Another moment, and we should have been dashed to pieces, and have perished all. But our heavenly Father had us in his guardian care. He saved us from a watery grave, and, perhaps, from worse than a watery grave. Hungry sharks, in shoal, were hovering round, waiting for a rich repast. This coast teems with these voracious monsters. We are safe inside. Our anchor is cast; but where?

“In Botany Bay!” I exclaimed, when I heard the name first. Where all the convicts from Great Britain have been sent for many years.

Yes. Here the great navigator landed nearly seventy years ago. Here landed the first fleet of eleven ships, freighted with about one thousand persons, of whom one-third were women. Nearly four-fifths of them were prisoners, banished from their native land, for crimes which they had committed. The remainder of the colonists were chiefly persons necessary to guard and govern the community. Captain Arthur Philip was the first Governor of the Colony. Botany Bay is a large sheet of water with a low sandy beach. Brush-wood and majestic gum trees fill up the back ground. Few places in Australia have the historical interest that this Bay has, and yet no monument of any pretensions has been raised to commemorate the landing of its discoverer. To be sure, there is a tablet fastened to a rock, about fifteen feet above high water mark, which has this inscription: “A. D. M. D. C. C. L. X. X. (1770). Under the auspices of British Science, these shores were discovered by James Cook and Joseph Banks, the Columbus and Meecenas of their time. This spot once saw them ardent in the pursuit of knowledge. Now, to their memory this tablet is inscribed, in the first year of the Philosophical Society of Australia. Sir Thomas Brisbane, K. C. B. and F. R. S., and corresponding member of the Institute of France, President.”

As soon as we cast anchor the pilot came on board, but we did not now need his assistance. When we did need his help, he was unable to render it. No man could help us, though the pilot saw us and watched us till we were safe inside; he dared not venture to board us. But now he came and brought with him a youth of wondrous beauty. His raven locks waved gracefully in the wind; his expressive black eyes shone like stars; his slender, well-knit frame, though equipped in convicts' garb, could not but attract by the easy grace of all his movements. Our passengers were greatly interested in this beautiful youth.



“Who and what is he?” was asked by many, and the answer came whispering along:

“He is a convict, but the son of a lord, who was banished for some misdemeanor.”

My heart felt sad for the poor lad. His youth, his beauty, his degraded position, all made him an object of thrilling interest to me. I wished he was at home with his mother, if he had one. I could not believe so innocent-looking a creature could be guilty of any crime worthy so hard a fate as his. Poor boy!

Our doctor went ashore to visit a sick child of the pilot. I wished to go ashore, too, but was not allowed to go, as the doctor was not coming back to the ship, but would go to Sydney overland (a distance of nine miles), and he would rejoin us when we reached Sydney. As night, with ebon wing brooded over the deep, and gathered us under her, we retired early, after the great excitement of a most memorable day. Before sunrise all were astir, as the foul wind had changed to fair, and we were about to weigh anchor and move on. The sails were set, and we moved out of the bay slowly, but grandly. How very different were our feelings now to what they had been eighteen hours before. As we passed the cliff or headland that had almost proved fatal to us, we shuddered at the narrow escape we had made. We had a fine, favorable breeze, and our ship had on what the sailors said was “her go-ashore dress.” She had been freshly painted. The great guns and their carriages, and the ratlins, were all freshened up with a coat of pitch, and they shone as bright in their blackness as possible; and the decks, in contrast, shone as bright as they could in their whiteness. Our sailors, after their long voyage, took great pride in making their ship look well, and she did credit to their pride.

## CHAPTER III.

### LIFE AND SUFFERINGS IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

As we entered the narrow opening, or sea-gate, between two huge headlands that led to the beautiful, capacious and commodious harbor of Sydney, or, as Captain Cook named it, Port Jackson, many objects of beauty met the eye,—islands, bays, promontories, and various scenes of loveliness. At any other time I would have been in ecstasies at sight of so much that could charm the eye. But, as we sailed slowly up toward the city, my mind was completely absorbed with somber thoughts that were unwelcome intruders. The anchor was let go near the city. Ships in great numbers were here from all parts of the world, and there was room for many more. Captain Cook's boat must have been a big one to have taken up all the room of this spacious harbor. I was now in the most beautiful harbor in the world, but could not see its beauty at the time. My heart ached. Farewells spoken at any time make me sad; but here were these who had been with me when I parted from my mother. They were going back and I was to be left in a foreign land—a stranger among strangers. They were the connecting-link between me and home. I feared to part with them; but it must be. I had become attached to the captain; he had ever been kind to me, and my especial friends, cousin Tom Arbuckle and Neptune (Mr. G—); the sailors also had a share of my affections. They had all been kind and gentlemanly in their manner to me; and even Stalker, our stern mate, and myself were on the best of terms. I never caught him napping since the night I was hunting for the doctor.

I felt a great sinking of heart when I thought of all these going back home and leaving me alone. What could be more distressing to one of weak mind, or one who had no end or aim in view. In this my hour of weakness and fear I prayed to my Father who is in heaven, to be my Friend, my Guide, my Protector. I knew He was all and everything to me that I needed, but I felt my courage fail, sometimes, when I thought of the wide unknown that lay before me, and my own inexperience. At this time, how precious were God's promises! "I

will come near to them in judgment that oppress the widow or the *fatherless*, and that turn aside the *stranger* from his right, and fear not me, saith the Lord." After reading this I felt so confident that God would take care of me, that I had no personal fear. I thought of the high, and, as I felt, holy motive, that severed the ties of home, and I felt assured that whatever my lot in life might be, or wherever it might be cast, if I did my duty God would be with me, to strengthen, protect and uphold me.

The fascinations of the world, with its trials and temptations, were in array against my innocence, ignorance and youth. The warfare was unequal; but I read in my precious Bible that "though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect to the lowly;" "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

What a precious book was the Bible to me in those days (it is precious now). It taught me how to pray, what to pray for, and to believe God's promises, which I did most firmly. Surely God made his strength perfect in my weakness. The doctor came from Botany Bay, and sought me out as soon as he came on board. He gave a miserable account of the colony and the colonists, most discouraging and sickening. But my mind was well fortified, so I did not feel so much as I might have done thirty-six hours before, when he left us at Botany Bay. He painted the picture in the darkest, most doleful colors imaginable.

"Sydney is steeped in crime; the people deluged in drunkenness and vice of all sorts," said the doctor, in quite a sad tone.

"Intemperance, like a raging flood,  
Is sweeping o'er the land,  
Its dire effects in tears and blood,  
Are traced on every hand.  
It still flows on, and bears away  
Ten thousands to their doom;  
Who shall the mighty torrent stay,  
And disappoint the tomb."

A famous day in the annals of crime was this day, in which we anchored in Port Jackson. A fearful tragedy was being enacted in the city about the time we were throwing out our anchor. Eight young men were thrust out of this world into eternity from the gallows. These men had made a quarrel with the blacks at the Miall Creek, and had killed twenty-eight of them; for which barbarous crime they did not long escape the fearful doom that befell them. They hung all day for their own crimes, and as a warning for others to beware of com-

mitting such outrages. Our good doctor told me that the upper class of society was, as a rule, vain, jealous, illiterate and extravagant; nor did the lower classes present a more agreeable picture.

I was told that drunkenness was not confined to the poor in cities, or to the convicts, but that all, in farm-houses and shepherds' huts, were alike given to the intoxicating poison. Imagine a farm-house, far away from any other, and out of the way of temptation, yet every soul drunk before breakfast—male and female. Oh, how shocking!

"Almighty God! no hand but Thine  
 Can check this flowing tide;  
 Stretch forth Thine arm of power Divine,  
 And bid the flood subside;  
 Dry up the source from whence it flows—  
 Destroy its fountain-head—  
 That dire intemperance and its woes  
 No more the earth o'erspread."

Dr. McF—— professed to take a deep interest in me, and I had great faith in him. He was a good man, but the account he gave me of the country that I was about to adopt as my own was not encouraging, as he, in earnest tones, recited the effects that vice had upon all the people. I knew not what to do. Go back? No. I had started on the voyage of life and must not look back, or go back. I must go onward, and look upward for that encouragement that seemed denied to me here below. I looked to God to direct my path. Mr. and Mrs. Holmes went ashore and left me in the doctor's care. My friends had business on shore connected with the land they had purchased, and unexpectedly had to go into the country, but they left me in safe-keeping till they returned. They wrote to the doctor and me saying that they were detained longer than they had expected; but the doctor was to see to me till they could come or send for me.

This procedure did not tend to reassure me. Though I believed and trusted God, and leaned upon him, yet I felt hope and fear take possession of my heart alternately. My temples throbbed with an anxiety that was new to me, though not so pleasant as other new things had been. I felt cut off from all my past life, and the future was veiled before me.

Traveling, say what we will, is one of the saddest pleasures in life. If you ever feel at home or at ease in a place, it is because you have found friends and begun to make your home. My four months on board the ship made me have a kind of home feeling for it. My pleas-

ant surroundings and kind friends tended to bring this result. Now I was about to traverse a strange land, to hear language strange to me, to look on faces unconnected with my past or my future. This was solitude without repose or dignity. To arrive where no one meets you is painful to a sensitive nature. To be an object of curiosity is disagreeable to the shrinking and timid. Nothing but strength from a kind heavenly Father can give support under such circumstances.

Mr. C——, Comptroller of Customs, was a friend of Doctor McF——, and he came on board to see him. I was introduced to this gentleman, and the doctor asked me if I would like to take up my abode with his family till I was sent for. Of course, I was expected to say yes. I had no choice. I could only bow my head, and acquiesce in their decision. Mr. C—— said he would come for me in the morning, and so took his leave for the present.

The *Portland* was to be in the harbor for two or three months, and the captain was exceedingly accommodating. He told those passengers who had to go to the country, not to hurry out of the ship till it was quite convenient for them to go; so his family did not all leave him at once. The third evening after our arrival in port, was to be my last night on board. We had a party on board, a kind of farewell party, and we all enjoyed ourselves as well as we could under the circumstances. I had all my things packed up, ready to go ashore next morning, and was at my usual post, looking over the ship's side, when my attention was drawn to an eight-oared galley skimming the surface of the water, as if nothing could impede its progress, and making straight for our ship. The oarsmen were all dressed in pure white, with blue stripes down the sides of their pants, with cuffs and collars of the same color ornamenting their jackets, and blue caps on their heads. The galley came alongside, and I saw Mr. C—— sitting in the stern. He called for me, and my heart played pit-a-pat as I got ready to leave the good ship that brought me so far, and all those who belonged to her, who had been kind to me. All my friends clustered round me to say good-bye, and I was consigned to the care of Mr. C—— for the time-being. The usual manner of getting out of the ship into a boat was by going down the steps placed on the side of the ship. My turnout was somewhat different. The captain had the chair in readiness for me. This was no other than a large cask, fashioned into an arm-chair, with back and sides. About one-third of the cask was left with the bottom to put your feet and skirts in. It was cushioned inside, and painted outside. I was handed into this nice

chair by cousin Tom and Neptune, who threw the Union Jack, the flag of England, over my lap, and tucked me in. The captain stood by, and, when all was ready, gave the signal to lower me over the ship's side. Away I went, not over and down, but up. I was hoisted up, up to the yard arm, and hung suspended, while those below gave three cheers as a parting salute. I was then lowered into the galley, where Mr. C—— received me, saying:

“You must have been a favorite.”

The rope that fastened the galley was loosened, and off we darted like a dolphin. We navigated the harbor, among beautiful islets, capes and barren rocks, for eight miles, when suddenly rounding a projection, we entered a bay. Its shores looked like a crescent-shaped garden, with an elegant villa in the center of it. This was Waterview Bay and villa, the residence of Mr. C—— and family. I was perfectly charmed at the varied beauties of the harbor, as we came rapidly along. I felt a slight tremor as I touched *terra firma*, for the first time since I left the Cape of Good Hope. What sort of people compose the household of Mr. C——? How will they receive the young stranger? were questions I mentally asked. As the galley touched the jetty, I leaped upon the shore of the Great South Land, in December, 1838, sixty-eight years after Captain Cook landed at Botany Bay, and fifty years after the first fleet of colonists and convicts arrived at the same place. When I was introduced to Mrs. C——, I thought I was in the presence of an earthly angel. Miss Emily C—— was about my own age, and I thought I should like her. They greeted me, and welcomed me very cordially. I thought I should be happy here for the time-being. How my feelings fluctuated. I was not twenty-four hours in the house, till my feelings underwent a change. A few more hours, and again they were revolutionized. When shall I be able to look at things as they really are? I exclaimed, and not let my feelings be ruffled and soothed as things unpleasant or pleasant transpire. I said, perhaps when I am older and more experienced, I shall be more philosophic. I had a new cause of disturbance to my too easily moved feelings. In this pleasant family there was a sick, middle-aged lady. I think she was related to the family. She had left Ireland to follow the fortunes of her friends, and as Mrs. C—— was a very delicate lady, her friend took the care of the household upon herself. Every one of the family loved her; spoke highly of her; would do anything for her, and longed for her recovery. I was introduced to this sick lady, and sat by her a long time. I was interested in all she said. A few hours after I left her

she died, and as soon as the breath left her body, the whole family left the house. Those whom she loved, and who loved her, gave orders for her immediate interment. A coffin was procured, and she was left in the hands of the convict servants, to pay the last sad services to this valued family friend. Not one of the family seemed to think they had any respect to pay, or duty to perform. A few hours after she had breathed her last, she was carried to her last resting place, as I thought in indecent haste. This event troubled me. I thought, were I to die, I should be treated in like manner; not that it would matter at all, but I thought the whole affair shockingly heartless.

When the family returned, Mrs. C—— asked why I looked downcast. I told her all I felt, and she very kindly undertook to explain what appeared to me inexplicable. She said, in the sweetest tones:

“My dear girl, you think it cruel to bury the dead so soon after dying, but in this hot climate it must be so, otherwise, decomposition sets in so quickly. The offensive odor would injure the living, and could not serve the dead. So we have no choice, but to bury the dead ought of our sight as soon as possible. The reason why the children were taken away was, that they might not see death, or be near anything that would make them sad or gloomy.”

I was satisfied with her explanation, but I was, for a time, very thoughtful. I tried to look at the bright side of things, as Mrs. C—— was exceedingly pleasant. Mrs. C—— was an object of deep interest to me from the first. She had a fragile, sylph-like form, a sweet, pale face, and a most angelic smile, and one of the sweetest voices I ever heard. When she was speaking to me, I hung upon her words, and they soothed my troubled thoughts.

“A little word in kindness spoken; a motion or a tear,  
Has often healed the heart that's broken, and made a friend sincere.”

Mr. C——, his children and servants, looked to Mrs. C—— as a superior being, and she well deserved their love; and Mr. C—— deserved such a wife. He was one of nature's noblemen. The calm majesty of a superior mind sat upon his brow. He left the cares and troubles of office behind in the city, and came home to receive a smiling welcome from his family. Home joys were pleasant to him. The family belonged to the Church of England, and the prayers of the Church were read in the morning by Mrs. C——, and in the evening by Mr. C——. On Sunday, as there was no church nearer than Sydney, the Episcopal service was read and prayers said by the head of the house to his

family and ten convict servants. I thought it somewhat strange that these men and women, all convicted of crimes in their own country, and banished to this far-off land, behaved so remarkably well. I pitied them. I was told to pity them but not to talk to them, for some of them were very bad. As yet I had not seen anything of the vices of the colonists. The C—— family were high-toned, religious people, and I truly appreciated my temporary home. Miss Emily and myself became great friends. We walked, and talked, and studied, and bathed, and sat for hours together in the little water-washed caves eating water-melons. I liked the melons; I had never tasted them before. I liked to sit in these little caves, above the reach of the water. We had a beautiful outlook from where we sat. All nature seemed so lovely—I could not realize that man was so vile as had been represented. To be sure, I had seen but few persons since I set foot on the Great South Land. I was called romantic because I loved to walk in the forest—all the country was forest, outside the yard and garden. I listened to the dashing waters on the beach, or against the rocks, with gleeful interest. I heard music in everything, and my elastic spirits were attuned to my surroundings. As Miss Emily and myself were eating melons one day, in our rocky den, and listening to the splashing waters at our feet, and looking out upon the bay, we saw a boat sweeping up to the head of the bay. My cousin Tom and Neptune, and two or three other officers of the ship had taken the captain's gig and come round to see me. I was delighted to see them. They said they had come to see their "little pet." I had not known that they called me "pet." I went out on the bay, and a delightful sail I had in the gig with them. They all seemed like brothers, they were so kind and pleasant. A few of the passengers who lived in the city were invited to dine on board the *Portland*. My cousin and his friend came for me to join the party, and it was a very pleasant reunion, before the ship was all "turned out of doors" to prepare for freight.

I found the climate fearfully hot. It was midsummer in December. Water was very scarce; rain had not fallen for a long time. Mr. C—— kept a man doing nothing else but to carry water. It had to be brought a distance of eight miles, through a dense forest, on a small cart. Water had to be brought all this way to cook and wash for nineteen persons, nine of the family and ten servants, besides drink for the animals. Breadstuffs, and every kind of food, were at almost famine prices in Sydney.

Miss Emily and myself bathed in the sea every day. We ducked



and dove and splashed till we were tired. One day we were enjoying this fun (the day was fearfully hot), and I had no bathing-cap on, and my head was exposed to the burning rays of the sun. I did not know the danger I was in; but experience taught me a lesson. When I came out of the water I shivered with cold. I was so giddy that I fell down. I could not dress myself. Miss Emily became alarmed and ran to the house for help. One of the servants came down and found me lying on the bathing-house floor, and lifted me up and carried me to the house almost senseless. Hot gruel was given to me to drink, but still I shivered and shook—nothing could make me warm. I was placed before the kitchen fire—the only one in the house—but I could not get any heat. Everybody else was panting for a breath of cool air. The thermometer stood  $150^{\circ}$  in the sun, but I was cold, very cold, and was carried cold and speechless to bed. Dr. Nicholson (afterward Sir Charles Nicholson) was sent for from Sydney. He came and pronounced me in a very dangerous condition, and strongly recommended that I should be taken to the Sydney Hospital, where I could have prompt and constant attention. When I heard the hospital named, I said:

“My doom is fixed; I must die.”

I had a great horror of the hospital. There was no choice for me but to say, “No,” when I was asked had I any objections to going to the hospital. A bed was put into the boat, and two men carried me in a chair to the boat, and laid me very tenderly on the bed. These two and a woman took me to Sydney, where a carriage was waiting on the landing to carry me to what I thought was my doom. As we sailed down the harbor we passed the *Portland*. I saw my cousin Tom, but could not raise my hand to wave my handkerchief.

“Farewell, cousin Tom! I hope to meet you in heaven,” and we passed on.

When the gloomy portals of the hospital were passed, and they were closed behind me, I felt as if I were shut up in a living tomb. It was more like a prison than anything else, with its walls fifteen feet high, and huge iron gates shut and locked and bolted, and everything pleasing to the eye bolted outside. What a pang shot through my heart when my kind attendant left me in the Porter's Lodge, and two rough-looking men came and lifted me up in their arms and carried me across a bare court-yard; not a blade of grass to refresh the eye—nothing to be seen but high stone walls and iron-grated windows, while the sun's blazing light and scorching heat, reflected from the walls, made the

yard feel like a furnace. I was carried up stairs and into a ward lined with little beds, on each side of its whole length, and on every bed a patient. The men who carried me set me down beside one of these narrow beds on the floor. I could not sit, and I lay down on the floor. I looked up and saw a pale-faced woman on the little bed beside me. A coarse-looking woman (I supposed that she was a nurse) came to me with a small mattress, and rolled me upon it. I could not help myself. Mrs. C——, before I left Waterview Villa, had packed up some clothing that she thought I might need: a comfortable flannel-lined dressing-gown, some money, and a few books—all of which were taken from me when I entered this gloomy abode. Night, with her sable mantle, covered the earth, and shut out the last rays of the sun from this sick-room. My head and limbs ached fearfully. I was suffering mentally as much as physically, and I was in a perfect agony of excitement. No one came to undress me or give me a cup of water to moisten my parched lips and throat. Fever ran riot in my veins. I wept sore, and sobbed. I thought all were asleep in the large, darkened room, and I called out:

“Oh, mother! mother!”

But there was no mother near to answer the heart's cry of the sick child. I felt a soft hand upon my cheek, and I heard a tender voice ask:

“Where is your mother, dear?”

“Oh, my mother is in Scotland, and I am so afraid in this dreadful place,” I answered.

“Poor child!” said the sweet voice; “your mother can not hear you, but God can hear you; pray to Him. He will take care of you.”

“Oh! I do pray to Him. I have no Friend but Him.”

“You are safe in His friendship. Trust Him always, and ‘He will never leave you or forsake you.’” said the trembling voice. After a pause, she said: “Poor dear, I shall not be long here.”

“Oh, do not go away and leave me here alone, for I think you are so good.”

My heart went out toward the poor sick woman. She had spoken words of comfort to the lonely orphan.

“But,” said she, “the Lord will call me soon and I must go.”

“I hope you are not going to die,” I said.

“I am going to die,” she said, very calmly.

“Oh, do not!”

She put her cold hand upon my head, for I was crying.

“Hush, dear; be good and sleep.”

I hushed, but could not sleep in that great shadowy room. It was not pitch dark, for then I could have seen nothing. A dim lamp hung suspended at the far end of the room, which gave a ghastly appearance to everything. On every narrow bed lay a figure covered with a white sheet. The length of the room and the dim sepulchral light in the distance gave my fevered brain the idea that every bed contained a corpse. My heart beat quicker than usual. I did not wish to be afraid. I struggled hard not to cry out, but a strange fear was taking hold of my whole being; and my physical sufferings I could hardly endure. I did not wish to awake the poor sick woman at my side, but to assure myself that I was among the living, I put my hand up, and, to my great horror, I passed it over the cold and clammy face of a real corpse. I then gave a scream that made that gloomy chamber ring, and awoke all the sleepers but the poor woman at my side. She was now taking the dreamless sleep that knows no waking. A nurse came to me, and, in an angry voice, asked:

“What the deuce are you making such a row for?”

I covered and hid my face with my hands; a mortal fear shook my frame, and I could not help sobbing and crying as if my heart would break. The nurse was about to leave me and go back to her bed, without knowing or caring why I gave such a terrified cry. She scolded me and turned to go, when I found courage to call out:

“Oh, do not go! Look here!” and I pointed to the bed at my side.

“Oh,” said the coarse woman, “now you can get a bedstead to lie on, when we turn this one off of it.”

She went and brought another woman, who helped her to toss and tumble the poor, lifeless body in a most brutal way, pulling the bed-clothes off, and leaving the ghastly corpse with only a scant garment for covering. I dared not look at the body: the naked limbs, the open mouth, the half-closed eyes were to me, in my fevered condition, perfectly horrible. After a while a sheet was thrown over the body, and, when day dawned, two ill-looking men came into the ward with a box, and, with oaths and vulgar words, they put the mortal part of one whose immortal part was beyond the scoff and scorn, the obscene language and brutal treatment hurled at her, into the box.

Oh, how I cried to God to save me from such treatment! I knew she felt nothing, knew nothing after death; but I was still alive and full of feeling, and I could not endure to think of such indignities to my poor dead body, without horror.

“O Lord, save me alive to leave this dreadful place,” was my prayer.

Whether this prayer was a submissive one I doubt very much. My prayer was answered; perhaps in order to teach me to be more trustful and submissive. I had yet much to learn, and every day I was receiving new lessons. This poor woman, though unknown to earth's great ones, wears a crown of glory, I believe, brighter far than those of earth. Her poor, emaciated body was thrown into a rough box and hurried away to a pauper's grave. She knew the Lord would call her, and she calmly said:

"I must go."

She had no fear. Her last words to me were words of Christian comfort and kindness:

"Trust God always; He will take care of you. Hush, dear! Be good and sleep."

She passed away from the seen to the unseen world, without sigh, or groan, or struggle. No hand of affection was near to do the last kind office for her, who must ever have been kind to others. Well, her body rests as quietly as a queen's, and her soul no doubt reigns with her Savior. Farewell, good, kind woman! whoever you were. I shall cherish your memory.

I lay on that hospital floor all night in my clothes, and burning with fever, with a corpse for my companion, and my feelings wrought up to the highest pitch by fear and horror. The nurse was a most coarse and unfeeling woman, and I was greatly afraid of her. As soon as the corpse was removed from the stretcher-bed, I was undressed and put on it. Oh, how my flesh shrunk from the contact! I begged the nurse to let me lie on the floor rather than put me on that bed; but she scolded me and ordered me to lie still; I was in her way on the floor. I said no more about the bed. I asked for my own sleeping-gown and my dressing-gown, and some other garments that I had brought with me. I wished to wear them, and not the mean, pauper-like hospital garments that the woman was putting on me, to my great disgust. But she said I should not have them till I left. So I could do nothing but cry. I was very much mortified at my appearance, though all were dressed alike. I did not like any of the patients to see me.

The doctor came, and I hid my face under the sheet for very shame at my queer equipment. The doctor asked, in a kind tone, of the nurse what ailed me that I cried so. The vulgar hypocrite said, blandly enough:

"The dear child has done nothing but cry since she was brought here yesterday. She says she wants her books."

“Then let her have them. She must be better attended to than she appears to have been since she came in.”

If the nurse had said I wanted my own clothes and my money, I doubt not she would have been ordered to let me have them. As it was, I was to have my books, and I was moved to another bed in the corner of the room, where no other beds were near me. This considerateness of the doctor was duly appreciated by me. All the pains and aches of my body settled in my limbs, and the pain I suffered was excruciating. I had my *Abbott's Young Christian*, *Jane, the Young Cottager*, and *The Sinner's Friend*. I was too ill to read, but I never complained. I wanted nothing; I asked for nothing; and when meal-time came, I could not eat the coarse food they gave me, but other patients could eat mine and their own too. I lived on rice-water all the time I was there. The men who had carried me up to the ward, and carried the corpse out of it, were under-nurses in the female ward. They cleaned it, and waited on the patients. My sensitive nature was shocked at this arrangement. I saw and heard much that shocked me. I used my books to cover my eyes from all sights that offended me. I could not shut out sounds so easily.

A very beautiful woman lay on a bed opposite to mine, her feet to mine. Her beauty looked almost superhuman, but a more profane, blasphemous tongue I never heard in woman's head. The horrid oaths she would belch forth were perfectly frightful. One day, when no one was near, I asked her in a very meek manner, if she would please not say so many bad words, she frightened me. She roared out:

“You young Methodist hypocrite, I shall swear just as much as I want to, and more for your benefit. Ha! ha! A fine thing, a Methodist. Ha! ha!”

I was sorry that I had spoken to her, for I did not like being called a Methodist hypocrite. The two male nurses came in and sat down upon her bed, and she made all sorts of sneering, jeering remarks about the Methodist hypocrite they had got among them. And until the day I left the hospital, I was subjected to the abusive tongue of this beautiful demon. When she began to speak to me, or about me, in foul language, I always covered my head with the sheet. I was grieved to hear such cursing issue from lips that seemed formed for blessing. Between the taunting tongue of this beautiful creature, and those who joined her, and the terrible pains I suffered, I was constantly on the rack. Many were the sad and bitter tears I shed, when that great room was shrouded in gloom at midnight, and no kind hand to wipe them

away. But had a kind mother's hand been there to wipe them, there would have been none to wipe away. In those dreary, sleepless nights, "I cried unto the Lord with my voice, even unto God with my voice, and He gave ear unto me. In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust; let me never be put to confusion. Deliver me from this place, and cause me to escape. Incline thine ear, and save me, for thou art my hope. I am an alien unto my mother's children. O God, Thou art my Father, and Thou, dear Jesus, art my Brother. For Thy dear sake I can bear reproach, but be thou near to me at all times, to give me strength."

Sunday was the only day that visitors were admitted to see their friends. On the first Sunday of my being in that house, what was my consternation, when two gentlemen were brought into the ward, and walked up to my bedside, and I saw my handsome cousin, dressed in full uniform, and Neptune with him. Oh, what a bright vision were they in that house of gloom. I was glad to see them, but so mortified at being seen in the hateful habiliments I had on, that I covered my head and cried. Tom cried too. He took my hand and held it quietly for some time, till I became composed enough to speak to them. The nurse, with great obsequiousness, brought chairs, and fluttered about, and asked in the kindest tones, if I wanted anything. These were the first kind words she had addressed to me since she had me in charge. I had no wants that she could supply, so I thanked her. I told Tom that the nurse had taken my clothes, money and books; she was ordered to return to me my books, but she had my nice clothes, and I did not like the ones I had on.

"Never mind your dress, make haste and get well, and get out of this place," said he, in a cheery tone.

I asked him how he knew where I was. He said some of the sailors saw a boat pass the ship, and they thought they saw me stretched out on a bed.

"I then got a glass and spied you, and saw you carried ashore, and put into a carriage, and driven off toward the hospital. I came up next day to make inquiries, and found you were here, but could not see you till to-day."

The beautiful demon, as I thought the woman opposite, was watching us with the most intense interest. The nurse came to give me my "physic," as she said. Cousin Tom took it out of her hand; he said he would give it to me. He put his hand under my pillow to raise me up, and gave the black draught to me. He was so good. God bless him, I prayed. They left me, but left behind a bright ray of sunshine, that

cheered me wonderfully. The nurse was shaking up my pillows, when she found some money under it. She was about to consign it to her own capacious pocket, when the woman opposite shouted:

“Come, nurse, that is not fair, give the girl her money. I saw the young gentleman put it under her head.”

“Well, let her treat us if I give it up,” said the nurse.

Cousin Tom took this delicate way of leaving me the use of some money, seeing the nurse had mine, and she very nearly had his too. It was kind, I thought, of Tom, but I did wish that he had not left it. The two women asked what should be sent for. I told them I wanted fruit, for I was thirsty and hot with fever. So a basket of sweet, juicy fruit was brought. I took one pear out of the basket, and the rest was divided among those who did not really need it. Every day kind messages and fruit and delicacies were sent to me by Mrs. C——, but I knew nothing of them, or ever partook of them. This hospital had been built for convicts, but as free settlers became numerous, they needed another hospital; so another place was provided for the convicts, and those who were pay patients were admitted to this place. But the nurses, both men and women, were, or had been, convicts, and they were drunken, and dishonest, and very rough. Two weeks I stayed in this prison-like abode, when one day I was able to get up without help. I was entirely free from pain. I felt well, and told the nurse so, and told her to bring my clothes, I wished to dress, and leave the hospital. She said I could not go without the doctor's permission. When he came in the morning, I told him I felt well, and wished to leave.

“Well,” he said, “continue well until to-morrow, then you may go.”

I did not know how to send a message to Mr. C—— that I was better, or he would have sent for me. I had not heard one word from them since I had been in the hospital, though many messages were sent to me. Next day the garments that I wore when I came to the hospital were brought to me, and no more. I was dressed after a long time, and when I said good-bye to the nurse, I hoped never to see her again. I reached the stair; I was afraid to step down, lest I should make a somersault. My head was so giddy I sat down; then I crawled down step by step till about half-way down, fearing lest any one should see me. I nearly fainted when I reached the foot of the long stairs. I was leaning against the wall for support, when one of the male nurses coming down stairs saw me, and was about to call the house surgeon to me, I looked so ill. I told him not to call him; I was not ill, only weak,

and if he would help me across the yard, and let me go out at the gate, I should be very much obliged to him. The doctor said I might go.

"All right," said the man, and he half-supported me across the yard, opened the great iron gate, and when I passed through, he shut the gate with a bang, and bolted me out. Oh, what a relief! I staggered across the street. I wished to get as far from the gate as possible, but my limbs refused to carry me. I fell up against a low stone-wall surmounted by an iron railing, just opposite the ponderous iron gate I had but now emerged from. Here I sat for a long time, unable to walk. Moreover, I had never set foot in the great city, and knew not which way to go, and no one passed by of whom I could ask directions. I was getting faint and weary to exhaustion, when some one passing saw my pale face and sinking frame, and asked me if I were sick. I roused up, looked across to the great gate; I feared to re-enter, and said:

"Oh, no; not sick, only tired. Will you tell me where to find the custom-house? Which way to take?" I was directed which way to go, but I was very long in finding it. Mr. C—— was astonished to see me, and said I did not look well enough to leave the hospital.

"Oh, yes, I am well, only tired and weak," I said. "Take me home, and I will be quite well soon."

"I will surely take you home if you wish it," Mr. C—— said, and I did wish, above every other thing at that time, to get home. Mr. C—— helped me down to the galley that took me from the ship. Here were the eight young men dressed in white, ready, with oars in hand, to dart off with us, as soon as the signal was given. These young men were all convicts, and were in the custom-house service. We had a pleasant sail, or rather row, to Waterview Villa. All were pleased, but surprised, to see me. I looked more like a grave-deserter than anything else, they told me. From over-exertion and excitement on this day, the next I lay in a stupor without power to speak or move, though quite conscious. Fortunately, ere another day rolled round, I was able to be on my feet; otherwise, I was going to be taken back to the hospital.

Governor Phillip, when he landed at Botany Bay, found it unsuitable for a new and permanent settlement; so he began to look for a more eligible place, and he soon found on Port Jackson what he desired. The settlers, convicts and stores were removed to Port Jackson. The land was cleared, a city laid out and named Sydney, for a nobleman of that name, who was at that time Colonial Secretary. The second



fleet arrived in 1791 with two thousand persons, the convicts and their keepers. The history of the colony under Governor Phillip is a record of continual struggles against adverse circumstances. The pilfering habits of some of the convicts, and the attempts of others to escape, caused much trouble. The great mass of vice and crime that had been poured upon the shores of New South Wales for fifty years, made it a sink of iniquity. When ships arrived with female convicts, if the women were at all refractory, they were sent to a factory where they had to work hard and fare worse. This factory was at Parramatta, about fourteen miles from Sydney, at the head of a prolongation of Port Jackson, called Parramatta River, the name signifying a place of eels. Other convict women, who were better behaved, were assigned to different classes of people. Magistrates and other public functionaries would have female convicts assigned to them by Government, whose labor would stand for the salary of said public officers. Farmers, squatters and merchants had female convicts assigned to them on agreement that they bound themselves under a penalty of £20 to retain them for three years in their service, finding the necessary subsistence, clothing and lodging, and in no case to let them go beyond their control, except with the consent of a magistrate, or in case of bad conduct legally proved. Now, some of these poor women, who had been banished for very small crimes, and had repented of their faults, would, had they had an opportunity, have reformed and made useful women; but often they were assigned to ticket-of-leave men, who were low, coarse and brutal; and these men, who had been convicts themselves, ought never to have had females assigned to them. Many of these poor women were dragged down to the lowest depths of degradation and vice, and none to pity or save them. Other women, young, good-looking, but vicious in their habits, would be assigned to young men who were beginning life by squatting, and to men who had left their native land to prepare a home in this distant land for their wives and young families. All these were highly respectable husbands, brothers and sons at home; but here they were all free from home influences, and gave loose rein to their evil propensities. They drank and quarreled and fought and often killed each other. The whole country was corrupt. Magistrates in the country districts were to be seen in public with their assigned women. Other men were not at all ashamed of their manner of life. They made vice fashionable, who ought, by virtue of their office and social status, to have stemmed the torrent that was deluging the fair and beautiful land. When I read the accounts

of all the wickedness that was transpiring around me, I thought our good Dr. McF—— had not given me an exaggerated picture.

Oh, how important to have the fear of God before our eyes, and his love in our hearts, to keep us from evil. With such families as Mr. C——'s, convicts, both male and female, were in very favorable circumstances to reform; and it was both the interest and inclination of Mr. and Mrs. C—— to preserve a domestic atmosphere of decency, and something like pure manners, on account of their children. And if they did not succeed to their entire satisfaction, they at least prevented drunkenness, unblushing vice, and gross disgusting language. I saw little to offend either eye or ear while I was at Waterview Villa.

Mrs. C—— told me one day that they expected a farewell visit from the distinguished explorer, Captain Sturt, who had been appointed Surveyor-General of South Australia, and who intended to carry his family to that distant province. I was all curiosity and anxiety to see the great Australian explorer and discoverer. I could not then divine a reason for my curiosity, or anxiety to meet him, or the result of that meeting. The day for his visit rolled round. He came, brought his wife, two children and their nurse, to spend a day or two at the villa. The children, one and three years old, were beautiful boys, fair as lilies. Mrs. Sturt was elegant in her manners, but sharp-featured. I did not, at first sight, think of her as I had thought of Mrs. C——: that she was a human angel. I was perfectly charmed with Captain Sturt. He was a grand-looking, middle-aged man, with courtly manners, but kind and pleasant with all. He and I became friendly at once. I had great veneration for him; he was a great traveler, and he must have mines of knowledge that I had a great desire to dive into. I hung upon his words because they gave me new ideas. My mind seemed to grow while listening to him. He was a great man. He asked me if I liked New South Wales. I told him I thought I could like it if the people were not so bad, for I was afraid of bad people; and there were so many convicts in the country that I did not know how to talk to them, and did not know the convict from the free man. He laughed and said:

“This is a convict colony, and the people, as a rule, are very wicked—both the free man and the prisoner.” He put his hand upon my head, and said: “You had better come with us; we are going to a beautiful country, where there are no convicts, and the people are decidedly more respectable; but there are not many there—it is a new province.”

I said I should like to go if my friends would also go.

“We should like Mr. and Mrs. C—— to go very much, but they can not go,” said the captain.

“Oh, I do not mean them. I mean Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, who were my guardians from Scotland, and I am left here till they can come or send for me from the country.”

“Suppose you change guardians, and take Mrs. Sturt and myself instead of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes. We will be father and mother to you; will take good care of you and provide for you. Will you go with us to the new country?”

The new, unknown country had a charm for me, because it was unknown, and the distinguished traveler, who was, with his wife, so well fitted to take care of me and instruct me, had asked me to go with them, and had promised me guardianship and fatherly and motherly care. Surely, thought I, God has opened this way for me to leave this crime-stained land. I said I shall go if Mr. and Mrs. Holmes do not object. They were written to, and they did not object. So I had to get ready for another leave-taking in a very short time. The four months that I was on board the *Portland* I had no clothes washed; consequently I had many dozens of garments to wash, and I had only had a few articles washed since I came ashore, and all the rest were in the laundry. I had not the time to wait for them to be washed, so I told the laundress when they were washed to divide them among the women servants. They had, though convicts, been very kind to me.

I packed two trunks to take with me, and left my great sea-chest to be sent after me at another time. I took leave of Mr. and Mrs. C—— with some regret, and Miss Emily and the servants; but the strong desire to see other lands made me feel less sorry than I might otherwise have felt. Besides, I looked up to Captain Sturt with a confiding veneration and admiration; with a feeling of security under his guardianship.

I accompanied Captain and Mrs. Sturt to Sydney. I spent one Sunday in the city. I called upon the Baptist minister, Mr. Saunders, with my church-letter from Scotland. I sat down with the church that day. Mr. Saunders told me there was a young gentleman going to Adelaide in the schooner, *John Pirie*, that I was going in. Mr. S—— was a member of the church, a decidedly Christian young gentleman, and he would be company for me going on the voyage. I was pleased at this intelligence. Mr. Saunders introduced Mr. S—— to me, and also gave me a letter of introduction to Mr. David McLaren, Manager of

the South Australian Company, and also a preacher of the Baptist Church. Miss King, who had chaperoned me at the Cape of Good Hope, was living with her brother on the outskirts of the city, and invited me to spend a day or two with her ere I left Sydney. She invited a few of her friends to meet me, and say good-by. My cousin Tom and Neptune were among the number. I was glad to see them, though I parted with my cousin that night never to meet again. Good, kind cousin Tom, and our mutual friend, Neptune, I will ever hold in grateful remembrance.

I remained all night with Miss King, but could tarry no longer, as we expected to go on board ship that night and sail early next morning. When I reached the mansion of Mr. M——, where Captain Sturt and family were staying till we sailed, I saw a carriage at the door, with Mrs. Sturt, the children and nurse already packed in, with several packages beside them. I stopped to speak to them a moment ere I went into the house, but Mrs. Sturt called out:

“Jump in, quick! the ship is about to sail; we have not a moment to lose. Quick! be quick!”

“My trunks!”

“Oh, they can be sent to you by the next ship.”

Here was a dilemma: either to stay with my trunks, or go on a voyage of unknown length, to an unknown country, without any clothes but what I had on. I did not take long to decide.

“Wait one minute!” I said.

I ran upstairs, took from my trunk a change of linen, wrapped it in a piece of paper, jumped into the carriage and was driven to the wharf as quickly as four high-bred horses could take us. Captain Sturt came dashing down on horseback at the same time. He had been on the search for me. The vessel had been towed out into the middle of the harbor and was now weighing anchor. All the luggage was on board except mine, and mine they feared to take lest they could not find me, and they did not like taking my trunks away from me; but they did not hesitate to take me away from my trunks.

## CHAPTER IV.

### FROM NEW SOUTH WALES TO SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

WE took boats, and reached the schooner *John Pirie* just as her sails were spread to the freshening breeze. I did not regret leaving New South Wales, the crime-stained land. My three months sojourn in it filled me with doubts and fears as to my future. I trusted in God, but my way was obscure till He opened a new way for me, and I walked in it. A happy confidence was taking place of my doubts. I was able to cast my anxieties at the foot of the cross of my dear Savior.

As I sat on the little poop deck, reflecting upon my sudden departure from Sydney, and my meager wardrobe, I smiled at the figure I would make in the land of strangers, in the one dress I had worn through the voyage. I had no regrets, however. I felt that if I were clothed in the righteousness of Christ, my dress would be all glorious.

As we neared the heads or sea-gate, the waters of the Pacific were rushing into the harbor, and our little ship began to tumble about most uncomfortably. When we rolled out on to the bosom of the great deep, I grew deathly sea-sick, and was so ill, I cared for nothing. All were sick below. I was unable to go to my cabin, and so lay down, and slept from exhaustion, on the poop deck. When I awoke, I was warm and comfortable, and Mr. H. H—— sitting at my feet to prevent my being pitched into the sea. He told Captain Sturt, when he was looking for me, to allow me to have my sleep out; it would make me well, and he would watch by me while I slept. He covered me with a monkey jacket, and kept guard. Such kindnesses as these fall upon my heart like rays of sunshine. He helped me down to the saloon, but all were in their rooms sick. I went into mine. We had fine weather for a few days, and we all soon recovered from our indisposition. After dinner, Captain and Mrs. Sturt, the shipmaster and Mr. C—— would have wine and cards, and sit over these till late in the evening. Captain H——, Mr. S——, and Mr. T——, and Mr. R——, and myself would go upon deck, wrap up well, and I would sit up in the midst of these, and listen with pleased attention to the various stories each had to tell, especially Captain H. H——; he had traveled most,

and had more to tell, and, of course, was very entertaining. We spent a few evenings in this way most delightfully under the starlit sky, with music as a variation. These young gentlemen were all as kind and attentive as brothers, and gentle as sisters to me.

The storm spirit was asleep, and we thought not of danger. Bass Strait is a favorite resort for the spirit of the storm, but he must have been exercising his power elsewhere. One calm, still evening he burst upon us very suddenly. He was jealous of our quiet ways, and broke them up very unceremoniously, and without premonition. The night was calm and still, and our little ship was sailing along on her course under a cloudless sky. Everything was still, and we could hear the gurgling of the water and the sound of the sea, as we steered through it. There was the one-inch plank between me and eternity. Every time I heard the gurgling sound at my ear, I thought the grim king was seeking an entrance and a victim. But I felt that Christ had conquered him, and had led him captive. I feared him not; I was Christ's, and Christ was mine. I committed myself to his care, and laid me down and slept. All were asleep. About midnight we were suddenly aroused by a tremendous shock, that threw strong, heavy, athletic men from their state-room berths to the cabin floor stunned, confused and amazed. The poor, little ship was shuddering throughout her whole frame, like a living creature in the agonies of death. Our cabin doors flew open, though fastened with bolts, and water rushed in upon us from every part; we were nearly strangled and blinded by it. A most fearful cry arose, which resounded from stem to stern. "The ship has struck a sunken rock!" "We are sinking!" "O God, have mercy upon us; save us!" were words heard from lips unused to pray. All was consternation and confusion. The master of this richly and heavily laden little ship, in this hour of peril, was lying helplessly drunk on the saloon sofa; but when the crash came, he was pitched off on the floor, and had only gained a sitting posture, when we, the half-drowned ones, who were tumbling from our berths so unceremoniously, were picking ourselves up to collect our scattered senses. Captain H. H——'s voice was heard in quick, anxious, peremptory orders, and the crew were prompt in their eager and terrified "aye, aye, sir." Our little ship was tossed about in a terrible manner. As the storm grew louder, and the waves rolled dark and high, Captain H—— came down, called loudly for Captain M—— to come on deck and look after the ship, or we would all inevitably perish. The surly, drunken old fellow growled out some oaths at being disturbed, and staggered up to

the deck. In the midst of the confusion, I crept to the far end of the table, climbed on a locker, and sat and viewed, in the midst of extreme peril, a scene that was very gloomy, but had a dash of the ludicrous in it. I was sitting high up, my naked feet dangling down, holding to a rope to keep myself from swaying about too much. The drunk Captain sat on the corner of the sofa "nid nodding," and at the other corner of the sofa sat Captain Sturt, trying to quiet his wife's hysterical cries. She was clinging to him, and calling to him to save her, while one of her little boys was clinging to her and crying, but she took no notice of him. The nurse, with the other in her lap, was sitting on the floor groaning and swaying back and forth, and holding to the leg of the table. One tall, swarthy figure, enshrouded in a long white robe, and a red night-cap on his head, from under which hung what looked like black strings (hair dripping wet), stood in a doorway with arms stretched wide holding to the side posts. Another crouched in a corner, burying his face in his hands, his streaming hair hanging over them. Another, with his hands behind him, leaned his back against the wall. Another lay across the table. The one dimly burning lamp hung over this spectral group. Rembrandt's Court of Death did not look more gloomy. When Captain H—— came down for Captain M——, he said we had all better get into our cabins. The water was dashing down through the companion way into the saloon, and everything and everybody were saturated. I thought we were in the way where we were, and I was the first to get out of it. We were all shivering, wet and cold where we were, and all had to go into well-saturated beds. Groans and lamentations were heard everywhere, and the cries of the people in the second cabin were loud and prolonged. We had a door that opened from our cabin into it, and the wringing of hands and tearing of hair of the women were not pleasant sounds or sights for officers or crew.

"Why," I said, "can not people be quiet in a storm? If they are in danger, by being quiet they are the more likely to embrace an opportunity to save themselves, than if they scream and cry, and make disagreeable noises."

The sailors, officers and masters of vessels get confused in their duties, when cries and screams assail them on every side. Everything depends on the cool heads and willing hands of master and crew in times of peril, and those who can be of no use had better far be out of the way and keep quiet. Captain M——had not a cool head, nor were there willing hands to carry out his orders. Though we had not struck

on a sunken rock, we were in momentary danger of doing so. The drunken captain was yelling out his commands with oaths to his men, when Captain H—— sprang to the helm with lightning speed, countermanded the orders of the stupid man, turned the ship's head away from the dangerous rocks, on which she was swiftly plunging. Captain M—— was furious; he raved and swore at Captain H——, and contradicted the orders, but no one heeded him. The sailors knew that he who was at the helm could guide the ship, and they obeyed him.

When Mrs. Sturt lay down, she remarked that I was very quiet.

“Are you afraid?” she asked.

“Oh, no,” I said, “I have no fear; God is in the storm, and can take care of us, and Captain H—— is at the helm, and if it is in human power to save us, we shall be saved.”

“You do not know the danger we are in, or you would not be so quiet and talk so. We may yet be lost,” she answered.

I said, “I know our danger quite well, but have no anxiety. I have faith in God, and confidence in Captain H——. He is a good, sober, young gentleman, and a good sailor.” My confidence in Captain H—— was not misplaced. I was perfectly calm; I confided in my heavenly Father's protecting care. Had I felt his arm about me, I could not have felt more safe. Our little ship did not strike a sunken rock, as I have said, though she was among them. A white squall had overtaken, and a tremendous sea broke over her, which tore away her bulwarks, and swept every movable thing from the deck. Our sails were rent to ribbons, and much other damage was done, so that we were in danger of going down if we could not find a place of shelter soon. The charts were consulted, and our nearest port of safety was Preservation Bay. There we could find shelter till the storm abated, and we could repair damages sufficiently to prosecute our voyage. Captain M——, about half sober, was belching forth his orders still, and had they been obeyed, we should have been carried right into the jaws of death. Captain H—— expostulated with the master, but all to no purpose. The ship, the precious souls on board, and the valuable cargo must be saved if possible, and Captain H——, backed up by Captain Sturt, kept the command.

When the great ocean is disturbed it forms surface waves, which sometimes are of great magnitude. Such waves have been measured, and it is found that the extreme height from the top to the lowest depth of the depression has been nearly fifty feet, their length being from 400 to 600 yards, and their rate of motion half a mile a minute.



When a storm rises, and such waves break over a ship's side, it often happens that everything, bulwarks and boats and men, is swept with resistless force into the yawning waters. It was one of these storm-waves which struck and broke over us, and caused the crashing sound and shaking of the ship.

Next day, when I went on deck, I hardly knew our trim little vessel. She reminded me of a bird without wings trying to fly, and able only to waddle. She was waddling or wallowing through the water at a poor, crippled rate. I asked Captain H—— if he thought we could reach a place of safety soon. He said he hoped so, but told me not to be afraid. I told him I had no fear as long as he had charge of the vessel. He navigated our little ship safely into a large bay, land-locked, or nearly so, without damage to life or limb of any on board. How thankful we all were to Captain H—— for the timely and prompt measures that he took to save us. We all acknowledged our indebtedness, under the providence of God, to him for saving our lives. But Captain M—— swore that he would have Captain H—— tried, when we reached Adelaide, for mutiny on the high seas. This was a fearful charge, mutiny being a capital crime. Captain M—— reckoned without the Hon. Charles Sturt & Co. The said Captain Sturt wrote out a document, and had it signed, stating, "That the schooner *John Pirie*, a large number of passengers, her crew, and a valuable freight, were brought into imminent peril through the neglect and drunkenness of the master, Mr. M——. Nothing could have saved us from total shipwreck and loss, but the watchful care and prompt measures of the youthful Captain H——, at a time when Captain M—— was utterly unfit to take care of himself, much less the ship and its precious human freight. We owe the saving of our lives and all we had on board, under God, to the instrumentality of Captain H——." Captain Sturt showed this paper to Captain M——, and said:

"If you put your threat into execution, I shall have this paper signed by all on board, and, perhaps, when it is handed into court at the trial, the tables will be turned."

Captain M—— was extremely angry, but said no more about a trial for mutiny. He said afterward that he was only in sport when he threatened Captain H——. But the document had a wonderful power to check his sportive moods, which would crop out every now and then in dark looks and mutterings, when near Captain H——, who was ever pleasant, ever cheerful, conscious of having done his duty to God and man in an hour of extremity, when there was no time to think, only

time to act. I look back through all the years since that memorable night, and thank Captain H—— for his intrepidity; but he has long ago gone to his reward. Those who had a part in that midnight tableau, in the darkened saloon, on board the *John Pirie*, have all gone but three: Mrs. Sturt, who is in England; Mr. S——, my Baptist brother, who is in South Australia, and myself, now in America.

We anchored in Preservation Bay, which is of considerable size. A range of high hills of a horse-shoe shape constitute the island, bleak, barren and desolate. In this bay lies an island of smaller dimensions, which is named Preservation Island, from the fact that seven runaway convicts were picked up here by Mr. Bass, in a most deplorable condition for want of food. They had been left by their companions to perish, but were discovered and taken to the mainland. As the whale boat, in which Mr. Bass was exploring, was too small to give all the men a passage to Sydney, he could only take two back with him; the others he put on the mainland, whence they could reach Sydney. The young, enterprising navigator discovered Bass Strait on this voyage. In the year 1798, he left Sydney in a small boat with six men and six weeks' provisions; discovered Bass Strait, rescued seven men from starvation, took two extra men in his boat, and returned in twelve weeks; but he had to live on seals, fish, etc. The same year Lieutenant Flinders visited this island, and says:

“Some of the trees on Preservation Island had partly undergone a peculiar transformation. The largest of them was not thicker than a man's leg, and the whole were decayed; but while the upper branches continued to be wood, the roots, at the surface, and the trunks, up to a certain point, were of a strong substance resembling chalk. On breaking these chalky trunks, which was easily done, a ring of brown wood sometimes appeared in them, as if imperfectly transformed, but in the greater number nothing more than circular traces remained. The situation in which these trees were principally found is a sandy valley, near the middle of the island, which was remarkable, also, for the quantity of bones of birds and small quadrupeds with which it was strewed.”

It was Mr. Bass's opinion that these petrefactions had been caused by water.

A few of our passengers went ashore the morning after we anchored. I was delighted to be able to go in the first boat; others were to follow. Captain Sturt's house steward, who was in the second cabin, was to accompany me, but as soon as we landed

I released the old man from dancing attendance upon me, and I went on an exploring expedition on my own account. I examined the rocky caves along the beach, and gathered shells of rare beauty. When tired of this, I clambered up a high hill to have a better view of the island. I thought it was uninhabited, but from my point of observation I saw curling smoke rising from a hut in the distance. I also saw a field of grain fenced in, and various indications of humanity and life, so I came to a halt in my explorations till other explorers arrived. I sat down upon a rock on the side of the hill next the bay to read, when I saw a boat lowered from the ship, and people clambering down into it. I watched its progress shoreward, and when it touched, I bounded down the declivity to meet Captain and Mrs. Sturt, Mr. S——, Captain H——, and several others. I told them that I had made a discovery, viz., that the island was inhabited, and I did not know it when I landed. Captain H—— took my hand and said:

“I know the inhabitants; come, let me introduce you to the governor, or, as you may call him, Robinson Crusoe the second, as you are somewhat romantic.”

We walked some distance, then entered a rudely built hut; but the interior was neatly arranged. Here an old man, John Monroe, an old sailor, had been cast away on these shores, and had lived upon the island twenty-one years, nine of these entirely alone; but he told me that he got his black Princess Margery from New Guinea, married her, and brought her to the island to live, and they had been very happy together. They had one daughter, a very bright, intelligent girl, who could read and write, and was a good arithmetician. She was very good-looking, with a ruddy brown skin. They had three or four little boys. A bookshelf was well filled with books, and a Bible on the table, well worn. Governor Monroe educated his children himself, and, under the circumstances, they did him credit. The governor had quite a little farm and garden; he had kids, and pigs, and poultry running all over the island. Ships like our own have often been driven into this bay through stress of weather, and in exchange for his pigs or kids, or other produce, he takes sugar, tea, seeds and clothing. But visitors are few and far between; for the island is but little known, and is out of the route of sea-going vessels.

We found a strange bird on this island, where it has its habitat. It burrows in the earth like a rabbit; then lays one or two enormous eggs, and hatches and brings up its young in the burrow. It is called

the Sooty Petrel, better known out at sea as the Sheerwater. Governor Munroe called it the "Mutton Bird." In the evening great flocks of these birds came in from the sea, having their stomachs filled with a gelatinous substance, gathered from the waves, and this they eject into the throats of their young, or retain it for their own nutriment. The mutton bird oil, or Sooty Petrel oil, is of a deep red color, obtained by pressure from the stomach of the young bird. It is said to possess a healing virtue in rheumatism, and it burns with a clear bright light. The feathers of this bird are used for pillows, beds, cushions, and various other purposes. The profusion of feathers with which they are clothed enables one to find the greatest quantity in a very short time. The flesh is considered quite a dainty. They are about the size of a pigeon, and when skinned and dried in smoke are good eating. For my own taste they are too fishy. They are easily caught. I saw Captain H—— thrust his arm up to the shoulder into their burrows and catch several. At the same time he ran a great risk of catching a snake, or being grasped by one at the bottom of the holes, as these venomous reptiles are numerous on the island, and they feed upon the birds.

The island is covered with tall, tufted grass, which is not cultivated, but grows wild. The island rises into a rounded top in the middle like a hemisphere, with the flat side in the water and the convex in the air. On top of this convex is a rookery right in the center of the island. The boulders of which it is composed are of immense size. They are piled up, heap on heap, and balanced on each other. They look as if a brood of Titan children had been at play in these regions and were frightened away in the midst of their employment, and ran off and left their toys.

Between the rookery and the beach I saw a lone grave with a fence round it. On inquiry, I found it to be that of a black woman who had been bitten by a snake, and died in four hours after. This happened but a short time before our visit. On the island was one other man and his black wife. They had been here about two years without family. We had a pleasant day rambling round the island and seeing the sights. At night we saw from the ship a most brilliant spectacle on shore. The snakes were getting too numerous, and they had to be burned out. The tall, tufted grass was set on fire, and with speed it flew across the island from sea to sea, and as the island rose in the middle and declined on either side, the flames formed an arch of fire, which was a glorious sight, blazing in front of the dark back-

ground of distant hills which surrounded the bay. The sky reflected the deepest crimson, and gave ship and sea, and all on board, a rosy hue. Our little ship was being put to rights as rapidly as possible, but the storm spirit was still abroad on the face of the waters, and drove another ship into harbor. It was *The Tamor*, from Tasmania, with Lady Franklin on board, going to Sydney to join her husband, Sir John, on their way to England. Before Sir John Franklin went to explore the Arctic regions, he had been Governor of Tasmania, and they were now on their way home to England. *The Tamor* was not so dilapidated as our unfortunate vessel, so they sailed out before us. We had to remain two weeks at anchor, but having good company, I was very happy. We went on shore every day and hunted for kids, and birds, and shells, and had a pleasant time generally. In the very exuberance of life, I ran, and skipped, and jumped. One day I asked the nurse to go with me to the other side of the rookery where no one would see us and run a race with me. She consented, and up we went and poised ourselves on top of one of the boulders at the lower side of the rookery. One, two, three, and away I sped with the speed of an arrow, off the rock, down the hill, on and on, faster and faster, till I reached level ground. There I was stopped suddenly by a strong hand taking a firm grip of my shoulder. I looked around and found that Captain H—— had hold of me, and the nurse was away back at the rookery. I looked up to my captor for an explanation. He told me just as the nurse and myself were preparing to start, several gentlemen came up the side of the rookery and saw us, and also saw a huge black snake, a most deadly reptile, wriggling toward us. I was nearer to it than the nurse, and as the ugly creature darted at me, I gave the first bound off the boulder, and over the snake, and away past, without seeing it. The nurse saw it, screamed, and held back. Captain Sturt asked Captain H—— to follow me and bring me back. I knew nothing of my danger, and so could not realize my narrow escape. This trifling occurrence was talked of as quite an adventure.

One evening I was being left on the island all night, at least I thought I was. All the passengers had gone, and I got to the shore in time to see the last boat at a distance from the shore. I called, but they did not heed the call. I was greatly troubled. I was getting afraid—for the sun was fast approaching the western horizon. I saw the boat after discharging her freight row back toward the shore. I could almost have cried for joy when Captain H—— sprang ashore and

helped me into the boat. Oh, I was so thankful. Captain H—— had seen me on the beach waving for the boat to come back—he was on board the ship—and as soon as all who were in the boat were on board, he came for me. On my way to the ship I saw sharks of enormous size—white sharks, basking sharks, and sharks of every name—in immense numbers. For such huge fishes they are graceful and rapid swimmers. Their long, flexible, cartilaginous bodies are capable of every kind of swift motion. Our sailors caught one of these monsters one day with a side of bacon. The creature swallowed the bacon, harpoon and all, and was drawn up by pulleys. When stretched at full length upon the deck, he was found to be thirty feet long; a horrid, voracious monster. Captain H—— took an ax and chopped off his tail and his head. Then he took a sheath-knife and cut his vertebral column out of his body, first cutting down one side and then the other. Then he skinned him and threw his carcass overboard to his brothers, who devoured him in a very short time. In the jaws were six rows of large, strong teeth, pointed like saw-teeth. When the jaws were cleaned a man put them over his head like a hoop, and nowhere did his great broad shoulders touch the jaws. Mr. Shark could easily have swallowed him whole without making two bites of him. The white shark (*Squalus carcharius*), which attains twenty-five to thirty feet in length, is celebrated for its ferocity. Its vast mouth is furnished with triangular movable teeth. The number increases with age.

Governor Monroe gave me a great number of beautiful shells, besides those I had gathered myself. Princess Margery gave me a string of amber beads for a keepsake, and we parted on excellent terms. We sailed away with light hearts and light winds from this romantic isle of the sea, which lies between Tasmania and the southern point of Australia, at the entrance of Bass Strait.

The remainder of our voyage was pleasant and without mishap. It may be interesting to know that the vessel we sailed in was the property of the South Australian Company, of which company David McLaren, Esq., was manager, to whom I had letters of introduction. Soon after our arrival at Port Adelaide the little ship changed hands. Captain H—— became the master.

A few months after our arrival I was in company with several ship-masters, and I was telling them of the remote and romantic, and also historic, island. One of these sea-going captains who had been to China stoutly denied the existence of Preservation Island, and to show the others present that no such island was known to navigators, he

spread out a chart as old as Dick Hartog and pointed with triumph to a blank space on its face. I was asked if I saw it on the map?

“No; I do not see it, because it is not there; but I saw it and trod on it at the entrance of Bass Strait from the Pacific. It was not discovered in the same year that the strait was. Mr. Bass in 1798 picked up starving men from the island, carried them across the strait, and put them on the main-land, and took two to Sydney with him. Preservation Island is where I say, and if fifty charts were spread out before me, and it was not represented on any of them, I would still say it is there, because I had the witness of my own senses, besides other witnesses of importance.”

I thought I should not like to be in a ship in a storm if this ignorant master was in command. I have met with many such men who doubt everything that comes not within the scope of their own experience.

South Australia lies between West Australia on the west, and Victoria on the east; and it extends to the 141st° east and to 132d° west longitude; and on the south to the Southern Ocean. This colony is penetrated by two large gulfs on the south—Spencer’s and St. Vincent’s gulfs. The former is fifty-five miles wide at its mouth, and widens in some places to 100 miles. It is about 230 miles long. The latter is 130 miles long, and forty miles wide at its mouth.

The city of Adelaide is for the most part on two hills of limestone, the rest on fine clay on the eastern side of the Gulf of St. Vincent, about seven miles from the sea, and about the same distance from a beautiful range of hills that make a splendid background to the picture. Mount Lofty is the highest point in the range. It lifts its lofty head 2,400 feet above the sea level. Adelaide is divided into two unequal parts by the river Torrens (called by the natives Yatula). In summer it is but a succession of deep pools, linked together by a narrow, shallow stream; but in the winter it is a torrent, sweeping down from the hills where it rises, to a swamp near the gulf, where it loses itself. The sand-hills, and the reflected light and heat from the sun, were very disagreeable to us as we landed, but the excitement of preparing for a drive of seven miles kept us too busy to think much of things disagreeable. The road to Adelaide is over a plain of great beauty, covered with grass, with trees here and there; but the hills, the beautiful hills, with their dappled sides, were the principle charm. When we reached Adelaide, we found that the house that had been pre-

pared for our reception had burned to the ground just before our landing; so we had no house to go to. Government House would have opened its doors to receive us, but it was only a little hut, constructed of mud put between laths, supported by uprights of native wood, and covered with thatch. It contained three rooms—a dining-room, a reception-room, and a pantry. In the plan of this house fireplaces were left out, or forgotten, for not a single fireplace was in the house. A chimney and fireplace had to be added close to the front. But we must not forget that the architect was a sailor, who thought he could rig up a house as well as a topmast, and would have no interference with his work. Governor Gawlor and lady slept in a tent. As Government House could not take us in, we had to pitch our tents elsewhere. But as a real frame-house had been built and burned for us, we had provided no tents, and we were indebted to the Hon. G. M. S——, a bachelor, for vacating his dwelling to give us shelter for the time being, and we were all packed away very snugly.

Next day being Sunday, I proposed going to church. This proposal was vetoed by those in authority. I persisted, and said I must go. Be it remembered I had but the one dress in which I left Sydney more than a month before, and it was faded by the sea air, and a good deal worse for wear; my boots and bonnet were in keeping. On leaving the church a tall, beautiful and elegantly dressed lady put her hand gently upon my shoulder and said:

“You are a stranger here.”

I looked up into her sweet, smiling face, and said:

“Yes.”

She asked me where I came from?

“Sydney,” I answered.

Just then I saw Mr. S——, my fellow voyager, coming toward us, with Mr. McLaren, to whom I was introduced as having come recently from Scotland. The greeting was all that a sensitive heart could wish; it was cordial and fatherly.

The sweet voice that first greeted me asked me to go home with her to dinner. Mr. McLaren and Mr. S—— also. I then thought of my singular appearance, and modestly said:

“I can not go. I have no fitting dress on.”

She smiled one of her sweet smiles.

“You are not ashamed to come to church as you are, and you need not be to dine with me,” she said.

I told her I had no other garments here than what I had on. I had



left all of my trunks in Sydney, but I could not stay away from church on account of a shabby dress.

“Neither need you stay from my dinner-table. Come,” she said. And I went.

She was no respecter of persons, and I loved her then and always. She and her husband were both young, handsome and rich, and both members of the Baptist Church; and they were my friends as long as they remained in the colony. I found in Mr. McLaren a true friend. He said he would be a father to me as long as he was in the colony.

“Whatever troubles you, come to me, I will give you counsel and help.”

Here I found a father, a sister and brothers in the church, given to me, as Christ had promised to give to those who had forsaken father, mother, sisters or brothers in this life for him.

The South Australian Company was a great commercial company formed in England, with George Fife Angas for Chairman. It had a capital of £500,000 sterling. It had sheep and cattle stations, farms, banks and other industries. Mr. McLaren managed all the colonial affairs of the company. As a business man he was apt. He was spoken of as “manly in his decisions, urbane in his manners, and all united to a glowing piety. He was one of the best and most enlightened defenders of South Australia. He did honor to his country and to his Christianity, also to the company whose interests he represented in the colony.”

As I have said, no convicts have landed or shall ever land on the shores of South Australia. The colonists might make themselves rich rapidly by having cheap convict labor, but they are willing to forego this privilege to keep their children free from the contamination of such characters.

Adelaide is laid out on a grand scale—wide streets running at right angles, some 130 feet wide, some 100, and the narrowest sixty feet wide. There are reserved in the center a space for a square, and spaces for squares not so large in other parts of the city. The city has terraces north, south, east and west; also, all round the city a belt of woodland 500 yards wide, forming a beautiful drive of about seven miles, with splendid views of the clear and open sea on one side. This ground plan, though grand, has yet to be filled up, not with trees as at present, but with houses, to show us where the streets are to be. As it is, we have to walk through a dense forest, from one terrace to another, with here and there a frame or mud cottage as a landmark.

The people live chiefly in tents, or under tarpaulins stretched on poles. Some have frame cots covered with cloth, these frames having been made in England and brought out by their owners, and fastened together and covered with cloth. They rest upon wheels, and can be moved easily from place to place. Others have huts built of mud and grass, others of rushes and brushwood.

This country is antipodal to Scotland, consequently when it is summer here it is winter in Great Britain, and *vice versa*. December, January and February are the hot, dry summer months. June, July and August are our rainy winter season. They say this country has a fine, healthy climate. As I have not been one year from Scotland, I am not able to say much about it, only at times I feel the heat almost intolerable. So I wrote to friends forty years ago about the new city. Great and mighty changes have been wrought since then.

Captain Sturt, in the year 1831, discovered the Murray River, and that it drained the western parts of Queensland and New South Wales, and the rivers flowing west did not empty into an inland sea, as former explorers thought, but into the Murray, which bore him and his party on its tranquil bosom to the Lake Alexandrina, and on through it to the Southern Ocean at Encounter Bay. The land, lying between the river Murray and the Gulf of St. Vincent, was described by him as being very suitable for founding a province. He strongly recommended this measure, as the country looked rich and fertile. He was unable, through exhausted strength, to examine it carefully, and, therefore, thought that the fruits of his great labor were to be lost to him, when he was about to grasp them. But he was mistaken in this. The course of events has abundantly shown that man is often shortsighted. In six short years from the time Captain Sturt sailed down the Murray River to the sea, a province had been planted on the very soil he had recommended, without hope of ever seeing it. A great company was formed in England, and sent out their Colonial Manager and emigrants in their ship *Duke of York*. The ship landed, and the manager was the first to set foot in the new Province of South Australia, 27th of July, 1836. The company's barque, *Lady Mary Pelham*, arrived on the 30th of July, and their ship, *John Pirie*, in August, and their ship, *Cygnets*, with provisions and stores, on the 11th of September. So the first three ships that arrived were the company's, and they were followed five months later by the *Buffalo*, with the Governor. Meantime, those who had landed first had no Government, no law whatever; nevertheless, they were not lawless. His Majesty's Ship *Buffalo* arrived at Holdfast Bay,

December 28, 1836, and on the same day His Excellency landed, escorted by a company of marines, accompanied by other officials with their families. They were received by the gentlemen who had arrived before them, and who had pitched their tents on the unknown wilds of South Australia. "His Excellency met the other members of Council in a tent of the Colonial Secretary. The orders in Council, erecting South Australia into a British Province, and appointing the colonial officers, were read, as also Captain Hindmarsh's commission as Governor and Commander-in-chief. The customary oaths were taken by the Governor, members of Council and other officers. The Commissioners afterward read the orders to the settlers, of whom about three hundred were present; the British flag was unfurled under a royal salute; a cold collation was eaten in the open air; His Majesty's health drunk; the national anthem sung, and the circumstances under which it was sung had more grandeur in its simplicity, than those who have heard it in other circumstances could conceive." And thus a province was born.

The colony was a little over three years old when we arrived. Colonel Light, the first Surveyor General, was dead, and a monument had been raised to his memory in Light's Square. Captain Sturt, the discoverer of the Murray River, and its embouchure in the beautiful lake he named for Princess Victoria Alexandrina, now our Queen, had come to succeed Colonel Light, as Surveyor General. "Ships, from England, and the other colonies, with ready made houses, bedsteads made of iron, and tents and stores of every kind, and people of every grade and trade, are arriving here. I think this will be a great country by and by." Thus I wrote. Governor Gawlor succeeded Governor Hindmarsh, who had been recalled.

The gentlemen, as well as the ladies, dressed in white, which I have always thought suitable for a hot climate, and though it looked strange to me at first, I admired it.

The captain gave a bachelor's party to his friends sometimes, when they enjoyed themselves much. On one occasion he gave a party, and Judge Cooper, a fine old English gentleman, a bachelor, was there, and as the house had been enlarged, and a black man (American) had been installed as cook, the parties were very pleasant. It so happened that Judge Cooper rode his sister's pony, and while the gentlemen were enjoying their after-dinner wine, I went out to the yard, mounted Ponto, asked the cook to open the gate for me, and away I scampered, unwitting where I went. Through the woods, and through the woods

we ran. The cool evening breeze fanned my cheek and brow, and my hair fluttered in the wind; the bright moon hung like a globe of light out from the clear, blue sky; the tall forest trees were bending and bowing to each other most gracefully, and the light, fleet pace of the pony made my moonlight ride the most enjoyable I had ever had. I was not far from home, when I saw a figure in the moonlight walking leisurely toward the house; he seemed to enjoy his walk, as much as I my ride, under the leafy canopy. I rode away past him, till I thought it time to return home. I turned the pony's head for that purpose, and gave the little fellow the reins; but he seemed long in getting to our starting-place. He brought me up right in front of a house, and when I looked at it, lo! it was Judge Cooper's house, and Ponto, knowing he was at home, began to neigh. I was somewhat alarmed at this, and I could not get Ponto away from the gate. He struggled to get to his stable most energetically; I as stoutly tried to get him away from the gate. I succeeded, but had a long distance to go, and I did not know the way through the forest, and there was no path. I took what I thought was the right direction, and found myself at another house, at another end of the city. I took a fresh start in a straight line for home, and again I found myself astray. I was quite lost; I was afraid I should have to wander about all night. I was becoming seriously alarmed, when I came to another fence, which I was afraid to leave, though I did not know it. I hesitated what to do, when I heard a gate click, and a man came out. What a joyful surprise, when I saw Conner's black face. I was at home, but did not recognize the surroundings, I was so bewildered.

"Where am I," I asked Conner. He grinned, and said:

"Why Miss, ye is at home."

He said for me to make haste, the judge had called for the pony. I dismounted, and went into my own room. I heard the captain's laugh when asking the judge,

"What is the matter?"

"I can not find my stirrup, and Ponto is in a bath of perspiration," says the judge.

"Oh, here is your stirrup," said the captain, laughing, "and there is nothing the matter with Ponto. I think that last wine you drank has taken your head, judge." The judge, very demurely, then said:

"I shall drink no more of your heady wine," and rode slowly away.

As soon as he was gone, the captain called for me, and bade me give an account of myself, which I did. I was not afraid of him, he

was always kind and indulgent. He laughed very heartily at my predicaments, but advised me to take no more moonlight rides on a gentleman's saddle with both stirrups on one side. The gentleman whom I had seen walk toward the house was the Colonial Surgeon, who was going to eat desert with the company. He told them, as soon as he sat down, that he had seen a wood-nymph flying through the forest on a swift-footed animal; she had flowing robes and waving hair, and seemed to enjoy her ride. He was laughed at for his poetic fancy. The judge had called for his pony, as he wished to leave early. The captain went to Conner, and asked for the pony, but the pony could not be found.

"Then where is Eliza?" queried the captain.

"She is with the pony," said Conner.

That was enough. The judge was entertained a little longer; again Ponto was called for, but Ponto had not made his appearance. At last the captain became uneasy about me, and had sent Conner out to look for me, and he found me outside the fence quite lost. Dr. N——, ever after, called me the "wood-nymph," and all the other gentlemen, who were at the party, for the captain told all of them of my exploit in losing myself, teased me a great deal about my moonlight ride on the judge's pony, and they advised, that when I wanted to take a moonlight ride again to let them know, and I might choose an escort.

I had quite a family of pets. I had a cow, two pretty little pigs, a cat, and a kangaroo rat which the captain caught in the bush and brought home to me. When the cat gave it chase, it would leap upon my shoulder for protection. It was very tame and a great pet, and quite a curiosity. It had the smallest fore feet and legs I had ever seen for the size of the body; the tail and hind legs were large and long, and he did not walk, only hopped and leaped. My pet cow fell down a very deep well one day, and broke her bones; after a great deal of difficulty she was hoisted up, but had to be killed to put her out of pain. My two pet pigs grew too big to be fed out of my hand, and they were sent away to the farm. My pet cat killed my pet rat, so I lost all my pets. I lost the inclination to have pets after that.

I fainted from the heat one day, the thermometer standing at  $140^{\circ}$  in the sun. I was a long time unconscious. Mrs. Sturt was very much alarmed for me. The hot winds were dreadful, and the dust smothering; the sand-flies were blinding, and the mosquitoes were savage. Strangers, in a new country, have much to contend with. I pity the poor, who have to fight through every kind of difficulty ere they can

find comfort. But sober perseverance and sustained effort work wonders.

A gentleman, a member of the Baptist Church, walked home with me one Sunday, and we passed his dwelling, which was a tent. His wife, who was a confirmed invalid, with two children and himself, lived happily under the canvas. I had passed this tent often, when going or coming from church; it was one of my landmarks, but I did not know that a Baptist brother lived there. I was glad to have this good, kind brother's company on the way, he was both guide and protector. Mr. McLaren sometimes walked home with me. It was a long time ere I could find places, and get home without being lost. In passing Mrs. B——'s tent, I always had a few friendly words with her, as she seldom saw or spoke to any one outside of her own family, and the children were always glad to see me.

## CHAPTER V.

### AN EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

A PARTY was being organized, and preparations being made, to conduct an exploring expedition up the Murray River, and across the country from the great Northwest Bend of the river toward the Gulf of St. Vincent, a portion of the continent not yet explored, but which Captain Sturt noticed in his former trip down the Murray. Governor Gawlor had invited him to conduct this expedition with him, and they thought it would be politic to take their wives with them. Captain Sturt told me that I was to take up my quarters at Government House until they returned. At this arrangement I demurred.

“What! do you object to going to Government House?” I was asked.

“No,” I said; “but would much rather go with you.”

“What! go among the savages and be killed and eaten by them? You would be a tempting little morsel for them.”

This was rather startling to be sure; but then I said:

“Captain Sturt, if you take me I know that you will take care of me, and not let them either kill or eat me. I have faith in your protecting care, and I have no personal fear.”

“Well said, brave little girl; you shall go, as you are so courageous.”

I heard a conversation between high officials, from which I learned that the policy of taking ladies with them, and bringing all back in safety, would insure a readier sale of land in England. Capitalists would not fear the savages when ladies had traversed the country in safety. Lake and river shores and banks were to be examined to ascertain their capabilities. I told Mr. McLaren and Mr. B—— that I was going on the expedition, but I had a feeling or presentiment that all would not be well with the party. I was not superstitious, but still I wished these two good men to pray for me, that all might be well with my soul, whether I lived or died. Mr. McLaren, who was a Calvinistic Baptist, said:

“Your soul is safe.”

I parted with these two good men feeling confident that they would commend me to God in their prayers. I told Captain Sturt of the

strange presentiment that I had about the party. He said, if I feared anything I had better stay at the Government House. I told him I had no personal fear. So no more was said on that subject. We made our preparations. Mrs. Gawlor preferred sending her daughter on the expedition to going herself, and she remained at home. This arrangement pleased me, for Miss Julia was about my own age, and we would be company for each other. The canteen was filled with every requisite. The common acceptation of the word canteen, is a tin vessel for soldiers to carry liquor in, a kind of flask. Our canteen was a different kind of article. It was a large, square, strong wooden box, with trays and compartments, all filled with tableware, dishes, plates, glasses, knives, forks, spoons, salt and pepper casters, a breakfast set of china, a spirit lamp, cooking apparatus, table-cloths and napkins. In fact, everything that was needed at breakfast, dinner or tea-table, or kitchen, was packed in this wonderful box. It seemed an impossible thing that all the delf that I saw spread out with glass, china, silver, etc., etc., could be put into this inclosure, and I watched the packing with deep interest. When one tray after another was filled, and everything neatly placed and shut out of sight, I said,

“Truly, this is a more wonderful box than Pandora’s.”

We were all in high glee when we started from Adelaide one beautiful morning in November on our expedition. We were all armed and provisioned. In every way our appointments were perfect. The wagons and bullock drays were loaded with tents, beds, bedding and baggage of every kind suitable for the occasion. These went on before us. The Governor’s carriage took His Excellency, Miss Julia, and Captain and Mrs. Sturt in it. The horse’s were impatient of delay, and were pawing and prancing, ready and more than willing to start. I was in a light dog-cart, and was driven “tandem” with driver and postillion. Captain Inman of the mounted police, and Mr. F—— another officer of mounted police, and Mr. Bryan, one of the governor’s *aids-de-camp*, were my escorts. The governor’s carriage was accompanied by his suite on horseback, all fully accoutred. We started off in splendid style, bright and happy. But alas! we did not all come back, nor come back in like manner.

We had a splendid day, a good road and fine horses; so we traveled on, chatting cheerily. Mr. Bryan was a young Irish gentleman, full of good-natured wit. We were great friends; he kept me laughing all the time, and the time seemed short on this pleasant first day out. We pitched our tents at Willunga, a little town in its infancy,



beautifully situated at the foot of a range of picturesque hills, about thirty miles from Adelaide. Here were encamped a party of sappers and miners. From here we were to start next morning on horseback. The carriage was sent back, it being of no further use. My horse took sick that I was to ride, so I had to ride "tandem" the second day; but such a ride! Next morning before the sun appeared in the east, we were ready to resume our journey. We were a pleasant, at least, we were a pleased, party. The morning was fine and we started. Near the Willunga is a conical hill, called Mount Terrible, and over the very summit of this cone we had to go. The equestrians were ahead of me, and when I looked up to them they seemed to be at the head of an almost perpendicular ladder. And this almost perpendicular obstacle had to be surmounted. It had been familiarly called Break Neck Hill, on account of the great number of bullocks whose necks had been broken in trying to cross it. My little carriage had to go zigzag, first to the right, and then to the left, but this would have been impossible had the wheels on the lower side of the carriage not been lifted up and carried while the upper ones rolled on the ground. It was a most dangerous, as well as a most difficult ascent, but we reached the top with no broken bones. We had surmounted one great difficulty only to face another greater. Rain began to fall, not in drops, but in sheets; and down the hillside rushed the roaring waters. All on a sudden the sky lowered and darkened, and in the gloom and blinding rain, the descent was far more difficult than the ascent. But we had to go down, down, and the horses slipped and fell, and I had a narrow escape from being rolled, horses, carriage and all, over and over, down and into a deep gully filled with rushing, roaring water at the foot of the hill. As it was I was tumbled out on the hillside in a hurry. I scrambled to my feet, but would not get into the dog-cart again. I preferred to walk down rather than roll down. This side of the hill was covered with tall kangaroo grass, coarse and stiff and strong, and it reached my shoulders. I had to push my way through this stiff, wet grass. The rain was still pouring down. I was drenched to the skin. I had a long traveling cloak on, but my hands became so cold and numb that I could not hold it around me, so I let it go, and it spread like a carpet on top of the tall, wet tufts of grass, merely bending the heads and shaking out the water they contained all about me, making me still more uncomfortable. Down and on I went, Mr. Bryan helping me with one hand and leading his horse with the other. This was an impossible task, for the

horse slipped and fell, and slipped again, and so required all his master's care. We reached the bottom of the hill only to look in dismay upon the gully, the depth and width of the rushing, roaring waters making it appear an impossibility to cross it. The equestrians, all but Bryan, had crossed the stream ere it rose so high. I could not be persuaded to get into the dog-cart to cross, so it crossed without me. When half way over, it stuck fast in the mud at the bottom, and Mr. Bryan's horse was fastened to the foremost horse of the dog-cart, and so by main force they pulled it out. Then came the wagon with tents, and we wished to get this across ere we left the place, as the valuable survey instruments were in it, and it took all the seven horses in our party to get the wagon across. The bullock dray had to wait till the water subsided ere it could cross. While all this crossing was going on I was sitting in the rain, shivering with cold. Isaac, my driver, was a tall, strong man, and he said he must carry me across, there was no other way. So he lifted me in his arms, no great weight of myself, but my saturated garments and the great heavy cloak made a considerable weight to carry across the muddy, rushing torrent. The water reached Isaac's waist. When he was about half way over, he stumbled and nearly fell, but he soon recovered his foothold and carried me across in safety. I was lifted into my little dog-cart dripping wet and chilled to the bones. We were long delayed, and the day was wearing on apace. We entered a forest of stringy bark trees, and traveled through this some time, till we came to a great sandy basin, lying between Willunga and Currency Creek.

“This basin is gloomy and sterile, and is a most remarkable feature in the geology of the province. At an elevation of 700 feet above the sea level, it is surrounded on all sides by stony, rugged hills, except the south and southeast, in which direction it falls into Currency Creek and Hindmarsh Valley respectively. Mount Magnificent, Mount Compass and Mount Jagged rise in isolated groups in different parts of the basin. Its soil is pure sand, its surface is undulating, and in many parts it is covered with stunted banksias, through which it is difficult to force one's way while riding along.” Thus spoke Captain Sturt on horseback; and what must it have been to one riding in a four-wheeled dog-cart, with two horses, each trying to go his own way, through this unbroken wilderness of scrub. The banksias is a numerous tribe, with peculiar flowers of various colors and shaped like a bottle-brush. From the quantity of honey they contain, they are popularly called honey-suckles. They are stunted, crooked and deformed; the trunk, as well

as the branches, crook, and turn into sharp elbows. A whole tree does not give two feet of straight timber.

“What is that tree good for?” I exclaimed, when I came bump up against one, and nearly upset. Hundreds of miles from that spot, and years after I had asked the question in impatience and disgust, I received an answer. I visited a ship-building yard, where I saw, piled up high, these objectionable knees or elbows of the banksias. I asked for what purpose they were there. I remembered the ugly, stunted things. I was told that these elbows were most valuable in boat and ship building. So I thought God does not even make these ugly things in vain. Another tree grew in this gloomy basin, which, if not so ugly, was equally in my way, and obstructed my progress. It was the grass tree (*hauthorrhæa*), which has a flower like a bulrush. The tufts of this grass grew on hillocks, and between the clumps the hollows were filled with water, and, when the wheels of my vehicle would be up on one side, they would dump down on the other; no sooner would the wheels be lifted out, than thump they would go against a tree, and the cart would shake as if it would fall into pieces. I had to hold on for dear life, but I got so many bumps and bruises, and was so numbed and chilled with cold, I could not hold on any longer. I had to be strapped to the seat, to prevent my being thrown out and killed. As it was, my face was cut and bleeding, and my knees very much bruised by the dash-board. Every bump I received, I thought my back was broken or my limbs. The rain did not cease all day, and the cold was intense. I often wished that day that I had been, like the others, in side-saddle. The day was drawing to a close, and I was completely exhausted. The sun went down, and all was dark and dreary. I saw a great fire far down below us, at a great distance; it was the camp-fire lit up for a beacon, to guide us on our dark way. We began to descend into the valley of Currency Creek, which was very difficult, as well as dangerous, under the circumstances. When we reached our destination for the night, I was unstrapped and lifted to the ground; but I had lost all use of my limbs, I could not stand, and fell prone on the ground. I was carried and set on a log near the fire, which was blazing at a fierce rate, and which fizzed and sputtered as the rain poured on it, but blazed on all the same. Mrs. Sturt sent for me as soon as she heard of my arrival. They were all in the dining-tent, and as I sat on the log in the rain before the fire, I tried to unfasten my boots. I could not stoop. I managed to raise my foot to my knee, but could not get it down again. I seemed petri-

fied. Of course, I could not go to the dining-tent when the man came for me; I had to be carried to my sleeping tent, and laid down on the floor. Mrs. Sturt and Miss Julia came to me, helped to undress me, and put me to bed, where I lay three days unable to move.

A camp of coast surveyors were at Currency Creek, waiting to take our party up the river in their boats. Captain Pullen, who was in command, had ordered a plentiful supply of game, such as cockatoos,\* kangaroos,† parrots and parroquets, and dampers.

The night before we left Currency Creek, I was peering out into the darkness, trying to distinguish the road I had come rattling down, between rocks and rain, on the night of my arrival. The height from which I came loomed in black relief against the sky, but no road was discernible. Around the blazing fire, which sent up into the darkness long, flickering tongues of flame, which seemed to devour the night, sat a number of men. Some were talking about the probabilities of the expedition, whether success or failure would be the result; others were preparing supper, amongst other things a large damper, the making of which interested me much, as I had never heard of, or seen, one before. It is a loaf of bread, kneaded on a coarse, canvas bag, spread on the ground. The ingredients are flour, water and salt. The burning embers of a watch-fire are scraped to one side, and the heated ground scooped in a hollow to the depth of five or six inches, and

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\*The cockatoo is as large as a hen, and it is seen in large flocks; some of them are pure white, and some pure black. Those of each color have rose colored crests, with wings and tails lined with the same bright tint. They have also sulphur-colored crests and tails, and wing-linings of the same delicate hue. They are beautiful birds, but their screech is ear-piercing. Their flesh is tough, and not most pleasant to eat.

†The kangaroo is a marsupial, unguled mammal, and, when born, is very imperfectly formed; but the mother's pouch serves as a lodging-place for the young, until they are perfectly developed. They hang on to the mother's teats till they are able to leap about, and are covered with hair, and can feed on other food than milk. For a long time after they can leave this pouch, they fly back to it as a place of refuge, when any danger threatens. They are herbivorous, and have no canine teeth, but a long, vacant space between the incisors and molars. The incisors, several in number, are in the upper jaw. They are placed with rodents, but they also chew the cud, like ruminants. They are placed with unguled animals, but have only the middle toe of the hind foot, which is very large, covered with a horny substance resembling a hoof. This is their weapon of defense, and they inflict terrible wounds on the kangaroo dogs that hunt them. They are remarkable for their small fore paws, short legs and narrow shoulders, and their long, large, hind legs and tail, upon which they sit vertically, as on a tripod. With the help of their great tail and their legs, they leap along at a great rate. "The Old Man," or giant kangaroo, can clear a space of between twenty and thirty feet. He stands six feet high. The hind-quarters only are used for food, as his flesh is very coarse and tough. His great tail makes very good soup.

about two feet in diameter. Within this hole is placed the half-kneaded mass of water, flour and salt, which is made to fit the concave, primitive oven, the hot coals are raked over it, the fire is replenished, and the process of baking goes on. When this mass of dough is sufficiently cooked, the coals are withdrawn, and the bread taken from its hot bed, besmeared with dirt and ashes, and dotted with cinders. It was far from looking a tempting article of food. As I watched the process of making and baking this loaf with a degree of interest that amused the baker, he asked me what I thought of it. He was delighted with his success, but I coolly replied, that I did not know what to think, only it did not look fit to eat, and I turned away into the tent, while he muttered:

“I hope, ere you get home, you will be glad to eat worse than that, Miss.” The wish was not very good-natured, but it was realized.

I was sitting in the dark tent alone, thinking of what I heard the men say of our expedition, when I was startled by a long, low, melancholy howl, such as I had never heard before. What could it be? Captain Sturt told me that the howl I heard was that of the dingo, or native dog. This animal is, by some naturalists, considered a feral dog; that is, a dog that has become wild. He has been partially reclaimed by the native savages, but this is not a sufficient reason for assuming that he has been introduced by man, or by his instrumentality. If, as other naturalists say, he is indigenous to Australia, then nature has made a diversion in his favor, and given him a variety of colors, though reddish brown is the usual one. The wild dingos are larger and more ferocious than the partially domesticated. When confined, they neither howl, growl, or bark; they are mute. When prowling in freedom, they have a most melancholy howl. They prowl around sheepfolds at night, and kill as many sheep as they can catch. Their bite is so severe, that few who are bitten recover. They devour domestic dogs, and are more daring than wolves.\*

The morning dawned and the camp was all astir. The sun rose upon the fourth day of our encampment at Currency Creek, and we were all ready to resume our journey. We had a short distance to go ere we reached the mouth of the creek, where were Captain Pullen

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\*The length of its body to the tail is forty-two inches, tail, twelve inches. The eyes are near the nose, only three and a half inches apart; the head is small for the size of the body. It has a long, straight, bushy tail. This animal is the only species of true carnivora in New Holland. The Colonial Government has offered five shillings for every male, and seven shillings for every female, in hopes to exterminate them. The race will probably soon disappear.

and his twelve coast surveyors, with three large whale-boats, and a gig was ready, waiting for us to step in and sail up the Murray River. Our tents, tarpaulins, trunks and other baggage were all packed into the wagons and sent by land, and the horses which had no riders were led. Captain Sturt took possession of the gig. His Excellency, Mrs. Sturt, Miss Julia and myself were in a whale-boat under an awning. The two ladies sat with their backs to the stern of the boat, the governor and I sat opposite to each other at the side of it. Captain Pullen was the coxwain or steersman. As the boats sailed on the rough and restless waters of the Goolwa Channel, which connects Encounter Bay to the Lake Alexandrina (Captain Pullen had succeeded in taking a small cutter from seaward into this channel, afterward called Port Pullen in honor of this achievement), we looked toward the sea mouth of the Murray, which has ever been a famous spot for tragical events. No one could look on the foaming waters of that wild line of sand-hills, through which it has forced a channel, without a feeling of awe. Directly open to the Southern Ocean, the swell that rolls into Encounter Bay is fearfully heavy. The breakers rise to the height of fifteen or eighteen feet before they break or burst in one unbroken line as far as the eye can reach. Mrs. Sturt and Miss Julia both claimed the honor of being the first white female on the Murray—one the wife of the Surveyor General, the other the governor's daughter. I could not claim relationship, but I put in a claim to be the first on the river, as I was the width of myself nearer to the bows of the boat than they, and of course farther up stream than they. We laughed at our disputed claims. But no one can dispute the claims of the trio to the honor of being the first party of white females on the limpid waters of the lower River Murray. There was a strong south wind blowing, the waters were very rough and I was sea-sick; but I could not lie down. The second day I made an exchange with Captain Sturt. He laughed at my being sea-sick, but made the gig comfortable for me to lie down.

The second evening from Currency Creek we landed on the shores of the beautiful Lake Alexandrina. The governor and the others landed before me and were away up on the knoll, hidden from view by a belt of tall reeds that lined the shores of the lake. When the gig drew up to the shore, I rose up in order to land, but what was my terror and horror to see on the margin of the lake, between the reeds and the water, on each side of the boat, a line of painted savages,

armed with spears, waddies and towerangs. I screamed and cowered down in the boat.

“Oh, how can I land and get past them?” was my low, frightened cry.

Two young gentlemen took my hands and said:

“Come, we will guard you.”


All had landed by this time, and when I rose a second time to land an avenue of men was formed, and the reeds held back, so that I could easily make my way up to the knoll. When I sprang from the bows of the boat upon the reedy ground, I felt the sharp points of the broken reeds cut my boots, and pierce my feet, and give me pain, but the yell that escaped the throats of these nude savages was so terrific that my flying feet hardly felt pain or touched the ground till I reached Captain Sturt's side. The savages were still yelling and beating on their towerangs with waddies. I had never seen savages, and their yells frightened me. I looked up to Captain Sturt's face to be reassured. He put his hand on my head and said:

“Eliza, you have nothing to fear from these savages, they will not hurt you; they have given you a right royal welcome. You are the first white creature with petticoats they ever saw.”

I feared and disliked these painted savages all the same. They had seen our boats on the water and ran to where the first landed, and were in time to see me land. So Mrs. Sturt and Miss Julia missed the honor of the royal welcome that I had the horror to receive. We pitched our tents amidst a tribe of the fiercest savages that roamed the forests, and the policy of conciliation was humane as well as safe. The governor was a kind, Christian gentleman, and took every pains to show these wild men of the woods his protecting care. He ordered from the stores we carried with us, blankets and shirts to be given them. Some of them had three or four old shirts given to them, and these they put on all at one time. Captain Sturt had seated some of them on the ground, and the governor was showing them the use of the fishing line and hook. At another spot our white tents were gleaming in the sunshine. At still another, sat a group of our people under a sail which was stretched over the oars of a boat, with several savages, and our black Bob, who was our interpreter. They were talking and gesticulating at a great rate. On a rock above me sat, in solitary grandeur, a grim savage, with a shirt on and a white cockatoo's feather in his hair. He sat aloof, alike from his own tribe and the white invaders, watching with scowling brow and malignant eye

their every act. I drew near to this statue-like figure. I scanned his features closely, but he deigned not to notice me. He had coarse, frizzy black hair, not wool, standing away from his head like a sombrero or mop; his forehead was so low that his hair and eyebrows nearly met, his head receded from front to back, so that his head behind was enormous in size; his eyes were large, black, deep-set, glittering and fierce, and overhung by beetling, shaggy brows; his nose was large and flat; his mouth huge, with gleaming teeth; his lips thick and hanging. While he sat on that rock motionless, he was a picture of ugliness that fascinated me, but when he moved his great glittering orbs from one side to the other, showing nothing but the white, and moved his thick lips, I felt sick, as if he were about to tear me to pieces and eat me. I turned from looking at his demon-like ferocious countenance to contemplate a more pleasing picture. Captain Sturt had said that the country around this magnificent lake was one of the richest and most highly favored spots on the face of the earth. He was correct, for more beauty could not be seen in any country than here. The beautiful lake spread out like a sea before me, rippling and shimmering in the sunshine, and it was surrounded by extensive flats, covered with tall forest trees, mostly eucalypti. In the background rises the Mount Barker Range in all its grandeur. The lake covers an area of 2,000 square miles, and its widely extended shores consist of a rich alluvial soil. Captain Sturt said the lake was very shallow, and in the far future may be filled up; and the river that empties into it may be confined to a narrow bed, pursuing its course through a rich and extensive plain.

I was amused at the group of savages around the governor. He was showing them various objects. His watch seemed to interest them greatly; but they were alarmed at a box of lucifer matches; they thought the fire was produced by magic. Savages are all superstitious, and these practice sorcery to a very great extent. They thought, however, that they were outmatched by matches.

The Australian man has amusements unlike those of the South Sea Islanders. His food does not spring spontaneously from the ground; he has to hunt and fish to get his food. He practices throwing the spear and the boomerang, so as to be expert in catching fish and game. The boomerang is a wonderful weapon in the hands of the savage. It is made of very hard wood. It is about twenty inches long and about three broad in the middle. It tapers at each end, and is shaped like the diagram . The dexterity and precision with which it is



thrown by these Blacks is a marvel to the whites. They hurl it so as to strike the object at a distance of over one hundred yards, and it can be thrown so as to return to the thrower. They can make it describe a circle round a tree and strike a looker-on. This singular, simple-looking weapon is found only among the Australians, and it has excited the wonder of all Europeans. It is no less strange than true, that white men have never learned to make or throw the boomerang, though they have made the attempt.

No doubt music hath charms to soothe the savage. One of our party had a flute, and after frightening these fierce denizens of the woods, excited their curiosity, and finally quieted and subdued their excitement, and they were seemingly charmed listeners to the dulcet strains.

The savages had been well entertained by the whites, and they returned the civility by showing us their war-dance. It is seen to best advantage at night, so this was the time selected. Kangaroo skins were rolled up tight and placed before the old men and boys. I saw no women, though they are usually the musicians. A tattoo was beat on these skins with the fists for music for the dancers, who also chanted in time. Fires were lighted at regular distances in rows, four rows with four fires in each. These were the preliminaries. There were two parties of savages, one painted white the other red. They were nude, with long white or red stripes down their arms and legs and across their ribs: their faces and heads painted with white and red ochre, were hideous. Spears, waddies and towerangs were their weapons (a waddy is a knotted club about twenty-four inches long; a towerang is a small bark shield). In this terrific garb the men were arranged on each side of the fires. One of each party advanced, a red one and a white one, toward each other, struck waddies, sang and gesticulated, and kept time to the music made on the skins. Another pair advanced, struck and crossed spears, then struck the towerangs. Another pair advanced, and another, till all had entered the lists. Then was pandemonium let loose; nothing could be more horrible. The glittering eyes rolled around, showing little but the whites; their huge mouths were wide open, and their teeth were gleaming, and their big red tongues were hanging out. Their disgusting, hideous gestures; their skeleton-like bodies leaping over and around the fires with their terrific yells, are things never to be forgotten if once witnessed. When they had finished their horrible fiendish dance, they marched up with the measured tramp of the warrior. Whilst I stood

spell-bound with horror, looking at the disgusting scene, I felt something grip my foot with a tight grasp. I was greatly excited by what I saw before me, and when I felt my foot firmly clutched, I screamed and staggered back, and would have fallen back had not the governor caught me. He and Miss Julia were behind me. He asked me what was the matter. I told him something had hold of my foot. His Excellency was inclined to doubt it at first, but immediately he touched my arm with one hand, while the other pointed to an object wriggling in the grass toward the fires, where the dancers were. I saw the wriggling animal, but could not say what it was until it reached the fires, when it rose to the height of a man, and then squatted.

“Oh!” I exclaimed, “it is one of those painted savages!”

And it was one, who, unseen by us, had left his party and crawled up to where we stood, gripped my foot and crawled back to his place again. The governor saw the hideous creature crawling before I screamed, but took no notice of him till after.

This same savage made Encounter Bay Bob his friend, and by some means was concealed on board one of the boats and sailed two days ere he was discovered. He was made use of as an interpreter between the Murray Blacks and Bob, and Bob interpreted to the whites. The dialects of the Murray tribes differ from each other very much, and we made good use of Bob and Tommy, as the lake savage was dubbed. Tommy had some old shirts given to him, which he wore, one on top of the other, to the number of six, with great delight, but inconvenience. He doffed them when he got into the boat, but he had to don them when he went ashore for the night. Tommy accompanied us to the Northwest Bend. At the great bend might be seen one day, for the first time, a camp of white invaders. Around the camp-fire were several men preparing kangaroo stew, and cockatoo pie and damper, while a large pot hung over the fire, with a dark liquid boiling cheerily. The liquid was tea, prepared by putting a quantity of tea into a pot of water and letting it boil till all the strength was boiled out, the blacker and bitterer the better. Then it was put into a teapot and served up to a few, while the rest dipped in their tin-cups and drank. Another group of men were lounging on kangaroo skins reading, being sheltered from the sun by a wagon. Another group, two ladies and two gentlemen, stood in front of a marquee, between this group and the river. Under a eucalyptus tree of magnificent proportions lay a solitary girl reading, nor thought of danger near. A

few yards behind her was a savage with a waddy in his hand, moving toward her with stealthy step.

“Eliza, quick here!” rang out on the still air.

I sprang to my feet in an instant, ran toward the place whence the voice came, wondering what was the matter. On my way up I met black Tommy, who glared at me with a most horrible expression. I dodged on one side to get past him; he dodged to the same side and stopped me, and patted me under the chin with his great black paw. Oh, what an odor! When I reached the serious-looking group at the tent-door, Miss Julia came near to me, while her father said:

“I called you to tell you that black Tommy has fallen in love with you, and wants you for a lubra, and has followed you from the lake, without our knowing his intentions till just now. He has been to all the men in the camp, and asked them if you were their lubra or picaniny, and as no one claimed you for wife or child, he thought his way was clear to knock you on the head with a waddy, and carry you away. He is a bold schemer, but we think he must have had some encouragement from the men, or he would not have gone so far; however, this will be looked into. Meantime, you must never leave the tent without a guard. There are plenty of young men who will gladly keep guard over you. Otherwise you might get a blow on the head by an unseen agent, and be carried away senseless, or, which would be more likely, a corpse; for the blow that would stun a black beauty would surely kill you. When we saw the savage, waddy in hand, stealing toward the tree under which you reclined, we had no time for action, but only to call you, and your prompt answer to the call, perhaps, saved your life.”

I shuddered at the danger I had been in without knowing it, and the very narrow escape that I had made. Part of my daily prayer was to ask God to preserve me from dangers, seen or unseen, and His ear is certainly open to those who are helplessly trusting in Him alone. He is my Father and my Friend. I thanked the governor for his kindness, and said:

“I shall be careful.” He is a kind, fatherly man.

The aboriginal marriages are different in different tribes. In some tribes it is performed by a forcible abduction of a female from her tribe. When a young man sees a girl in another tribe that he fancies, he watches his opportunity to find her alone, darts toward her, gives her a blow on the head with a waddy, which stuns her, and carries her off to his wurly. When she is missed in her tribe, and when they know

where she is, her nearest kinsman and her husband have a fight; whoever conquers claims her. She is then asked which tribe she prefers; as a rule, she stays with her husband. Tommy was closely watched. He was the ugliest savage of the tribe save its chief, who was monstrous.

A few months after our visit to the lake region, the brigantine *Maria* was wrecked in Lacepede Bay, and the poor passengers and crew, in trying to find their way to Adelaide, were barbarously murdered by the Murray blacks. Black Bob, our ex-interpreter, brought the intelligence from the scene of action. He said nine white men were killed; four were roasted and eaten, and five were ready to be cooked and eaten. On this horrible news reaching the seat of Government, Governor Gawlor determined to avenge the death of his countrymen. Major O'Haloren, Commissioner of Police, was appointed to head a party to go down to investigate the matter, with full power to bring the guilty parties to punishment. A series of murders had been committed, and the murderers must be punished, in order to the safety of subsequent settlers or travelers. The gallant major was accompanied by Captain Nixon, Mr. Hart, Inspector Tolman, twelve policemen, Mr. Pullen and eleven sailors, Bob and other blacks. When the party reached the place where the bloody scene was enacted, a number of natives were seen along the coast far ahead, running to make their escape. Pursuit was given, and over fifty women and children were captured, with fifteen men. Upon the persons of almost every one were found articles of European clothing stained with blood. A silver watch and some silver spoons were found. This convinced the major that he had some of the murderers in charge, and he kept the men close prisoners, but let the women and children go. Next day more of the ferocious black fellows were captured. Two were shot who took to the lake. The wonder is that all were not shot, but the major had his instructions, and acted accordingly. In addition to the murder of the crew of the *Maria*, other whalers were cruelly murdered; and black Bob, who was witness against the murderers, told us that he knew of four men who had been eaten, and that five more were ready to be roasted and eaten.\* All the available evidence was produced, and the murderers pointed out, four in number, besides the two who were shot. One of these four gave more particular evidence of the revolting transactions, and he was pardoned. Two or three were sentenced to be hung, with-

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\*Some authors say that the Australian blacks are not cannibals. I believe they were, in the days I speak of, not from actual observation, but from reading and hearing so much of the practice of cannibalism.

out judge or jury, but no Court could have been more solemn under the awful circumstances. The day after the condemnation, the whole party, the condemned and other prisoners, went about fifteen miles to where the crew of the *Maria* had been butchered, and over their remains were hung two or three men. One of these was the veritable chief, whose grim face I so closely scanned at Lake Alexandrina. It took six men to hold him, so fierce and violent was he. Who knows what his dark mind was cogitating, when he sat alone in his ugliness on the rock? After these were hung all the other blacks were set at liberty, with the injunction that no one was to take down the dead bodies, but all to take warning, and be civil to white men, or share the same fate. There has been no organized plan to butcher the white men wholesale since that time.

We prepared at early dawn for a fresh start on our watery way. The day was beautiful and bright, the wind was fair, and all were cheery. Our flotilla presented a very pleasing picture, as we sped over the rippling waters of the lake, our white sails set, and glistening in the sunshine, like the white-winged messengers they were, carrying civilization into the surrounding solitudes. We entered the lake-mouth of the Murray, and soon came to a station, where were a number of men constructing a raft to facilitate the crossing of sheep, which had to be brought from New South Wales. Here we met several mounted police with led horses, and also Mr. Bryan, my obliging escort across the sandy basin at Willunga. I heard a gentleman of the marine party say of Bryan:

“There is something about him noble and daring, calculated to attract attention; there is something in him, his manner and appearance, that will at some future day make him an ornament to society, and an honor to his family.”

Poor Bryan saw no future; he was destined never to return to Adelaide. His family, in the Emerald Isle, saw him no more forever. Mr. Pullen, master of the marine party, was unable to perform his duties as cockswain to the governor, on account of some ribs and his collar-bone being broken. He had met with a severe accident just before we joined his party, and though he was convalescent, steering the boat gave him great pain and fever, and another had to take his place. The governor and Captain Sturt were the only gentlemen of the party who had mattresses to sleep on, and kangaroo skins were not soft as down for broken bones. I offered Captain Pullen the use of my mattress, as I did not need it half as much as he did, but he politely re-

fused to take it. I asked Captain Sturt to insist upon his taking it, as I could not think of sleeping upon a comfortable bed, when he was suffering so much for want of one; that he might as well take it, for as long as I thought he needed it, I should not use it. Captain Sturt told him he must take it, for I had so determined. It proved a great comfort to him. The usual pat on the head, and "you are a good girl," from Captain Sturt, more than repaid me for any inconvenience that I had.

The first night that I spread my sheet upon the earth and lay down, I felt a little self-complacent at what I had done. I thought I should sleep sweetly, because I had done my duty. I committed myself to my heavenly Father's care, and composed myself to sleep; but I could not sleep, things were crawling over me and under me. I was not afraid, but I did not know what the things were that kept me from sleep, and I did not wish to awake Mrs. Sturt and Miss Julia by striking a light. I lay all night in a very uncomfortable situation. The night seemed long, and as soon as day dawned I arose, put my hand between the outside canvas and the lining of the tent to pull it down, to admit the light. I felt something pinch my finger. I pulled up my hand hastily, and to the end of my finger hung a centipede seven or eight inches long. I shook the creature off in a hurry, not as Paul did the viper, into the fire, but upon the ground. At first I did not know what it was, I had never seen a centipede. I lifted my pillow, and there were several very large ones crawling about; I lifted my sheet, and there were several more of the disgusting looking centipedes, which had been reveling around and over me in the night. I was thankful that I had not been bitten by them.\*

While breakfast was being prepared, we saw a great cloud of dust moving toward us, from the bush east of us, and presently we heard the sharp report of a rifle. We were startled by such an unusual sound in these vast solitudes. As the cloud came nearer, we discovered a great herd of cattle and sheep, apparently without number, which had been brought overland from New South Wales. As I stood looking at these wild animals tramping down everything before them, bellowing, and lashing their gaunt sides with their great tails, I wondered how the

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\*Scolopendra is the generic name of centipede. They are venomous, but except with diseased persons and children, their bite is not fatal. Their body is long, and divided into rings, and each ring has a pair of feet. The number of their legs or feet depends on the length of the body and the number of rings. They are like worms with a great many legs. Their heads have two antennæ and two eyes. They chew their food.

way-worn and weary stockmen could manage such uproarious creatures; but here they were, having traveled over hundreds of miles of waste, howling wilderness.

Poor fellows; how I pitied them, and the sheep with their pattering feet, raising clouds of dust enough to blind and smother them. The poor men must have suffered great and many hardships; but so it must always be with explorers and pioneers.

We bought two sheep and sailed away. This day being Saturday we landed early, killed the sheep, and what was not dressed for dinner was hung high up in a tree to preserve it, as the day was very hot, and the flies troublesome. At the altitude of twenty or thirty feet, meat could be kept fresh any length of time, but near the ground, it was ruined by the large blue fly, even while it was being eaten, if not carefully watched.

"Wiregauze covers are absolutely necessary at table to keep the meat from walking away," said some one, and it is true, or nearly so.

The morning of Sunday broke upon our encampment in the very extreme of Australian beauty. All nature was at peace. The river was like a beautiful band of silver bordering a mantle of dusky hue. It contrasted beautifully with the brown appearance of the country through which it was silently flowing. Our encampment was to enjoy a day of rest in the wilds as in the city. His Excellency never traveled on Sunday willingly. The whole company were assembled in the dining marquee, to join in divine worship. There we were, a silent group, listening to the Christian soldier and warrior conducting the Church of England service, and another soldier, Captain Sturt, reading the responses. There was something in our situation that rendered the service very imposing and impressive, without altar or organ. This was the first assembly which had ever met together here for the high and holy purpose of worshiping the true God. We were far away from the habitations of civilized men, in the midst of a wilderness, where the savage roamed in ignorance and moral debasement. The calm dignity of the Governor's demeanor, while conducting the service, the time, the place, the circumstances in which we were placed, all added to the grandeur of the scene. It is painted on my memory as in rainbow tints.

Early the next morning we were again afloat on our watery way. We put in at a little nook for breakfast, and while tea and damper were being prepared, I was standing near by an interested spectator. All at once I screamed out, Oh, oh! and ran off to the tent, holding

my dress tight around my knees. The cooks laughed heartily at my hurried retreat. I felt as if a score of lancets had pierced my skin. I had unwittingly stood upon an ant-hill, which was owned by a garrison of the fiercest soldier ants. I invaded their territory, and they resented my intrusion upon their domain by marching up to, and surrounding my limbs, and from my ankles to my knees, they bit me in a savage manner. I had ten bites on one limb and seven on the other. Where these ants bit they left a small red spot, and round this spot the skin grew black all over my limbs, and the pain I felt was excruciating. Mrs. Sturt took some lotion from the Captain's medicine case and bathed my wounds.\*

In the evening time, when the tents were being pitched and the dinner preparing, Miss Julia and I would indulge in a quiet walk up or down the river bank. On one occasion, as we were taking our accustomed walk, our conversation turned upon our respective fathers. I thought, had my father lived he would be kind and indulgent as hers. We were talking of what might have been. I had the comforting knowledge that I had a heavenly Father if not an earthly one. We were in quite a sober mood; but we were suddenly startled out of it. The ground was undulating, and we were passing through a copse of stunted banksias, just out of sight of the camp. We had terminated our walk and were about to return, when up sprang a black savage, painted in red war paint, from under a banksia. We turned from the hideous sight of this nude savage, only to see another jump up, and another, and another, from under the bushes, where they were ambushed. We were surrounded by eighteen or twenty of these savages, glistening in grease and war paint, and armed with war weapons. I

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\*The labors and policy of the ants are very wonderful. Their nest is a city, consisting of dwelling-places, halls, streets, and squares into which the streets open. In general, the larvæ dig in the earth a number of galleries. Chambers are arranged in stories, and in carrying out the dirt they often raise hills ten or twelve feet high. In the interior of these hills, the little workers form new stories like those below. The chambers on each side of the streets, or galleries, are where they store their winter food. Ants are carnivorous; they do not themselves eat the grain that they are often seen carrying to their city; they eat animal food and honey. They have a little insect they keep imprisoned in one of their cells, which makes for them the honey they use in return for the grain they provide for her. I have had large snakes after being killed put on an ant's hill, and in a few days the flesh would be entirely eaten off the bones. I have also had the top of a hill shoveled off, and laid open the chambers filled with white and tempting looking snake's flesh, ready for a rainy day. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard," and learn a lesson of industry.

The soldier ants, who so bravely defended their fortress, were over an inch long, stood over half an inch high, were bright red with a spot of black in their heads. They were warlike and fierce.



grew faint and sick. Julia grasped my arm, and, in a suppressed whisper, said:

“Let us run.”

“No, no, I can not,” I said.

“What shall we do?” again she whispered in agonized tones.

“I do not know,” I said.

But in that moment of utter helplessness and terror, I remembered that I had a Father in heaven, Almighty to save, whose arm could shield us. Thoughts as quick as lightning flashes passed through my brain; first I feared being killed and eaten; then, O horror! I thought they might not kill us, but what would be a thousand times worse than death, they might carry us away and hide us.

“O God, my Father,” I mentally exclaimed, “save us from being carried away.”

In a moment I felt that whatever befell us we were in His hands who doeth all things well. As I looked at the grinning, painted savages, I felt horrified at our helpless state, but I knew that if God did not permit these monsters to harm us, a hair of our head would not be injured, but if God allowed them to kill us, we were still in his hands. I felt secure under His protecting care. I then had no fear, though we were only two helpless girls completely in the power of these painted demons. I felt also that God was very near to protect His poor helpless children. Julia pressed my arm now, and said:

“Let us run.”

“No,” I said, “we can not yet.”

“I am afraid,” said she, and shook like an aspen leaf, whilst her face was blanched.

“So am I afraid; but I have prayed to God to take care of us, and He will,” said I.

Meantime one of these panther-like monsters came close up to me (they had never seen any creatures like us before, and their curiosity was excited) and took my hand, pushed up my sleeve, and put his great horny hand and arm close to mine. His touch made my flesh creep. He then pushed my bonnet from my face, and put his face close to mine, and looked at my neck. The close proximity of his great jaws and gleaming teeth made me shiver, but when he pulled the dress off my feet to look at them, I gave him a push which drove him from me staggering to a distance, and he nearly fell. This made all the uncouth savages relax and yell most hideously. While Julia and myself were being examined by two of these horrid men, all the

others were grinning and looking on deeply interested in the investigation. Julia again pinched my arm, and the burden of her cry was still,

“Let us run.”

This it was impossible to do with safety. Had we attempted to run, or shown signs of fear, our destruction was certain. We were surrounded by these horrible-looking men, their mouths wide open, and their tongues hanging out of their huge jaws, as if they were ready to devour us, their eyes fixed and glowering at us with a most horrible gaze. They presented a horribly sickening sight; but when I drove the fellow from me, the scene changed from rapt attention to hideous gesticulation. The violence of their movements was awful. I dared not cover my eyes to shut out the sight. I made signs to the dancing demons at last to sit down *a la Turc* on the ground, which they did. Julia and I had a piece of paper and a pair of scissors between us. I showed the paper to the blacks, and they looked at it with open mouths. I showed them the scissors, and then I snipped the paper. This brought them all to their feet around me. I had to sign to them again to sit down in a semicircle, with their faces toward the camp. Then I began at the first man so that he could see it well, then to the next, and so on to the end of the row, then back to the first, till the paper was hung in shreds. What was to be done now? I had nothing more to show, and these hideous-looking creatures were all in quiet expectancy. While I was cutting the paper, every snip I gave was responded to by yells and beating of waddies on the towerangs at a most furious rate. Now I was at a standstill, but this must not last, for these demons would be up and around us again. On the instant, I resolved on a bold step. It may cost me my life I thought, but something must be done. Life and death were in the balance. I went up to the first savage in the row. It is needless to say how I felt. I looked at him, and by signs pretended to cut hair from my chin, and then I took hold of his beard and held the scissors close to it, and asked if I might cut his beard. He nodded assent, and I snipped a piece off, my pulses beating fast and furious, and the yells were raised to a higher pitch than ever. I started back in alarm and disgust, but I had nothing to fear from him whose beard was cut, for he held the other side up to be cut also. This I did, and I gained courage, and went round to all of them. I stood behind one and lifted an ochre besmeared lock of his hair, and asked by signs if I might cut it off. He consented to the operation. And so I went to all and

cut a part off their beard, or their hair off their head. Again a pinch of the arm and a low voice whispered:

“Let us run.”

“No, not yet,” was the answer.

Julia had not let go my arm since first we were surrounded. I went back to the first man in the row, took paper, spread it on my hand, took the dirty, disgusting hair and spread it out on the paper, and began to roll it up. I had to go the round and let every one see what I was doing. When all was done that could be thought of, I looked toward the camp for the hundredth time I suppose, but no help was nigh. None but God could deliver us, and to Him I now looked for a way to escape. I shook my fist in the faces of these human monsters and pointed to the camp. I walked a few steps from them, looked back, and again shook my fist at them. Every motion of mine from first to last was accompanied by yells, the most hideous and ear piercing that could be imagined, and beating of towerangs with their waddies. Every few steps we took I turned and shook my fist, with the same demoniacal response from them. It was evident that these savages expected us to return and show them something more. We reached a knoll. On the top of it, for the last time, I turned and shook my fist, the yells were louder and more hideous than ever. We were now beyond the range of their vision.

“Now, Miss Julia, let go my arm and let us run, the time has come.”

And off we bounded like two hunted kangaroos. Fear added wings to our speed. On we went. We hardly touched the ground. We stopped not to breathe till we reached the camp. The sun had gone down, and in those southern latitudes the twilight lasts but a twinkling. We reached our marquee just as darkness covered our camp as with a mantle. We sat down on the ground and burst into tears, and we cried most heartily. The strain on our nerves had been too much. We cried till a messenger came to tell us dinner was ready; but we cared not to eat. We sat still and had our cry out, then we kissed each other, and embraced each other, and had quite a little scene all to ourselves. We had just had an escape from death with all its torturing details, and, oh, worse than death with all its horrors. This was one of those instances in which is compressed in a few minutes the sensations of years of ordinary existence. Life, death, eternity, bodily pain, and worse than all these, ten times told, were all presented to our senses. It was some time ere we were composed enough to talk. When we found speech, we exclaimed:

“Oh, how terrible! oh, how horrible!” and we covered our faces with our hands, to shut out from our mental vision, if possible, the appalling sight. But all was too vivid to our mind’s eye to be so soon shut out. That event is written upon the tablets of my memory with a pen of iron, so deep, that it can not be erased while memory lasts. When we were a little more calm, I took the hair in my hand, and said:

“Let us divide this hair as a trophy of our triumph and escape.”

“Oh,” said Julia, “not as my triumph, I did nothing; I was too much afraid.”

“I was too much afraid too to do anything, till I asked God for help. He put it into my thoughts to do what I did do, and deserves all the praise,” I said.

“Well,” she said, “that may be, but I can not take the hair as a memento of my triumph.”

“Well, then as a memento of our providential escape,” said I.

“Yes, that will do,” she said, and so we divided the bristled, grizzled hair of the beards and ochred, matted heads of the worst looking of all the hideous savages of the Murray, or even of the earth. They belong to the lowest types of humanity. They have no idea of an overruling providence. After we had divided our trophy, we entered into a covenant, and why we did so, I can give no reasons. I doubt, if we had one at the time, but what was prompted by fear. We promised never to tell of our adventure as long as we remained in the colony. In the first place, we feared a reprimand for straying so far from the camp. We had no need to fear any severity; we might have been warned not to go out of sight of the tent without a guard. Mrs. Sturt’s good-night to her husband at the tent door caused us to spring to our feet. We three prepared to retire. No questions were asked about our absence; I suppose we were hardly missed. I spread my sheet on the ground, and lay down to sleep; but my imagination was so excited by the horrid scenes we had passed through, that I could not sleep. My heart was full to overflowing with gratitude for our preservation. I thought of my orphaned state, and what would have become of me in the wilds of this great land, if I had not a kind, heavenly Father to protect me. O God, my refuge and defense in a perilous hour! I cried unto the Lord, and he heard my heart’s cry, and saved me. It is a good thing to trust the Lord. Mrs. Sturt and Miss Julia had long been asleep, but I lay awake. Deep midnight reigned around in silence and darkness; not a sound was heard, only the soft breathing of the sleepers. In the midst of the death-like silence, I heard what

sounded like a rushing, mighty wind. I saw a fierce gleam of light through an opening of the tent. I sprang to my feet, pushed my head outside of the tent, and saw all the grass and brush around the camp on fire, and our men trying to beat it back from the tents with branches of trees. I heard an order given, by whom I do not know: "To arms, and pursue!" and several men of our party gave chase. Chase to whom? The savages who waited for Julia and me to go back and show them something. They got tired waiting, and came near our camp and set the grass on fire. Had it not been for our watchmen, we might all have been burned in our beds. I went back to my resting-place on my sheet. Presently I heard the crack of a rifle or gun, then another, and another. I never knew whether any of the savages fell that night. The sleepers had been aroused, and sleep fled from the camp for the remainder of the night. Next morning we saw a new danger we had been in, from the reptiles rushing to our camp. The matter was discussed, and the conclusion was, that we were in a dangerous neighborhood, inasmuch as two tribes of savages, one on each side of the river, were at war with each other, and the sooner we moved our camp the better. So before the sun reached the tree-tops on the eastern horizon, we were in our boats.

As we glided up the river under easy sail, we did not see any natives; but ere we brought up for breakfast, we saw two bark canoes. These were very simple in their construction. The bark cut off a large tree and tied at each end, and a stout stick about two feet long placed in the middle to keep the sides out. The savage sits flat on the bottom of his canoe when he paddles it. The canoes we saw were very small, and black Tommy, as soon as we landed, made for them, and, before we knew what he was about, deliberately punched holes in them and sank them. He was asked why he did such a thing, but he only grinned and danced. We were hardly afloat again, when we heard the most tremendous yells. Black Tommy did not come on board of any of the boats that day, but went with the wagons which carried the tents and heavy luggage. On the boats turning a projecting point, we saw Tommy in full chase after a number of black women; and when he got up with the flyaways, he very coolly selected one, and brought her back to the boats. All this was very amusing to the white men. The other women, after their panic was over, came down to the boats evidently bent on revenge; but when they saw so many white people, they were afraid, and plunged into the river and swam to the other shore. Tommy was compelled to let his black beauty go free. The

heat was very great, and the wind died away, and the men had to take the oars and row up stream, which was very hard work.

The governor, always humane, landed early when the men had to row. On this evening we saw a number of cattle running wild. The governor ordered one to be shot, and the skin, if branded, to be taken to Adelaide, where he would advertise for the owner, and have him paid for the animal. The cow was shot and skinned, but the skin, with things far more valuable, were left in the desert, and never reached Adelaide. Captain Pullen milked the cow after she was shot, and gave me some of the milk to drink. She was cut up, and some of the warm flesh prepared for dinner. The remainder was hung high up in a tree till the morning. Tommy feasted on the raw entrails. His usual food while with us was big, fat grubs, which he picked out of hollow trees; worms were a delicacy to him. The grubs are found in the gum and wattle trees, and are from four to six inches long, and about half an inch in diameter. When lightly fried they taste like marrow—so said one of the party who had partaken of the dainty dish. Tom ate his raw. He seemed to relish a dinner off a dead dog, or iguana, exceedingly. I was sorry when we set sail to see so much fresh meat left behind, but we could not keep it fresh till dinner-time, so we left it for the hawks and dingos.

We camped at a place where the river banks just below were high precipitous bluffs, and as we passed up between them, they looked like walls. Here the channel was narrow, swift and very deep. On looking south from where we were, we saw that we had reached a higher plane, and this high land stretched east and west as far as the eye could reach. North, the surface was undulating. We were 200 or 300 feet above the level of our last encampment, and I was greatly surprised to see on this high, dry land banks on banks of oyster shells, as if just thrown there in heaps; and my surprise was not lessened when, in digging about, I found a fossil shark's tooth. I found a variety of shells besides the oyster. I, of course, could not account for sea-shells, and fossil bones, and teeth of great fishes, that we found here. I asked Captain Sturt, and he said we were on a great fossil formation.\*

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\*He said that he had seen, in various parts of the country, several deposits of sand, like sea-dunes, which greatly changed the face of the country; and when the events, which had produced such changes in the physical structure of the country, took place, a current of some description or other swept over the interior from northward, and that the current had deposited the great fossil bed where it now rests. He could not account for such a mass and mixture of animal remains being heaped up in any other way.

Miss Julia and I, in one of our very short rambles, discovered three black women, each with a girl picaniny on her knee. They were uncouth looking creatures. They were hidden away in a nook in one of the cliffs, jabbering at a great rate, just like monkeys, which they very much resembled, They were hideously disgusting. We were afraid of them at first, but they did not offer to hurt us. I patted one of the monkey-looking babies, and gained the favor of the mother right away. She grinned, and went through some antics, which were not the most graceful.

The native women do not usually rear more than four children. The task of rearing their children is so severe, that they frequently destroy them as soon as they are born.

On our way we passed two burial-places, each differing from the other in appearance. One was formed of four tall poles stuck into the ground at equal distances, like the legs of a table. On top of these was placed a square piece of bark, on which was seated a painted savage, spear in hand. When I asked what that savage was doing up there, I was told that he was dead and buried. I laughed at the idea of being buried away up in the air. Well, this was one mode of putting away their dead. The other burying-place had a corpse lying on the ground and covered with branches of trees stuck in the ground on each side of the corpse and lapped over, and the dead covered with these and left, as was the sitting figure on top of the poles, to decay.

Mr. Strange, our naturalist, or rather our taxidermist, was busy preserving all the birds which Bob and Tom brought him. Mr. Gould, who was with us a part of the time, classified the birds, beasts and plants which we found. Black and white swans are indigenous to the Murray River. One day Tom had climbed a tall tree with the agility of an Australian Black, which agility was marvelous. He caught his bird, reached the ground, and Mr. Bryan was looking at the specimen ere it was handed to Mr. Strange. Here were two men between whom a greater contrast could hardly be presented. In their physical appearance they were as distant as the poles, both had black hair, black eyes and white teeth. Tom with beetling brows, deep-set, restless, crafty eyes, his black hair red with ochre, and teeth a great mouthful; and though he donned the four shirts after his descent from the tree, he looked every inch a hideous savage. Bryan with black hair waving over a broad, white, intellectual brow, nose slightly Roman, mouth well-formed and fascinating when wreathed in a smile, beautiful white teeth, eyes large, lustrous, speaking, sparkling, seeming to look into

you while looking at you; a square chin, a tall, well-formed, athletic figure, handsome and noble. He often sat under a tree beside me and read the poetry of his countryman Moore. He had a fine voice, and his rich, Irish accent fell on the ear pleasantly. He and an elder brother brought letters of introduction to Governor Gawlor, and the younger was appointed *aid-de-camp* to His Excellency. So much for the handsome, hapless, gentlemanly young Bryan at present.

We reached the Northwest Bend of the Murray River after two weeks sailing by day on its broad and placid bosom, and resting by night on its verdant banks. The heat had become intense. We had not had any rain since the day we left Willunga and everything was parched. Some of the islands we passed were fairy-like and covered with verdure. Others were barren rocks that divided the current of the river, but all were full of interest. There was something in the solitude of these spots forsaken and alone in their sterility, and weird in their silence, that made the most thoughtless thoughtful.

We were at the end of our voyage, but we had a desert unknown to white men to cross, and ere we parted with our marine escort, it was deemed prudent to explore part of the desert over which we were to pass. The governor, Captain Sturt, Mr. Bryan, and three others, all mounted and armed, and a pack-horse carrying three days' provisions and one day's supply of water, were to go on the short journey. The object of this expedition was to find water; they hoped to find it on the second day and supply themselves, and return on the third day. "Man proposes, God disposes." Our whole party numbered thirty persons—twelve marines and sixteen landmen. The six explorers went off in fine spirits. Mr. Bryan told me to take care of myself, and keep out of black Tommy's way. I laughed, and said:

"I will be careful, the governor has warned me."

Away they went to search out the capabilities of the unknown land. I liked all the gentlemen of our party but two, and they were my own countrymen, one a draftsman, the other a surveyor, who went with the exploring party; both educated, handsome young men. I could have been very friendly with them but for a very disagreeable way they had of teasing me. They thought I ought to have been more cordial in my manner to them; why they thought so I could not divine, as they had never been particularly kind to me. Mr. B—— and Mr. G—— had been particularly kind to me on our voyage up the river—they were of the marine party—and I was grateful to them for their attention. Mr. B—— and Mr. F—— of our own party were exceed-



ingly kind, and why should I withhold my thanks from them? They were all like brothers to me. We were thrown together in our wilderness travels, so it seemed a necessity that we should be kind to each other. Mr. F. constituted himself my body-guard against the attack of Tommy, and no doubt thought himself a more suitable suitor. One afternoon Mrs. Sturt and Miss Julia, as was their wont, retired to the tent for a *siesta*, I to a foot of a tree to read; but I could not read. My hand and book lay on my lap, while I watched the sun going westward. He had shone out brilliantly all day, and as he sank toward the horizon, which was dyed a purple hue, magnificent piles of clouds were gradually rolling upward, their edges fringed with burnished gold, and made more gorgeous by a crimson and orange background. The trees around me raised their majestic branchless trunks to a great height, like grand pillars supporting a vaulted roof, and forming aisles grander than those of old and famed cathedrals. A forest is the temple of the Eternal. Here we can look from nature up to nature's God. While I was enjoying the glorious scene around me, Mr. F—— joined me, and in the blindest tones said he was glad to find me in so secluded a spot, and had no doubt but my mind was full of fine sentiments.

“You are just in the place and in the mood I wished to find you. I wish to say something very important to you.”

I smiled, and said: “I think the place is not very secluded, as the tents are but a few yards behind this tree, and as for my mood, that you take for granted; but as the situation suits you, I shall listen to the important matter you have to communicate.”

With some pomposity of manner he said:

“You must have known for some time that I love you.”

“Well,” I said, “you are not the only one who has told me that.”

“But,” he said, with still more importance, “I wish to marry you.”

“If I do not wish to marry you, what then?”

“O I shall make it to your interest to marry me. I will surround you with everything your heart can wish.”

And here followed a long list of inducements to marry him. I very emphatically said: “Mr. F—— I shall not marry you.”

“Why not,” said he; “do you object to me?”

“Without objecting to you or anyone else, I am too young to marry, and I shall not marry you.”

He said, with more feeling than the case required:

“You are the first who has ever refused to marry me when I asked them.”

And here followed a list of his conquests.

“You mean, contemptible male coquette, did you expect to add my name to your list? I am glad I escaped the snare by disliking you.”

“By h——n I shall make you my wife.”

I very quietly said: “Never.”

“I shall compass heaven and earth but I shall have you.”

I told him to try his best; and he did try. He asked Captain Sturt for me after our return to Adelaide, and came to see me, but I left the house when he came, and he only gave up the chase when I was beyond his reach. He was astonished that I could refuse him. I think he loved himself more than he could love another. His bold assurance and egotistical vanity roused my national pride as he again swore that he would make me have him. I rose to my feet and said:

“I defy you sir.” And left him in what he called a secluded spot, and in no very sentimental mood.

Mr. Gerald, another of the governor's *aids-de-camp*, Mr. P——, Mr. B—— and Mr. S—— of the coast survey, were all exceedingly agreeable without pomposity or egotism. They all made my days pass pleasantly. The weather was fearfully hot, but we enjoyed ourselves.

The brightest days have clouds sometimes; so it was with our party at the Bend. Pleasantly as we were situated, dark clouds were looming on our horizon. Four days were over and gone and our explorers had not yet returned. We thought of course that they had found water and were all right. On the fifth day, I as usual was up early and standing at the tent-door inhaling the fresh morning air, when I saw four horsemen ride into camp. Who are these? I mentally asked. I was not long held in suspense, for I heard Captain Sturt's voice. I ran to meet him as I was the only one astir in the camp. How strangely the captain looked. He was swaying back and forth and sideways; one hand hanging listlessly by his side, the other resting on the pommel of his saddle. I saw a strange look in his face. He threw himself out of the saddle and asked me:

“Where is the governor and Bryan?”

“I do not know,” I said.

Then he muttered something, I did not know what. His words and looks were wild; I was afraid that he was out of his mind. I ran to

awake Mrs. Sturt and Miss Julia. They both dressed in a hurry and came out. The captain was still calling,

“Where is the governor!”

His wife’s arms were soon around his neck. Poor Julia screamed out:

“Oh, where is my father? where?”

The captain tore himself from his wife, and ran to his own and the governor’s tent, calling loudly for the governor and Bryan; but they gave no response. Mr. Pullen ordered a search-party to be got ready, to go and find the missing men, and bring them to the camp.

“Great God, where can they be?” exclaimed the captain.

Many were the questions asked about the missing men, but none could answer. The three gentlemen who had ridden into camp with the captain were lying on the floor of the dining-tent in a state of perfect exhaustion, but were tended well by willing hands. Captain Sturt was raging wild, and poor Julia, like a stricken deer, could do nothing but weep and wring her hands, and call:

“Where is my father? my dear, dear father?”

I had no time to think. I went to the cook and had him make a cup of strong coffee, and I gave it to the captain, and it worked like a charm to quiet him. He was able now to talk coherently. Mr. Pullen said to the captain:

“I have a search-party ready to start off to look for the missing ones.”

“For God’s sake let them go at once, and find the governor and the noble young fellow who is with him; they ought to have been here yesterday.”

“Where shall they go? in what direction?” was asked, and the captain told them as well as he could.

The party started, but they had not gone more than a hundred yards in a northwest direction, when we saw a solitary horseman approaching the camp from the west. The search-party had seen the equestrian, and turned back just in time to catch the governor in their arms, as he fell senseless off his horse, and was carried to his tent, where he received the needed attention. They gave restoratives, but his mind was wandering. He did not know where he was; he could tell nothing of poor Bryan; did not know where he left him. Captain Sturt ordered the search-party to proceed on their search for Bryan, and off they started toward the west, the direction whence the governor came. We had harrowing accounts of the sufferings endured by the explorers. They found no water the first day out, as they had expected, and their

water only held out to the second day. Still hoping to find water, instead of returning, as they ought to have done, they continued their search, but it was fruitless. They went still farther inland, till their food, as well as water, was exhausted; then they began to retrace their steps. The governor showed signs of great suffering; his tongue began to swell and turn black, his head was affected. The captain became alarmed when he saw these signs, and he told the governor that he had better ride with all haste to the camp. He was incapable of taking care of himself, so Mr. Bryan accompanied him, and they both started straight for the camp, and ought to have been in more than a day before the others. After the two left, the others were still diverging from the direct route in hope of finding water. The heat was fearful; the glare of the sand was blinding. The horses were showing signs of "knocking up," as they say. Their tongues were hanging out of their mouths and dreadfully swollen for want of water. One very valuable horse, worth \$700, fell exhausted. The sufferings of the men were so terrible, that they fell from their horses, and my two countrymen wished to be left in the desert to die; they said they could go no further; they became delirious. Captain Sturt felt the symptoms of delirium coming on himself, his tongue was beginning to swell; and as he desired to save the others if possible, he cut the throat of the dying horse, and gave each of the men a quart of the blood to drink. This they drank, disgusting as it was, and it saved them. It acted as an opiate, and they all slept a long sleep, and awoke refreshed, but with singularly wild feelings. Their half-dead horses could hardly bear them to the camp. The poor horses suffered dreadfully. A little water at a time was given them, their feet and legs were well bathed with water, and then they were fastened up to keep them from the river. One of the finest of them went mad, broke away from his fastenings, ran to the river, rushed in, looked around in triumph, then began to plunge, and finally to drink, and drank, and drank, and then fell dead. Poor Georgie! Our provisions were getting low; we had not all we needed, but we could get no fresh supplies. Meantime, the governor was as well attended as he could be under the circumstances. Only at times was he rational during the first day. His invariable answer to the question,

"Where did you leave Bryan?" was:

"I do not know."

By close questioning at the right time, it was ascertained that as soon as the governor and Bryan left the party, the governor grew worse, and

fell from his horse. Bryan did everything he could to help him up, and on his horse again; but the horse, as well as the rider, was showing signs of exhaustion, and Bryan, fearing lest the governor should die, insisted on an exchange of horses, Bryan's being the stronger and fresher. The exchange was made, and the last that was seen of Bryan was, when he told the governor to hurry to the camp while the horse had strength to carry him.

"I looked back when I left Bryan, and saw him walking slowly, leading my poor, sick horse; but I do not know where that was. Soon after I left him, I fell from my horse again, and became unconscious, or slept, I know not which, and how long I lay I do not know. When I returned to consciousness my clothes were very damp. My horse was quietly standing by me, and my arm through the bridle. I succeeded in getting on my feet, and I tried to call for Bryan. I thought he could not be far from me. I cooeed, and cooeed, but received no answering cooeey. How long since, or where it was, I can not tell."

When this exciting day drew to a close, all were anxious for the return of the search-party. When it came in sight several ran to meet the men, and see or hear of Bryan, but there was no intelligence; he could not be found. Captain Sturt was nearly frantic. He said he would go himself, and search for the youth till he was found; but he was prevented from making the attempt. He ordered another party to be formed, and to start in another direction, and to search and find Bryan, dead or alive, and bring him to camp. The party started before sun up, taking black Bob and Tom to follow up Bryan's trail, if they could find it. They could follow a trail over a naked rock. They had the sight of the grayhound, and the scent of the bloodhound. We were all hopeful that Bryan would be brought to camp this day. They got up to where the governor parted with Bryan. They tracked Bryan in a different direction from the track the governor took to get to the camp. Another day of anxious suspense passed, and the party returned, bringing with them a slip of paper, on which was written these words in pencil: "I take a southeast direction from this place."

They had found this paper stuck in the saddle that Bryan had taken off his horse and left on the ground, with bridle and blanket and tin pannikin. His linen coat, vest, necktie and socks were folded and placed beside the saddle. They saw the horse's tracks, where he had been turned loose, going one way, Bryan's going another. It was asked why they did not follow up the youth's track? They answered: the day was far spent when they found the things, and they had

neither food nor water with them. Another party started off early next morning for the spot where the paper was found, with orders to take a southeast direction till the river was reached. Another party was dispatched down the river, to where the two parties would form a junction, and they both were to search all round the country for the missing youth. Sundown brought them all to camp without Bryan or any tidings of him. His saddle, bridle, blanket and other things were brought to camp. The Blacks tracked him through scrub and brush, till they came to a great sand-flat, but beyond this not a vestige of poor Bryan was ever seen. With the instinct of hounds, Bob and Tom crossed and recrossed the sand-flat, and went round it, but beyond it no trace could be found. For one week parties were sent out every day in different directions, but all efforts put forth to find the lost one were futile. Conjecture was busy at work. Where could Bryan have gone? As far as the sand-flat, he had followed the direction indicated on his paper; the same direction would have taken him to the river; but beyond the sand-flat, there was no trace of him. There was no quicksand in the flat, or he might have disappeared in it. If the savages had got hold of him and killed and ate him, we should have found his bones and vestiges of fire. Twenty-four hours after he parted from the governor, he could not have lived without water, and if he died for want of water, we ought to have found his body. Whether his grave was in the stomachs of the savages or elsewhere was never known. His end was shrouded in mystery. His spirit had flown to God, and none but God knew where his body lay. It would have been a mournful satisfaction to us all could his body have been found, and more especially to his brother, his only relative in the colony. He was good and brave, but he fell a sacrifice to government policy. The young, handsome, noble youth sleeps a dreamless sleep, which will last till a better day dawns. When poor Bryan was lying faint and low on the burning sands, with swollen tongue and closing throat, praying for water, we in camp, all unconscious of his despairing cry, were full of enjoyment. While his poor body lay blistering in the sun, his eyes starting from their sockets in mortal agony, we were talking of the time when we should all be in Adelaide recounting our travels. His brother was devoted to him, and for months party after party was sent in search of the lost one, but all to no purpose. The horse he rode was found three months afterward alive and well, but very thin.

We had been looking after the dead, now the living had to be looked

after. Our provisions, which were intended to last us three weeks, had lasted four, but now they were exhausted, all but a few pounds of green tea and a few pounds of salt pork. The marine party, having been longer out than was expected, had also run out of provisions, and with them we had to divide our little to help them on their voyage down the river. We of the land party had the waterless desert to cross in which our unfortunate explorers had suffered so much. Black Tom was secured and put on board of a boat, with orders to keep him secure till he reached Lake Alexandrina. A courier was sent to Adelaide to the Government Commissariat to send provisions to meet our party. We had lost three fine horses, and consequently had to lighten our loads. I left my trunk and some of my clothes on the banks of the Murray, not to mark the spot to future travelers, but because I could not carry them. We had no provisions to pack, but we filled every vessel we could with water. The cheerless prospect of nine days' travel across a trackless, waterless desert was gloomy indeed, but we must cross it if possible. The sad, sad events of the last week rested like a pall upon our spirits. Whether it was our prospect or our retrospect that we considered, our burden of gloom was heavy enough. We struck our tents, had them packed on wagons, and I was perched on top of a wagon full of tents and mattresses; I had no horse to ride. We turned our backs on the great Northwest Bend a sad and silent party. I was greatly oppressed and cast down. I felt as if our troubles were not over. None but God could give us strength to endure what I feared was still before us.

"Let not your heart with anxious thought be troubled or dismayed,  
But trust in God your Father's care, and trust my gracious aid."

The first day we crossed a level plain a few miles wide. Its surface was composed of red sand and clay, with a mixture of calcareous limestone nodules. The very nature of this soil was hot, and nothing could grow on it. We reached a spot where grew a few stunted bushes here and there. The day had been fearfully hot, and man and beast were exhausted. Here we encamped for the night. The salt pork was cooked; we had no flour, so we could have no damper, but the tea was boiled. I drank some of the tea, but felt no inclination to eat the pork. A hot wind, fierce as the breath of a furnace, blew in gusts that made the flesh shrink as if touched by a hot iron. No one who has never felt it, can conceive the withering effect of such a heat. We retired early, but I could not sleep. I arose before the sun and walked

forth a short distance. I ascended and took a seat upon a high cliff which overlooked the camp; I wished to see a sunrise in this arid region. I watched the young light wax stronger, and its radiance increase, till it filled the whole heaven. Then the sun showed his upper rim above the horizon, and rolled a globe of fierce splendor into space. Everything looked still and solemn, as if the spirit of the air was lying in quiet along the face of the earth; but suddenly a rushing, mighty wind beneath me swept over the camp, overturning tents and tarpaulins, and everything that offered any resistance to its impetuosity. Our marquee was tilted over as if it had been a paper tent, and Miss Julia in her terror started from her bed and ran about in her night dress, and did not know where to hide. I called to her to lie down and cover herself with the sheet. I rose from my seat to run to her; had the cliff been less high I might have leaped down and been with her in a minute, but I had to go back and descend the way I came. As I was running down the hill, I met the governor coming up. His greeting was always pleasant.

“Why so early on the brow of the cliff?” he asked.

“I wanted to see the sun rise,” I said.

He asked if Julia was up. I described the scene I had witnessed from the top of the cliff, and said:

“I am now going to her assistance.”

“Good girl,” he said; I shall go with you, and see if she is hurt.”

When we reached the marquee, Julia was cowering on the ground, and Mrs. Sturt struggling under the canvas. We liberated Mrs. Sturt, and while the governor went for assistance to raise the tent, I hunted up some garments, and helped to dress the two frightened ladies. As we had no cooking to do, we were soon *en route*. Soon after starting we entered a dense brush of cypress and eucalypti, growing in pure sand; through this it was impossible to take a direct or correct course. A road had to be cut through, and when it was cut and cleared for a short distance, the wagons sank deep into the loose sand in which these trees were growing. The toil and labor and delay of cutting through this belt of sombre cypress and pines and acacia were dreadful. We had no fresh water that day, our supply ran out, and all were suffering. I had not tasted food for two days. I did not feel hungry, but I did feel light-headed. Ere we halted for the night, we came across a party who had come overland from New South Wales with cattle. Their provisions were nearly exhausted, but they shared with us what they had, a little flour, enough to make a damper, some rum, and



a few raisins. The men found a water-hole; I was greatly rejoiced at the discovery. A glass of this precious liquid was handed to me to drink, and I was so eager to have it that I swallowed a great mouthful of it ere I discovered that it was bitterly salt. I dashed the glass to the ground in my disappointment. I was made deathly sick by what I had swallowed, and vomited till I was completely exhausted. I could not undress myself, and lay down on the ground. All night I suffered horribly. The salt-water did not seem to hurt the others. Next morning I had no toilet to make, so was ready to start as soon as I rose from my pallet, and this was Christmas morning. Our flour and raisins were saved to make a raisin damper for this day. The last of our tea had been boiled, and the damper, dotted with raisins, looked very much like the one I had first seen made at Currency Creek, but not so palatable, inasmuch as this was made of salt-water, and the other of fresh. I remembered the cook's wish, that I might be glad to eat a worse damper than he was then making. That time had come. Tears started to my eyes when I thought how I had scorned the first damper. Here was a damper filling a large space, heavy, and not half cooked, and some green tea boiled with salt-water, and drunk without milk or sugar. These dainties were placed before fifteen hungry men and women, who did ample justice to the Christmas breakfast. The sugarless salt-water tea to me was simply poisonous, to taste it made me sick. Some rum was put into the salt-water, and given to me to allay the sickness, but that was equally sickening. Mrs. Sturt and Miss Julia ate of the damper, drank of the tea, and also of the rum and water, and were not made sick by them, and, consequently, they felt stronger than I did. The Christmas day before, I was lying in a hospital burning with fever. Now I was in an inhospitable region—a burning desert—without food or water, a strong, hot wind driving clouds of red dust around us, and flies innumerable tormenting us. The Australian hot winds are as dry and hot as the breath of a furnace. One's head reels from the intensity of the sunshine. It occasioned us intense thirst, which, alas, we were not able to quench. The blistering heat had broken all our combs and brushes, so we had to go unkempt. We had no soap, and when we washed in the salt-water, the red dust was firmly caked on our skins, and the heat baked it and burned it in; so we were masked in red clay. I had only one dress, and it was wearing off my back in pieces. I had left all I could not carry at the Bend, and I could not make a change. After we had eaten our Christmas dinner, we resumed our toilsome journey. The equestrians were mounted, I

was lifted to the top of the wagon, and laid on a mattress deathly sick, and there I lay blistering in the sun all day. In the afternoon, my attention was directed to a single horseman, riding as fast as his weakened horse could carry him. I wondered who it could be, as our equestrians always rode ahead of the wagons. I raised my head with great effort. We were just emerging from the densest part of the wilderness, but keeping near the trees for what shade they could give us. I wished to see the horseman, but my head came butt against the limb of a tree, and nearly stunned me, and tore my chip bonnet all to pieces. Had my head been raised an inch higher, my neck must have been broken or dislocated. The horseman rode up to the side of the wagon, hat in hand, and his bare head exposed to the sun's fierce heat. He handed the hat to me. I had had such a blow on the head, and felt so stunned, that I could hardly speak to Mr. F——, who had ridden a long distance out of the way, to where black Bob said he knew a kind of fruit grew, to get some for me. He thought I was going to die, and to save me he had exposed himself to sunstroke and sudden death, that he might carry the fruit in his hat. The fruit was a small, bright, crimson-colored kind of peach or apricot. It was the fruit of the quandong, a tree that grows only in the sandy plains of the interior. It had a stringent, pungent taste. I would not prefer it to a peach or apricot, had I a choice. As it was, I took the little red things as a godsend. I ate, and was refreshed. I kept some for Mrs. Sturt and Miss Julia, when we should meet at camping time. "The young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they who seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." Like the young lions, I was suffering hunger, and, worse than hunger, thirst. But the Lord was kind; he gave me strength of mind to support my sinking body. I felt so completely in his hand, under his protecting wing, I had neither fears nor anxieties. Now in my weakened state, he put it into Mr. F——'s head to bring me quandongs, that for the time refreshed me. The quandong I had never seen or tasted before that time, nor have I seen or tasted it since that memorable day. I felt truly grateful to Mr. F——, as an instrument in God's hand, for bringing me the berries, at the dreadful risk he ran to himself. Our traveling was very slow. The poor horses were very weak; they could hardly walk, and their feet sank in the sand at every step. The wagons also sank deep, so that it was almost impossible for the poor, dumb, patient, weak horses to pull them. We encamped as the sun went down. There was silence in the camp; there was no more busy, bustling preparation for dinner; we had no food, no water. Our tents

were pitched, and we lay down. I would not have given "my kingdom for a horse," but I would have given all I possessed for a drink of water. Our bullocks strayed away in the night looking for water, and delayed us a long time looking for them. Thus far our party kept pretty well together. If we scattered somewhat in the day, we always mustered at sundown.

The heads of the party held a consultation, and it was decided to divide into four companies. His Excellency with his *aid-de-camp* and orderly were to go one way, Captain Inman and a mounted trooper to go another, and Captain and Mrs. Sturt and Miss Julia to go another. The wagon that I was on was given in charge to my two disagreeable countrymen. All were to look for water, but to press steadily on. We were to follow in Captain Sturt's trail, the small feet of Miss Julia's pony were to guide us, and we were all to meet at a certain place at sundown. The agony that I suffered that day was fearful. When Miss Julia kissed me good-bye, and mounted her pony and rode off, I said farewell with a feeling that we should meet no more on earth. I was realizing what dying in a desert for want of water was. I was lifted upon the wagon more dead than alive. I had a raging headache. My brain seemed as if it were boiling. I turned on my face. I was perfectly quiet. I thought my moments were numbered. On all sides the desert—the hot, burning desert, the lonely, silent desert, the shining, waterless desert. This was what we were passing through. My two countrymen had gained some experience on the trip they had with Captain Sturt. They were able to endure more now than they could do then. Mr. King had lost his horse, and Mr. C—— put his as an extra horse to the wagon to help it along, and the two gentlemen walked. A hot wind was sweeping over the plain, uninterrupted by hill or tree, and we felt all its fury. What suffering I endured that day no tongue can tell. Nothing passed before our agonized vision, no sound fell upon our ears. Indeed, every sound of insect, or song of bird, would have been strangely out of harmony in such a place. Everything had retired from the withering heat and blinding glare. Silence, the most profound and death-like, reigned—a fit companion for such desolation. It was terrible. We journeyed on that day—a day never to be forgotten—heeding not the smiting sunlight, nor heat, nor hunger, nor thirst, nor fatigue, nor danger, thinking that death would soon release one at least of the gasping, weary wayfarers. The plain over which we were passing seemed interminable. We came across a tent which belonged to a party who had come from New

South Wales with horses and cattle. They had seen trouble by the way. Their provisions were all gone, but they had wine and spirits. Mr. C—— asked me if I could take anything. I answered, with great effort:

“Fresh water.”

They had none. Would I take wine? I shook my head. Would I take a little spirits mixed with the salt-water? I shook my head. My tongue was cleaving to my mouth. I could not speak. They brought me a pint pannikin full of porter; it was not fiery or salt, and when once I had put it to my mouth I drank it all up, and wanted more, but they were afraid to give me more; they feared that I had taken too much already. I was beginning to be out of my mind, and could I have got it, I should have drunk a gallon. Of course, it would have killed me, as water killed the poor horse Georgie. I was incapable of the least exertion. Fearful were my sufferings; they thought I was about to die. I called for my mother, and then lay down again on my face. I lay more dead than alive. The day was far spent, and we had not overtaken the captain, as we ought to have done before that time. Mr. C—— and Mr. R—— were talking in deep, earnest tones, and in alarm. One of them called to me. I tried to raise my head, but the effort was dreadful. He pointed to the sun, which was far out on his western journey. I saw his broad and lurid face approaching the horizon, which seemed to be an ocean of fire. I laid my head down again; I could not hold it up. These two brave young men seemed to be in great trouble about something, but I took no interest in it, or in anything. Finally they told me they were lost.

“Lost!” I exclaimed.

“Yes, lost,” they repeated. “We have followed the pony’s tracks till we find it is not with the horses, and we can find nothing of Captain Sturt’s tracks at all, nor any of the other parties, which were all to meet ere this time. What shall we do?”

I was asked this question by Mr. R——. I had no answer to give, for I knew not what was to be done. Lost! lost in a desert drear, alone with seven men. I could not realize the situation, though I heard all that was said. I felt that I must die in a very short time, and it was of very little consequence where I was. The young men asked me what they should do; if I said the word, they would travel all night, or if I wished, they would camp at once by a clump of trees they saw in the distance. I told them, as well as I could, to do what they thought best; I could not tell them what to do. This did not

suit them; they were evidently very uneasy. They explained and said, that if they were out of the right course, as they feared they were, if they went on all night they might never get back to the right course, but if they halted now, they could retrace their steps in the early light, and try and find the lost tracks of the others.

“But you must give the order to halt or proceed; you are a great responsibility to us, and were anything to happen to you we must take the consequences, and we fear,” said Mr. R——.

I could not understand their fear, or their responsibility, when that morning everybody thought that I must die before night, and what did it all amount to? But they urged me to say what was to be done, and I said:

“Halt at the first convenient spot.”

And when we reached the clump of trees we halted. I was lifted very carefully to the ground and covered with a cloak as with a pall, and he who covered me thought that that cloak would be my winding-sheet, and he covered me very tenderly, as a kind nurse would cover a sleeping child, to be left there till the resurrection morn. Mr. S——, our taxidermist, and Mr. R—— were putting up the marquee for me, while Mr. C—— had taken a gun in hand to see if perhaps he could shoot a parrot or cockatoo for supper. Isaac, who drove me tandem the first two days out, went to make a fire to give a light to the camp. The bullock drivers were all busy with their beasts; poor, thirsty, tired things, they slaked or tried to slake their thirst at a little mudhole the size of a man's hand, from which salt-water oozed. While all this was going on, I was thinking, or imagining, that I was at home with my mother; I was sick and she was nursing me, oh, how tenderly. Then she thrust me from her, and I did not know where I was, and presently I would hear men's voices as if in a dream. Then I would try and call,

“Oh, mother.”

But no mother's ear was near to hear the dying cry; no kind nurse even to smooth my pillow—I had no pillow—not even one of my own sex near to close my eyes. To die alone in the desert, far, far away from home! What would my mother think, did she know that her child perished in the wilderness for want of food and water. To die so young, well, that is well; but if I could only see my mother; and I sobbed aloud. My mind wandered back and forth. I was weary and committed myself to God, and was composed. As I lay there, a promise, by whom written, or where recorded, I knew not, entered

my mind and remained there. It was: "Thy bread shall be given thee, and thy water shall be sure." Here am I dying in the wilderness for want of bread and water, and this new thought haunts me. Surely God has sent this thought to give me hope. Long after that night I read in the 23d chapter of Isaiah, 16th verse: "Bread shall be given him, his water shall be sure." I became inspired with the idea that I should not die for want of bread and water. This thought clung to me. I heard a tremendous report as if a gun had been fired over me. I uncovered my head, and to my great horror saw poor Isaac crawling toward me on his hands and knees, with blood pouring from his face. Mr. C——, with gun in hand, was standing near by.

"Oh," I exclaimed, "C—— has shot Isaac through the head."

Where the strength came from I know not, but I sprang to my feet and was at Mr. C——'s side in a twinkling, took hold of his arm, and cried:

"Oh, Mr. C——, have you shot Isaac?"

Just as I laid hold of his arm, I heard him exclaim;

"Good God, what was that?"

I left him, and went to poor Isaac, who was still crawling toward where I had lain. I took him by the shoulders, and pulled him back upon his back on the ground, and bent over him, and took one of his eyeballs, that was lying on his cheek, into my hand, and put it into its socket. His face was all torn, his nose split, and his right cheek torn right off; he was dreadfully mangled. Just then I felt strong arms around me, I was lifted right up, and carried by Mr. R—— to where I had been lying, and again laid down.

"That is no sight for you, miss," he said.

I felt all the strength leave my body, and was as weak as I had been a short time before. The supernatural strength, that for a minute or two had been lent me, was gone, and I was perfectly helpless. Mr. C—— asked me to let them have the rum to wash Isaac's wounds. I told them to take it, but I did not know where it was. They knew, but wanted my permission. Isaac had been about to make a fire; struck a flint, and was pouring some powder from a flask on the spark, when it ignited, burst the flask into shivers, and sent powder and bullets about Isaac's head, chest and arms with terrible force. His wounds were dressed as well as the circumstances would allow, but he could not live till morning, so thought all the party. Mr. C—— asked me if I would let them lay Isaac in one end of the marquee, as they did not think he could live many hours. Of course, I allowed them.

They thought that when they started next morning, they would have two corpses to leave in the desert instead of one. The poor fellow was carried into the shelter of the tent. The man who had made the Currency Creek damper had never forgiven me for despising his work; he was vindictive, and he sat at the camp-fire, the very incarnation of malignity. While he thought that I was helpless and dying, he was indulging in coarse jokes.

“The dainty miss would be glad of a piece of my damper, but she may die without it. She wont be able to help herself to-night, as I go in and out of the tent. Ha! ha! I have a grudge against her. Ha! ha!” and the fiend laughed.

“O God, spread thy covering wing around me, and take me home in peace, and save me,” was my mental cry.

The wretch did not know I heard him, nor did he know another heard him, till Mr. R—— like lightning sprang from the tent door and confronted the caitiff, with his handsome face all ablaze with anger, and his eyes glowing like coals. He took a most threatening attitude, and said:

“At your peril, enter, or attempt to enter, that tent to-night, and I will shoot you dead on the spot.”

“Oh, sir,” said the craven, “I was anxious to wait on Isaac, for you know he ought to be waited on.”

“Mr. C—— and I will keep watch and ward, one inside and one outside, all night,” said Mr. R——.

At that moment a pony ran past us, then doubled on its track and ran round the tent, with a broken bridle trailing on the ground, and a saddle hanging under its body. When I saw the pony running frantically past, I cried out:

“Merciful Father, that is Julia’s pony, and she is killed. What is to become of us all? And Mrs. Sturt, where is she? She has no tent to cover her. Oh, dear Julia, I thought you would be restored safe to your mother’s arms, who would have been happy to receive you. She will regret giving you for a sacrifice to government policy.”

I thought of my mother, and groaned. Oh, what mental agony and physical pain I had to endure that night. When all had parted with me the previous morning, they thought I must die, and I was indifferent as to life or death; I thought all was well with me any way. But a rush of events had come thick and fast since noon, and it seemed to be impossible for me to be indifferent, or insensible to the fate of others. I had often heard it said, that troubles do not come singly, but in

troops. This may be a wise ordination of Providence. One great trouble unhinges the springs of the mind; another, and another comes, and we are compelled to think, and through thinking and suffering, we regain our equilibrium. I did more thinking that night than I had done for some time before. First I thought of being lost in a vast desert, alone with seven men, without food or water; then I saw evident consternation in the officers of our party at our condition, which was most painful. In addition, was the horrible spectacle of poor Isaac; and again, Miss Julia's pony rushing by, and her uncertain fate. Indeed, the uncertainty of the whole party, and then the mean craven by the camp-fire with his coarse speech, and the sudden transformation of a man from being disliked, because of a light, jeering tone he had always used toward me when I was surrounded by friends, to a very guardian angel, a protector and a friend, when I most needed one. When sick, helpless and alone, surrounded by danger, he stood forth a noble character between it and me. My heart thanked God for his protecting care. Mr. C—— spread my mattress, and Mr. R—— carried me to it, and laid me down as gently as a tender mother could have done. He untied the strings of my torn bonnet, and took it off my head, and he untied my worn boots, and covered me up, and left me to sleep or to die; but I did neither. The pony was caught, and a gentleman's saddle was found hanging to it; so it was not Julia's.

I lay on one side of the tent, and Isaac on the other, in the darkness. After a while, R—— and C—— came into the gloom with a shaded light, and sat down on the ground beside the dying man. One asked him if he were afraid to die. The answer came faint and low, but in earnest tones: "I fear not to die." Another question: "Do you think you are going to die?" "I fear I am." "Are you prepared to die?" "I do not know."

Mr. C—— went to watch outside, while Mr. R—— took from his pocket a small, well-worn Bible, a mother's gift, and began to read, both from the Psalms and the New Testament, and prayed for the dying man. The tones were tremulous, but full of pathos. No poet, no painter, could color to the mind or eye a brighter or darker picture than was the reality before me. One man, lying on his back on the ground, with clasped hands reverently raised, his head entirely enveloped in bandages, moaning hopelessly, nothing bright in the future of time, or eternity for him. On the floor stood a dim light between him and another man in the strength and beauty of young manhood, kneeling with bowed head, supplicating the Divine Father, to prepare the



other for death, and to give him peace and hope ere his lamp of life went out.

I, on the other side, in deep shadow, bowed in spirit before my heavenly Father, asking him to shelter my soul, and give me a cheerful hope in passing away. Mr. C—— now took his turn to watch inside beside the wounded man, while the other went out. Neither of these two looked toward the darkness wherein I was shrouded. They knew they could do nothing to help me, and their delicacy prevented them speaking to me. They both knew how heartily I had disliked them for their teasing propensities, and they did not now intrude on my silence. They did not know what a revolution had been wrought on my heart and mind toward them in the last few hours. I now looked upon them as friends, and brothers, and guardians, for the time being. I saw them in their true character now. As the night advanced, I felt no inclination to sleep, and I felt less like dying than I did the last three days. I thought of all God's mercies to me in the midst of perils. He did not cleave the rock that water might flow for me to quench my burning thirst, but he gave me strength to bear it without repining. "Thy bread shall be given, and thy water shall be sure," again and again rang through my thoughts. I have often wondered why I did not die that night. Day dawned; Isaac and I were both alive, and, wonderful to relate, were both able to rise without help. I fastened my worn boots on my feet, and my torn bonnet on my head, and my toilet was complete. I stepped out of the tent to the great surprise of all, and especially of myself. My two new made friends were delighted to see me on my feet again. The sun, as he shot his rays above the eastern horizon, promised no mercy from his blinding glare or scorching heat. My prayer, as I stood at the tent door next morning, was, that God might give me strength to endure whatever was before me on my journey.

The tent was taken down, and was being packed, and I was ready to be lifted to my place on top, when we found that the bullocks had strayed away looking for water. While waiting for them, I saw two black specks in the distance. They were moving; they came nearer and nearer to us, and, Oh, joy! I discovered Captain Sturt as one of the objects, but could not run to meet him; the other was a savage. Both were mounted. As soon as they came near enough to speak, Captain Sturt's salutation to the officers of the party was:

"Where the d—l have you been since yesterday morning?"

They explained how they had lost their way in following a wrong track.

“Eliza,” and the irate captain looked straight into my eyes while he spoke; “Did these men lose their way designedly, or accidentally?”

I had no hesitation in saying accidentally. Again he asked:

“Were they drunk or sober?”

“Perfectly sober,” I responded. Again he asked:

“Are you perfectly satisfied with their conduct toward you since we parted?”

I thought for a moment of the craven who sat by the fire, and wondered what I should say of him. The captain thought I hesitated, and he thundered out:

“Answer me, child.”

I thought of my two brave protectors, and answered fearlessly:

“I am satisfied; a sister could not have been better cared for.”

“That is well, I am glad to hear it,” said the captain. Looking at Mr. R—— and Mr. C——, “It is well for you that it is so; had it been otherwise, it would not have been well for you.”

Captain Sturt lost his way the day before, and did not meet the others at the rendezvous appointed, and he had met with a frightful accident. His horse threw him against a tree with great violence, he was stunned, and his face cut and bruised in a dreadful way. His head was bandaged, both eyes were black and swollen; he did not look himself at all. His rough salutation was so sudden that I had had no time to remark on his appearance or Isaac’s misfortune, or how I had been resuscitated to life, such as it was. Captain Sturt laughed incredulously when I told him that I put Isaac’s eyeball into its socket.

“If I had done that, the sight would be gone,” he said.

“It is so then, for assuredly I put it in,” I said.

He affected not to believe that Isaac was so much injured.

He said the ladies and himself had a terrible day, but toward night they had met an overland party, who had plenty of provisions, and who had given up a tent for the use of the ladies, so they were as well as they could be under the circumstances.

“But they were so anxious about you that I borrowed the overlander’s black boy to track you and find you dead or alive, dead we expected. We sent Bob back on our own tracks to where you left them, and made a pretty fair calculation where to find you. We crossed the country seven miles.”

The bullocks were found, and I was lifted to my seat on the wagon.

I was able to sit. The captain asked how I came to be so much better, had I had any food? I said I had not eaten anything, but that I drank a pannikin nearly full of porter.

"You little goose, that is impossible in your weakened, starving state; that much porter would have killed you."

"But," I said, "it did not kill me, for I am living and better than I was yesterday."

"You are a most extraordinary girl. You are imagining all sorts of things this morning, but we will soon be where you can get food, poor child. You have had a hard time."

The captain thought my mind was wandering, but it was not.

After seven miles' travel I saw a large tent, out of which ran Julia, and she was ready as soon as I alighted to throw her arms round me and kiss me, and we both cried.

"Oh, Eliza, I thought you were dead! I am so glad you are alive! Where have you been? I have not seen Pa yet. We were all lost, and we were all so anxious about you; I am so glad to see you."

She certainly seemed glad to see me, but I could not stand long on my feet, so was taken into the tent. I was asked what I would have?

"Fresh water," was my answer.

Water was given to me, but it was brackish, and I could not drink it. They gave me tea made of it, but it made me sick to drink it. I tried to eat a piece of half-cooked kangaroo, but I lacked strength to tear it with my teeth. I did not feel the pangs of hunger half as much now as I did three days before. Water was my great need. The captain laughingly told his wife that I imagined that I had drunk a pint of porter yesterday.

"Impossible!" cried both ladies at once.

"Well, I know I drank a pint pannikin nearly full, and I am better now than I was before I drank it."

Isaac came in view with his head tied up. I was asked what had happened to him? I told them the circumstances, with the addition, that Isaac would never recover the sight of the eye. At this the captain gave me a very sharp rebuke. I was silenced for the time; but poor Isaac was a disfigured man, and blind of that eye all his days, which were not many after that.

Since we left the Murray the thermometer had stood from  $149^{\circ}$  to  $152^{\circ}$ . We entered upon a hilly country. We crossed a ridge or range of hills very singular in appearance, being formed of great slabs, piled one on top of another. High mountains were seen in the dis-

tance. The equestrians as usual led the van, and took a wider range than our party; they were looking for the governor. We espied a tent; we were crossing the trail of an advance party of overlanders from New South Wales. We found this tent, and the one Captain and Mrs. Sturt occupied the night before, belonged to the same party. I was asked to alight and rest under the shade of a tent for a while. This I did, hoping to get some water. It was a vain hope. I saw a gentleman's shaving-glass hanging against the tent-pole. I had not seen my face for a week, as our glasses were all broken. My curiosity was so great to see how I looked, that I reached up for the glass and brought it to the level of my face. Whether from weakness or fright at my own gipsy-like appearance, I will not say, the glass fell from my hands at my feet in a thousand pieces. In the glass I did not recognize myself I was so brown. My hair hanging in tangled strings; I had neither combs nor hair-pins. My bonnet was dangling over my face in strips of chip, and I had no needles or thread to mend it. My clothes were very untidily put on, for I had no pins to keep them in place; they were tied on the best way they could be. I was never pretty, so my mother had always said, so I do not think vanity prompted me to look at myself. But that very day one of my new-made friends, my handsome young countryman, told me, of all the girls he ever saw, he admired me the most, yea, that he loved me more than he could tell, and above all things he would like to have me for a wife. All this from him was quite unexpected. I wished to see what had attracted him so suddenly, for till we left the river we had never spoken a pleasant word to each other. I was shocked at my own appearance, so I could testify that no outward attraction prompted the proposal. I could not replace the glass in the desert, but I promised to replace it when I reached Adelaide, if ever I reached that city. We journeyed on long after sundown. We had the light of the moon to travel by, and the parties were to rendezvous at Gawlor, a town thirty miles from Adelaide, if possible, that night. When our party reached the camping-place, we found all the parties, not one of which had not lost his way and suffered considerably. I was weak and weary, and lay down on the ground. Captain Sturt came to me with a little milk and water, and gave me a few sips from a teaspoon. I told him I wanted a big drink, for a large stream of water ran by, not far from the camp, but he said I must only sip a little at a time. He had to watch me, or I should have drunk too much, at least would have drunk till satisfied. Our tents were struck before the sun rose

or mounted the hills we had crossed. We had now a level plain of thirty miles to cross. This plain is bounded on the east by a range of hills, and on the west by the Gulf of St. Vincent. Fresh horses were obtained at Gawlor town, and the equestrians rode off, my party bringing up the rear. I had not strength to ride horseback, so I took my old place on the wagon. The bullock dray on which Isaac rode broke down, and I was asked to let him ride in the wagon with me, which I did. We traveled to within a mile of Adelaide, when the wheel of the right side of the wagon broke all to pieces, and we had a let-down, and the horses began to prance and showed signs of fear; so I was lifted to the ground in a hurry by the strong arms of Mr. R——, while Mr. C—— took hold of the horses. Thanks to a kind heavenly Father we were nearly home when this last accident befell us; but short as was the distance, how were we to travel it? I was weak and could not walk without support. Isaac was blind and could not see, so I took his arm and said:

“If you will support me, I shall lead you into town.”

And so we walk away, the weak leading the blind. The sun had been down some time, the moon had not yet risen, but our paths was lit up by the city lights. What a contrast was our return to our starting out five or six weeks before. Then a brighter, happier party could not be found than we were; now we were broken down, wayworn, and minus one of the brightest young men of the party. The heads of departments say that much good to the colony will result from this exploration. Time will tell.

As soon as we reached Government House, Isaac was taken charge of by those of his own department. Mrs. Gawlor, who was expecting me, and had been waiting for me, wished me to stay at Government House all night, as there was no carriage or driver who could take me home; but I asked for water and permission to walk home. I had a superb draught of fresh water. Oh, it was grand, and I felt strong to walk another mile. I said good-night, and started toward home. Never in all my life had I enjoyed a draught of fresh water, or did I know its value, as I did that night. I had no appetite for eating, but no hart ever panted for water more than I did. I wondered if ever I could have enough of the limp liquid to drink.

That last mile that I had to walk was long and dreary. I passed here and there a house; here and there a store or shop; here and there an open space. It was Saturday night, and I passed a shop where men were busy at work. I was utterly exhausted, and I leaned up against

the side of the door, and asked for a drink of water, which the master of the establishment politely gave me. I knew him, but he did not recognize me. My brown face and brown, gloveless hands, my torn bonnet hanging dangling over a mass of tangled hair, a little black Thibet shawl crossed on my breast and tied behind, to hide my ragged dress, which was literally torn off my back. My boots were tied round my feet, to keep soles and uppers together. My feet were cut and bleeding. I was unable to move from the side of the door, lest I should fall. I was not able to proceed, and I had the fourth of a mile to walk yet. The gentleman who had given me the water noticed that I still stood, and he asked me if he could do any more for me. I asked if he did not know me. He just then recognized my voice.

“Oh, come in, and sit down,” and here followed apologies for not knowing me sooner.

“Take me home, please,” I said; “I am so faint and weary I can not walk alone.”

He gave me his arm at once, and supported me home. I told where we had been. When I reached home, I went into Mrs. and Captain Sturt's bedroom, where they lay enveloped in everything pure and clean and white. They laughed heartily at my gipsy-like appearance. They told me that I should find everything in my room that would make me comfortable, and to hasten thither. My room and bed looked very inviting; but, oh, the pitcher and bath-tub full of fresh water delighted me. I drank till I was satisfied, then had a refreshing bath, ate a few mouthfuls of a dainty supper, and returned thanks to God for all his mercies, not the least of which were bread and water. “Thy bread shall be given, and thy water shall be sure.” Here and now I realized the fulfillment of the promise, that came to me like an inspiration, when I was laid down in the desert to die for both. There was neither bread sent down from heaven, nor water given from a smitten rock; but we were led the right way to the city of our habitation. My heart was full of gratitude. “It is a good thing to give thanks to God.” I laid me down, and slept soundly and well, and rose late, perfectly refreshed, but brown as a berry. I dressed for church, to the great astonishment of Captain, Mrs. Sturt and myself. “The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.” Several righteous men had been praying for me, that I might return in safety. In answer to their prayers, I presented myself at church. My return was hailed with joy.

So ended this exploring expedition. It was a chapter of accidents and adventures from beginning to end.

## CHAPTER VI.

### SAD EXPERIENCE OF WEDDED LIFE.

WHO can estimate the perils of youthful maidenhood? With a heart brimful of love to God and all created things, animate and inanimate, looking up to man as the grandest of created beings, I was enthusiastically confiding, and of a happy disposition. I was driven out to battle with a cold and treacherous world; and, though my pathway lay not in the fierceness of public temptation, at least, it was the path of solitary and secret struggles. Oh, with what bitterness of spirit was my pride and modesty pressed back unspoken into my inexperienced and enduring heart, when the libertine addresses were spoken softly, tenderly in my unwilling ear, by E——n S——t. We were walking toward home, through a natural avenue of forest trees in the center of the city, when he dared to whisper words which cut like a dirk. I was mute from surprise, fear, wounded pride, and insulted modesty. I looked straight toward home; then darted from his side like an arrow from a bow, and made for home with the fleetness of a hunted deer. My nature shrank from the very idea of any one daring to think a dishonorable thought, or speak a dishonorable word to me. I thought the sacred name of orphan would be a protection. I was made to feel that the wiles of the wicked tempter had no regard to the sacred name. I greatly feared this soft-toned, smooth-faced young gentleman ever after. When he came to the house, I fled from his presence, as if he had been a serpent. I was ashamed to tell Captain Sturt of his younger brother's insulting language to me: had I done so, a severe reproof at least would have been administered to the audacious offender. Had I told Mrs. Sturt, she would have been slow to believe that her darling could do wrong. So I had to keep silence, and nurse my wounded feelings. "The Lord, to whom I looked, was my shield and protector. He made me to dwell in safety." E——n S——t took sick, or pretended to be sick, at our house. (He lived at a hotel while in the colony.) His sister was most attentive to him, setting me an example, for she wished me to nurse him well also; but this I resolved I should not do. She gave me something to carry to him once, but I did not

take it to him; I sent it. I was again sent to his room. This time I told Mrs. Sturt that I had not been, nor did I intend, to wait on Mr. S——. She demanded a reason; I gave her none. This was put down to the score of rank disobedience. Captain S—— was informed of my willful conduct, and he asked me:

“Eliza, why do you not put your best foot foremost to oblige Evy, as you used to do?”

With illy suppressed tears in my eyes, I said: “I do not wish to do anything for him at all.”

“Well,” said the kind captain, “You shall do nothing for him, if you do not wish to do it.”

Thus I was released from a disagreeable position, but I had much to endure from Mrs. Sturt’s harsh temper. I bowed my neck to the yoke, and struggled on.

The *I—— P——* arrived, and the master brought my trunks; and so careful of them was he, that he brought them in his own cabin, for which courtesy Mrs. Sturt told him he had taken too much trouble.

Said Captain —— (captain by way of courtesy): Oh, no; not too much trouble, madam, I should like to take more on myself; and, if you do not object, I shall carry the trunks, with their owner, back to Sydney with me. I should like to have Eliza for a wife, and, if you will allow, I shall address her.”

Mrs. Sturt was quite taken aback by this speech and proposal, and before Captain Sturt could say one word, she said she positively objected to Captain —— addressing me at present. She said I was too young, too thoughtless, and the fact was, she could not spare me then.

“Well, I shall wait till my next voyage is over, then I will ask her to be my mate,” said Captain ——.

He left the colony, and though he did not address me, I thought he had a preference for me. But this was to me only a proof of kindness and friendship, and, as a friend, I esteemed him. Weeks, months passed, *I—— P——* was again expected. Mrs. Sturt told me Captain —— was going to be married to a lady in Sydney. I said, I wished him all happiness, I thought he deserved to be happy. He returned to the colony unmarried, to claim me from my guardians, and he was told that on the morrow I was to be led to the altar by another. I shall not describe what followed this announcement. When Captain —— left, I heard Captain Sturt chide his wife more severely than I ever heard before. He said:



“Why did you not allow Captain —— to address Eliza? You know how he loved her, and the match was eligible.”

“I care not for the eligibility of the thing,” said his excited wife, “I had determined that they should not marry.”

“What,” said Captain Sturt, “if Eliza loves him, as we know he loves her? You make two persons unhappy by your intriguing.”

“I tell you, Charles, I had determined that they should not marry, and I care not whether they be happy or not,” said his angry wife.

Then for the first time I knew the petty perfidy that had been practiced on me. I had no desire to alter matters now. But had this woman been like her husband, and, without intrigue, let matters take their natural course, it might have been better for me, God knows. As it was, I never had a preference for anyone. I was so circumvented by Mrs. Sturt that I could not but accept Mr. Davies, though I had refused him on the night of my arrival from the Murray, when he walked home with me. He was Mrs. Sturt’s choice for me, and if I did not love him with all my heart, I certainly loved no one else. Mrs. Sturt had told me that I loved and wished to marry some one else. I told her there was no truth in this assertion, and she knew that I did not wish to marry anyone at all, but she persisted in her unjust assertions. I said to her :

“How can I prove to you how unjust you are?”

“By marrying the first man who asks you,” she answered.

“Oh,” I said, “that will be doing the very thing I do not wish to do.”

“So you can not prove it by this. Ha! ha!”

Her taunting manner I could not brook, and my inexperienced youth was no match for her intriguing French ways. I told her I could prove to her that she was wrong, and I would by doing as she wished, though I did not wish it myself. That day she sent for Mr. Davies on business, then he called for me and asked me to be his wife. I was so astonished at this that I could give him no answer at the time, though he was very urgent. He gave me one day to think of it; any respite was a relief. I told Mrs. Sturt.

“You will marry him of course,” she said.

“I refused him once, and I do not like to accept him now; I have not changed my mind concerning him,” said I.

“Then you must marry him, you said you would marry the first who asked you, and he is in every way suitable for you; he is at the head of a flourishing business, has money and property, and though

young, he is older than yourself, he is nearly twenty-one years of age."

I was completely entangled in her net. I told her I had nothing against her favorite, only I disliked the idea of marrying a man I had so positively refused. She laughed at this.

It had been written: "Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers." I did not know whether Mr. Davies was an unbeliever; if he was, I would refuse him again, even in the face of taunts and jeers. Mr. D—— satisfied me that he was not only a believer, but a good Methodist. I told him I did not think I could go to the Methodist Church with him. He said that made no difference, for he intended to go with me, as he had a great respect for the Baptists, and that nothing should ever be put in the way to prevent me discharging my church duties. These preliminaries settled, I consented to be his wife.

"When?" I was asked.

I had consented to marry, and I was indifferent as to the time. In three weeks my fate was sealed. I little thought of rushing into matrimony when Mrs. Sturt forced me into saying I would marry the first who asked me. She had determined that I should marry Mr. D——. I was pressed down and hedged in so that escape or retreat was impossible, even if desired. I went through the process of preparing for the important event as one in a dream. Though I was one of the chief actors in the drama, I did not know my part. On the last night of my stay at Captain Sturt's house, I retired early and took a retrospective view of my whole life while under its shelter. The captain had been uniformly kind and considerate; had taken a fatherly interest in me and care of me. He never knew why I shunned his brother, otherwise a severe reproof would have been administered. Mrs. Sturt had not always been kind or even just, but I was going to leave her, and I forgave her all; I was going to the shelter of another house, which would be my own. This seemed so strange to me, and still more strange, the idea that I was to be married and have a strong arm to lean on for support and protection evermore. Was this all? No; I had a part to perform, and I was totally ignorant of that part. The duties of a new life were thrust upon me, and I was totally ignorant of their import. In my ignorance and helplessness, I knelt down to my heavenly Father and prayed to him for help to know my duties and responsibilities, and to give me a willing mind to perform them faithfully in every particular, omitting nothing. I longed for a mother's breast to sob out my difficulties on; but no mother was near to sympathize in my struggles. I wept and prayed and sobbed myself

asleep. My bridesmaids dressed me for the marriage. I felt perfectly quiet. My fine dress did not interest me; I was thinking of the responsibilities of the new relationship into which I was about to enter. I was oppressed with a weight I could not shake off. In wisdom, the Almighty hides the deep secrets of futurity from mortal ken. Trembling like an aspen-leaf, and tears blinding my eyes, I was lead passively to the altar, where Rev. Mr. Howard, the Colonial Chaplain, performed the ceremony. As I knelt at the altar, never in my life had I sent up to the throne of God a more earnest heart-prayer than on that occasion for grace to enable me to do my duty. Were "coming events" casting their shadows before?" How my heart would have shrunk from saying, "for better, for worse," had a knowledge of the "worse" fallen on it at the time. The imposing ceremony was over, the witnesses' names recorded, and the whole party proceeded to the Botanical Gardens. Mr. J——, who had charge of them, was an acquaintance of Mr. D——'s, and conducted us over the grounds. The party was as merry as such parties usually are; they gathered round a little sensitive-plant, and were enjoying a joke perpetrated by Mr. J——. Some one called me and asked me to touch the plant. Another said:

"Do not touch it; it tells tales."

I touched it, and the little thing trembled all over.

"What is the tale it tells?" I asked.

"You have kissed your sweetheart within the last twenty-four hours," they said.

This was all meant for a little fun; but I exclaimed:

"Your mimosa is a false tell-tale, for I never kissed a man in my life."

I was not able to enter into the spirit of fun that day. In the evening we dined at Mr. D——'s, my future home. Wine circulated freely. I saw Mr. D—— drink; at this I was surprised. All seemed happy; I was perfectly quiet. I could not realize my situation. I tried to be cheerful, but it was a great effort. Looking at Mr. D—— once, I said mentally:

"I hope he will be kind to me, for I intend to make him such a good wife."

Just then our eyes met, and oh! what a demon lurked in his eye; it made me shudder with a strange foreboding. I shuddered visibly; a mountain weight of sadness lay on my heart. Mr. J—— tried to rally

me on my sober looks. I wondered at him doing so, for I had heard him whisper to his wife :

“That girl has not much chance for happiness.”

I was perplexed; terror took hold of me. I knew not whether it was ignorance of my duties or fear of Mr. D—— that troubled me, or both combined. But my situation was not an enviable one.

Days passed. I began to feel a true and sincere affection for Mr. D——, without any powerful passion. I went to my Bible daily for instructions. Paul, in writing to the Ephesians, says: “Wives, submit yourselves to your own husbands,” etc. I resolved that nothing on my part should be wanting to make our home happy. I took the Bible, with my newly found instructions, to show him what they were, and that I intended to follow the Divine instructions to the letter. I said somewhat timidly :

“Mr. D——, here are instructions for you also.”

He closed the book rather abruptly.

Mr. D—— had three friends: Mr. E——, an Irish Barrister, tall and handsome, with an insinuating address; Mr. S——, a hardy Scot, who was at the head of a large bakery, and whose sister sold the fancy bread in a shop fitted up for that purpose, and Mr. L——, an Englishman, who was a squatter. These four young men had left their native land with plenty of money, which they invested in colonial property with various results. They were often entertained at our house. They were exceeding polite to me, but I did not like to see them drink so much at the table. I told Mr. D—— that I did not like to see him drink so much, if the others did. He gave me one of those strange looks, which made me shrink from him; he then caught me by the arm with a grip like a vise, and with a fascinating smile, asked me what had frightened me.

“That strange look you gave me,” I answered. “Please let go my arm, you hurt it so.”

Instead of which, he pinched me more tightly, till the pain brought tears to my eyes, then he kissed me, and bowed himself, all smiles, out of the room. This he did often. My arms were sadly discolored by these dreadful grips. I was sorely puzzled to know what this all meant. I wondered and pondered, but could not solve the riddle.

The Queen’s birthday came just five weeks after our wedding. On this day the aborigines, whose lands were being occupied by the white man, were assembled on the Government House grounds, to receive each a blanket to cover them when they came within the

white man's domain. It was amusing to see some of the Lubras when they would have a dress given to them; they did not know how to put it on. The women would push their feet through the sleeves and gather the bottom of their skirt round their neck, and the men would hang the pants round their shoulders. Mr. D—— took me to see the Blacks feed, as he termed the feast which was spread out on the grounds for them from the Government stores. We were sauntering along on the terrace, I wondering whether these savages were better or worse than those of the desert, when an elegantly dressed young gentleman accosted me :

“How do you do, Miss Eliza.”

For a moment I did not know who spoke to me; but I soon recognized one of my fellow-voyagers of the Murray party. He was so glad to see me he said; I shook hands with him, and was as glad to see him. I introduced him to Mr. D——. As I looked up to Mr. D——'s face; I saw the lurking demon in his eye; but immediately his face was wreathed in smiles, and his manner charming. I trembled as he affectionately drew my arm within his, with a pinch that made me nearly scream. I was glad when Mr. B—— bowed good-bye. We walked on in silence for a short time, when Mr. D—— met one of his friends, and invited him home to dine with us. Every affectionate epithet was showered on me on my way home, and he was attentive to me at home. Mr. L—— remarked that I was very quiet. I said I was rather tired with my long walk. Mr. D—— said, “as my little wife is tired, let us take a walk.” I begged them not to go out on my account. I wished Mr. D—— to stay at home with me; I had a strange feeling of unrest. My little maid had gone home to see her mother, and I was entirely alone. I did not think I was afraid, but I could not account for the strange sensations I felt. It was very late when Mr. D—— returned. I was sitting in my room reading my Bible, when I heard a soft footfall coming toward my room. How thoughtful of Mr. D—— to take off his heavy Wellington boots; he thinks I sleep, and he does not wish to disturb me, I said mentally. I rose with a glad smile to meet him as he came into the room, boots in hand, and the demon dancing in his eyes. He, with a strong, outstretched arm, pushed me back to my seat, and without one word spoken, or warning given, he struck me several heavy blows on the head with his heavy-heeled boot. I thought my brains were being knocked out. I gave one cry for mercy from the infuriated man, but he had none. I cried to God to save me. The boot that battered my head to jelly almost was caught in the window

curtain, as it was raised with a fearful oath to give the finishing stroke. The curtain was torn down, and flared out the light, and we were in total darkness. I sat with the curtain in my mouth to smother my cries, but these cries were heard by one, who testified to the fact long after. Mr. D—— threw himself on the bed exhausted with his fury. In the morning, when he rose, he found me sitting where he left me, covered with blood, my head fearfully cut and bruised. I sat all night long in great bodily pain, my head throbbing fearfully; but my amazement was still greater. My dread of Mr. D—— was agonizing. What had happened to me? where could I flee for safety? Alas! alas! There I sat in the midnight gloom with my tortured head and heart. Oh, mother, mother, if you could only know what I am suffering! O God, help me to think right, and to do right. Just five weeks since, Mr. D—— had promised, at the altar before God and man, to love and cherish me as his own self, my protector, my guide. O God, what have I yet to suffer? but it matters little now. "What next I know not, do not care. Come pain or pleasure, weal or woe; there's nothing which I can not bear, since I have borne the withering blow." I knew not what to pray for. "O God, if all others forsake me, do not thou abandon me in this unutterable woe." I thought, in my terror, that if I had a place to flee to for safety, that I should never set foot within that dwelling again, though I had resolved to make it a happy home, as far as was within my power. But, alas! what could I do? where could I flee? I had said before witnesses, that I would cleave only to him, through good and evil report. I took him "for better for worse." Oh, the "worse," how terrible! Hope almost abandoned me that night. When Mr. D—— came to me, and took the curtain off my head, he started at the ghastly sight. A great Wellington boot, with blood on it, and hair lying near it, on the floor at my feet; my hair matted with blood; my face and eyes blackened and swollen, but tearless. He looked so sorry, and asked me to forgive him for his mad passion; he said he was sorry for what he had done, and never would be guilty of such conduct again. I could only forgive him, hoping that he was sincere; but I could not help thinking that he had almost dealt a deathblow to my earthly happiness. When I recovered, I asked him why he had acted toward me so cruelly. He said he had no reason for it at all, only he felt like doing it; but he said he did not know that he had hurt me so badly.

Miss Gawlor called one day; she had some benevolent work on hand, and she wished me to help her. She gave me a subscription

paper, and asked me to solicit subscriptions. I called Mr. D——, and told him what Miss Gawlor wished me to do.

“Oh, Mr. Davies,” said Miss Julia, “I know you will allow Eliza to help me.”

“Certainly, Miss Gawlor, nothing will give me more pleasure than to make her go, if she is not willing, for lately she will not be persuaded to leave the house; she is a dear lover of home, my little pet,” said Mr. D—— in his blandest tones, as he patted me on the cheek, and left the room.

His manner charmed and delighted Miss Julia. She was loud in his praises. She said I was the happiest, as well as the most fortunate, of human beings in having such a husband. She hoped I would be successful, as Mr. D—— had taken such interest in her work. She left the house with the idea that Mr. D—— was not only a model husband, but a model man. There was a charm about his smile that was well calculated to fascinate and deceive a stranger; but, oh, how false and hollow! There was no heart-warmth, none of that open manliness of character, which wins upon a frank and confiding nature.

Mr. D—— came to me as soon as Miss Julia was gone, and said, as he sat down on the sofa beside me:

“Do you think you will go out on this fool’s errand of Miss Gawlor’s?”

I said very meekly: “You told Miss Julia that you would insist on my going, if I were disinclined to go, and as it is your wish that I go, I am perfectly willing.”

“It is my wish that you do not go out one step to ask one penny for her,” he said.

“But you told her to expect our help.”

“She must go without our help, and you must bear the blame.”

“Oh, Mr. D——, do not let her think that I could treat her so, after we promised to assist her.”

He rose from his seat, and said: “I care not what she thinks of you, you have promised to obey me, and I expect you to do so.”

I bowed my head, and said: “I will obey you.”

A few days after this, I went to the Government House, but Miss Gawlor was not at home. I gave my paper to Mrs. Gawlor, telling her I did not collect any money; I had only my own subscription to give, was sorry, but I could do no more.

For a few weeks Mr. D—— accompanied me to church, but he quit going with me, and he did not go to his own church either. The

church and prayer-meetings were to me very precious seasons; there I tried to forget my sorrows and receive comfort. He laughed at the idea of being missed at church. When I told him many kind inquiries were made for him, he said:

“I am tired going to church, and you must give up going too.”

“No, Mr. D——, this I may not do.”

“You must obey me; your Bible tells you so, and I shall be obeyed,” said the inconsistent man.

“Yes,” I said, “in all and everything I shall obey you, when that does not conflict with my obedience to God. In this matter, I must obey God rather than man.”

“Do you prefer God to me?” and with fearful oaths, he said that I must give up going to church, and stay at home, and entertain his friends on Sunday.

I said I would give up the week meetings, if he would allow me to go to church on Sunday. This he would not consent to.

Then I said: “In this I must disobey you, for my Bible says: ‘Neglect not the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is.’”

“If you go,” he said, “you may stay, for here you shall not come again.”

I said, if he would come with me, he would be far happier than by staying away. He swore at me, and I went to church with a heavy heart, and found, on my return, that I was locked out. I walked up and down for several weary hours under a hot sun; I was nearly stifled by a hot wind, and whirlwinds of dust, but the relentless man had no pity, he kept the doors locked against me. Evening shades were gathering round; I was ashamed to be seen on the street any longer on such a day, when every living being sought the shelter of a house as a protection from the blistering heat. I went away behind the house, and sat down on a stump of a tree, utterly oblivious to everything but my great sorrow. I was stupefied with grief. I could not pray, and I wondered if God had forsaken me. I wondered what I had done to deserve this treatment. I wondered if my whole life was to be embittered; if so, “O God, let me die soon,” was my bitter cry.

Just then a rough hand was laid on my shoulder, and I was dragged unresistingly to the house, my bonnet and dress torn off me, and a thick rope, knotted and twisted, was whirled about my head and bare shoulders till I had no strength left to stand up under the blows. I fell back on a sofa unconscious, and there lay till the next day. Meantime Mr. D—— went out and locked me in, all unconscious as I was. I was



very ill after this day's treatment. Mr. D—— asked me how I felt. I told him I felt ill, and I begged him to tell me why he abused me so. He said he had no reason for it, but he liked to do it, and that it was a pleasure he intended to indulge in. I searched my heart to see if I had in thought or word or deed done aught to cause such brutality being used toward me. I was not conscious of giving offense in any way, only in going to church contrary to his wishes. I asked him if he were jealous of me that he treated me so; if so, he had no cause.

“No, no, I am not jealous; I have no fear of you,” he said. “Do you think,” said he again, with such slow and deliberate accentuation of every syllable of each word as to make him look like a native fiend, “do you think that if I had cause for jealousy that you would ever cross that threshold alive? No; that you would not.”

I shuddered and was silent.

It was midnight, and I sat alone in my room, surrounded by every bodily comfort, with a breaking heart, and trembling with fear at the least noise, yet anxious for Mr. D—— to come home. He spent all his evenings abroad. I was looking in my Bible, if in anything I had come short in a wife's duties. In no point had I failed; how could I, when I took God's own word as my daily guide in all things? In my duty to God I might have come short, but not so to my husband. I was the bride of a few months, and I had lived to be persecuted with the malice of a fiend by one who ought to have sheltered me in his heart. Respect or deference for the Bible or religion he had none. He cursed his mother's memory, because he said she always took the Bible for her guide, and as I was like her in this respect, he consigned us both to a region that shall be nameless. Moses said: “Cursed be he that setteth light by his father or his mother.” I exceedingly feared for Mr. D——, he was so profane, lest he might be cut down in the midst of his wickedness. I heard him at last come staggering into the house. I clasped my hands together in terror. I looked up to God and committed myself to him, and quietly lay down to wait. He bent over me and asked if I were asleep.

“No, Mr. D——,” I said.

“Pray; for this night you must die,” he said.

He left me to go for a knife. I heard him in the knife-box. I did not scream, or jump out of bed; of what avail would it be? I lay perfectly still, believing that my last hour had come. I asked God to accept of my spirit through Christ my Savior, and to forgive my

murderer. Every moment I expected to feel the fatal thrust. I was cold with terror. What torture I suffered till he came, which was a long time. At last he came and told me that he could not find the right knife till morning.

“But be sure I intend to sacrifice you, body and soul,” said the wretched man.

Next day when he was sober, he laughed a malicious laugh, and said:

“I could not find the knife last night, but I still purpose your death.”

Mr. E —, the lawyer, Mr. D —’s boon companion, came to see him, and in his presence, harsh, taunting, bitter words were spoken to me, which drove the blood from my face; and in a jibing tone he sneered at my prudery. The two men exchanged looks that I could not interpret. Mr. D — left the room, and Mr. E —, in the most insinuating way, said he was so sorry to see that his friend did not seem to appreciate the good wife that he had. He said that he sympathized with me very deeply and sincerely. He attempted to sit on the sofa beside me. His words, his tone and his manner, were all very offensive to me. I could not answer him, but I rose and left him alone. I went and shut myself up in my own room, and did not leave it till Mr. E — left the house. I was dreadfully abused for my rudeness. I begged Mr. D — not to ask that man to the house, or at least not to expect me to entertain him, if he did. Mr. D —, cruel man, said:

“I shall invite Mr. E —, and you shall not only entertain him, but you shall also entertain his mistress, whom I shall invite to come and see you.”

“Mistress!” I exclaimed. “Does Mr. E — keep a” —.

A severe blow on the mouth stopped my utterance. I fell on my knees to this terrible man, and cried:

“Oh, do not degrade me by bringing a bad woman to our house. I can not, will not, see her. I am willing to suffer any indignity or cruelty at your hand, but oh, do not pollute my home by the presence of such people.”

He had tried every unseen agency his ingenuity could invent to rob me of my good name, which was more precious to me than life; and now he wished to give the world a pretext for believing me what he represented me to be, by making me associate with an abandoned woman and her paramour. “No, I shall hold fellowship with no such people.”

One Sunday afternoon I was asked to take a walk, a very unusual thing, and I gave a willing consent to go with Mr. D——, as I never left the house only to go to church on Sunday mornings, and then I was forbidden to speak to any of the members. None of my friends were allowed to visit me. I was completely isolated. We walked a long distance. Mr. D—— was in a gleeful mood. I was tired with my long walk, and asked him to return home. I had lost my strength and elasticity, and leaned heavily on the arm that ought to have been my shield. He smiled pleasantly, and said we have not far to go now. I asked him where he was going.

“There.”

And he pointed to a cottage near by. I asked him who lived there.

“Mr. E——,” said he, “and we have been invited to spend the evening with him and a few friends.”

I started affrighted. Mr. D—— said, in a bland, soft tone :

“We are seen; let us go on.”

Never shall I cross their threshold. My fatigue left me, and I walked toward home.

“Stop,” cried Mr. D——, “till I go and apologize for you not going in.”

“No apology for me, please; I shall walk home.”

And I did, my insulted feelings bearing me up till I reached home, where I sank down in utter helplessness. Oh, how bitter were the wrongs, how galling the spirit wounds, I had to suffer, and no respite, no redress. “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me,” often burst from my agonized heart.

It was past the hour of midnight. I was alone, and weary of life, and without hope of rest only in the grave, when I heard a noise outside the door. Well I knew what it meant, and I opened the door myself with a trembling hand. But oh, what a ghastly sight met my gaze! A sight that chilled my blood.

“Great Father!” I cried, “is he dead?” as two men carried Mr. D—— into the house, covered with blood and insensible, and laid him on the floor.

“No,” said the men, “he is not dead, but he assaulted a gentleman at the gaming-table, and he defended himself with a knife, and cut Mr. D—— about the head; hence the blood.”

The men left him to me. I washed the blood from his face, head and neck. I dressed his wounds as best I could, and bandaged his head, and then sat down beside him, supporting his head on my lap

till daylight. Harrowing thoughts chased each other through my brain on that night of lonely vigil. I could not leave the unhappy man to go for a doctor, and I thought he must die. I prayed to God to spare him to repent of his great sins, and not to cut him down in the midst of them. Through the nights and days that I nursed him he seemed very penitent. He thought he was going to die, and feared to go. He asked me how I could bear all his bad treatment and never complain or retaliate; how could I so patiently nurse him, who so often laid me on a bed of suffering from his brutality?

“My infallible guide tells me to love my enemies; to bless them who curse me; to do good to those who hate me, and pray for those who spitefully use me and persecute me; and I am trying to do just what he tells me. I have no one else to give me counsel,” I answered:

“Do you think I am your enemy?” he asked.

“Yes, I do, and you persecute me, and say all manner of evil of me, and you know you have no cause. You curse me with your mother, because, like her, I take the word of God for my guide and rule of conduct.”

“But,” said he, “with all I do, you still say you forgive me; how can you?”

“Because I hope God will forgive me all my shortcomings; this I could not expect did I not forgive others.”

“I expect there is something in your religion; for were I a woman, and treated as you are, and have been, I should leave the ——.”

“When I married you, it was for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and health; and none of your bad treatment could drive me from what I thought was my duty,” I said.

“If I live I shall be a better man. Drink makes me mad,” he said.

“Quit it then forever, and be a man, not a demon, and God help you to do right,” said I.

One whole month I was comparatively happy; Mr. D—— for that time did not drink.

When I dressed in white my toilet pleased him. I tried in all things to please him. One day I put on a white dress that he admired very much, and I went to him and asked him how he liked me in it. He said gaily, that he could not like me better. I gave him a grateful look for his kind words. When our eyes met, oh, horror! I saw the demon lurking in his looks. I left him quietly, but ere I reached my room door, a small hatchet was hurled at my head. It struck and stuck in the door, one inch above my head. Mr. D—— followed the weapon,

laughing merrily; he encircled my head with one arm, held it tight, while with his strong right hand he tore out my hair, beat my combs and hair-pins into my head, till my white dress was crimsoned over; then he thrust me with such violence into my room, that I fell senseless on the floor. Next morning I had to appear at the breakfast-table, but hope had again died within me. I feared to speak, lest I should offend.

“O Christ, forgive me,” burst from the lips of Mr. D——; “I thought I had killed you yesterday, and if you had spoken, I should have killed you outright. Can you forgive me?”

I could not speak, but I rose and put my arms round his neck, and kissed him my forgiveness. Ere I reached my seat again, he, with the strength of a giant, gave me a kick on the side, that deprived me of breath, and nearly of life, and I fell helpless to the floor.

Governor Gawlor was about to leave the colony with his family. Mr. D——, before his last attack on me, that prostrated me so, had said that he should like me to invite a few friends of my own to dinner, as I had never entertained any of my own friends since I was married. I dared not remind him, that with fearful oaths he had forbidden me even to speak to them. When any of the church members called to see me, he ordered me to disappear, and I had to hear him tell them, that I was not attentive to my religious duties, as he would like to see; I was too fond of light company, and he hoped they would take me to task for my conduct; he said, he believed that if he did not insist on my going to church on Sunday mornings, that I would give that up as well as the week meetings; he also said that he believed that I did not care to have the church members visit me. Oh, how my pulses beat, and my cheeks burned, while I heard these infamous falsehoods uttered so deliberately; but I was utterly helpless to contradict them, or to defend myself. I thought, all will be righted at the judgment day. All this, and much more, I could have alleged as a reason why I did not entertain my friends, but I did not. After his last outbreak of ill-humor, I was unwilling to invite my friends. I greatly feared another outburst; this he saw, and insisted that I should have a party. I allowed him to order everything, and I made preparations. Amongst my guests was Miss B——, from Government House, who had come to the colony, and was going to leave with the governor’s family. I was abused, and insulted, and taunted in every conceivable way, till I had no heart for company, and then I was told to look cheerful and happy, and show my friends what a good husband I had. I bore his taunting mockery with a heavy heart.

The friends arrived, dinner was served, and Mr. D—— astonished me with his hilarity. His manners were perfectly captivating; he was all smiles, and gracious to all. I tried to be cheerful, but fear lay heavy on my heart; I was in mortal dread all the time. Miss B—— was the last to leave: she waited for her escort to come for her. As we three sat, Mr. D—— was so caressing, so devoted. Looking at me with beaming eyes, he said:

“I hope my pet is not tired; you look fatigued.”

He drew his chair near to mine, slipped his arm round me, and drew my head down on his shoulder, patted me on the cheek, and said:

“Rest there, dearest.”

I never knew that a human heart could cover up such consummate hypocrisy. Miss B—— was perfectly charmed. She said:

“If I thought I could be as happy as you two are, and (looking at me) that I could have such devotion as you have from a husband, I should marry to-morrow, and remain in the colony.”

I fairly shuddered, and mentally said: “God forbid.”

“I fear I spoil my little wife, she gets contrary sometimes,” Mr. D—— said.

Astonishment kept me silent. When Miss B—— said,

“I never saw a happier couple than you two,” I was in perfect torture.

Miss B—— left the house with the most exalted opinion of Mr. D—— as a model husband, and of my happiness. As soon as we were alone, Mr. D—— came near to me, and with a mocking, fiendish laugh, said:

“I fear such treatment as you had to-night might spoil you, if I did not counteract it, so I intend to show you what I can do.”

He poured out a tumbler of wine and drank it; he then took a razor and deliberately sharpened it, saying, “I intend to cut your throat.” I begged for life, not that I loved it, for all hope of happiness had fled. I feared not to die, for I knew in whom I believed; but I feared that Mr. D—— would die a murderer’s death. This thought horrified me, and made me beg for life. Hope, love, fear, all were dead for myself, I only feared for him. My earnest prayer was not to die by the hand of Mr. D——. What an experience was mine! what a bitter cup I had to drink! “Let me die a natural death, O my Father, that I may be removed from the presence of a man who desires my death. He may then repent, when the temptation in my person to cruelty is removed.” I cried for rest for my tortured heart. My reason seemed

tottering on its throne. "Oh, thou who hearest the mourner's prayer, soften the stony heart, and turn aside the scowling looks, which are so full of heartless cruelty; give me a few hours of peace and tranquillity to calm my troubled mind, ere I pass to the great unseen. I have ceased to hope for mercy from the brutal man. Have mercy on his sin-stained soul, O God." This was my prayer.

Miss Gawlor came to ask me to accompany them to Port Adelaide, on their way to England. Miss Julia and I had formed a sincere affection for each other in our desert travels. Now she was leaving the colony, and she wished me to be with her to the last. In my heart I wished to go, but feared to say so. Mr. D—— was asked to go, and take me with him. He, with all the blandishment he was capable of showing, said he considered it a high compliment to be invited, and would show his appreciation of the honor by being there. Turning to me, he said:

"I hope you will not disappoint any one, as you know I wish to be there"—he lowered his tone so as just to be heard by Miss Julia—"But if you take the sulks, I do not know how it will be."

"Oh, Eliza does not sulk," said Miss Julia.

She and Mr. D—— bandied a few pleasant words together, and parted good friends. I was glad, as I had a desire to go to the port and see the embarkation. As soon as Miss Gawlor left, I said I was glad he had arranged to go to the port. He took me in his arms, swung me off my feet, then dropped me suddenly, put his hands on his knees, and, with one of his demoniacal laughs, looked in my face, and said: "You are not going."

"Oh, yes," I said; "you have made the arrangement, and given your word that we should go."

A volley of oaths burst from him, then he said:

"I pleased Miss Gawlor that I might disappoint you, and make her think you took the sulks. Ha! ha! I shall do for you there."

He left me, rubbing his hands in great glee at my amazement, for, truly, I was in a maze at this new act of perfidy. I asked him to let me go and say good-bye to Miss Gawlor, if I could not go to the port, as she would feel the disappointment as well as myself.

"No, you shall not see her again, and if you attempt it, I shall take your life."

"Oh, what is such a life worth," I exclaimed.

I wrote a note to my friend Julia, bidding her good-bye, wishing her every happiness, and a pleasant voyage home. I tried to write cheer-

fully, and told her not to think her loving friend had the sulks, for circumstances, over which I had no control, prevented me going to the port. I gave the note to my little maid to put in the post-office. On the day the governor and family left the colony, I shut myself up in my room, and cried in all the abandonment of grief. While I was sorrowing, Mr. D—— came into my room with an open note in his hand, and said:

“Do you know this?”

I thought it might be an answer to mine to Miss Gawlor. I asked him for it.

“Let me read it first.”

He read with a bitter, ironical tone, my note to Miss Gawlor. I sprang to my feet, and said:

“Oh, Mr. D——, how did you get that letter out of the post-office? Julia will be gone ere it reaches her.”

“This letter was never in the post-office, nor shall it ever reach Miss Gawlor. Your maid brought it to me according to my instructions. I know all your actions; I pay that girl to watch you.”

I cared but little what he did now, I was weary of life.

We were invited to a party, and I must go, because Mr. E—— and Mr. L—— were to be there, and I was told to make myself agreeable to them. I was to pay them attention. I said I would pay them as much attention as Mr. D——’s wife ought to pay to such men.

“Bah! Mr. D——’s wife is not to make a show of superiority over his friends.”

At the party he was bland and caressing. This manner was a curtain to cloak all sorts of perfidious, treacherous brutality, which I suffered from him on the road home. Ere I reached home, I was one mass of bruises from head to foot. I ventured to ask him why I was kissed and kicked, caressed and cursed, beaten and bruised so fearfully all in one hour.

He coolly answered: “Because I wish people to think I wish you well, treat you well, and love you well. Ha! ha! And you dare not tell them to the contrary.”

I told him I had no desire to expose him. I had prayed to God to reconcile me to my bitter lot. I had no hope of change in him. I had never made complaint to mortal; but I ventured to tell him:

“Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord; I will repay.” “You will have to give an account to your Maker for your evil deeds.”

All Christmas week Mr. D—— and his boon companions drank and



gambled, and I had the benefit of his fury. The bruises I carried about with me were hard to bear, but the bruises of a blighted heart were far more unendurable. The grief that must not be spoken, the weight of woe that must be borne alone, bends the spirit. Who can know this, but those who have suffered? The deadly upas-tree was overshadowing my whole life. I suffered from the repeated attacks at this memorable period. My lips were sealed with woe. Tears, wrung from my torn heart, flowed silently. I uttered no word of reproach or complaint. I hoped that God would soon release me. One evening I was looking out at the door with a feeling of blank despair at my heart, when a tolerably well-dressed young woman with a child in her arms came to me, and asked if Mr. D—— was at home.

“No; but if you have a message for him, I shall deliver it to him when he comes home,” I said.

“No, I have no message to leave with you; I shall wait for him till he comes home,” and she pushed past me into the house.

I asked her who she was, and what she wanted in my house? She looked at me very quizzically, and said :

“Your house? I guess I have as much right here as you have.”

She left ere Mr. D—— came home. I told him of the strange woman, and asked if he knew her. He said her husband was in prison for forgery, and, as he was to be on the jury at the trial, she wished him to get her husband clear if possible. I asked him if he knew why she had said, she had as good a right to my house as I had. A severe blow on the mouth was the answer. With an oath he left me to go to her, to attend to her husband’s business, as he said.

In my Bible-reading I came across this passage: “It is impossible but that offences will come: but *woe* unto him *through whom* they come!” On reading this passage a new fear took hold of me. I asked God if I were under his curse as well as my husband’s? Mr. D—— had deeply offended God by his perjury, his profanity and his treatment of me. I asked myself if I were the one through whom his offences came? Were I to leave him he would not have the temptation to sin so fearfully. I had asked God to take me out of this evil man’s way, hoping that were I removed he might repent of his wickedness and become a better man. If through me the offences came, would the Bible sanction my leaving him? I knew not; my way was dark. But woe to him through whom the offence comes. I thought I could not live under God’s ban. What would I not have given for one hour’s

free confidential conference with a minister of the church, to expound to me the word of God, and show me my duty; but this could not be. I could only pour into the ear of my heavenly Father my heart sorrows. I went to his word, and it was its own interpreter to me; I had no other. I read in 1 Corinthians vii. 10, 11: "Let not the wife depart from her husband. But and if she depart, let her remain unmarried." Here was a way open for me, in God's own word, to escape from dire persecution. A wife was permitted to depart under certain conditions, all of which I was more than willing to comply with, if the soul of Mr. D—— could be saved by my going away. The Bible lay on my lap, my finger on the passage just read, and I in a profound study about it, when Mr. D—— came in and sat down beside me in great good humor, saying:

"My dear,"—

I asked him not to use that expression, for it was the precursor of evil.

"My dear," he repeated, "you have said that you would never leave me, and that if I left you, you would follow me, go where I would."

"Yes, I have said so."

"I wish to test you. I am going to New Zealand to open a new business. I am going to take men, money and material, and when I am established there, I shall send for you, and you shall come to me. Meantime, you shall take charge of this business, collect the debts, pay the men, and do just as I would were I here."

I was astounded at this new state of affairs, and could not answer. He asked me how I should like going to New Zealand.

"Mr. D——," I said in a quiet, firm tone, "I shall not go to New Zealand."

"Not go when I shall send for you?"

"No," said I.

"Well, if I come for you, of course you will go."

"No," said I, "I shall not go to you, or with you. I shall be quite willing to do anything I can for you while you are gone. I shall be faithful to your interests, but you must give me a power of attorney."

"Why so particular about a power of attorney?"

"Because you told me Mrs. ——, the merchant's wife, was imprisoned for doing business in her husband's name and absence without one, and I do not wish my services to be rewarded by imprisonment."

"You are talking in a strange way; I never heard you talk so before.

You were always glad to do just what you were told to do. Does your Bible teach you to disobey me? I see it on your lap."

"No, not that; but it tells me that there is a woe to those who cause another to sin. I have heard you say that you took pleasure in treating me brutally, and while so engaged you blaspheme the name of God so fearfully, and perjure yourself, and otherwise act the fiend, that I think were I to leave you, you would not commit those fearful sins, and you might become a better man without me. And the Bible says I may leave you without sinning, and I am going to do so. You have broken every marriage vow, and you need not think because I submitted quietly to your perfidious conduct, that I did not feel the bitter injustice, the mighty wrong, and the treachery used toward me, or that I loved life when on my knees I begged for it from you. I have held my marriage vow too sacred either to leave you, or expose you, or have the tie loosed or broken in any way. Nothing on earth would have induced me to leave you. But God's word has provided a way of escape for me from your cruelty. I will not return evil for evil, for God has said: 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay,' and I leave you in his hand. You have cursed your mother and me because I, like her, took the Bible as a guide. But I warn you that that same Bible says: 'He who curseth father or mother, let him die the death.' 'His lamp shall be put out in obscure darkness.' I have lost all confidence in you. When we were married, I believed you to be what you professed to be, a good Methodist, or you should never have mocked me at the altar with a perjurer's vows. But it is all over now, and I forgive you. May you repent and be forgiven of God."

I do not know why I had the courage to speak to Mr. D——. I felt like one inspired. I did not feel afraid as was my wont. Why I was listened to I know not, but so it was. He begged me not to leave him; he could not live without me; he would be a better man. I had no faith in his protestations. "Woe to him by whom the offense cometh" was too vividly impressed on my mind for me to compromise in the least degree. My mind was fixed. Again I told him if he gave me a power of attorney, I should be faithful to his interests till he was settled in his new home, or till his return to wind up his affairs in Adelaide, and on the day he returned I should render to him his own, and give an account of what I had done, give him his keys, then leave him forever. He rose up and asked if this determination was final?

"Yes," I said.

He said he would do all he could to alter it.

“Meantime, I shall give you a power of attorney, and I shall give my friend Mr. E—— instructions to attend to you and look after your interests. In fact, I shall leave you in his charge entirely, till I either return for you or send for you.”

A dirk-point could not be keener to pierce than was this speech.

“Mr. ——,” I said, “think of the character of that man, and the danger you wish to place me in, by commissioning him to look after me; this empowers him to come here at all times, and certainly my name and fame would be soiled by such acquaintance.”

“I tell you again, Mr. E—— shall have charge of you,” said Mr. D——.

With all the energy I could muster, I said:

“My good name is all I possess, and it is more precious than gold; and I tell you I shall not consent to be robbed of it. That man shall not enter my house while you are gone, or if he does, that instant I leave it. I shall not consult him on any business whatever. I will shun him as I would the pestilence. So I pray you not to talk to him of me.”

Mr. D—— gave me one of his mocking laughs, and left me.

In the bar-room of —— hotel, Mr. M——, the proprietor, overheard Mr. D—— and Mr. E—— concocting dire mischief, of which I was to be the victim. Mr. E—— had written out the power of attorney, and they had put their names to it, but without the name of a witness to their signing their names, the document was illegal; this was to be given me to act upon: then I could be imprisoned. I would be entirely in the power of these wicked plotters. The Lord did not forsake me at that time. He fought for me against those who were spreading a net for my feet, and digging a pit for me to fall into. They were check-mated by Mr. M——, the proprietor, who treated them to some rare Constantia wine that he had lately imported. While they were enjoying the wine, they were forgetful of the document as it lay on the table. Mr. M—— quietly removed it, put his name to it, as he had seen the other two sign their names, and thus made the document legal, and replaced it unseen. Mr. D——, all smiles, presented me with the power of attorney, and said:

“Now, you have everything in your possession, act for me, and when I return for you, I will reward you in a way you little think of.”

“I said I would do all I could for him, but I would not go with

him or stay with him. I raised my eyes to his as I said this, and I saw the demon again dancing in his eye, as he said:

“I will make you glad to wish to live with me yet.”

I feared to answer him. The bar-room and gaming-table had crippled his resources, but he might retrieve his losses in another colony. He sailed away and left me alone, sick and weary of life. I had decided to leave my husband, my home, without one thought of where I should go, or what I should do. The Bible teaches woman her whole duty to God and man. My duty seemed to stand out in bold relief, and though my heart sank at the thought of facing the dark and frowning world again, yet I must bear the cross and follow the Savior, and he said: “I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.” This thought gave me fresh courage to do what I had taken in hand, and I set about it at once. I gave instructions to the foreman never to allow Mr. E—— to pass through his domain to come into the house, and to tell him that I could not see him. I gave him instructions about business, told him to do the best he could and I should be satisfied; but I also wished to give entire satisfaction to Mr. D—— on his return. I set my house in order, for I felt very ill and might die. I was struggling to keep off sickness, but it was taking fast hold of my whole system.

At this time I had a letter from my mother; she was on her way to me. Mr. D——, in one of his sober, repentant moods, had urged me to send for her, as she had lost her husband. When Mr. McLaren went home to England I gave him money to pay my mother’s expenses out to me. I did this to secure her coming. I had hoped that she might be a check upon the madness of Mr. D——, but she was too late for that. However, I felt thankful that she was coming to me. I hoped to show her that religion was to be valued far more than all the world beside. I would be good and kind to her, and make her forget, if she remembered, that three years before she had thrust me from her to wander the wide world alone. With tottering steps and throbbing brows I threw myself into my mother’s arms, and wept on her shoulder, when she landed. I felt as if I could sob out my life on her bosom. She did not let me lie there long, she held me at arms length, and asked me if I had followed the fashion, to dye my hair and paint my face.

“O God,” I mentally exclaimed, “is it thus my dearly loved mother greets me? Why does she mock me? What does she mean? Painting my face and dyeing my hair!”

The explanation was, my golden locks had become nearly black; my pure white skin had become slightly bronzed by exposure, and the rose-tints had forsaken my cheeks. I took my mother home and surrounded her with everything that affection could devise for her comfort and well-being. Questions about her dear son-in-law were endless; from his letter to her she had formed an exalted opinion of him. It wrung my heart to have to tell her of his real character, but it had to be done. I begged her to be my friend in my great need. "I have no living being but you to cling to, dear mother; do not again cast me off, for I am very desolate." She answered, in a very bitter tone:

"I shall inquire of Mr. D—— when he returns what you have done that he drives you from the comfortable home that he has provided for you."

"Mother, dearest, I have done nothing but obey God rather than man, and man's cruelty drives me from the shelter of home, and it is my stern duty to go from him who has perjured himself in every way, and deceived me. By staying, I cause him to commit more sin, and I do not wish him to sacrifice his soul by committing murder. My duty is plainly marked out for me."

"Where? and by whom?"

"In the Bible, and by its author."

"Humph! I thought so. I tell you what it is, your religion is not going to give you happiness in this world. It will do you no good. Give it up, and make the best you can of all the good things you have. For my part, I mean to enjoy them, and if you leave your husband, I shall stay with him."

"I must bear my burden alone. Only He who laid it on me can take it away or give me strength to bear it."

I had often fainted by the way, had the Lord not taken me up. "Wait on the Lord, be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart." The excitement of the departure and the arrival kept me up, but my physical strength was lessening daily. The doctor advised a complete change of scene. My friend M—— sent an invitation for me to spend a few days with her in the country. Her invitation was opportune, and I accepted it. I put everything in order and left my mother in charge. On a bright, beautiful morning a little German carriage with two cream-colored ponies drew up at the door. I stepped in and was driven away toward the mountains.

As Mr. Freeman's station was more than a day's journey from Adelaide, I put up at Hausdorf, a German village. Here the Ger-

mans who were persecuted at home for their religion found an asylum, and gave the names of several places in their Fatherland to the places which they settled. My wants were few, and my kind hostess easily supplied them. I was greatly fatigued by my day's travel over the mountains. On retiring, I was ushered into a recess, my hostess waiting to help me undress, and then pointing to a large, shallow square box, on which was a feather-bed, in her sweet broken English she told me to lie down; but I saw neither sheets nor blankets, quilts nor pillows; but being so tired, I asked no questions, and lay down. Presently the woman threw on top of me another feather-bed. This roused me. I thought she would smother me; but her intention was to make me comfortable. I was unacquainted with the German mode of sleeping between feather-beds. I slept more soundly than I had slept for months. I was fain to lie in bed next day, but I had to finish my journey. So a drive of a few hours among the mountains brought me to my destination. I was cordially received by my friends, with whom I meant to spend one week. But many weeks rolled round ere I could return. My strength left me, and I was prostrated on a sick-bed, and not expected to recover. I was well attended by Mrs. Freeman, but I had lost all interest in life. I wished to be at rest; but God willed that I should live. My life-work was not yet done; my sufferings were not yet ended. A letter from Adelaide hurried me home before I was well able to travel. When I reached home, my mother told me that she wished that I had stayed a few days longer. I found her busy preparing for a party she was giving to some new-made friends. She had enjoyed a pleasant time whilst I was from home and lying on a sick-bed.

Soon after my arrival, my kind friend, Mr. B—— called to inquire after my health. I felt a sudden desire to make Mr. B—— my confidant, and ask counsel of him. I asked him if he would allow me to walk to and from church beside him, on Sundays and on prayer-meeting nights. He smiled, and said he would take the same pleasure in accompanying me to and from church, as he did before I had Mr. D—— to do it. My mother thought my request mere folly. Perhaps Mr. B—— thought so too. But God knew that there was no folly in my heart when I made it. Mr. B—— was a respectable, married man, a good citizen, the father of a family, and an elder in the church of which I was a member. I greatly preferred this good man's company and counsel, for I felt that I could trust him, to the debauchee whom Mr. D—— had instructed to be my guardian. I told Mr. B—— why

I feared being much on the street alone; there was a lion in the way, or at least a bad man, whom I feared to meet. Mr. B—— quickly responded:

“There will come no danger to you while Mr. D—— is gone, if I can ward it.”

Mr. B—— was too delicate to ask questions. I had not yet gained courage to speak out what I minded to say, and so weeks passed. My health improved. I took an interest in the Sunday-school. I had a Bible Class. I took a great interest in it especially. I was beginning to feel how happy I might have been. Life was young, the world was beautiful, and I was living in peace. What a blessed respite. A letter from Mr. D—— announced his intention to return in a few weeks. What a change came over my spirit. Hitherto my bitter wrongs, my deep griefs, and great sorrows had been unspoken, they had been hidden deep below a calm, if not a beaming, countenance. I must speak now, as the time to act a very important part was drawing near. I would rather have died, and carried my sorrows to the grave, than to have spoken them; but I could not die, and so I must speak. My little sunshine was beclouded. I had felt strong, but now I felt weak, and had it not been for God's good promises, I would have sunk in despair. With faltering tongue, and quivering frame, I told the story of my wrongs to Mr. B——, and through him to the church. As a member of the church, I wished to do nothing that it would disapprove of. I gave my reasons for wishing to leave Mr. D——. I hoped that I had not misinterpreted the Scriptures, or misunderstood the instructions concerning my duties to God and my husband. I had acted, and was going to act, in accordance with those instructions, as far as I understood them. I wished the church to judge my actions by the truth. The church members were astonished at what they heard, for all had been deceived by Mr. D——'s manner. The church, after hearing my statement, passed a resolution to the effect that, although they were bound to believe me, yet never having heard of, or even suspected Mr. D——'s cruelty toward me, and as he was not in the colony, they would wait till his return before judging the case. They said if the case was half as bad as represented, it would clearly be my duty to leave him. On the other hand, I might have imagined causes for leaving Mr. D——, when none existed. I acquiesced in their decision. I prayed to God to stand by me in the fiery ordeal I had yet to pass through. I well knew that Mr. D—— could, and would, hide his hatred with lying lips and fair mien, and how could I prove his



cruelty, when none but God and myself were witnesses of it. How dreadful the training, how painful the process, that teaches you to conceal your feelings, even when your heart is breaking. Again I asked the Lord not to deliver me into the hand of my enemy. My mother had rented a house, and I had everything ready to deliver to Mr. D—— on his arrival. His business had been fairly prosperous; I had paid off all the debts; his accounts were all straight. He had nothing to do, but step in and take possession. I dreaded the meeting, but the suspense I was in was fearful.

The dreaded day arrived; when Mr. D—— landed, I fairly quaked with fear. I tried to read my Bible, to cull words of comfort, but I could not see. I could not understand, I could only feel a great terror creeping over me. Hours passed, and yet he did not come. Why the delay? He first visited his dissolute companions, Mr. E——, the lawyer, and Mr. S——, the baker, to hear their reports about me. At last he came, all smiles, and a manner well calculated to deceive a stranger was put on for the occasion. I grew faint at the sound of his voice. I held to a table for support till he reached me. I struggled hard for utterance after the salutations were over. He overwhelmed my mother with caressing speeches, and took her a willing captive by his wiles.

“By jove, my dear little wife, your welcome is not very warm. Is this all the greeting you have for me, who have come all the way from New Zealand to see you?”

“Mr. D——, you know I can not greet you otherwise, as you know my intentions. I can not act the hypocrite. I deliver to you your books, keys, and all that is yours. You will find everything in better order than when you left, and now I leave you and your house. I forgive you for all the ill you have wrought me, but I can never be aught to you but a stranger, henceforth, forever.”

“I am your natural protector, little one. To whom do you wish to go? If you leave me, where will you go?”

“I am in God’s hands, He will direct my path,” I said.

“You know I promised to love and cherish you as long as I live, so you must allow me to fulfill my promise,” said the wily man.

“I will hear no more of this cant, Mr. D——. I go from your presence forever, hoping that you may turn to God and live.”

I gave him the keys, and he gave one of his mocking laughs, which I well understood, and I left the house, never to enter it as my own again.

I had asked my mother to accompany me to her house, but she refused; she said she preferred the company of her son-in-law. Oh, how my heart sank to hear my mother so speak. I went alone to my mother's house. It was now to shelter a poor, broken-hearted, desolate creature. As soon as I entered my new home, I threw myself on my knees, and asked God for strength and guidance. In myself I had no strength, and my future was all dark. My life seemed to be an everlasting war with woe. Oh, how empty seemed all the world and worldly things to my wounded, bleeding heart. I sat down by the fire on a low stool, crossed my arms on a chair, and laid my weary head on them. I did not sleep, I could not think; I was filled with an undefined dread. I tried to reason myself out of the feeling, but I had no power. I said to myself, I am safe from personal harm, I am in my mother's house. I rose, and walked the floor. I was like one in a fearful dream. I felt bewildered. "Oh, mother, I cried, why do you not come home?" At last she came home, and found me sitting on the stool, with my head on the chair. My hair had broken loose from its fastenings, and hung in heavy, disheveled masses over my neck and arms.

"Child," said my mother, "why are you not in bed?"

I raised my head to say I had no desire to go to bed.

"How ghastly you look; you will be ill if you sit up any later, go to bed at once; it is late."

There was something in my mother's manner that was not reassuring, but I said nothing. I sat as before, with my head on the chair. My mother opened the room door, and left it ajar (it opened to the street), and then went to her own room. "Merciful Father," I mentally exclaimed, "what does that mean?" My poor brain seemed on fire. I seemed to have no power to move, and still I sat, till past the hour of midnight, when I heard the door move, and through my hair I saw Mr. D——, with stealthy step, approach the place where I sat. My heart gave one fearful throb, as I thought that my mother's hand had let the man who sought my life into the only place of shelter that I had upon the earth. "O God," I said, "surely my enemies are those of my own household. The mother has turned against the daughter. Truly, I am a child of sorrow, an heiress of woe." My mother met Mr. D—— in the middle of the room; they had a short consultation. They thought I slept, but all my senses were keenly alive at that moment. I heard all they said. Their plans were so far frustrated, by my not having retired to my own room. My mother

helped Mr. D—— to take off his wet coat, as rain was falling very fast outside. Mother and husband both sat down beside me, and discussed in a whisper their plans to secure me. I almost screamed aloud: "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?"

I could endure the intensity of my feelings no longer. I rose and walked out into the darkness, and rain, and cold, and ran as fast as my strength could carry me, but whither I knew not. Even as I fled a wild feeling of rebellion was in my heart. All had forsaken me, and I believed that God had forsaken me, too. I questioned his justice in robbing my life of all happiness, and filling my heart with misery. I told God he did not care for me. I told Jesus that he could not sympathize with me, because he was not a woman. He was never tempted as I was; He was never situated as I then was. My reeling, burning brain was coining all sorts of rebellious thoughts. Unknown to myself, my feet were carrying me toward a precipice; sure destruction was near at hand. My swift race was checked, but by no human hand. I had accused Christ of want of sympathy and understanding of my situation. But a word of sympathy from the sweet lips of the Man of sorrows, who was acquainted with grief, arrested my frantic steps, and shot a beam of light athwart my beclouded soul: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the son of man has not where to lay his head."

"O my dear, kind, gracious, long-suffering Savior, I know you can understand me now; help my unbelief," I cried.

I stretched out my arms toward the sky, though thick darkness covered it. I asked my dear Lord to forgive my rebellious unbelief. Tears of penitence rained down my cheeks as fast as the rain from the black clouds rained down on my uncovered head. I stood and wept, and prayed for forgiveness. Never had I had so touching, so heart subduing, so soul thrilling, an evidence of the sympathy of my Lord as on that awful night when I was without a friend, without a home, and the midnight storm beating down on my defenseless head. Naught was there but me and my great sorrow. "As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them who fear him." The Lord had pity on me that night, and directed my poor bewildered head to a shelter with an acquaintance of my mother's. I tapped at the door and she opened it, and let the weary wanderer in. She was greatly alarmed at my appearance, but I told her that I wanted nothing, only shelter till daylight came, which would be in two hours. Meantime, I dried my clothes by the fire.

I borrowed a hat and shawl and went to my friend Mr. B——'s house, and told him what had transpired, and I asked of him the protection of the church, as I feared Mr. D——. Mr. N—— invited me to take up my abode with his family for the time being. Mr. D——'s boon companions gave him such reports of me as best suited them. Mr. E—— I had not seen or spoken to since Mr. D—— had left the colony, but the three determined to ruin my reputation, if they could not my character, and they circulated evil reports such as they thought would accomplish this end. Mr. D—— made himself appear a poor victimized man. He went to some of the prominent members of the church and plead his own cause, hoping they would use their influence to make me live with him. He said I had been ill-advised, but he was willing to forgive me all my shortcomings. He believed, he said, that my motive for leaving him was, that I might have a separate maintenance, and have more freedom to gad about. He said he could keep me handsomely with himself, but just now his resources were somewhat crippled and he could not well support me separately. His accusations were noted down by the elders of the church. They said an investigation would take place soon, and he would have ample justice done him. As yet I knew nothing of the reports the wicked trio had been spreading abroad. My hiding-place was discovered, and Mr. D—— demanded my presence at his house, to render an account to him of all I had done in his absence. This I had already rendered. My friend Mr. B——, who was the messenger, had some business with Mr. D——, and he advised me to go and he would accompany me. Mr. D—— accused me in the presence of Mr. B—— of acting and transacting business in his name, and appropriating all the money I could collect for my own use without his authority.

“O Mr. ——,” I exclaimed, “you gave me a power of attorney; how can you say I had no authority? You know that I had, and I have been most faithful to the trust reposed in me, and you know it.”

“Ha! ha! I have you now in my power, and all the powers of —— will not save you.”

And he laughed his own demoniacal laugh.

“That document I gave you was not legal,” he said.

“Not legal!” I exclaimed; “and what are you going to do?” I asked.

“Prosecute you, and put you in prison if I choose. But I expect you will prefer living with me to going to prison.”

This new act of treachery, I said, would not make me prefer living with him.

“No; I prefer to go to prison and to death rather than live with you.” “What shall I do?” I asked of Mr. B——.

“Show me the document,” said he.

I handed it to him, and he read it very carefully, while Mr. D——, with wicked eyes, watched him narrowly. As Mr. B—— handed me the paper, he said:

“This is a legal document, duly signed and sealed; you keep it safe, it will be of use to you.”

Ere I could reach the paper, Mr. D—— sprang upon Mr. B—— like a panther on his prey, saying:

“It is not legal,” and grappled for it. “It is not legal; it is not signed; I shall destroy it.”

“When you get it,” said Mr. B——; and he held it tight.

In the struggle, Mr. D—— cut Mr. B——’s hand. When I saw blood flow, I screamed; the paper fell to the floor, and I picked it up and left the house, but returned, fearing for Mr. B——. But he was not much hurt. When I screamed, Mr. D—— let go his hold, and resumed all the blandishments of manner he was capable of showing; hoped Mr. B—— was not hurt, and wished to know why he said that that piece of paper was legal, and signed and sealed? and if signed, who signed it? Mr. B—— said:

“Mr. M—— has his name to it as witness to you and Mr. E—— having signed it.”

When Mr. D—— heard that Mr. M—— had his name on the paper, he knew the paper was legal. Then all the smoothness left his face, as I had often seen it before, and there was in the baffled visage looking at me that which might have startled stronger nerves than mine, and the savage of the man’s nature stood out clear and dark, and unutterably repulsive. He stood still a moment, as if contemplating a new attack. The veins, like cords, rose on his forehead, and his eyes glistened, as only eyes can glisten in passion, that for violence is little better than insanity. He made a movement toward me. I turned and fled from the spot.

“Is there no peace for me this side of the grave?” I asked.

I had looked and expected protection and sympathy from my mother, but she had none to give me. “O keep my soul, and deliver me not to mine enemies,” was my prayer. The infuriated man, with knife and pistol, hunted me like a wild beast everywhere. Every hour my

life was in danger. I felt that in the colony there was no safety for me.

The chief men and women of the church met at Mr. N—'s house, where they invited Mr. D—— to come and confront me, and he could state all his objections to my leaving him; also, to bring proofs of all the charges he had brought against me from time to time. He came, but was very guarded in what he said. He said he regretted my having given them so much trouble, etc. He was asked to prove his allegations; that was the business on hand. This he did not do, but turned to me and hurled bitter words at me. He was again called upon to prove what he had accused me of. He said his word was enough.

“No,” said they; “your word is of no value. You have falsified to our knowledge.”

He asked me if I were not willing “to go back to the comfortable home you have left without a cause?”

“I have no home. Think you if I had such a husband and home as you have represented, that I would be willing to exchange them, with all the ease and comforts, and strong arms to protect, and a loving heart to cherish me, for poverty and hard work? Would I go forth to meet a frowning world with its temptations, cares, pains and mortifications? humbling myself for employment to those who can neither understand my situation, nor sympathize with it; to meet those who would willingly heap affliction on affliction, and trample on the already crushed heart, alone? O no; no one will say I went forth from all that my heart might have held dear, without a cause,” I said.

“If you will go, you must return to me all the gifts I ever gave you.”

“Most willingly,” I said; “name them.”

The watch, a wedding gift, and all else, even to a little gold pencil I had in daily use, were returned. The demon dancing in his eye, and in his sneer, was noted by those present, when he said:

“I have law on my side, and I can, and I think I will, strip you now of all your wardrobe, except what you stand in.”

“Well, if the law permits you to do that, do it. I ask no consideration or sympathy from you. You have planted thorns in my heart, and they have torn it and it bleeds, and I know you have no desire to heal the wounds you have made.”

“When you hand your trunks over to me, as you must do, what will you do then? Beg to be taken back with me?”

“No, no, never; I will go forth naked, poor, despised, forsaken, friendless and alone, leaning on the arm of omnipotence, rather than

ask anything of you, or live with you again. You talk of a separate maintenance. I would not accept it, were you to offer it; I want nothing from you, good or bad."

He said: "You hand over your trunks when I send for them, or," and he held out a threat, and was about to leave, when one of the gentlemen, an elder of the church, said:

"Mr. D——, I have something to say to you ere you go. We have heard your accusations, your circulated reports, and dark sayings against your young and innocent wife, and we have acted upon them as if they had all been true, and caused Mrs. D—— much unnecessary suffering. We have done this, and in every case found your wife not only free from blame, but the victim of diabolical plots, laid by you and your friends. We know of your treachery in connection with the power of attorney. You have done your utmost to destroy the reputation and character of one of the members of the Baptist Church; henceforth, she will be protected by the Church, as she has been in your absence from the colony. We did not know at the time what motive she had in asking the protection of one of our elders. We now know, and commend her prudence. God has mercifully preserved her through all the trials, fierce and strong, that you have made her pass through. We do not wish to say much to you, but we know you. Your false tongue, henceforth, will not protect you. If you raise your voice to speak evil of one whom we protect, having proved her in every way worthy, we shall prosecute you with rigor."

He was unmasked, and there he stood in all his native malignity, with clouded brow and wrathful spirit. With muttered curses he left. God had heard and answered my prayer. He did not deliver me to my enemies, but he raised up friends for me in my greatest need.

"God, my supporter and my hope,  
My help, forever near;  
Thine arm of mercy held me up,  
When sinking in despair."

It was suggested that I should prosecute Mr. D—— for ill-treatment, etc.

"No; I leave him in God's hands, I shall do him no harm. All I desire is, if I live, to provide bread for myself honestly in the sight of all men."

Letters of sympathy came to me from various quarters unexpectedly. All the members of the church were exceedingly kind to me in my

desolation. Among all my human friends, I may not overlook my canine friend; a poor, little, black puppy, that I rescued from a cruel master, because I pitied him, grew up under kind treatment to be a fine English mastiff, perfectly devoted to me, and he had saved my life one evening. But much as we loved each other, my friend Bob and myself had to part. I was afraid, if he followed me in my wanderings, he might fare badly, so I provided for him a good home. I went to say farewell to my four-footed friend, who had ever walked at my side, and slept at my door. When the poor brute heard my voice, he broke loose from his fastenings, and nearly devoured me with frantic joy. His huge paws were planted on my shoulders, and he licked my face. I put my arms round his neck, and wept at parting with him. It took two strong men to draw him away from me. Poor Bob! he cried, and whined, and howled, and wriggled, and struggled to come to me again. It was a hard parting, but it had to be. He did not long survive. My friends, as well as myself, knew that my life was not safe in the colony, and I had to leave. I was ready to go where the Lord directed. The night before I sailed for New South Wales, Mr. N——n's house was well filled with the members of the church, who had come to sup with me, and to commend me to the protecting care of my heavenly Father. I had letters of commendation and introduction. Everything possible was done to smooth my rugged road. But a dull lethargy seemed to take hold of my mind and heart. My pulses grew cold, and almost as still as the waveless, tideless surface of a deep, dark lake. I could not shake off the despondency at the time. Longfellow has said: "Look not back mournfully into the past, it comes not again. Wisely improve the present. Go forth and meet the future without fear, with a brave heart." I had no fear, nor had I courage. My friends in great numbers escorted me to the port, and saw me on board of the vessel that was to bear me to another land. Those who parted with me that day expected to hear of the poor girl having found her final resting-place at the bottom of the ocean ere the voyage ended. But my summons did not come, much as it was expected.



## CHAPTER VII.

### RETURN TO NEW SOUTH WALES.

WE sailed out of the Gulf of St. Vincent, through Backstairs Passage, and out into the Great South Ocean. We had fine weather and fair winds. Our course was southeast, till we reached the beautiful island of Van Dieman's Land. We entered Storm Bay, at the south side of the island, and took in a pilot, to steer our vessel up the beautiful Derwent River, to our anchorage at Hobart Town. The banks of the river were not high, but very picturesque. This gem of the Southern Ocean is diversified by hill and dale, and green-tinted, so we might name it after its sister of the North, Emerald Isle. Mt. Wellington, the highest point on the island, forms a noble background to the city. The island is well watered, and being in South latitude  $44^{\circ}$ , it has a salubrious climate. It is divided from the main-land of Australia by Bass Strait. It was settled by free colonists and convicts in 1803. They united to exterminate the wretched savages, by forming a line across the island, and swept all before them, killing and driving into the sea all those who had been masters of the land ere they took possession of it, and so ended the aboriginal race of this beautiful island.

As it was Sunday morning when we anchored, I went ashore. The sun shone out in all his glory. I found in my walk a little chapel with an open door, through which I walked, and took a seat. The Baptists had planted a mission here. Presently little feet came pattering in, and formed classes for a Sunday-school. The superintendent, seeing a stranger, asked me to take a class, but I preferred to listen. I had a drive to the foot of Mt. Wellington, and I enjoyed much my visit to this ocean-girt isle, with its beautiful and varied scenery and salubrious climate.

A singular incident happened on board, as we were sailing up the Derwent. The pilot, a profane old convict, was at the helm swearing, and telling the captain that of all the convicts sent to that island, Scotchmen were the worst. In answer to what the captain said of the Scotch being moral, he said:

“Yes; but when they are bad, they are worse than other people.

I have one in the boat alongside, who is a perfect d—l in temper, but the best worker I ever had.”

I was curious to see a Scotch convict, and went and looked over the side of the vessel to see if I could pick him out from his fellows. When I looked down, I saw a face upturned to the sun; for ugliness, it had no peer. When I saw the bristling red hair, like a fringe of fire, surrounding a small black cap, set on top of the head, two fierce, red eyes, the gleaming tusk-like teeth, I cried out:

“Oh, that man comes from Paisley!”

In an instant he climbed up, and was over the side and on the ship’s deck, and said:

“I am from Paisley, who knows me?”

A gentleman pointed to me, for I had taken a seat as I looked at the poor wretch. I thought he could do me no harm, though I was afraid of him. I rose, and went toward him. I thought I might do him some good by talking to him. He asked when and where I had seen him before. I told him the circumstances that surrounded our first meeting redounded no credit to him, so he had better make no inquiries; but he insisted on knowing, and I told him in substance the following:

As a child, I had a venturesome spirit; I knew no fear. I had been taught self-reliance early. I had been sent on a message to a farmhouse, one mile beyond the toll-gate near Paisley, one beautiful spring day. The pure air, the bright sun, the blue sky and the choristers of the grove filling all space with their melody, made my heart bound with joy, and I danced along the road to the music of the birds and my own happy thoughts. I was in perfect accord with all nature. A big boy overtook me and asked me my name, where I lived, where I had been and my business, all of which questions I answered. He asked me for the money I had received at the farmhouse I had just left; he would take care of it till we reached home. I stoutly refused to give to another what was intrusted to me. Whilst talking to him, I could not keep my eyes off him, he was so ugly and uncouth. Again he asked me for the money. I told him he was an ugly, bad boy to ask me for it, and I should not give it to him. We were just then passing a gap in the neat-cut hawthorn hedge, through which streamed a flood of light from the sun which was dipping toward the west. The hideous boy threw down his basket, clutched me by the throat, and raising aloft a huge butcher’s knife, said:

“Give me the money, or I shall stab you and then I shall take it.”

He looked monstrously ugly as he stood with the glittering blade upraised. I bent down suddenly, gave myself a twist, and was instantly free from his grasp, and with almost lightning speed fled back to the house and told them of the horrid boy with tusk-like teeth and red, glaring eyes, and a gleaming knife in hand.

That picture I had never forgotten, though I had never seen it from the day the ugly boy threatened to take my life for a few shillings, till I saw it in the face of the Scotch convict.

I remained at the farm-house all night, and in the morning I reached home just in time to prevent my mother having the canal raked for my body. She had taken a servant with her the night before to go and meet me. On crossing a canal bridge my mother saw me, or thought she saw me, leaning on the wall. She stretched out her hand to take hold of me, when I vanished. She said to the servant:

“We may go home; Eliza is drowned. I have seen her wraith; but I shall have the canal raked to-morrow for her body.”

This I prevented by making my appearance.

The ugly boy went on in his career of crime till he landed in a prison, and then was banished to the antipodes, where he suffered for his evil deeds.

We reached Sydney after a pleasant three weeks' voyage without accident.

On reaching Sydney, I found my sister married to a master mariner. I was their guest for a short time. One morning I read in a newspaper, “Wanted—Nursery governess.” This I thought would suit me, as I must earn my bread and be independent. I thought again, the situation may suit me, but it may be that I will not suit the situation. Oh, God! a wife bereaved of her husband has no need to hide her grief; it is a dead grief that time will heal, but the separated wife carries a living grief that time can not heal, and delicacy prompts to concealment. Before I went out, I knelt and asked God to give me favor in the sight of those to whom I applied for the situation. In deep humility I entered the gates of Granthamville Castle, the residence of Mr. P——, one of the merchant princes of New South Wales. Mrs. P—— asked for credentials; I had none. But I said that I was willing to perform every duty the situation required. I told her I needed protection as well as a home, and they could give me both if they thought I could suit them. I only claimed one privilege, that was, to go to church on Sundays.

“Many young persons have applied for the situation who have

come highly recommended, with first-class credentials, but I prefer you without credentials or recommendation, feeling assured that you will discharge the duties faithfully," said Mrs. P—.

My heart gave one great throb; my utterance was choked. I could only bow my head in gratitude. Tears filled my eyes as I silently thanked God for his providential care of me, the homeless, unprotected one.

Now, I thought, I can provide for my mother. I shall pay all her expenses, and she can live with her gay and worldly daughter, who is her favorite. I intended to do everything for my mother's comfort that lay in my power. At Granthamville Castle I had not only a comfortable home, but one of comparative ease and elegance. My surroundings suited me in every way. The family was well regulated, though fashionable. They went to, and gave balls; theaters and operas were patronized, but nothing interfered with my duties, and I discharged them with pleasure. A financial crash came, and all the great houses shook to the center. The order of the day at Granthamville Castle was retrenchment. Mrs. P—— was an exceedingly amiable woman. She told me one day that she was exceedingly sorry, but for a time she would have to dispense with my services, for the reason they could not pay me. I asked her if that was the only reason she had for wishing to dispense with my services? She stopped me, and said:

"We do not wish to dispense with your services. We do not wish to part with you, but we can not afford to pay you."

"Now I can show how grateful I feel to you for taking me into your family without commendation of any kind, and giving me, when you could, a liberal salary. I shall stay with you without salary till the crisis is over and you are able to pay."

My salary was reduced for a time, that was all.

The castle grounds were beautifully laid out, and I had a favorite little arbor under the wide-spreading branches of a majestic Norfolk pine. Up the sides and round the arbor climbed a vine, till its tendrils reached and clasped the needle-shaped leaves of the tree, and wove an impervious shelter from the sun. Many were the hours I spent in this quiet nook. I had another quiet resort, but this was only for moonlight nights, when the family were at a ball or theater. Then I would unlock the door at the foot of the tower stairs, and go up to the flat roof of the castle. On looking over the battlements, such grace, such glory, such silence and repose could not, I thought, be seen else-

where, or at any other time. It was a dream-picture. The pale empress of night, and queen of silence and sleep, walked before her palace on the spangled firmament of the skies, and looked down upon the fairy scene, and by her softened light added beauty to the picture. Tall ships were lying at anchor on the deep and placid waters of the land-locked harbor. The quiet was profound; but at intervals the silence was broken by the iron tongues and brazen mouths of a hundred bells chiming the hour of night. Every vessel had a bell and a watchman, who walked the deck and chimed the hour, and called out, "All's well." These sounds broke the stillness of the night a moment, and then the pulse of life seemed again to stand still. The beautiful islands that stud the harbor lay gleaming in the moonlight.

Since Great Britain had ceased to pour her surplus criminals on the shores of New South Wales, the hospital had undergone a great change. It was freshly fitted up with special care for the comfort of respectable free people. Sick strangers arriving had a ward prepared for them. As I walked through the clean, cheerful, well-ventilated wards, and saw the brisk, obliging nurses attentive to their duties, my heart was glad. I saw nothing of the dark, lonesome, lazar house, where lay all sorts of diseased patients, which I had seen when I lay on the floor of the dark prison-like ward, waiting till a patient should die and be tumbled into a coffin ere I could be tumbled on to her bed. In gratitude to "Him who preserveth the stranger, and who relieveth the fatherless," I subscribed as liberally as my income would allow toward this institution, hoping that no other stranger or orphan would ever be situated as I had been.

I paid my former guardians a visit. Mr. Holmes had built a beautiful residence and had it well furnished. They had a beautiful garden, and an orchard filled with all kinds of fruit-trees. They had purchased improved land, and still further improved it. We sat down in one of the pretty arbors and ate of the luscious fruits. Mrs. H—— told me that she now, after some privation, had everything her heart desired; that now she was prepared to live and enjoy life. In the midst of life we are in death. In three weeks from my visit she was in her grave. Poor, dear Mrs. H——, how sudden her exit from all that her heart held dear. Mr. H—— came to me to tell me what her last wishes were. She wished that I would take her place, enjoy her home, and be a mother to her children, and he had come for me if I would go; but I felt constrained to remain where I was. He said that his wife had planned for our future well-being, and he wished to

carry out her plans to the letter. I told him quietly, but emphatically, so far as I was concerned it could not be, and no more was said.

How soon, I thought, even good men try to forget their *best friend*. No sooner is one friend and companion hidden out of sight, than another is sought for to replace the one that has gone.

I asked my sister who it was reclining on her parlor sofa one day. She said it was Captain H. Van S——, who was wrecked in the Indian Ocean; had been picked up by her husband, and was now their guest. I had deep sympathy for the shipwrecked stranger, and told her to be kind to him. He is in a foreign land, far from all he loves; he may have a mother, or a sister, who may bless you who have been kind to him in the land of strangers, and you will never regret it. Next Sunday I dined at my sister's after church services, and Captain Van S—— was introduced to me. He had a most pleasing accent, though foreign; he spoke the English well; he looked a foreigner; his dress was elegant, rich and sailor-like. He was like a young Saxon king, with his golden, wavy hair arranged over a broad, white brow; the rest of his face was bronzed. His eyes were of the deepest blue, where truth and sincerity seemed to shine. He spoke little, but his voice was pleasant to listen to. He sat opposite to me at table, and I felt his gaze very often fastened on me. I felt a little confused, and talked more than was my wont to cover my slight embarrassment. When I was leaving to go home, he asked me if he might have the pleasure of walking home with me.

"As you are a stranger," I said, "I have no objections to you walking with me part of the way, as there is some beautiful scenery around the shores of the bay, under the oaks and acacias."

We parted at a turnstile. I said, laughingly:

"Thus far, and no farther, may you come."

I passed through, but he stood still, as if he had something to say, and hesitated. I said good-bye, and left him standing. As I went up the hill on the narrow, winding pathway, I could still see him standing, and when I entered the lower garden gate of the castle, he was still where I left him. The rays of the western sun fell full upon his stately form, and, as seen through the trees, he looked like a sylvan deity. On the Sunday following, I wound my way down to the turnstile, on my way to church, and there stood H. Van S—— on the very spot I had left him a week before. There was something ludicrous to me in the coincidence. I was greatly amused; I almost laughed outright. When our greetings were over, he asked me, in rather a grave tone,

what so amused me. Like the Irishman, I answered him one question by asking him another, which was:

“Have you been standing on that spot since I left you there last week?”

“No,” he said, and turned his great speaking eyes on my face, and looked very steadily at me for some time. He seemed trying to read my countenance. Mirth ruled the expression for the moment. “Your mother,” he said, “gave me permission to come and meet you as you came to church; but you said thus far I could come and no farther, so here I waited for you. I hope you forgive, if I have offended.”

“I take no offense,” I said, “when my wishes are respected.”

I had no inclination now to laugh, he looked so grave and stately. He asked me if I would take a sail down the harbor in a boat; the day was fine; he would have great pleasure in my company.

“No, I can not go,” I said.

He did not understand why I could not go with him, and he said:

“I am a stranger to you, but you can take your mother with you. I shall not be long in the colony, and I wish to be as much with you as possible, if you will allow me so great happiness.”

“I like to make people happy,” I said, “and if you wish to be in my company to-day, come with me to church, and Mr. Saunders will do you good.”

“Oh, I have not been in church since I was a boy, eleven years since. My idolized mother and sister took me there. I feel ashamed to say it, but I fear I would not know how to behave myself in church, were I to go.”

“All you will have to do is to sit still and listen.”

He gave up the boat excursion, and came to church, and Mr. Saunders had not a more attentive listener that day than the handsome foreigner. Once I saw tears in his eyes. On leaving church, he said:

“You are the only one who has ever reminded me of home, and loved ones there. I have a beloved sister, whom you resemble in character, if not in person.”

His heart seemed full while talking of his sister. On the hearts of some men, the power of female beauty, either of mind or body, is utterly despotic, not for an hour, or a day, but for a lifetime. In the souls of some men, the ideal of all grace and beauty, of all purity and loveliness, is a woman. Such a man was H. Van S——. He said, the first time he heard me speak, he was carried back to the low, soft, sweet music of his cradle hymn. I was a memory of a gentle voice

lulling him to sleep, and soothing his childhood's sufferings with holy accents. All the disappointments of life could not destroy it; all the contact with unwomanly women did not eradicate it. It clung to his heart through a changeful life. Others had made a pleasing impression on his mind, and inspired him to some self-sacrificing; but since the day he first heard my voice, saying, be kind to the stranger, he may have a mother, or a sister, or both, who love him, he said:

"Your words thrilled me, and I loved the speaker ere I saw her face. The words I would speak to you, to tell you how I love you, flutter in my throat, and make me a child. I am your willing, devoted slave from this day to all eternity. I love you with a love surpassing what I ever felt before for mortal. Will you be my wife?"

I was astonished, electrified, by this burst of passionate love from the dignified H. Van S—. I was so taken by surprise that I could not speak; when I found utterance, I said to him:

"I am not a widow, though you may have been told so, my husband is alive," and the words nearly choked me.

"The laws of your land will allow you to marry in a few years. I will wait five, seven, or even twenty years for you, if you will promise to be mine."

"The laws of man may allow me to marry, but I have a higher law than that of man to obey. Hear what God's law says: 'The woman who has a husband is bound by the law to her husband as long as he liveth; but if the husband be dead, she is loosed from the law of her husband.' Do not ask me to break the law of God, if you respect me."

"A new life has taken possession of me, and I can not live without you, or a hope to have you some day. My heart is full, full to painful oppression, in this new feeling. Nothing has power to influence me now, that could have wielded an influence before. You are the only one who has ever been able to fill my heart; you are a priceless treasure. Do not say that my deep, devoted love is all in vain."

"All in vain," I ejaculated.

"O my G—, I love you above all created beings; I ask your love, I tremble for your answer. If you refuse me, and give me no hope for the future, I am lost, soul and body. I shall"——.

His voice became husky as he spoke the last words. We reached the turnstile, the parting place. He held my hand tight as he handed me through, and begged me to give him hope, that some day he might call me his. I said I had no power to dispose of myself; I belonged to another—



“And more, I will say, as you do not regard my feelings or principles, henceforth we meet no more. I dare not listen to such words of passion from any man.”

We parted as usual, but in what a turmoil were my feelings. I bounded up the hill, in at the garden gate, and away to my little retreat under the Norfolk pine, and there I sat a long time trying to analyze my feelings. They were sadly confused; pain, pleasure, and discontent at my unhappy fate, were each asserting itself. I felt that life had no joy for me, no happiness. Other young people could enjoy life but my young life was blighted. I was entirely shut out from all enjoyment in life. “Why have I been born to suffer?” I exclaimed. When my fit of rebellious discontent was over, I walked quietly to the house. When I looked around, and saw with what comfort and security I was surrounded, I asked God to pity me, and forgive my rebellion. On going to church next Sunday, I was troubled to see H. Van S—— walking on the beach near the turnstile. I greeted him coldly; he noticed the coldness, and said:

“Fear not, I have no intention to offend you again, or wound your feelings. I come to say farewell; I leave the colony in a few days, but my heart carries your image in it.”

I was silent; I had nothing to say. He looked pale and haggard. He had been ill, and I felt sorry for him, but could not say so. He hoped I would forgive him; as we might never meet again, he wished our parting to be friendly. I told him I forgave him, as he was so soon to leave the country. I wished him well, and hoped he would be happy. A few days later I received a farewell gift, and a letter, which breathed the most passionate, devoted love that man could pen to woman. H. Van S—— was far out at sea ere I received his gift, otherwise it would have been returned. I burned the letter with its burning words. A note from my mother read thus: “Why did you stand in your own light? H. Van S—— is all that you can wish. He is young, handsome, strong and true; he is rich, and loves you to distraction. Why did you not give the poor man some encouragement for the future, if not for the present? You have made him perfectly miserable.”

Had I done as my mother counseled, I might have reproached myself for the “poor man’s misery.” This I had not done, and little did my mother think of the misery she was giving me by her reproaches. A stranger and a strong man had all her sympathy, while her own child, a poor, weak woman, who needed all the sympathy that a

mother's heart could give, was entirely shut out of that heart. What I suffered none knew. In the married state, a woman has dignity, security and respect to attend her; but a heavy cloud, like a pall, hangs over the path of the separated. She has no home cares, no home occupations, and the world can not sympathize in her injuries. I often prayed that my heart would be entirely weaned from the world, and when I thought I was becoming a little more heavenly-minded, a wave of temptation would cross my breast. I had severe struggles in my heart at this time. Outwardly, all was passing as a peaceful dream. I was cut off from all domestic happiness, and down in the hidden chambers of the heart many a fierce battle was fought, unseen by the eye of mortal; but God saw, and he gave me the needed strength.

Weeks and months passed on, and I was following the even tenor of my way, when my sister called to see me one day, and asked me to walk with her on her way home, as she could not stay long with me. I walked down to the beach with her, where we met her husband, which was a pleasant surprise to me. We three walked on till we reached a grove of acacia, where was a table-cloth spread on the ground.

“Oh!” I said, “here in the acacia grove is a picnic party!”

“Yes,” said my mother, as she rose from the ground, and “I invite you to partake of our good cheer.”

Then she introduced me to a strange gentleman of morose aspect, who was of their party. All this was so unexpected the novelty pleased me. Before I sat down, my mother threw around my shoulders a beautiful Canton crape shawl.

“Oh, how beautiful; whose is this?” I exclaimed.

“Yours,” said a voice that startled me.

I looked round, and there stood H. Van S——. I did not speak. He drew near, and asked in a low tone if I would accept of a brother's gift.

“I bought it for you at Canton, and I purposed sending it to you, but your mother planned this party, and invited me to meet you here and present you this.”

I did not stay long. H. Van S—— wished to escort me to the turnstile, but I refused all company, and so walked home alone. He had returned to the colony, because, as he said to my mother, he could not stay away from where I was, but he did not wish to let me know of his return, as he did not wish to offend me, or hurt my feelings in

any way. My mother, not having the same tender regard for my feelings, planned the picnic to bring us together. I saw very clearly that all were sympathizers in H. Van S——'s case. He met me next Sunday without asking my permission; this freedom I felt like resenting. I told him I preferred to walk alone. He said he would not have taken the liberty to intrude on my solitary walk, but that my mother had sent him to meet me. And said he:

“I was only too happy to come.”

The tone, and the look that accompanied the words, made me resolve to speak to him freely, and try to enlist his honor, if I could not control his feelings.

“Mr. Van S——, my mother is a great friend of yours, and gives you every encouragement to address me; more than that, she pleads your cause with me. She is exceedingly desirous that I shall marry. She sees no wrong in it, and she wishes me to marry you,” I said.

“Here his whole countenance lit up with a joyous expression, and he said:

“Oh, will you be mine?”

“Hush,” I said, “till I finish what I have to say. Captain W—— and my sister favor your suit, all are your friends; not one friend have I. They say you are unhappy, that I have made you so; they are all angry with me because I do not encourage you, by making you a promise that would stain my soul with sin. Now I turn to you and ask you, on the honor of a gentleman, if you will be my friend?”

“I am yours ever, even unto death,” exclaimed the impetuous, passionate man.

“Well, if you have (I speak plainly) one spark of generous, genuine love for me, you will not ask me to be your wife, or ask a promise to that effect, for I tell you, as I have told you before, that I can not comply and be guiltless. It were better had we never met, as we can never be anything to each other but what we are now. Once more I ask, will you, on the honor of a man, a sailor, be my friend, and leave the colony, and never seek to see me again? Respect my feelings under the unhappy circumstances in which I am placed. Respect my scruples, and do not plead a devoted love that would destroy me only to gratify your selfish desires. Again I ask, will you be my friend and leave the colony?”

“No,” he said; “I will not leave the colony at this time. The love I have for you is no fleeting feeling, nor can I command it away. It is like a lava flood boiling in my breast; but I will show you that

the fire that consumes me shall never injure you. Will you give me the privilege to call you sister?"

"Only on one condition,"—

Before I could say more, he rejoined, "I will comply."

I had thought that love in man was something apart from himself, which travel would quench or strangle. H—— tried to conceal his unhappiness; he was generous and gentle to me in every way; he attended church regularly with me. I made him a present of an English Bible, and asked him to read it, which he promised to do. Every time I saw him, he seemed more unhappy; but oh, how kind and considerate of me. His silent suffering was more dangerous to my peace than his passionate outbursts had been. I felt a deep pity, but dared not to express it. He told me one day that he was ill and must take a voyage for his health. I did not dissuade him. I was glad for his sake that he was going, but for myself I felt that I would miss my stately escort, my kind, considerate friend and brother. Had he loved me less, I should have been proud of his friendship. I felt that I was a woman rich in sorrow, to whom love would have been precious had it not been sinful. Love in this life is not for me. The tempter said:

"You ought to marry H. Van S—— and make him happy. The law will allow it, and you could be more useful and happy in an enlarged sphere."

The arch tempter knew where my armor was weakest, and tried his strength against it. My eyes were often dim with tears. Sorrow swept over the chords of my heart and brought forth sad, wailing sounds. I asked myself,

"Why this sadness?"

I could not reproach myself for anything I had said or done. I had subdued my impulses in obedience to principle. I had sacrificed a present for a future good. My self-approving works did not add to my happiness or peace of mind. "Lord, I have foes without and within, the world, the flesh and my own heart; help me to subdue them, and keep me by thy word."

Once more after a short voyage my sailor brother returned. I believe I felt glad to see him; yet a fear was mingled with the feeling. He appeared cheerful and happy, and in good health, for which I felt thankful. I did hope he was free from his infatuation. Vain hope, the calm only precluded a storm. A young lady friend of my mother was to be married. I was invited, and came to town to dress at my sister's. As I came to the turnstile, there stood the figure I began to

think was part of the scene, and ought to be there. He was in high spirits, and had I not known that he drank neither wine nor strong drink, I should have thought he had been imbibing, so full of hilarity was he. His nature was fiery enough without fire-water. I had used my influence with him to give up drinking and using tobacco in any form, and attend church with me. I greatly desired to see him converted to Christianity, and I thought he was in a fair way to become a Christian. His widowed mother and only sister were truly pious ladies of a very superior order, according to the showing of the affectionate son and brother. I almost forgot that he was not my brother in reality, when he would call me sister. His brotherly friendship was very pleasant to me. I was putting the last touch to my mother's headgear; H—— was sitting near conversing pleasantly.

“My Eliza, let me call you mine,” burst from his lips in uncontrollable passion.

I was startled and silenced at the same time.

“Speak to me, adored one; your voice thrills my very soul. The love I have for you is unquenchable; it is deep, devoted and everlasting. I have fled from you hopelessly. I have tried to shun you. I have sought refuge on the dangerous deep. I have tried to forget you; but love's charm that binds me to you has drawn your willing captive back, often to grief and disappointment. Yet, while near you, my soul is filled with joy. I feel that I can not live without you. You are queen of my heart, every pulse of which beats for you, and you alone.”

I tried to speak, but he cried out in a perfect tempest of passion:

“Hear me, and save me, or I die. Be mine, my wife, my all, and you shall live like a queen. I shall surround you with wealth such as you never dreamed of. Marry me and come to Rotterdam, where my mother and sister will give you a royal welcome. Or come to Batavia, where you shall be my worshiped idol, and reign supreme, My love is deep and strong; absence can not abate it. I have tried it.”

He took my hand and fell on his knees before me; great tears fell from his eyes on my hand as he bent over it, and said:

“Give me this,” in a voice tremulous with emotion.

I said, as I drew my hand from his: “For pity's sake do not kneel to me. I tell you again that my hand is not mine to give you.”

When I said this, he raised his head, and a glance of fire shot from his eyes that made me quake. His passionate outburst made me

tremble. I told him I was only a mortal, not to kneel to me, for I could not help him, but to kneel to God, and ask for help to overcome his fatal human passion, that was destroying my peace as well as his, not that I loved him, for that I dared not do, but it made me unhappy to see others suffer."

"Your self-control has gained my esteem, but you will lose it by giving way to such outbursts of passion; for in these you do not consider the pain you inflict upon me, and I may not expose myself to such scenes as this."

He rose, and walked the floor in great perturbation for some time; then he stood before me, and asked:

"Eliza, were you free, could you love me? could you marry me?"

"H——, I am not free, I can not answer these questions; do not press them on me. I have already told you, that a wife is bound by the law of her husband as long as he lives; but if cruelty drives her from the protection of her husband and her home, the Bible says: 'But, and if she depart, let her remain unmarried.' This is not only my intention, but my duty, and unalterable determination."

"And that man, for his cruelty to you, shall die by my hand, or I shall die by his; we shall not both live. I shall go to him, and challenge him to mortal combat; one of us must die. If I live, I shall come back, and carry you away to my home, where you shall never know a sorrow. You shall be all my own, my darling."

Love to this man's impassioned soul was not, as with other men, a part of his existence, but the whole, the very life-breath of his heart. His words roused me, and with mingled feelings of pity, fear and anger, I laid my hand on his arm, and said solemnly:

"H——, we must part, never, never more to meet on earth. Think you, were you to imbrue your hand in the blood of another, and that other my—— I can not say the word; but think you I would marry a murderer? I thought you knew better; I thought you had respect for my feelings; I thought I had a friend in you; I thought I had almost found a brother. I was gaining confidence in your strength of character, and beginning to have pleasure in your society. The pleasure has been short lived; the pain you have inflicted will be more lasting. I am fearfully punished for allowing myself to have pleasure in your company. I might have known it was no brother's heart you offered me, when you pleaded for the privilege to call me sister. I do not blame you, I take all the blame on myself; but we meet not again." One of his officers called to see him on business. I was glad to make

my escape. My mother asked me what made me look so pale. I told her I was going home, and not to the wedding. This she positively forbade me doing. H——, at the party, astonished me by showing a new phase of character. He was not only the handsomest, but the most brilliant, man at the party. His conversation was full of sparkle and humor; he charmed everyone. The bride whispered to me:

“What a splended man your friend is.”

I smiled.

She said: “You do not seem to appreciate his powers to please. He is stealing all the hearts of the young ladies, and of the gentlemen too. All are delighted with him; he is very handsome.”

“Yes, he is,” I said.

At supper a toast was to be drunk to the ladies. I looked at H——, whose gaze was fastened on me with an intensity that I could ill brook. He raised the goblet to his lips; he drank a deep draught, keeping his eyes fixed on me the whole time. I returned the steady gaze till he laid the goblet down. Dancing began; he asked me to dance. I told him I did not dance; he asked me if I refused to dance because I was angry with him.

“Oh, no, Mr. H——, I am not angry with you, nor do you influence my actions in any way.”

Others were pleased to dance with the handsome foreigner. I told my mother I wished to go home unobserved by H——, as I did not wish to speak to him. I put on my hat and cloak, and slipped out with the bridegroom to the carriage, and there stood H——, holding the carriage door open for me, and my mother seated on the front seat. I asked her to sit by me, but she paid no heed. My mother, on leaving, had signaled H—— that I was going, and he was ready.

“Oh, mother!” I sighed, as H—— jumped into the carriage and sat down beside me.

We had not gone far, when, full of his all-absorbing theme, he burst forth in most impassioned eloquence, pleading for God’s sake, for love’s sake, if there was love on earth, not to let him love in vain. My mother’s presence did not check the burning torrent. I well knew that wine made his words flow faster than usual, and I did not answer a word. He caught me in his arms, and said:

“Let me clasp you to my throbbing heart this once. This throbbing is for you; feel it, and till this poor heart ceases to beat, you are its life, and shall never be dislodged.”

I let him speak on, but answered him not. When I reached the castle gate, I asked H—— to let me out; he helped me to alight.

“Thank you,” I said, and passed in, but not before I heard a stifled groan, and the carriage drove off.

My own griefs lay heavy on my heart, and this man’s sorrow did but augment them. I resolved that the deep, blue sea must lie between us. When I reached my room, I sighed: “Oh, my poor, weary, care-haunted heart.” I asked God to pity me, and give me strength to carry out my firm resolve. I was not in rebellious humor; I was low at my Savior’s feet. I felt strong, when I thought of the dreadful threat of a duel to be fought. I lay down to dream of bitter hate and cruel wrong driving me from one colony, and the passionate love of this man driving me from another colony; for I had resolved to leave the colony if H—— did not.

I awoke, crying out, “Oh, why was I born? why have I so keen a sense of misery? I can not be happy myself, nor can I make others happy.” “Happy is the man whom God correcteth; therefore, despise not the chastenings of the Almighty. For he maketh sore, and he bindeth up; he woundeth, and his hands make whole. He shall deliver thee in six troubles yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee.” (Job v. 17.) How full of comfort is the word of God.

Next day my mother came to see me. She said H—— was in great trouble; he thought he had offended me, and he wished to see me to beg my forgiveness. I told her to tell him that he had not offended me, and I had forgiven him everything, so that he need not wish to see me on his own account, but that I wished to see him on my account. I told my mother that I thought H. Van S——’s welfare was more dear to her heart than mine. I believed that she had held out hopes to him concerning me, which, had they been realized, would have destroyed my prospects for eternity.

“And this, my mother, you were willing to sacrifice—for what? But it has come to an end, for he or I must leave the colony.”

“Ha! ha! Is the colony not large enough for you both?”

“Yes; quite large enough, but the fever of excitement I have been living in lately is unendurable. My peace of mind is dear to myself, if not to you. You do not understand my feelings; you do not appreciate my principles. If you have come to me to plead for your son, as you call H. Van S——, it is to no purpose. My course is resolved on; I shall not change. You do not know me, and I have had enough of him. I shall see him once more; I have somewhat to



say to him." We met. He was dreadfully excited; I was perfectly calm. He begged me not to cast him off forever; he would never offend again, in word or deed.

"I shall wait seven, fourteen, twenty years for you, if you will give the shadow of a hope that you will be mine in the end. Meantime, only let me wait on you sometimes."

"I shall not allow you to wait on me, and if you choose to wait for me, any number of years, you are at liberty to do so, but I hold out no hope to you that I shall marry you. I make no promise; but I shall leave the colony if you do not. Henceforth we are strangers. I am weary with your importunities. What I could give I gave freely; but my friendship, you said, did not satisfy your great love. But the love that would seek to destroy its object is not worthy its name. I have tried to influence you to be a Christian; you have tried, with my mother's help, to unchristianize me. But it has come to an end."

"By h——n, Eliza, if you give me up forever, I shall commit suicide. I shall not live, and my blood shall lie at your door."

His despairing cry horrified me; but I said: "Your blood will be upon your own head. Your threat to commit so dark a crime, is another proof that I have no influence with you for good, so farewell."

"I can not, can not, let you go," he said.

But I was gone. I saw him no more in the colony. He left soon after for the Indian Archipelago.

Three times I had disappointed my mother's worldly prospects in myself. She could not brook the religion that made me, as she said, stand in my own light. She was yet of the world worldly.

I loved my mother, and if I could only gain her love, I thought I could be happy. On one occasion when visiting her, she seemed more affectionate than I had ever seen her. I felt that I was gaining ground, and I was so thankful. What a blessing is yet to be mine, I thought and hoped. No greater earthly blessing do I crave than my dear mother's love. I felt unwilling to leave her. I told her I was sorry that I could not surround her with all the appliances of wealth that she wished for, but she should be cared for and loved as long as I lived, and I should live only for her.

"Good-bye, dear mother, my own dear mother, I shall see you soon again."

She smiled, and I left her. That night she was married to the repulsive looking gentleman I had seen at the picnic. This marriage was a bitter stroke to me. It was a death-blow to the hope of gaining

my mother's love. The shock and disappointment caused me to droop, and for sometime I was laid on a sick-bed. My mother came to see me, and told me to get well and come and see her. I had no reproaches. I felt, however, that I had lost my mother. To go and see her in her new home was distasteful to me, but I went. Her husband showed me all over his premises and grounds. He told me he had a desire to adopt me, and make me his heiress, as he had no family. He asked me to call him father, and to feel that now I had a home, and to come to it, and enjoy it. I told him that I could not accept of his property even, without a condition. I could not live dependent on him while I had the power and will to work. I did not love him well enough to call him father, and I did not love money enough to act the hypocrite to get it. He asked if this was my decision.

"Yes," I said.

"Then you will live to regret it."

I have lived a long time since, but I have never had a regret about it.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### RETURN TO SCOTLAND.

MR. P—— and family were about to leave the colony for Europe. He asked me if I would like to travel. I readily said yes. I felt that a change would do me good, not only a change of air and scene, but a total revolution in the atmosphere of thought and feeling, in which I had lately lived. The *Sir George Seymour*, an East Indian, a three-decker, was ready for sea, and Mr. P—— took passage in her. All vessels are feminine, though they be christened with masculine names. Preparations were being made for a four months' voyage on this large ship. We were to be absent from the colony two years, and I had to attend to paying up all my annual subscriptions for the time I expected to be absent. The money I intrusted to Dr. McFarland, my fatherly friend, of the *Portland* ship. He was at the head of the profession; he was President of the Medical Board, and highly esteemed. When I gave him the money to pay my subscriptions for two years, he laughed, and said:

“Why, I never knew any one to pay in that way before. The time any one is absent from the colony is a blank in the book of subscriptions, and is not expected to be filled up.”

“Man does not make rules for my actions,” I said.

“Well, well, be it as you say,” said the doctor.

I bade my mother farewell, praying God to keep her in his care. I said, if all went well I purposed returning in two years. I had a faint, cold fear that we should never meet on earth. I prayed that we might meet in heaven.

“You are not going to die yet; you will be back again,” said my mother.

“It may be; but I am about to brave the dangers of the deep again, and I may never see land again after I embark; farewell.”

This was final; we never met again; but I lived to return. My farewells were all spoken before I embarked. The confusion on board ship, when the anchor is being weighed, the sails set, and freight being stowed away, jars disagreeably on the feelings at the sad and solemn

time of parting with friends. When I go on board ship, I wish to have nothing to do but to prepare for coming events, such as seasickness, and tossing on the billows. We were being towed down the harbor. Mr. A——, a black-haired, black-eyed, dark-skinned young gentleman, a relative of Mrs. P——'s, who lived in the family, and with whom I had formed a pleasant acquaintance, was standing in the saloon drinking a farewell goblet of wine with some gentlemen friends. He stepped out from amongst them as I passed to my cabin, to say that he had something to say to me of importance. His manner was unusual, but I listened to him. He told me in a few words that he wished me to go back to Sydney with him. I, in some astonishment, asked for what purpose?

“I wish you to go back with me to get married: will you go?” he said.

“No,” I said very emphatically.

“I have wished for a long time to tell you how much I loved you, but I feared my relations. They would object to my marriage. Now I do not fear them. I only fear to lose you. Do not go to England; come back with me, and let us be married privately.”

He was quite conscious of his glorious, full black eyes, raven hair, and tall, well-knit frame. He knew he had power to attract, and no doubt he thought that he had attracted me by his manly beauty, and flattered me by his attractions. If thus he thought, he must have been very much chagrined, when I told him that I had never even ranked him amongst my friends. I had found him a very pleasant acquaintance, and this acquaintance might cease at any moment.

“I long have loved you, and I thought you knew it and returned it, and now I wish to marry you. I shall go back in the tow steamer and bring my own boat from the Bay, and carry you back with me.”

“You are very courteous to brave the displeasure of your relatives on my account, but were the relation you fear most standing by listening (and she was standing very near eaves-dropping) to your proposal to me, I would say to you in her presence, I will not marry you just because you have asked me. I have no love for you.”

“Come back, and marry me; you will learn to love me, and you may be the saving of me from going to perdition, by teaching me to be a Christian.”

“Were I to do as you counsel, I could not save you from perdition, but you might help to plunge me into its lowest depths. Were all your

relations to approve of what you propose, I would still tell you that it is not in my power to love you, nor in my choice to marry you."

I suggested to him, that he would do well to pay his addresses to a young lady friend of his, and a relation; she was a more eligible person than I. He said:

"No; where my heart has gone I offer my hand, and nowhere else. You must not go to Europe; you must come back with me."

"Passengers aboard!" called out the master of the tow steamer. We let go the anchor at the Sea Gate, or Heads, and were going to wait for a fair wind to fill our sails; meanwhile, those who had come thus far had to return with the steamer. I said good-bye to Mr. A——. He kissed my hand, saying, "I shall see you again."

Later in the evening, I was placing things in my cabin, and putting it in ship-shape order, when I was startled by a loud knock on my door. I opened it, and there stood Mr. A——. I said to him:

"I thought you had gone back to Sydney several hours ago. Why do you linger? The ship may sail at any time."

He said he had gone back to Sydney for his boat, and it was alongside waiting for me.

"Come with me; come away at once!"

His headstrong passion seemed to carry him away for the time being, and beclouded his reason. I felt somewhat sad, as I listened to his impassioned words.

"I am going to Europe," I said; "but I wish you every happiness, more than I can bring to you."

He said I alone could make him happy. He said if I would not return with him that night, he would wait the whole two years for me, till I did return from Europe. He kept his word, and did not marry till I revisited New South Wales, not in two, but in ten whole years. He parted with me unwillingly; his farewell sounded mournful in my ear, when he took my hand, and whispered: "You can not teach me to forget. Farewell!"

A fair, fresh breeze sprang up with the rising sun. The anchor was weighed once more, and the broad wings spread wide, and gloriously our noble ship bounded on her course southeast across the Pacific Ocean. I felt bowed in spirit, and regretted having listened to Mr. A—— just before leaving, but I could not avoid it. How will it be in the future? I asked myself. The black shadow, dark as night, enveloped my life, and stretched away into the future over my whole existence. The gloom grew darker, and seemed to settle on my breast like

a huge incubus. The motion of the ship made me reel and stagger. I lay down and slept, and dreamed, and awoke, and slept, and dreamed again, the same horrid dream. When I awoke, I tried to shake off the effects of the dream, but I could not shake off the sea-sickness. After a few days' sufferings, I was myself again. Life once more took root in my frame. As soon as I could, I got upon deck, and grew strong. One evening I watched the sun go down into the water, and soon it was night on the wave. Presently a feeble light stole over the sky, as the moon rolled up into the deep, blue vault above, from the dark caverns below. The moon had risen, and thrown her beams athwart the deep, and there she hung like a gem upon the brow of the sky, darkness below, and light on high. I watched the dark clouds in the distance, how they were lit up, as they neared the great luminary of night. I thought of the dark clouds enshrouding my life, and then I looked to the great moral luminary of the world, the source of life and light, and the clouds, though not removed, were rifted, and light shone through the darkness, and a still, small voice whispered: "Fear not, I am with you." I retired with a calm and thankful heart.

As thought, ever busy, kept me awake one night, I noticed my swinging lamp give a plunge greater than usual; first this way, then that, then a dash toward me, a rush to the other side, then a tremulous shaking, and then another plunge. I felt that this would be a night of storm. The winds whistled through the shrouds with a hissing sound, that was portentous. Ere day broke a heavy gale was blowing, with a rolling sea, that made the ship roll and pitch much in fashion like the lamp. The sublime monotony of the Pacific was disturbed; its usually quiet surface was lashed into great waves, and they were fearlessly dashing against the sides of the ship, and over the deck, sweeping everything before them. Everything was adrift. One of the stewards was nearly drowned in the captain's cabin. A great sea broke over the ship, the water rushed into the cabin, dashed him against the wall, and nearly smothered him. I rather enjoyed the storm, at least I had no apprehensions, though the time of equinoctial storms and gales was at hand. A fine day, a fair wind, and a tranquil sea, put to flight all the dismal thoughts and reflections of those who were not accustomed to storms, and were nervous. It is impossible to resist the gladdening influences of fair winds and fine weather at sea. When the ship is decked in all her canvas, every sail set and swelled, and careering gayly over the curling waves, how lofty, how gallant, she appears; how she seems to lord it over the deep. Our captain was a gentleman,

no doubt, but he was no sailor. It was well for him, the ship and the passengers, of whom we had a goodly number, that his officers were efficient men, with large nautical experience. They took the storm that we had as a warning to prepare for a greater, and they prepared accordingly, and on a large scale. They calked all our port holes, excluding light, as well as water and air. This calking was a new experience to me; but the heavy, equinoctial gales were at hand, and the ship was to be in readiness for them. Some persons, when danger is near, do not like to be alone, and they wish everybody to talk to them to keep off the thought of danger. Others, and I am one of that class, prefer to contemplate danger in perfect silence, alone, or in company. The first are sure to lose their presence of mind, and get confused if called upon to act in an emergency. The second are more likely to take advantage of any means of safety that presents itself; they are usually self-possessed in time of peril. We had a succession of furious gales, but they did not last long, and one fine day would generally put all to rights again. One fine Sunday, when everything looked bright and cheery, the ship gave a heavy lurch, groaning and creaking as she did so. We were about half way between Australia and the dangerous Cape Horn. Billows, like sharp crags of black glass dashed with foam, rose up before the ship, as if to impede her progress, or engulf her. The masts bent and creaked, the sails flapped with a noise like thunder. The winds hissed through the shrouds with a foreboding sound. The day grew colder, the winds blew wilder, and the waves grew higher; the storm altogether grew more furious toward night. The sea was lashed into tremendous confusion. There was a fearful sullen sound of rushing waves and broken surges. At times a volume of clouds over head seemed rent asunder by flashes of lightning, that quivered along the foaming billows, and made the succeeding darkness more terrible. The thunders bellowed over the wilderness of waters, and echoed and prolonged the roar of the mountain waves. As I felt the staggering and plunging of the ship, it seemed marvelous that she could regain her equilibrium, or preserve her buoyancy. Her yards would dip into the water; her sails were saturated in the sea; her bows buried in the waves. Sometimes an immense foaming swell seemed ready to engulf her, and nothing but a skillful turn of the wheel would save her from a fearful shock. The sun went down in inky darkness, amid the war of elements, and for three days we saw neither sun, moon, nor stars. The fires in the cook's caboose were washed out as soon as he kindled them, so he was not able to cook dinner or supper. Wet

and supperless we retired that night. The gale rose higher and higher. The pitching and plunging were fearful. One awful dive, a crash, and a mast was wrecked. The sails on the broken mast for a time were unmanageable; for they were split to ribbons, and went flapping furiously in the fierce wind, with a noise like thunder. I lay down in my bunk with my wet clothes on, holding on with both hands, to keep from being pitched on the floor. A cry on deck startled me: "All lights out."

My cabin-door was opened, and the steward stumbled in and put out my light. No sooner was I left in total darkness than the ship gave a fearful plunge and tumbled me head first out on the floor, where I sat all night holding on with both hands, being bumped and thumped most unmercifully. I could almost feel the darkness in which I sat, or rather rolled. It was a dreadful night. Morning came, but no abatement of the gale. The whistling of the wind through the rigging sounded like wailings for the dead. By the creaking of the masts, I thought another would go. The straining and groaning of the bulwarks, as the ship labored in the sea, were frightful. A tremendous billow, fringed with foam, swept over our deck, carrying the cook's caboose, cooking utensils and stove right overboard into the sea. This was quite a misfortune, as no food had been cooked for three days, nor had we water to drink or bread to eat. The hatches were all fastened down, so the steward could not get to the stores, but he had in his pantry a few tins of preserved salmon and a few dozens of Port wine. These he dealt out, but they were no substitute for bread or water. The fish increased thirst, and the wine did not quench it. I sat in the cold and wet, the water all splashing round me, as it found its way into my cabin with a rush. In the total darkness, day and night, I sat there, without bread or water, in my wet clothes, unable to get into bed, or to lie down if I could get in. The gale rose to a hurricane the second night. I listened to the rush and roar along the sides of the ship at my very ear, only a plank between me and death. The grim king seemed to be seeking an entrance to our dark and floating prison after his prey. The mere starting of a plank from a loosened nail, or the yawning of a seam, would let him in. The hurricane grew fiercer, and then came a tremendous crash. Every timber of the ship quivered as the bulwarks were crushed in and carried away at one fell sweep. The noise of trampling feet, and the shouts of human voices, mingling with the elemental war, were terrific. In the midst of the thick darkness, I was contemplating death by drowning. I



wondered what the sensations would be; if I should struggle long. I fancied myself gurgling in the sea. I thought of the sharks. What if I had to be eaten by these cannibals of the deep! I shuddered at the thought, but there seemed no possible way of escape, so I accepted the inevitable. Ere the sunless day had passed, I was completely exhausted in mind and body. Mrs. P—— came creeping into my room, holding on to everything she could catch. She was afraid of the fearful noises she heard all round us, and she did not like to be alone. The gentlemen were in the saloon trying to keep the water out, by placing blankets and mattresses and table-cloths, and everything they could find, against the doors. Mrs. P—— asked me if ever I had been in such a storm?

“Yes; but not so long continued,” I said.

She asked me if I thought we would be lost?

“I see no way of escape if the hurricane lasts much longer,” I said.

Just then the ship gave a great roll, nearly upon her beam ends, which made her shake and shiver.

“Oh! are we going down now?” cried Mrs. P——.

“No,” I said; “the storm is not at its worst yet, though this is the third day or night that it has been raging, and the ship labors frightfully.”

Bang, crash, crash, splash! I put my hands to my ears to shut out the dreadful sounds, of what I thought was the breaking up of the ship. Down, down, she came on her beam ends. My cabin being on the lower side, I was completely under water, cabin and all. I was quietly waiting for the water to burst in upon us and drown us.

“We are going now,” I said.

And my thoughts flew away from earth and sea and sharks. I thought not of the darkness or the gale, or the struggle alone in the wave, with the sharks gnawing at my flesh. I only thought that my unclothed soul would be in the presence of her Maker in a few moments more. That was one of the most solemn moments of my life. The waters were rushing over and around my cabin. Presently, with a heavy shudder, our ship rose from her starboard beam ends, and rolled heavily over to the leeward. I said to Mrs. P——:

“We did not go down just now, so our ship can not sink. But we have had some more damage done to the vessel by that crash we heard. However, I think the hurricane has reached its climax; the crisis is past. We shall not go down in this gale.”

In the crash, we heard, among other things, that the davits made of iron, on which hung the life-boat, with seven or eight dozen geese, and other live stock, were snapped into splinters, and away went the boat with a splash, and the geese with a cackle, into the boiling waters. Our bill-of-fare was shortened by this loss, as we had not yet doubled Cape Horn. Slowly and sullenly the storm ceased to blow. Our ship was in bad plight. We had lost cook-house and everything pertaining thereto; we had lost a mast and sails, our bulwarks, and a boat full of live stock; but we had weathered the hurricane and were still afloat. I was bruised and battered, and completely exhausted by my three days' fast, and three nights without sleep, and rolling about in water and in wet clothes all the time. I was stiff and cold. The steward brought me some salmon and wine, the sight of which made me sick, but I had to take a little to keep life in. When the wind ceased to blow, the great rolling waters went down gradually, and gave the ship an opportunity of sailing on her way more steadily. The voice of the floods raised a great turmoil, and lifted the great waves on high. But the voice of the Lord said: "Peace; be still," and they were quiet. "The Lord is great, and greatly to be praised." The debris of the wrecked mast and bulwarks were cleared away, but as the planking for new bulwarks was swept away by the relentless waves, we had to sail without bulwarks, which made it unsafe to walk the deck. We had merchant princes on board, who, when on shore, would hardly deign to speak to a sailor; but who on board in a storm, or after it, are sorry-looking objects, pitiable in the extreme. But a sailor in a storm is in his element, and independent in spirit. He fills his place, and can not be dispensed with. In a storm, the proud ship-owners are glad to look up to the hardy seamen for help and safety. The ship is a little world, where the inhabitants are few, and all have a common interest in the voyage. Our English tars did honor to their profession, by their brave and noble conduct in the days and nights of peril.

I told our first officer one day that I hoped in a short time to see some icebergs.

"What! icebergs? not if I can help it. I shall steer as far from them as possible."

"Do you intend to cut off the Horn and pass through the Magellan Strait?"

"Not that either."

“Then do you intend to take the middle course and steer between the ice mountains and the fire mountains?”

He laughed, and said: “You have fixed it.”

We doubled the redoubtable Cape Horn on Easter Sunday.

We suffered more from cold ere we reached the latitude of the Cape than we did while doubling it. We had left the Pacific and were on the stormy Atlantic. With all due deference to Ferdinand Magellan, who, on account of the quiet and peaceful behavior of the mighty ocean, dubbed it “Pacific,” we did not so find it. Soon after passing the Falkland Islands, two large ships hove in sight, which created quite a stir on board our ship, as no doubt it did on board the others. The winds and waves were so gentle and kind that they allowed the three great ships to get very near to each other. No speaking-trumpets were needed; nearer and closer they came, till our captain could touch with his outstretched hand the hands of the others from their respective ships. This was quite a feat. A skillful turn of the wheel, and they turned away from each other, then returned and almost touched again. It was a grand sight. We were short of provisions and water, and what provisions and sail-cloth the other ships could spare from their stores they gave us, but no water. The noble ships bowed their farewell and each went on its watery way. As we approached the tropics we had fine weather. The dark, heavy waters of the stormy Atlantic were quiet and unruffled. Everything in our cabins was saturated with brine, and the heat of our dark, air-tight rooms was suffocating. We were in a hot vapor bath all the time, and it was very uncomfortable. I had the steward to lift my carpet and throw it overboard, and everything else that could be dispensed with. We attempted to put in at Pernambuco, in South America, for water, but the winds were contrary. The captain consulted the passengers as to the best course to pursue. They decided on the straight course to England. We were consequently put on short allowance of food and water. We willingly consented to this arrangement, and sailed on. Our health continued good. Only the body of one sweet little girl was consigned to the deep on the voyage. A large fish had been caught, and when cooked, a tempting morsel was served up to me in my cabin. I ate it with a relish, for I was hungry. I thanked the steward for the dainty morsel, then he told me, with that gusto he enjoyed, that I had eaten shark. I turned very sick without any reason; but I imagined the shark might have feasted upon a dead human body. The tropical heat was very great, as we had but little wind.

We passed close to the Azores; we had a fine view of St. Michal's, the principal one, with a population of 51,000. The Portuguese discovered them in 1439, and now own them.

Britain, Queen of the Seas, that great nation on whose possessions the sun never sets, and whose tributary countries are more numerous than those of Rome in her palmyest days, was being discussed. Questions were asked, such as, When shall we see the Scilly Isles? When the land's end? When the Lizzard's Point? etc. "Land ho!" was shouted from the lookout. Britain, the sceptered isle, was in sight. What a commotion was among those who were going to meet their friends. The sea-girt garden stood full in view, and there go the ships to plow the trackless, pathless ocean, all bedecked with streamers, waving in the wind. The outward bound may encounter storms and disasters ere they reach port, and the lofty colors trail on the slippery deck, torn and trampled on. Here comes our noble ship battered and storm-beaten, but carrying her country's colors at the mast-head, though tattered and torn. She was sadly disfigured, for her figure-head had gone with her bulwarks; but the most important part of the ship was left, viz.: the hull. The inner parts were uninjured, and the crew did what they could with pitch and paint. The battered ship reminded me of myself. As we passed up the English Channel, the health officers, who came on board, pronounced us all in a healthy condition. A pilot took charge of the ship, and the custom-house officers took charge of our luggage till the ship reached London. We gave them our keys, and left the ship in the pilot's boat, hoping to reach London as soon as the vessel. We landed at Folkestone. When I touched *terra firma*, it was the first time I had set foot on English soil, and this ended my first voyage round the world.

We had breakfast at a hotel, and took the train for Brighton. I had never traveled by railway, and the sensations were new and strange as we whirled along. Brighton is a beautiful seaport town. The Queen's pavilion looks more like the residence of a Turkish Sultan than of an English Queen, but it is little used by her Majesty. Our short sojourn here was very pleasant. We visited Tunbridge Wells, and thence went on to London, where at Norwood, one of the suburbs, a house was rented, and here we rested for a short time.

Five weeks had passed since we left the ship. Mr. P—— told me one day that he had been to the custom-house, and had been very much annoyed at the conduct of some of the officers. He said he saw two men deliberately break open my desk, and they were about to consign

to their pockets several packages of gold sovereigns, which had been intrusted to me, by rich friends, to carry to poor relatives in Europe. Mr P——'s appearance put a stop to the rascality. He had the money wrapped up, put his seal on it, and had it sent home to me. Though I gave up my keys to these honest officials, every trunk and box I had was broken open, and many valuable parcels taken from them, such as shawls from China, and silks from India, that I had brought as presents from friends to friends, and was to deliver with love messages personally. I asked where these valuables were, as I wished to pay the duty on them. I was informed that they all had been forwarded to their owners, and duty and freight had been collected. I was told the law did not allow this, but I had no redress. All the parcels had been properly directed for my guidance, but I could not ascertain whether the owners received them, as I did not know the address of any of them. I had no fancy for litigation, and I had a great deal of trouble and expense ere I could get things put straight.

I visited the British Museum, where I could well have spent a month with profit. This great store-house of everything wonderful in nature, art, science and history, weeks could not suffice to look over all its wonders. The gloomy old tower, first a palace, then a prison, now a national museum of antiquities, was visited; the fire monument, 202 feet high, was ascended; the tunnel was looked into. One can hardly imagine a vast flood of water rolling over one's head, with ships of large size and heavy tonnage floating on its surface. I visited all the places of interest in London ere I left it.

Just as the steamer, which was carrying me to my native land, was sailing out of dock, a letter was handed to me, to say that friends would meet me at Glasgow, and I must take a steamer for that port. It was too late; I was on my way to Leith, the port of Edinburgh. As I approached the shores of Scotland, my heart felt the torch of patriotism enkindle it. Caledonia can boast of an ancient and warlike history, dating back to Fergus 1st, 328 years before Christ.

A heavy storm had swept over the North Sea, and its waters were still in commotion; we had what the sailors called "the tail of the gale."

It was midnight when the ship touched Granton Pier, with feelings akin to Columbus when he landed at San Salvador. Had it not been for a strange crowd that stood around, I should have knelt and kissed the earth as I stepped upon my native shore. Who, that has wandered in distant lands, feels not a thrill of pleasure as he approaches the land of his birth? I sent a porter on board for my luggage, and while I

stood idle and alone, a stranger in my own land, I felt no sense of loneliness. I was in Scotland, the land of the free and the brave. The old Scotch porter asked me:

“Mem, will I tak your boxes to the hotel?”

“Yes,” I said.

“Will ya tak a noddy (hack) yersel, an ride ta the hotel?”

“No,” I answered; “I shall walk with you to the hotel.”

So I walked with the old man, for I loved to hear him talk the Scottish dialect; it had music for me, it thrilled me. I laughed right out at the old man’s exclamation, when I told him I had come from Australia.

“Losh bless me lassie, awe the way frac Australly, that far awa kintra, weel, weel, its wonderfa.”

The gale had driven a French ship into that port that day for repairs, and when we reached the hotel, we found every available space filled with the storm-stayed passengers. We went to two or three houses, but all were full; I could not find a shelter anywhere apparently, and the poor, old man was distressed.

“Weel a weel, what’s ta be dune for I dinna ken?”

“Take me anywhere for the night; I suppose all the people of the village are respectable,” I said.

“Deed are they.”

I had become accustomed to hear the people say, “we hae na a spare bed in the hoose,” in answer to the old man’s asking for “shelter for a young stranger, lassie for the nicht.” I trudged beside the old man from end to end of the village, but to no purpose. All had their houses occupied, a very unusual thing. I did not feel half the concern that the poor old man felt, but I was becoming very tired with my walk through the streets. So I made up my mind to get all my trunks and traps placed on the ground, and I should take a seat on them for the rest of the night without shelter. I told the old man not to distress himself, for I was not afraid, I was in Scotland.

“Ma puir lassie, ye can na bide oot by awe nicht, ye munn ha a bield o’ some kind,” said the sympathetic old man. “There’s only ane hoose that I did na gang tae, an I fear the leddies ha gane away, bit I’ll see.

So on we trudged a little farther to the one house that had not been disturbed by our midnight knocking at the door. But now the old man roused the sleepers, the door opened, and he was admitted, and the door closed again. I was outside. The excitement of landing, and the pleasure I had listening to the old man’s broad, vernacular speeches, and the novelty of not finding a place to lodge in the first

night of my arrival in my native country, kept me up. I leaned against a window sill, and said to myself: "Here I am alone in the vast solitude of sleeping Scotland." The night was robed in light; the firmament was glowing with stars, and the moon had unveiled her peerless face, and shone out beautifully bright. All was congenial with my thoughts; a holy calm seemed to pervade the very atmosphere. I felt as if I were in the presence of Deity. This thought was sweet and soothing to my feelings. Though I had no couch on which to lie, I felt at rest. I felt that it would be no hardship for me to sit all night just where I was, with the earth for my throne, and the deep blue vault of heaven, gem-studded, for my canopy, and the pale light, like a silver mantle, thrown around me. I almost forgot where I was, when I heard the old man's voice from within say:

"All the way from Australly."

The door opened, I almost felt sorry to be disturbed, when a sweet-voiced maid-servant invited me to come in, and the old man said:

"Weel, weel, here ye can get a room."

I followed my trunks into the house. I had given up the faintest hope of finding a shelter for myself; but the Lord did provide. I quadrupled the sum the old man asked for his services; I thought he richly earned it. He said he wad do onything that he could for me as lang as I remained in the place. And he did attend to my baggage, and besides his pay, I gave him a souvenir from "Australly," which perfectly delighted him. I was conducted upstairs by the servant, who was neatly dressed, though she must have been roused from sleep; it was 3 o'clock A. M. I was ushered into a room brightly lit up with gas. Deal-dressers, filled with delf-ware, white and bright and clean, were ranged on one side; on the wall opposite hung, not pictures, but pot and pan-lids, bright and shiny, like silver mirrors. A cooking-range, highly polished, and all the cooking utensils arranged with the greatest good order, told me that I was in a Scotch kitchen, a gem of its kind. The girl apologized for taking me to the kitchen, saying that the rooms had all been disrobed of curtains and carpets; everything was being packed up for removal to their city home. I said no apology from them was necessary. A little table, with a tray covered with a snowy napkin, with a few dainty viands, such as would tempt a sick stomach, and a cup of the most fragrant tea, such as would cure sickness, was set before me. The aroma was refreshing. My heart was too full of grateful feelings to eat. I drank a cup of the delicious tea. Great tears rolled from my eyes, and my pent-up

feelings burst forth in sobs. I apologized to the girl for my involuntary sobs.

“The Lord who rules the earth’s affairs,  
For me a well-spread board prepares;  
My grateful thanks to him shall rise,  
He knows my wants, those wants supplies.”

I heard a soft, sweet voice in the hall say, in musical tones:

“Maggie, be kind to the stranger; do everything in your power to make her as comfortable as the house can afford. You know we were once ourselves strangers in a strange land, so be kind to her.”

A fresh sob prevented my hearing Maggie’s answer. I had no doubt as to what it was, however. I was conducted to a bed-room that had been prepared for me in a hurry. I sank down in the soft, clean bed, after committing myself to Him who slumbers not. The weary traveler sank down to a profound sleep, and slept till noon next day. “Nature’s sweet restorer, balmy sleep,” had done her duty. I was rested and refreshed. Maggie, as if by magic, knew when I moved, and had a delicious breakfast at my bedside in a twinkling, and insisted that I should eat it before getting up. To this I made but faint objection. As soon as my toilet was made, Maggie conducted me down-stairs to the drawing-room, where two ladies rose to greet me. The elder introduced the younger, Miss McDonald, daughter of Colonel McDonald, of Powder Hall, near Edinburgh. The elder was Miss McDonald, sister to the colonel. I had sent them my card. I soon discovered that the younger lady owned the soft, sweet voice I had heard in the night, so soothing to my ear. While I listened to her, I breathed a prayer for her; she could not hear, but it was heard by Him whose ear is ever open to our prayers. These ladies took a deep and lively interest in the stranger. I was able to tell them of acquaintances they had in the far-off South Land. I was charmed. They delighted me with their pleasant, affectionate manners. The seaside residence which they occupied was about to be vacated, but they said they would remain there a few days longer to suit my convenience. They also gave me a pressing invitation to spend some time with them, and, if possible, make Powder Hall my headquarters while I was Scotland. I promised to visit them at the Hall. Meantime, I accepted one night more of their seaside hospitality. I spent the day and night with these highly-cultured, refined and elegant ladies, each telling of her travels in different directions. They had traveled much, but I do not think they were ever shelterless as I was, on the night on which I roused them from their slumbers. They treated me just as they would like



to be treated in similar circumstances. A young sister and niece of these two ladies was sick, and had been bedridden for a long time. She was a lovely and interesting young Christian, and while on her sick-bed had written a little work for young Christians, a copy of which was presented to me, with a request to read it, and when I had visited my friends to haste to Powder Hall and become acquainted with the dear invalid. I was sorry to leave these charming ladies. Their kindness had been untiring. They asked me to write to them, which I promised to do. I also promised to do myself the pleasure to visit them soon. Man proposes, God disposes. I did write to these new friends, only to tell them that it was not in my power to visit them, as I was about to sail for America. Their letters were kind in the extreme. The young invalid regretted not having the opportunity to meet me and become acquainted. I felt equally sorry. We exchanged messages of love. I also had letters of introduction from these ladies to friends in America. They hoped when I landed in that strange country I should be better cared for than I had been on landing in my own. But they added:

“We owe to your adventure the pleasure of having become acquainted with you.”

To me this acquaintance was a bright spot, full of fragrant flowers, on my desert path.

After parting with my new friends, the train soon took me to Edinburgh. Edwin, the Anglo-Saxon King of Northumberland, founded Edwin's Burg, now Edinburgh. It consists of two parts—the old and the new town. The one lies on level ground, and is a handsome, modern-built city. The old is separated from it by a deep valley running east and west, and lies south of the other on a long and lofty ridge, and bears an ancient and venerable aspect, with its old but substantial buildings, ten, twelve and fourteen stories high. The hills in the environs afford very beautiful and extended views. Arthur's Seat, the towering summit of a vast collection of precipices, is the most noted. Hills and valleys and slopes are all as green as a lawn. Holyrood Palace, the residence of Scottish kings and queens for many centuries, is full of relics, and of sad mementoes of our beautiful but unfortunate Queen Mary, whose whole life was a melancholy history, and over whose dark fate the tear of sympathy falls after the lapse of three centuries. Everything in Mary's room is just as she left it. As it is not Mary's but my own history that I am writing, I must not linger at Holyrood, but proceed to the Castle, which is an ancient fortress, standing on a rugged rock 200 feet high, which overlooks the

town. On the battery stands "Mons. Meg." (Monstrous Maggie), who shook the city like an earthquake, and broke all the windows, doing great damage generally to the town, but especially damaging herself by cracking her muzzle. She had it bandaged with iron belts, and there she stands, a monument of uselessness after her one exploit. The regalia of Scotland is lodged in the Castle. Edinburgh is famous for its institutions of learning, the inhabitants are literary, and the city well deserves the name of "Modern Athens." I attended to the delivery of love messages and money to some persons in this city. I also had a letter of introduction to the reverend and distinguished James Haldane, of Edinburgh. I spent a very pleasant day at his house. His daughter was exceedingly attentive to me. I remained over Sunday to hear the venerable Mr. Haldane preach in what used to be the great Tabernacle, but it was now contracted in size, and though the congregation was good, yet it was not so large as in days gone by. I took the railroad train to Glasgow, and whirled away at a rapid rate. Glasgow is the largest city in Scotland. It stands on each side of the Clyde, and has large and handsome buildings. Its Cathedral is the most perfect specimen of ancient or Gothic architecture that the zeal of the Reformers left standing in Scotland.

One quarter of an hour from the time I stepped into the train at Glasgow I was at Paisley. I looked around from the platform of the depot on which I stood, and saw a great many houses, the roofs of which were level with the platform. The railway crossed a low part of the town on a viaduct, and whole streets were demolished to give way for the structure. I did not recognize my birthplace at all. Everything seemed changed. I greeted my mother earth. "O how kindly thou hast led me, Heavenly Father, day by day; found my dwelling, clothed and fed me, furnished friends to cheer my way." Yet my heart sent forth a secret sigh as memory wandered over the past. Smiles took the place of somber looks when I saw my cousin pressing through the crowd to meet me. My anxious thoughts were dispelled. Our meeting was pleasant, his greeting cordial. I found the greatest changes in the few short years of my absence that could well be imagined. One uncle who had been years in India had come home and taken his wife and only son abroad with him. My only other aunt and uncle that I had left in Scotland were quietly sleeping in the church-yard. My cousins all vied with each other in showing me kindness. I felt at home, notwithstanding the changes. I felt a thrill of joy at the thought, here I am at home.

## CHAPTER IX.

### NEW EXPERIENCES IN SCOTLAND.

MR. WILLIAM NEIL, minister to the Baptist Church, had married one of my cousins. He was eminent for piety and good works. The first Sunday that I heard my cousin preach, I felt a strange joy that I was so privileged. When I partook of the Lord's Supper, they were surprised and pleased that I had become a Baptist. In this church I had first seen the rite of baptism, and despised it. Since then I had been changed. After the church service was over, it was announced that a Mr. Campbell from America was preaching in different cities to the churches. He was a great Reformer. The question was, "Shall we invite Mr. Campbell to preach to this church the next Sunday?"

Whereon a few venerable men, whose silvery hair formed, as it were, crowns of glory on their heads, rose up, one at a time, and said:

"We will have nothing to do with Mr. Campbell, or his new fangled doctrines." "Mr. Campbell is not orthodox." "We shall not hear him preach to us; he would turn our church organization up side down; overturn our government; yes, and even raze the foundations on which our church is built." "We want no revolutionist to preach for us; we will not invite Mr. Campbell to preach to this church."

• Thus spoke the hoary-headed fathers. I had great veneration for these conservatives, and consequently my sympathies were with them. The church listened with the most profound attention while the venerated fathers spoke; but when they all had finished what they had to say, a man of middle age rose up, and began:

"I am astonished at some of the speeches our fathers have made. I did not know until now, that our organization, our government, the very foundation on which our church is built, were so weak, that Mr. Campbell could, with one day's preaching, raze the foundation of our church, and turn everything in connection with it up side down. If our foundation was on Christ the rock of ages, the gates of hell could not prevail against it; but if our church be founded on sand, the sooner it is razed, and everything connected with it turned up side down, the

better. Mr. Campbell may then help us build on the sure foundation. I vote to have Mr. Campbell preach for us next Sunday, if we can persuade him to come."

This speech created quite a revolution in the feelings of the congregation. A vote was taken, and all but the few old men who had spoken were for inviting Mr. Campbell to preach on the next Sunday, and forthwith he was invited. I heard one member say that "were Mr. Campbell to preach fifty revolutionary sermons, they can do us no harm, if we are founded on Christ, the rock. We must look into this matter, and see that we are all right." On leaving church every one was discussing the merits and demerits of what had been spoken. I had intended to spend a few weeks making a tour of the highlands, but having heard so much of this revolutionary preacher, my curiosity to hear him was excited; so I altered my plan. I would spend the week at Loch Gilphead, visit my nurse's grave, and return on Saturday, in time to hear this unorthodox Mr. Campbell, and judge for myself, whether he preached Christ or not. I hired a row-boat, and floated down the Cart River, took a steamer at its junction with the Clyde, and steamed down this romantic river, passing the ruined palaces and forts, among them Dumbarton Castle, where Wallace's sword is kept. The memory of the happy days that I spent all along here, was like flowers kept fresh in water. My young heart had been long inured to pain, but tears for the present had given place to pleasure and sweet memories. On we sped past Greenock, the isles of Arran and Bute, up Lock Fine, and landed at the former home of Highland Maggie, the present home of her mother Lucky and her brother, Lachie Campbell, who used to carry me to the beach, and tell me stories, and gather shells and dulce for me. Verily, I was a little child again. Lachie accompanied me on a flying visit to his sisters, among the hills. The heather-clad hills were as beauteous as of yore. My only regret was, that I could not stay longer among the silvery fountains and glistening lakes, and the sweet perfume of the flowery dells. The locks in the Creenan Canal had the same interest for me as of old. Nothing here had changed. The gushing springs, the rushing streams, the roaring cataracts, the sparkling cascades, the gloomy glens, the caves and cliffs, and shady woods, and fragrant air—my heart beat in sympathy with all.

"Oh, wave, and rill, and breeze, and rock, and wood,  
Was it not God himself that called thee good."

On the 28th of August, 1847, I was seated in the Baptist Church,

Paisley. It was early, but the large house was crowded; many, like myself, were there from sheer curiosity, to see and hear some new thing. A gentleman who sat next to me said:

“There comes the great Mr. Campbell.”

I looked in the direction, and saw my cousin with several gentlemen coming up the aisle. One form attracted me more than the others; he was not bedizened with chains, or rings, or diamond pins, or jewelry of any kind. He was above the middle height, strongly built, but rather thin; his hair was gray, and stood up from his high, intellectual forehead; he had heavy eyebrows; his perceptive organs were very large; he had a high, Roman nose, as one born to command; the lines on his face were strongly marked. With hat in hand, and bowed head, leaning lightly on a cane, he walked up to the pulpit steps. Mr. Neil, having led the way, stood on one side to let the stranger pass up the steps to the pulpit. But Mr. Campbell, for it was he, did not go up so high as the preacher's stand, but took the precentor's, till he was called up higher. I never took my eyes off this strange gentleman, but watched his every movement. His eagle glance scanned the congregation, and for a moment his piercing blue eye rested on me. I seemed to feel, as well as see, his glance. I felt as if he had penetrated to my inmost soul, and there read all my thoughts. My cousin introduced Mr. Campbell to the congregation, and conducted the preliminary services. Mr. Neil was a young man, comparatively, but he was an orthodox Calvinist, as well as the gray-haired fathers were, not one of whom was present. He was grave in his manners, good in his morals, and preached to please a highly intelligent church.

The thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians was read, and Mr. Campbell rose to speak. His voice was firm and clear; every syllable was distinctly uttered, and was heard in the uttermost corners of the large house; his tones were low and impressive. He looked round upon the upturned faces for a moment; then he took up the open Bible in his hands, and said:

“We are not in the habit of taking a verse out of a chapter, or a clause out of a verse, for a text to preach from. We take the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible, for a text, and preach from it.”

He held up the precious book while he spoke, then with a most emphatic gesture, brought it down on the cushioned desk. This, I believe, was the only gesture he made in a discourse of three hours. He proceeded, and said:

“On this occasion, we shall depart from our usual practice, and take

the thirteenth chapter of first Corinthians and thirteenth verse. Paul says, 'Now abideth faith, hope and charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity.' I shall give charity its true rendering, and call it love. The text will now read, 'And now abideth faith, hope, love, but the greatest of these is love.'"

He defined what faith was, and expatiated in glowing terms on it. There was something so new and wonderful in the manner in which faith was represented, that I became deeply interested. The whole house was impressed. Faith to me had a new significance, and when Mr. Campbell passed on to define hope, I feared it would not come up to what was said of faith. I thought nothing could surpass my idea of what faith was; however, his definition and description of hope left faith in the shade. Hope, the anchor of the soul, eclipsed faith completely. Words of mine can never do justice to the grandeur of that discourse. It was thrilling. I was bewildered by a rush of new ideas. "These three, but the greatest of these is love." Now I thought nothing more can be added to the grand discourse already spoken. He had been leaning on the desk with his elbow in a most easy, graceful manner most of the time. Now he rose from his easy position, but without a single gesture to interrupt the magnificent flow of his grand thoughts, as they were poured out in the most beautiful, chaste, poetic and powerful language. His mien was calm and majestic. I had never seen it equaled in the pulpit, though I had heard the distinguished James Haldane, the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, and the elegant Dr. Wardlaw, and other great men. Yet this stranger, this Mr. Alexander Campbell, surpassed them all, both in mind and manner. My listening powers were awed, and every thought in silence hung in wondering expectancy. His words seemed oracles, that pierced the hearts of all who heard him. Each would turn to his neighbor in dumb wonder, and look into his face, whose face would answer in the same wondering gaze. His theme was transcendently grand, and his wonderful powers of delineation did it justice. He was full of eloquence, yet precise; he was luminous, yet profound. He set the great principles which he advocated before the learned and the unlettered in such a way, that none could misunderstand. There was no need of the dim, religious light of the cathedral, the lofty, vaulted roof, or the deep tones of the organ, as accessories to awe the rapt listeners. Every word was touched with an emphasis that absolutely thrilled one. The vast audience was riveted in breathless attention. The pulses of the silent crowd could almost be heard while he spoke. He

seemed to feel all he said. His manner, so calm and dignified, invested his theme with a strange importance to me, as he touched, with an unexpected truth, a chord in my own heart, that tremblingly responded to the touch. "God is love." I saw all creation in a new light. God's love permeated the universe. God loved man above all created beings; loved him so much that he gave his only begotten Son to die for him that he might live. I was made to feel that the love of God was higher than heaven, deeper than the grave, and wide as eternity; it was past my understanding. It seemed to me that my whole being was undergoing a transformation, while I was, by some magic power, perfectly engrossed by the subject of the discourse. I felt unutterable things, and felt a great desire to do something for my fellow-beings, to show my appreciation of God's love to me. I felt a new power within me; my heart was enlarged, my understanding enlightened; and I thought the people over whom Mr. Campbell had influence must be superior, because of his teaching, to any people I had ever met. This first sermon which Mr. Campbell preached in my hearing was a pivot on which my destiny turned. I made a sudden resolution, and mentally said: "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

His hearers were spell-bound for three hours, nor did they relax their attention till Mr. Campbell had finished his discourse. Their admiration was unbounded. I could have listened to him forever I thought. The hours seemed like minutes; no weariness did any one feel. At the close of his grand discourse, he said if any wished to join the Church of Christ, the New Testament only required that a penitent believer should confess Christ before men intelligently, be buried with him in baptism, and rise with him to newness of life. When Christ took Peter's confession, he asked, "Whom do you say that I am?" And Simon Peter answered, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." And Jesus answered and said, "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my Father which is in heaven. And I say unto thee, upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

"This good confession that Peter made to Christ himself was all that Christ required of Peter, and from that day to this, the good confession, no more, no less, is all that the New Testament requires of

anyone before he enters the kingdom of his Lord and Savior," said Mr. Campbell.

This glorious teaching was all new to me, but my heart responded to the grand truths. I thought of the weary days and weeks and months of misery in which I wept and mourned, and was kept out of the church, because I could not do more than Christ required. I was required to give a Christian experience before I was a Christian. I was required to tell whether I was elected before I obeyed Christ. I was required to subscribe to a creed; but I knew nothing but what the Bible taught. Verily, I had taken, in my ignorance, the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible. And here was a great teacher advocating the Bible alone for a creed and rule of practice. I had learned more of Bible truth in this one sermon, from this great teacher, than I had learned in all my life before from the Baptist pulpit. O how beautiful were the truths of the Bible as told by this wonderful man. His words were like pearls dropped from his lips; they were pearls of great price to me.

After the morning service, we adjourned to a room in the basement, called the "Love-room," to have a mug of warm coffee, and a cracker and cheese, and a social chat for a half hour, before partaking of the Lord's Supper in the afternoon. A wonderful change had come over me. I seemed to be reconverted, at least everything appeared in a new light. The programme I had marked out for myself on leaving New South Wales was laid aside. O if I could only sit at the feet of this great teacher, as did Mary of Bethany sit at the feet of her Lord, I would be willing to sacrifice anything, everything. To learn the way to heaven more perfectly, I could endure any amount of privation. I felt that I could not do too much for Christ and his cause, if I only knew where to begin, and how. Here, Lord, take me and do with me what thou wilt. These and kindred thoughts occupied my mind as I was passing down the love-room to feast the body after having so grand a spiritual feast. Mr. Campbell was led to the head of the tables, where, standing, he returned thanks. I happened to be seated at his right hand; I was pleased to be so near as to hear him converse with other gentlemen. A gentleman in the middle of the room rose, with his coffee and cracker in hands, and spoke in highly eulogistic terms of the grand sermon we had had the privilege of listening to. Numbers, he said, had come from the east and the west, from north and south, and if neither Medes nor Persians were here, yet many from distant parts of Scotland were here, and all were deeply



thankful for the light of the truth that shone upon their understandings and hearts that day, and he hoped that all would return to their homes with a fuller knowledge of God's love, and a renewed desire to love and serve him more faithfully.

"Amen," said Mr. Campbell, who had been quietly sipping his coffee while the highest encomiums were being passed on him. He was perfectly oblivious to what might have been taken for flattery, though no flattery was intended by Mr. N—— in what he said. He spoke from a heart overflowing with the love that he had heard held forth so eloquently that morning. Nevertheless, his words were highly complimentary, and might have flattered an ordinary man. Mr. Campbell seemed unconscious that he had created such unbounded gratitude in the hearts of his hearers, or such profound admiration. He, however, felt the importance of the truths he had been setting forth. Here I sat beside the greatest man I had ever met. The most godlike in grandeur of character, and most Christ-like in gentleness and humility. Another gentleman rose at the other end of the room to make another speech. I did wish he had sat still and allowed Mr. Campbell to speak. I was hungering after strong meat; I had been fed on milk long enough.

"We all have been congratulated on being privileged to hear the grand truths so ably and eloquently set forth. I fully coincide with all our brother has said. We are here from the ends of Scotland, but we have one also from the ends of the earth."

I was sorry to hear of another stranger besides Mr. Campbell coming at that time. I wished Mr. Campbell to have no divided attentions. I had turned my face to the speaker. I as quickly turned it from him, when I heard him say,

"I have the great pleasure to introduce our Sister Davies from Australia."

My face was all aglow, I was so taken by surprise. Mr. Campbell rose from his seat, gave me his hand, and said:

"You are the lady from Australia."

I bowed, but could not speak. There was a general hum through the room; several gentlemen came up, and we were introduced formally. We had several invitations to dine at different places. Mr. Campbell, still kindly holding my hand, looked down into my face with such a pleasant smile, and said:

"Where this lady goes I will go; where she dines there will I dine."

I looked up with a feeling of awe to his smiling face, and wondered

if he were omniscient, and had read my resolution in my face, or knew my thoughts while I was mentally quoting Ruth, while he was preaching. This was a foolish thought, but I was so absorbed that I hardly knew what to think. However, before he let my hand go, I told him that I purposed going to America. I sealed my resolution by expressing it. The Lord's Supper was dispensed in the afternoon. My heart was full of joy on this occasion. Mr. Henshall preached at night. A great number of gentlemen dined with Mr. Campbell that day, and great themes were discussed, deeply interesting to all. I seemed to be in an atmosphere of intellectual, moral and religious light. I had no desire to talk. I could not, if I would; the subjects were all beyond my reach, but I was reaching after them. Mr. Campbell asked me a great many questions about Australia, and compelled me in a measure to talk some. He told me he was glad to know that I was going to America. He hoped I would find my way to Bethany, his home, before I settled anywhere. To be near this great and god-like man, to hear him preach, teach or talk, was a boon for which nothing on earth could compensate, so I felt and thought, and the invitation to come to his home was more than I could have dreamed of. But God was guiding me. One week before this time, Mr. Campbell was most severely criticised unheard; but now men hung upon his life-giving words as they had never done with man before. His wisdom surpassed that of all other men, and were all who heard him that day to try to tell all they learned from him, the half could not be told. Happy are they who are privileged to hear him at all times, I thought. I told my cousin that I had determined to go to America. He was taken by surprise, and asked me why this sudden resolve. I told him such preaching, such teaching, I had never heard; such light and beauty thrown around the great truths of the Bible. I thought no other man could or would teach the sublime and simple story of the cross and our salvation with so much love and power, as did Mr. Campbell. I thought he had more of the spirit of Christ than any living man. The people over whom he has influence must be more pious, more God-fearing, God-loving, better every way, than any I know. They must love the world and its fashions less, and be more self-denying, and willing to do more and suffer more for Christ, than any other people. I wish to cast in my lot with them, and live for a higher purpose than I have done.

“You are a young enthusiast, and may live to regret your hasty act,

if you go; but we will try to persuade you to stay with us. Have you told Mr. Campbell of your intention?"

"Yes; but I did not give him my reason, for he, like you, might say that I was an enthusiast, and try to dissuade me; but I have resolved. I do not wish to talk about it, only to say that I am going, and make my preparations to suit my new programme."

In private conversation, Mr. Campbell's words seemed to be inspired; his themes were lofty; but he won all hearts by his winning gentleness, and when he left Paisley, he had a perfect ovation. In fact, his journey through Scotland was more like the triumphal march of a conquering hero, than that of a preacher of the Gospel. Christ, while on earth, drew crowds after him, because he preached to them the words of life; he taught as never man taught, and Mr. Campbell was a faithful follower and copier of his Master.

The Baptist Church to which my cousin ministered looked well after its members. If any were absent from sickness, they were visited, and administered unto; were they absent, and could give no good reasons, they were reprimanded. Now, on the day that Mr. Campbell preached, not one of the old fathers of this orthodox church was present, though their sons and daughters were. Of course, they were called upon by the proper authorities, to give an account of themselves on that day. None had the excuse of sickness, to keep them away, but all of them found it convenient to leave the town on business just at that time, and did not return till after Sunday. This being a good reason, they could not be disciplined. The good old men, faithful to their prejudices, could not come home in time to hear the revolutionist.

I was invited to dine with Mr. Campbell at Glasgow, at the house of Mr. Patton. There were several gentlemen present, who left early, as Mr. Campbell was to have an artist to come and take his likeness. I was especially invited to sit by Mr. Campbell while the artist was at work. He said he had taken a great interest in me, for which I was most profoundly thankful. He soon found out that I knew very little about America, and that I had no acquaintance with any person in it. Again he gave me a very pressing invitation to visit Bethany, ere I located any where; but if I preferred any other part of the United States to Bethany, he would give me letters of introduction to the brethren, who would be attentive to my wants and wishes.

"But it would give me great pleasure were you to come to Bethany first."

To go to Bethany, the home of Mr. Campbell, was of all places the

one I should prefer to visit first, and I found courage to say so for the first time, though he had asked me several times. My veneration was so profound, and my opinion so exalted, of the great teacher, that I could hardly speak to him, only listen. When he condescended to speak to me on my own affairs, and took an interest in them, and spoke in so kind and gentle a manner to me, the awe melted away, and I felt at ease in his presence. He gave me more information about America than I ever had before. He gave me directions, which way to travel after landing on the Western Hemisphere, to reach Bethany. He entered into the smallest detail, as if it had been a great one. He said he was going to fill appointments in Ireland, then go to England on his way home, and if I could join him there, we could sail in company. This arrangement would have been delightful, but I could not make it. I had to visit different parts of Scotland, and Mr. Campbell's time was too short for me. I said I would hurry, and follow him in the next vessel. The more I saw and heard him, the more firmly I was convinced that my resolution to go to America, to be near his people, and hear him preach, was right. To leave all, and follow him, that I might be benefited spiritually, seemed a small matter. The day that Mr. Campbell was to sail for Ireland, my cousin and several other gentlemen spent with him at Mr. Patton's. I was to start to a distant part of Scotland in a stage-coach, a few hours ere he sailed for the Emerald Isle. We were not to meet again until we had crossed the Atlantic Ocean. Mr. Campbell had entered into my affairs with a feeling of sympathy, that was gratifying to a bruised spirit. Now he seemed to seek the sympathy he had so freely given. He told me he was in some trouble, that gave him grief; but he began, in a playful manner, to tell me of a dream that he dreamed the night before.

"I dreamed that I had lost a tooth." He smiled, and said: "Were I superstitious, as your countrymen are, I would say that I had lost a friend. I felt on Saturday a feeling of depression of spirit, that is far from natural to me, as I am not of a desponding nature. However, I felt as if some great calamity was hanging over me. I spoke of the feeling to sister Patton and her son at the time, that was on the 4th of September, 1847. I took a note of it; to-day is Monday, the 6th."

Just here I will say, I think it a most wonderful coincidence, that at the time he felt so depressed in spirit, as if a great calamity hung over him, there was, indeed, in his American home a sad event occurring. On that very Saturday, his second son, a most beloved, because a most promising, boy of eleven years old, was drowned. He went out with

two other boys to bathe in the creek; they went into a deep pool before the apron of the milldam, as the creek was low. After the boys had bathed, they were diving under and coming up at the other side of a boat. Wickliffe had gone down, but failed to come up, as the other boys had done in safety. The alarm was given, but half an hour elapsed ere his body was found under the apron of the milldam. To restore him, everything that skill and affection could devise was tried, but all in vain. The spirit had gone to Him who gave it, and the family plunged into the deepest grief. Mr. Campbell's absence caused the blow to fall very heavily on the deeply afflicted mother, who now experienced her first great sorrow. She had naturally a melancholy disposition, and this event developed it in all its force, so that neither the hopes and consolations of religion, nor Christian sympathy, could soothe or allay her great grief.

After Mr. Campbell's morning levee, it was proposed that we should visit the Necropolis, and we wended our way to this city of the dead. We crossed the "Bridge of Sighs," near the old cathedral, where the waters of the Molindinar Burn rush tumultuously over an artificial cascade into a deep ravine. The bridge to the entrance of the Necropolis had to be crossed by those who were carrying their dead to their last resting-place, hence, the name, "Bridge of Sighs." And though sad were the feelings, and heavy the sighs, of those who had left their loved ones to sleep, yet the gloom and horror of the bridge of the same name at Venice did not obtain here. This was a beautiful and pleasant place to visit, and so said all the strangers present. Amid beautiful shrubbery, and well-laid-out grounds, stand elegant monuments. Mr. Campbell said that he used to visit this spot forty years ago, when he was at college. We returned to Mr. Patton's, where several more gentlemen came to bid the illustrious visitor good-bye. Mr. Campbell was plied with important questions on subjects of vital import. I wondered that he never tired talking. He was most affable and unaffected and brilliant in conversation, and kept his hearers always spell-bound. He was certainly revolutionizing their stereotyped manner of thought, and laying the foundation for great reform. My time to leave had come, and Mr. Campbell did me the honor to accompany me to the coach-office, and put me on board the coach. On leaving Mr. Patton's, all the gentlemen followed suit, and a long line came tramp, tramp down the stairs. Mr. Campbell turned round when he reached the hall, and said, in a most pleasant, smiling manner:

“The Campbell’s are coming, oh, ho! oh, ho!” which created a smile. “And still they come.”

When he put me in the coach that was to take me to a distant part, he said:

“I shall write to you from Ireland.”

I paid my friends a short visit, and returned much sooner than I had intended. I was in haste to get through with my visits. I had intended to spend a few days with a Presbyterian cousin at Paisley, when I returned. When I reached his house, and had taken off my wraps, my cousin asked:

“What have you done with your great Mr. Campbell?”

I answered: “He is in Ireland. I parted with him three hours before he was to sail.”

“Ha! ha! So you think your great and good man is in Ireland,” said he, with a withering sneer. “I tell you he is in Glasgow Bridewell, where he, and all such as he, ought to be.”

The blood rushed to my temples at the unfeeling speech. I asked: “Where is he in prison? And for what is he in prison?”

“In Glasgow, and for libel against one of our good Presbyterian ministers.”

“Robertson?” I asked.

“Yes;” he answered.

“If Mr. Campbell, that high-toned Christian gentleman, be in prison, he is a persecuted man, falsely imprisoned, and whoever he or they be who have done this vile deed, shall surely be sorry for it,” I said.

“We are not a persecuting people in Scotland. We do not put men in prison for their good deeds, and Mr. Campbell has unveiled his character at last, and he stands out in a different guise than he did. I hope your insane desire to follow the impostor to America will be cured, and you will remain where you are among respectable people.”

I could stand the bitter tirade against the noble man no longer. I rose and faced my cousin, and said, with all the emphasis in my power:

“I tell you what, I would rather trust Mr. Campbell with my property, life, and even my soul’s safety, than trust you or all the respectable people of whom you speak. You are defamers, and false accusers, and persecutors; but God will punish you all, if you do not repent. He says, ‘Vengeance is mine; I will repay.’ Now, I am going to Glasgow, to the prison, and if all Scotland rise up and perse-

cute Mr. Campbell to the death, I shall stand by him to the last. I do not doubt him. When Christ, his Master, was on earth, he was doubted and mocked, and falsely accused, and persecuted for libel, and when his false friends fell away from him, a few faithful women stood by the persecuted Savior of mankind, and I shall follow the example of these good women, and what they did for Christ, I shall, as far as is in my power, do for his faithful servant."

"Ha! ha!" again burst from this cynic; "he will only be punished for his bad deeds, that is all."

"I am weary and disgusted with your talk; I shall go to Mr. Campbell, to his prison-cell, and your respectable house I shall never enter again."

So saying, I left the house and never entered it again.

I took the train for Glasgow, and went directly to the prison. I went up to the gate boldly, and asked for admittance. I was taken to a private room, and an old woman came to me and was about to search me. I asked her what she meant by attempting to turn my pockets outside-in?

"I want to see that ye tak nathing ta the prisoner," she said.

I told her I wished to see an American gentleman, and no criminal, but one falsely imprisoned.

"O, aye, come awa; I didna ken wha ye wanted ta see."

I was forthwith turned over to the turnkey. He conducted me to the foot of a stair, where was a great iron-studded door, which was opened, and when I passed through, it shut with a bang, and locked with a sound, which, with the clang of the ponderous keys, made my blood run cold. I was conducted through the gloomy corridor to the cell of the distinguished prisoner. Here Mr. Campbell held his levees as if he were in a palace; here he received notable visitors. Just as I entered the cell, I was astonished to see Mr. Neil (my cousin), and with him several of the gray-haired fathers of the church who had refused to hear Mr. Campbell preach; but a revolution had taken place in their minds. They stood in the presence of him whom they called a revolutionist with their heads uncovered. When these good men heard of the incarceration, they ran to the rescue. Many of these men were rich, and they said they would go security to any amount, rather than have Mr. Campbell go to prison. They plead with Mr. Campbell to accept their bail, but he courteously refused. These men rallied round him and became his warmest, stanchest friends, though at first they refused to hear his "new-fangled doc-

trines." They determined to see Mr. Campbell righted if possible. They could not bear to see a stranger, a gentleman, suffer persecution without cause. Mr. Campbell had told me that he had trouble, and on the day we parted, he told me he had heard of a warrant being out against him, to prevent him leaving Scotland; but if he was not forcibly detained he would proceed on his way as appointed. He was detained, and lodged in a cell in Bridewell, instead of a cabin on board a steamer. Mr. Henshall, his traveling companion, went to Ireland, and Mr. Campbell to prison. His incarceration came about in this way. When he first arrived at Edinburgh he was kindly received by the brethren, many of whom came from distant parts to meet him. He preached to crowded houses, who heard him gladly. When it was known that he came from Virginia, nothing seemed more suitable to his Presbyterian opposers than to get up a furor against Mr. Campbell on the slave question. The antislavery excitement was running high in Scotland at the time. To prevent the crowds from going to hear the truth, as Mr. Campbell proclaimed it, three gentlemen called upon him one day, and in the most friendly way asked him what his opinion of slavery was. Their bland manner and plausible speech was intended to put him at his ease and off his guard, and to conceal the character of their errand, which was hostile to him. He, thinking these three were friends, did not disguise his sentiments concerning slavery. He said he had no slaves himself, nor could he keep them consistently. He believed in educating the slave for freedom, and then emancipating him. He said the Bible in olden time had sanctioned slavery. Abraham was a slave-owner, and the mere owning of slaves did not unchristianize a man. The laws of the country upheld slavery. These double-minded gentry made their most polite congés, bidding a most friendly good-bye to their unsuspecting victim. A few hours later all Edinburgh was ablaze with flaming placards, with scarlet letters as large as one's hand. "Citizens of Edinburgh, Beware! Beware! The Rev. Alexander Campbell, of Virginia, United States of America, has been a man-stealer himself, and is a defender of man-stealers." At that time such placards were calculated to raise a mob and drive any man from the city. But Mr. Campbell had many protectors and friends. He made a visit to Dundee for a few days, where he wrote a letter to the editor of the *Edinburgh Journal*, saying he would consent to have a debate on his position in regard to the slave question in America, with any one whom the Antislavery Society might appoint, or even a written discussion.



“I will, in either way,” said he, “meet any gentleman whom you may select, even Mr. Robertson himself, provided, only, that he be not the Rev. James Robertson, who was publicly censured, and excluded from the Baptist Church at Dundee, for violating the fifth commandment in reference to his mother, of which I have heard something at Dundee.”

The editor of the *Edinburgh Journal* refused to publish the letter, but Mr. Campbell's friends had it published at their own expense in pamphlet form. At the next meeting that Mr. Campbell had, hundreds came to hear what the man-stealer had to say for himself; hundreds came to hear the great and good man preach the everlasting gospel, and hundreds more, like the Athenians of old, came to hear some new thing. The largest hall in Edinburgh was filled; every window-sill, nook and aisle was packed. It was estimated that from 6,000 to 7,000 were present on the occasion. Before Mr. Campbell addressed the vast assembly, he told them that the placards printed and posted everywhere on the streets and lanes of all the cities and towns he attempted to preach at, were false and calumnious. He also read the letter to them that he had written to the *Edinburgh Journal*, whose editor had refused to publish it. The allusion to a Rev. James Robertson so exasperated the reverend gentleman who had called on Mr. Campbell, that he based a suit against Mr. Campbell for libel; damages, £5,000; thus coming to the front and acknowledging himself to be the man who abused his mother. Three Rev. James Robertsons of the Presbyterian Church being in the city, of course Mr. Campbell could not tell which was he; but now he stood confessed.

The Antislavery Society thanked the Rev. J. Robertson for placarding Mr. Campbell, as they believed his report correct. Now a malicious feeling took possession of the reverend gentleman, and he determined to hunt down, like a wild beast, the man he could not injure by his lies. Mr. Campbell went on, on his mission of peace and good will to man. He came to Glasgow and found himself pleasantly situated at the home of Mr. Patton. He preached to a large assembly at Glasgow, who inclined to be uproarious at first, but quieted down under the powerful influence of the speaker. While in Glasgow, he received a summons to appear before the Sheriff's court on a charge of libel. A hue and cry was raised by the reverend gentleman that Mr. Campbell was about to flee the country and from justice; hence a warrant was presented to him to prevent him filling his appointments, at the instance of the reverend persecutor. Also, to prevent the peo-

ple from going to hear the grand old gospel preached, the vile, lying placards were posted on the corners of all the streets. The first I saw was in great red letters, "Beware! Beware! of the Rev. Alexander Campbell, President of Bethany College, Virginia, United States of America. A Man-stealer; A Friend of Slaveholders, and an Abettor of Slavery." When I saw these flaming words all over Glasgow I was indignant; I was ashamed. When I entered the stone cell in which the grand old man was confined, I was so ashamed of my country that for a few minutes I could not speak. When I found voice, I said:

"Oh, Mr. Campbell, Scotland never did this disgraceful act. One man or a few men may have been so wicked as to persecute you, but Scotland will yet vindicate you, and do you honor, and your incarceration will redound to the everlasting disgrace of the one or the few who have dared to persecute you. I have come to stand by you to the last, as did a few faithful women by their Master when he was betrayed and forsaken by false friends. The women practiced what He had taught them, and I wish to show that I have been benefited by your teaching."

"And I do most assuredly appreciate your motives. They do honor to the Christian's heart, and if, by reason of my imprisonment, I can not preach in public, I can write," said he, putting his hand on a piece of paper, that was lying on the table beside him.

"Well," I said, "your writings will be read everywhere; a knowledge of your unjust treatment will touch the hearts of my country people; a reaction will take place, and all Scotland will yet call you blessed. Your persecutors may hate you all the more, when they find themselves baffled."

Mr. Campbell smiled. "You prophesy well; be it so."

The cell was about seven feet square, with an arched roof of stone, as well as walls and floor, a very narrow window, high up in the wall, strongly barred with iron, and two very large hooks fastened into the walls opposite each other. The furniture was a very little table and a very small bench; the bench I sat on, while Mr. Campbell sat, or rather leaned, on the table. A piece of carpet, the size of a pocket handkerchief, was on the floor. Oh, this is dreadful, I thought, and tears filled my eyes. I looked at the huge hooks in the walls, and wondered if they were to chain felons to. He seemed to be able to read my thoughts. He touched the hooks, and said:

"I feel the cell cold, having no fire-place, and I can not lie down in

the daytime, if I felt the need of it; I have no sofa, as you see, no bed. But my *valet de chambre* comes into my cell at night, and hangs on these hooks my hammock, in which I lie comfortably till morning."

"Why," I asked, "do you stay here one hour, when your Paisley friends are so anxious to go your security to set you free?"

The reason, he said, that he had preferred to go to prison was, that he would by so doing see how far the superlative philanthropists, the antislavery society of Scotland, would persecute a preacher of the Gospel of Christ for his opinions, which are his own property. A man their equal, of their own race, and educated in their midst, they are persecuting; while they are advocating liberty to the negro, an inferior, in a foreign land, that they know but little about.

"As you have said, I may serve my master, by patiently enduring, like a Christian, this persecution. I feel perfectly happy here, though not surrounded by comforts as if at home. But I am in the Lord's hand, and I am willing to suffer for his sake."

I left that gloomy prison with mingled feelings of love and admiration for the Christian fortitude of the great man, great in every respect, and indignation for the mean, sycophantic, persecuting Robertson. But what could be expected from a man, even a reverend, who could ill-treat his mother. Mr. Campbell had done nothing worthy of imprisonment. He had been publicly insulted, and he wished not to leave the prison till those who ordered him to it should release him. But he was not left to the horrors of solitary confinement, for his many friends from all parts of Scotland flocked to visit him. The sisters Patton, Gilmore, Dron and myself were the lady visitors at the prison, and all vied with each other to make him comfortable. The jailor was very indulgent. The law only allowed two persons in the cell at one time, and only two hours in the day; but ten and twelve persons were admitted at once, and at all hours of the day. Mr. Campbell was serene and cheerful through it all, writing, when he had a little time alone, and teaching, when he had an audience, which he often had.

The trial came on, and when Mr. Campbell appeared before Lord Murray, he was quite unwell, from the want of a fire in his cell, and room to exercise. He had taken a bad cold. Lord Murray heard the case, pronounced the warrant illegal, and ordered Mr. Campbell to be discharged honorably, to the great chagrin of Mr. Robertson. Paisley was the first place he preached at after his liberation. Here he had loyal and true friends. All the dear old men, who ran away from him at first, clustered round him now, doing all they could to honor him.

The first sermon he preached was in the Baptist Church. No absentees this time; the large house was crowded in every part.

Mr. Campbell prefaced his discourse by a thrilling account of his imprisonment, and its cause. He read the letter that he had written to the *Edinburgh Journal*. He was listened to with the most profound attention and breathless silence for a time; but the deep emotion of the crowd could not be suppressed. Every eye was full of tears, and here and there a sob would burst out, and now and then a suppressed groan would be heard. It was with difficulty that Mr. Campbell proceeded with his discourse; he was so hoarse from the cold he had taken in the cell. The fathers in Israel were sitting with bowed heads weeping, with their faces buried in their handkerchiefs. That day is never to be forgotten. At leave-taking, many wept sore, because they would see his face no more on earth. He was to preach at Glasgow that night, and so was driven back in a private carriage to fill his appointment. He was followed by a very large number of friends. With his large retinue, he entered the crowded hall, which was the largest in the city. Upon rising to speak, he had completely lost his voice. Doctor Watson, a member of the church at Glasgow, that I joined ere I left home, was President of the Antislavery Society, and was formerly a fellow student of Mr. Campbell's at the Royal College, at Glasgow. The doctor had resigned his chair in the society, because Rev. Robertson persecuted Mr. Campbell from personal revenge, under pretense that he was serving the society, and that it upheld him in all his acts. The doctor, being in the hall, was called up to the platform. He discovered that Mr. Campbell was laboring under a high degree of fever, and not fit to exert himself, either mentally or physically. He therefore informed the people that Mr. Campbell was quite ill, and unfit to preach, and as no one present was able to take his place, he would take the liberty to dismiss the audience. The vast assembly went out in sadness and silence. Mr. Campbell resigned himself to his friends, who took charge of him that night, and nursed him. He purposed going to Ireland next day, but his friends said he must not go for two reasons: first, he was too sick; second, the Rev. J. Robertson, incensed at the Court pronouncing his warrant illegal, consequently the imprisonment equally so, appealed to a higher court, and had a second warrant out, ready to take him at the point of departure. The friends of Mr. Campbell knew all the secret movements of the Rev. J. Robertson, and determined to protect him, whether he would or not.

So one of the gentlemen playfully put his hand on Mr. Campbell's shoulder, and said:

“In the name of the Church of Christ, I hold you a prisoner.”

“Well,” said he, “if I am to be a prisoner, I may as well be one to my friends, as one to my enemies. I submit.”

He was carried to a friend's house, a few miles from town, where, with good nursing, and good company, he soon recovered sufficiently to resume his labors. Through all this time of trouble, sickness and persecution, he never was heard to utter one word of complaint against the laws of the land, or against his vindictive pursuer. He believed he was suffering for the truth, and was happy to be found worthy to suffer.

A small vessel was found about to sail for Ireland. A few friends accompanied Mr. Campbell in this vessel, and landed him safe on the Irish shore. The Rev. J. Robertson was foiled; his emissaries had to return empty-handed. They said “the bird had flown.” This was on the 14th of September, and the second trial was to come on at the November term. Mr. Campbell was at his own home, among the hills of Bethany, ere the time came. The day arrived, and the case was tried before all the Lords of the Court of Sessions. In this Court, the highest in Scotland, the decision of Lord Murray was confirmed, and the prosecutor, the Rev. J. Robertson, was condemned to pay the costs of both sides, which was now a large sum. Besides, the Lord Justice General, Lord Fullerton, Lord McKenzie, and the celebrated Lord Jeffries, gave their concurring opinion. The Rev. J. Robertson, in fear and trembling, offered to withdraw the suit for damages, if Mr. Campbell's friends would pay one-half the costs. This they would not do, as he could not prove a libel. Although the whole Court of Queen's Bench had decided against him, yet he wished it understood that Mr. Campbell had escaped from justice on the first trial by some informality. The friends of Mr. Campbell, and they were many, compelled Mr. Robertson to try the case on its own merits, and suit was brought against him for false imprisonment. The pit which was dug for the illustrious stranger, by the Rev. J. Robertson, he ignominiously fell into himself. Finally he was compelled to hear Mr. Campbell cleared and justified, and he was condemned to pay all costs and £2,000, or \$10,000, damages to Mr. Campbell for false imprisonment. To avoid paying, and the alternative of going to prison, he absconded. His disgrace was complete, when he fled the kingdom, and those who supported

him in his mad malice had to pay for it. They were now reaping the fruit of their labors, and it was well earned and richly deserved.

One evening, a few months after Mr. Campbell left Scotland, I was sitting with him in his favorite parlor, at his dear Bethany home, when the mail was handed to him. He looked over the post-marks, and selected a foreign letter to read.

“Sister Davies, I shall read you Brother Patton’s letter, as your interest in my Scotch letters is very great,” he said.

When he read the letter to me, I fairly clapped my hands for joy at the final defeat and disgrace of the dire persecutor, and his flight to the country of his victim. Mr. Campbell smiled at my enthusiasm. I asked him not to take the ten thousand dollars, but to leave it to the poor of Scotland, and his honored name would be handed down to posterity as the great preacher who had been persecuted by a Scotchman for the sake of the truth, yet the philanthropic friend of Scotchmen. He told me that he had already refused to take any money. He said he had no desire for revenge.

“One question more,” I said, “and do not think me bold, Mr. Campbell. Suppose Mr. Robertson, who has fled to this country in disgrace, were in distress and should come to Bethany, would you give him food and shelter?”

“And thereby heap coals of fire on his head?” said Mr. Campbell, laughing.

“No, no, I did not mean that; but would you forgive your enemy, and return good for evil?”

“I think that in this case I shall not be called upon to do anything for my enemy.”

After Mr. Campbell sailed from Scotland, he was not forgetful of his promise to write to me, though his engagements might have exonerated him from blame had he forgotten; but his word was sacred, and he wrote to give me more definite instructions for my guidance in my travels. He also told me that two young gentlemen, sons of a Mr. Tener, were going to college at Bethany, and an aunt of his own was going to Bethany to her children, who were there.

“So you will have good company and protection by the way. And you will do well not to tarry by the way, or anywhere, till you reach Bethany, which I hope you intend to do, and we shall try to induce you to remain there, when we see you among our beautiful hills.”

Again when he reached England he wrote to me to say that the ship *Siddons*, in which he and Brother Henshall came to England, was to

sail in a few days; that he had given Capt. Cobb, the master, charge concerning me to take care of me on the voyage; that he had secured the cabin for me that he had occupied with Brother H——, and when I landed at Liverpool, friends would be there to receive me and attend to my re-embarkation. Mr. Campbell sailed in the steamer *Cambria*. The brethren presented him and Mr. Henshall each with a very large copy of the Polyglot Bible before they left Scotland. I had a very near and dear friend to come a long distance to see me, and to try to persuade me not to go to America.

“What unheard of temerity for you to go to that slave country. Do you not know that that Mr. Campbell is a man-stealer, and he will surely sell you for a slave? Do not go; oh, do not go to that dreadful country if you value your liberty. Stay with us; we will be kind and good to you. O stay.”

Poor, dear Jessie was in an agony. I felt inclined to indulge in a hearty laugh, but when I saw the great tears rolling down her cheeks I forebore. I told her, however, that she need give herself no concern about me; I was not in the least danger of being sold for a slave. I was not only going to America, but to Bethany, the very home of the great and good man she so much dreaded, and of whom she knew nothing. When I get there, I shall write to you and tell you how happy I am. She wept sore at my decision.

“You will surely repent taking this step as long as you live; but repentance will come too late if once you cross the ocean. Be warned, dear Eliza, and do not go.”

My only answer was: “I am going, and I beg of you not to distress yourself on my account, as it is unnecessary.”

We bade each other farewell in sadness and tears. She gave me up for lost, and went away to her distant home, and I to my preparations to travel to unknown lands. Jessie and I have never met again.

Ere I departed, I visited the grand old Paisley Abbey. The chapel is kept in good repair for public services on Sunday. While I walked through the aisles, I trod lightly over the sleepers that were there. The sanctity of death was in the place. The sun shed a soft and mellow light through the diamond-shaped, painted windows. I wandered over every part of the ancient edifice, and then I ascended to the battlements, and looked down on the graves of friends and foes. How peacefully they slept, side by side.

“How still and peaceful is the grave, where life's vain tumults past,  
The appointed house, by heaven's decree, receives us all at last.”

I stood by my father's grave, all overgrown with grass, and wondered, if he had lived, would my life have been a more sheltered one? But I checked my murmuring. My heavenly Father lived. His arm had guided and protected me through many dangers. I knew more of him than I did of my earthly parent, whose ashes lay so peaceful beneath the tangled grass. Thy trials, dear father, are over. Thine eyelids are quietly closed in sleep, the sleep that knows no waking. I leave your ashes to repose. Farewell.

My cousin Mrs. Neil accompanied me to the Carron Clyde Iron works, where my dear brother Tom lived. He had returned from India; had married a sweet, amiable, black-haired, black-eyed wife, and had a little son, blue-eyed and fair-haired, two years old. He superintended some part of the gigantic works, and lived near them. Tom was not at home when we arrived, but I had time to become acquainted with his interesting wife and beautiful child meantime. We told her not to intimate to Tom who I was till he should see me, and we could ascertain whether he would recognize me. I did not apprise them of my coming to Scotland, so my visit was unexpected. A pleasant welcome awaited Tom when he came home: I was pleased with the greeting of the husband and wife. We, that is, Tom and I, were introduced without recognition on either side. He was not the handsome, beardless youth, who had chased the little girl around the flagstaff on Dumbarton Castle. An Indian sun had bronzed his cheek; a forest of rich wavy brown hair covered his shapely head, and a flowing brown beard concealed a handsome chin. He had large, lustrous brown eyes, and a handsome, stalwart frame. Oh, how my heart bounded toward my noble brother; yet I was shy of him, he had so changed in appearance. It was mentioned incidentally that I had been to Australia. He asked me what part of Australia I had been in; he said he had relations there; did I know any of them? While he was speaking, I turned my eyes from his face, and they fell on a curious little ornament hanging on the wall. It was a little housewife, with satin and velvet pockets embroidered on it. It was very pretty, but it had seen service, and was not suitable for the place it occupied. Tom, seeing me look at the little oddity, took it down to show me how prettily it was worked and made.

"My little sister made that for me before I went to India; dear little Eliza. She is in Australia now," he said.

I could contain no longer, and I said:

"No, Tom,"—



I could say no more. He turned his great brown eyes full on my face; the tone had touched a chord in his heart, and it vibrated.

“Good G—d! are you my little Eliza?” he exclaimed.

I bowed my head, and was instantly folded in the strong man’s loving arms, and face and head covered with kisses. He took me on his knee, stroked my head and toyed with my hair, saying:

“My dear little sister, you have come back to me.”

He made me tell him all that had happened to me since we parted. He was astonished at the child’s experience. He could not realize that I was anything but the child he had played with a few years ago. He said I was his now; his home should be mine henceforth. I shook my head, and said I had marked out my own course, and I meant to walk in it.

“Little Medo-Persian, we shall see if we can not alter your arrangements for your own good.”

I left my dear Tom’s pleasant family with the intention of returning to spend all my spare time with them ere I left Scotland. A letter from Mr. Campbell awaited me at Paisley, which said, the *Siddons* was to sail from Liverpool October 1st, and I was expected in England to meet my fellow-voyagers ere we sailed.”

No time now for visiting; farewells had to be written. A short time and I was pacing the deck of a steamer that was about to glide down the beautiful winding Clyde. I was about to turn a new leaf in my life’s history, and what would be read there? God only knew. Only three short months since I set foot on British soil; less than two since I landed on my native shore. This short page was full of strange events. My heart trembled as my mental vision strained itself to look into the unknown future. But the precious promise, “I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,” had a power to make me brave; to resolve to live nearer to God, and serve only him. I felt sad at the opposition my friends raised against me in my onward path. A hand was laid lightly on my shoulder. I turned, and a gentleman in military undress raised his cap; it was Tom.

“I am not too late to take you home with me. To America, that land of slavery, you must not go. What do you know of Mr. Campbell more than we, and we all think him a man-stealer.”

“Stop, brother; talk of what concerns yourself, and I will listen; but of that great and exalted character you know nothing and must say nothing.”

“Well, sister, of him I will say nothing; but come back with me to

my house, where you will be sheltered, and loved, and cared for all your days. We can not let you go."

And here he offered inducements to me to tempt me to stay. His love was very precious to me, and the temptation was great to go with him. But I had put my hand to the plow, and must not look back to the worldly goods that were offered to me.

"Brother, I can not, if I would, go back. My baggage is all on board, and my passage to England paid, and in a few minutes I am off to that country, where I hope to learn, of that noble, Christian gentleman, the way to heaven more perfectly, and to live among Christian people. This I prefer, to living among people who know not God, even if they are ever so kind to me. Dear Tom, you are making it very hard for me to leave, but I must go."

"No, Eliza, you shall not go to that land of strangers. I shall carry you back, and have your trunks put on shore, and let your passage money go."

"Tom, you can carry me ashore, because you are strong, but you can not alter my resolution; you may retard, but you can not stop my onward course. No, you may as well try to move Gibraltar Rock, as move me from my purpose. I am going, and nothing but an overruling Providence can prevent. Are you satisfied?"

"Yes; but will you not come ashore for the little time you have to stay? The hotel parlor is more comfortable than this poop."

"No; unless you promise not to speak to me on the subject of staying." He gave a reluctant promise. "You will not try to detain me, Tom?"

"No; come!" and we went ashore.

The master of the steamer passed us, and said:

"We do not sail for half an hour."

As we sat at the window overlooking the quay, we talked of our soul's welfare, I urging the importance of my beloved brother becoming religious, while yet there was time; for eternity was near. How my heart yearned for the safety of this dear brother's soul. I disliked to leave him above all others, for I loved him above all others.

"Oh, Tom, become a Christian, and if it be hard to part here, we shall meet in heaven."

I told him I did not regret giving up earthly pleasures, nor did I fear the perils of a tempestuous sea. My greatest, my only grief, was parting with him. My parting words were:

“Oh, brother, attend to your soul’s eternal interests ere it be too late, and let us meet in heaven.”

He solemnly promised me to do this. I said:

“If our faith, hope and love are the same, we shall meet where parting is no more, and no more weeping.”

We were both weeping, and feeling the pain of parting, and in a short time the great deep would roll between us. The boat-bell rang; we started to our feet, and walked hand in hand on board the boat. We bade each other a silent adieu. He stepped ashore, and stood like a statue. My eyes grew dim with the intensity of my grief. They were chained to his retiring form, as the boat glided from the shore, and down the winding river, and that noble form was hidden from my sight forever. Everything grew dark, and I, fainting, fell on the deck, and was carried to my cabin by a kind stranger’s hand. After I recovered, I could do nothing but weep and sob for many hours.

I will say just here, that shortly after this, Tom’s interesting wife and darling boy both died suddenly. It was a terrible shock to him, but he soon followed them to the grave. He was superintending the shipping of pig iron, when a block accidently fell on his head, and killed him on the spot. Thus passed from time into eternity, one who was very dear to me; but not before his peace was made with God, I believe.

## CHAPTER X.

### FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND, AND VOYAGE TO AMERICA.

PASSING the Isle of Man, the Irish Sea was very rough. We were driven near to the Welsh coast, and narrowly escaped shipwreck. We entered the Mersey River, and landed at Liverpool, with its seven miles of docks. Our steamer was behind time, and when I landed, there was no one to meet me. So I hired a carriage, and went direct to the ship, that was to sail that night, or in the morning. I got my baggage on board, and an officer told me the *Siddons* would not sail for a few days. As Mr. Wilson had not met me on landing, I was obliged to go to a hotel. An agent of the *Siddons* accompanied me. We had not gone far from the landing, when we passed two gentleman in earnest conversation. In one I saw the very personification of H. Van S——. I was for a moment struck with blank astonishment; but I soon recovered, and passed on. In that moment I saw a wild surprise light up his face with crimson; then an ashy paleness o'erspread it, and he stood speechless and motionless, like the statue of a man. I thought him thousands of miles away. The agent remarked, when he passed:

“That gentleman seemed to know you.”

I answered, that I thought I knew him too, but it is simply impossible. The one I know is far, far away, but the likeness is very striking.

“You must resemble some one that he knows, for he was evidently startled when he saw you.”

“It is a singular coincidence,” I said.

We reached the hotel, a private one, and the mistress of the house, a pleasant, motherly lady, took me in charge. I dismissed my escort, and asked for my room; I needed rest and refreshment. I lay down on a comfortable bed, and slept a long time, and awoke quite refreshed. When I came down to dinner, the landlady handed me a card, saying a gentleman had called, and said he would call in the evening. On reading H. Van S—— on the card, it fell to the floor. What could this mean! Was it a reality that I had seen H. Van S——? Some mystery or mistake is here, I thought. “How could any one know that I was here?” I asked the lady of the house.

"I do not know," she said.

It was, in truth, H. Van S—— that I saw, and he, not knowing whether it was me, or my ghost, that he saw, followed me to the hotel, waylaid the ship agent, and asked him my name and business. Not quite satisfied, he left his card, and wished himself to see and speak to the living embodiment of the image of his dreams, both sleeping and waking, and not the spirit of the only being he most desired, but least expected to see; for in this life, he had no hope of ever seeing me again. I had banished him from my presence, wishing never to see him again in this world, and here at the antipodes of where we parted, we met again. It was passing strange. When he called in the evening, and I took his proffered hand, it trembled; when he attempted to speak, his voice trembled. He at last found voice to say:

"Surprise, joy, fear has quite unmanned me. Forgive me for thus intruding upon you, after what has passed. All hope of ever seeing you again was dead. When you crossed my vision this morning, I was never more astonished. I could not believe it a reality till I followed you, and now that I see you once more, I thank God. I have much to say to you, if you will allow me to tell it."

Conditionally, I will give you permission.

"Eliza, I never, never expected to see you, and what I have to say, I never expected to whisper to mortal. You have often advised me to become a sober, religious man, and to win you, I have often promised and desired to keep my word. But finding the hope of winning you a vain hope, I would try to drown my love for you in a debasing passion. I have mixed in gay society, but all to no purpose: your image stood between me and all others. I have paced the lonely deck, on the bounding billows, in the midnight hour, under the quiet stars, and there alone held sweet communion with you. When you banished me from your presence forever, I felt that it was a fearful thing to think that I loved you so hopelessly, that nothing on earth could give me joy. All, all was a deep blank. I had no hope on earth, only to dream of you, and hope that you might be mine in heaven. Hence, I thought, if I expected to meet you in heaven, I must live a new life here. While life lasts, and one ray of reason remains, you are, and ever shall remain, enshrined in the deepest recesses of my soul. Your prayers and your influence have saved me from many temptations. Oh, Eliza, I have often thought, did you but give me one word of encouragement, that would have given me a hope that all was not over between us forever, I should not have feared Satan himself.

Now our meeting is providential. Your prayers have saved me; continue to pray for me. I think God himself would sanctify our union now. You can save me from all ill."

"Oh, cruel man," I said; "think of your mother's prayers for your well-being; think of what your Savior has done to save you from evil, and why do you lean on me, who am a poor, weak mortal? You, the strong man, ask the weak woman to pray for you. I will pray for you, H——, that you may be kept from evil thoughts, evil actions, and from all temptations. But oh! who, in all this wide world, will or does send up to the mercy-seat a single petition for the well-being of the lone wanderer, that she be protected from temptation in this trying hour? I can only clasp that promise of my Lord to my heart, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' God is my only refuge in whom I trust."

The color rushed to the face of H——, then left it as white as a corpse. I told him to leave, for I could not converse with him. He rose at once, and said:

"Good night, and God bless you."

It is fearful to see the conflicts of a soul that has an absorbing passion, and love, I believe, is all-absorbing. He who, in the strife with men, is brave, bold and unyielding, will thrill and tremble at the word or look of a weak woman. He may be haughty, stern, imperious, but a gentle word will bend him to her will. But I had no kind word to give, and my thoughts were enshrouded under an impenetrable veil. "Alas! what hourly dangers rise; what snares beset my way."

"O Lord, keep me in the heavenly way, and let not the tempter come nigh," was my prayer.

After breakfast, Captain Van S—— was announced. How perverse my heart was. I had no desire to hear him repeat the story of his heart-sorrow; it gave me pain, as I could give nothing but counsel to the man who was struggling after a better life. Yet it seemed almost impossible for him to control his feelings; for his sake, then, I ought not to see him, but he so desired to be with me as the only pleasure he had on earth, I felt like giving him the pleasure of my company, but I suffered in his. I asked him where he went when he left New South Wales? He told me he had gone to China, and became perfectly reckless as to where he went or what became of him.

"But, Eliza, the great love I had in my heart for you, saved me from utter destruction. I thought, as I never expected to see you on earth, I could not expect to meet you in heaven, unless (as you often

told me) I prepared for it, and I resolved in God's strength to live a new life, and become a better man. I returned to Rotherdam, and abode with my mother and sister for a short time. The fatted calf was killed, and all was outwardly calm for a time. My mother said she thanked God for the happy change she saw in me. I thanked God and you, for you were the great incentive to well-doing. A young lady, beautiful, educated and wealthy, was invited to spend some time with my sister, in the hope that I would lay my heart at her feet, and offer her my hand. She had been selected for me by both my mother and sister. She was lovely and interesting, and will, no doubt, be the pride of some one's home. I had no heart to give this fair girl, so could not offer my hand. I have seen many ladies, and liked them for many virtues, but you only have filled my soul."

I smiled, and said: "I am not even pretty."

"You are to me peerless. When I am on land, I mix a good deal in society, but I can not forget you. I do not wish to forget you. I wish so to live that I may deserve you, either on earth or in heaven; but up till yesterday I had no hope of an earthly nature."

"Nor have you now," I broke in; "and if you speak in the same manner you did yesterday, I shall certainly refuse to see you. You wound my feelings, and you seem to take a strange pleasure in so doing. I have ever been careful of your feelings, and treated you kindly as a sister. More than this you can not expect. Yet you urge your suit here, where I am in a strange city alone, without a single acquaintance but yourself. If you truly loved me, you would seek my good, and protect me from evil, instead of which you spread a snare for my feet. If you loved me, you would sacrifice your feelings for my principles, and not wish me to make a sacrifice of my principles. You seem to be unfeeling and selfish. I thought we might have had a few days' pleasant intercourse while I remain here. But I can not, will not, receive your visits if I may not have peace."

His tell-tale face, from which the color went and came, and his blinding tears, told how severely he felt rebuked. He begged to have the few days' pleasure of coming to see me, and I should have no more to complain of. I really pitied him, but I dared not show my sympathy. He was himself again to outward seeming; a man in whose friendship I might feel proud. He was guarded now, and he began to question me why I was in England alone? Why I was going to America? and if my mother knew of my going? I told him everything, beginning with my mother's marriage; my meeting Mr. Camp-

bell; my desire to live more to God, and learn more of him from the godly man to whose home I was going; how a friend was to meet me on landing, but we were behind time, and so missed him; but hoped he would find me out before I sailed.

“My surprise and joy at seeing you were so great, that I only felt bewildered when I saw you. I must have seemed senseless and selfish since then, not to have asked you why you were traveling alone. Oh, forgive my stupid, unreasonable manner. I regret exceedingly having given you so much pain; it shall not so happen again. You were kind in showing me the beauties of Sydney when I was there. Now will you allow me to chaperon you over Liverpool? I know the city well,” he said.

I needed no better chaperon. He showed me all the lions of the city. He studied to please me in every way, and made everything I saw interesting to me. I was well pleased with my intelligent guide, and the time to sail drew near very quickly. Two days before sailing, H—— told me he was going to America. My blood chilled at this announcement. I was speechless. I only looked for an explanation.

“Eliza, before your arrival at Liverpool I purposed going to America; I have not altered my purpose. The only thing I have altered in my plans is, that instead of taking a ship to America, I shall take a passage in the *Siddons*, so that, being in the same ship with you, I will be near you to take care of you on the voyage.”

“Merciful Father!” I exclaimed, “what do I hear?” I was greatly excited. I stamped my foot, and said: “This you shall not do? I need not your care; I shall not have it. One ship shall not carry us two across the ocean. If you have paid your passage money, so have I, and if you can not afford to lose it, I shall lose my money, and my baggage to boot. If you go on the *Siddons*, I stay behind.”

“I must go to America; my business demands it. I left home for that purpose,” he said.

“Well, if you must go, you must. The ocean path is wide enough for both, but we sail apart, and never more meet on the other side. This is my unalterable decision.”

With blanched cheek and quivering lips, he bowed and said:

“I accept.”

This tone was so subdued, the attitude so humble, my agitation was calmed at once.

“I have no claim upon your heart. My thoughts can not be spoken. My heart may break, or I may live after the last farewell is spoken,



but if I live, it will be to love and pray for your well-being and happiness," he said.

After this stormy interview, I felt very miserable. I prayed that the good Lord would not forsake me, but still protect me with his mighty arm, and give me strength to resist the tempter's power.

Mr. Wilson, who was to have met me on landing, called to see me, accompanied by Edward Tener, one of the young gentlemen who were going to Bethany College. Mr. Wilson invited me to spend the remaining time I had to stay in England at his house, which was out of town. The time being short, I declined. We went on board the ship, where I was introduced to Captain Cobb, who said he had received a strict charge from Mr. Campbell to take care of me, which he intended to do. I thanked him. I was shown the comfortably fitted-up cabin that Mr. Campbell had secured for his aunt and myself. When I came on board the first time, I had selected this cabin; but the steward said it had been taken by Mr. Campbell for two ladies. I did not tell him that I was one of the ladies till now. I had my baggage carried into it. On the eve of sailing, H—— drank tea with me, and spent the evening. It was a sad and dismal one. He said:

"An inexorable fate separates us; but I shall not, as I have often done, try to quench my sufferings in the bowl, or other dissipation. I will try to live as long as heaven will allow. It matters not where I go, no clime can give me peace; but I will not despair. I hope we shall meet in heaven. You have set me a brave example of self-denial, and I hope to profit by it."

"Oh, man may bear with suffering—his heart is a strong thing—and godlike in the grasp of pain, that wrings mortality; but tear one cord affection clings to, part one tie that binds him to a woman's tender love, and his great spirit yieldeth like a reed."

My spirit was sorely tried this last night of my sojourn in England. I sent up to the ever open ear of my heavenly Father a prayer for both of us, to give us strength. "As thy day is, thy strength shall be," came to my mind. The "good-night" was spoken, and I was left with my thoughts. All my luggage was on board, my cabin was arranged, and ready to receive me. I had nothing to do but go aboard, and sail away. But was that all? H—— came early, and took me on board, lingered by my side, and would not leave me, till the ship moved out of dock into the river. Then he looked at me with a look of unutterable woe, through blinding tears; then turned his face from me, wrung my hand, and leaped lightly upon the pier, and thus another sad and pain-

ful farewell was taken. Oh, what a pang shot through my heart at seeing the misery of this noble man. My innocence in the cause did not make me feel any the less for him. I looked after him, a last sad look. I breathed a prayer for him, that none but God could hear, and thus we two parted forever.

H——, as he said, had business in America, connected with nautical affairs. From Boston I received a letter from him, that I never answered. That was after I reached my destination. Two years after, I received a letter from my mother, full of bitter reproaches; first, for treating H. Van S—— badly; then for causing his death. “Merciful Father!” I exclaimed; “have I indeed done this?” I searched my very inmost heart for an answer, and the response came clear from my conscience, no; in thought, and word, and deed I am innocent. I have been sad and sorrowful for the sufferer, but never, willingly, or knowingly, gave him pain. He did not accuse me; on the contrary, he blessed me with his last breath. He said I was right in all I said and did concerning him. I had been the means of making him a better man. H—— went back to New South Wales in bad health. He stayed with my mother, in hope of recovering sufficient strength to return to his own home, and spend the remainder of his days there. This was not to be. He asked my mother to walk sometimes with him, where he and I had walked. He had lost all interest in the world besides, and he quietly lay down and slept that dreamless sleep, praying, as he closed his eyes, that we might meet in heaven. I could but echo his prayer. Poor H——, yours was a turbulent life, rest now in peace. Somewhere he had contracted fever, and never fully recovered, and returned to New South Wales, and died. The remembrance of two such devoted hearts, as were those of my dearly loved brother Tom, and my adopted brother Henrich, cut down in the bloom of their manhood’s beauty and strength, makes me sad even now. They are forever enshrined in my memory, the military man and the mariner.

October 12, 1847, a fair wind took us out into the Irish Sea; but we had to “tack ship” very often in St. George’s Channel, ere we were fairly out on the Atlantic. Once out upon the ocean, our ship like a war-horse bounded over the waves. On the second night out, our little party were sitting in the fore saloon, when suddenly the ship was lit up with a blue, lambent flame, terrific to behold. Mrs. C—— was very much alarmed, and retired to her cabin, from which she did not emerge while the voyage lasted. Our ship was freighted with over 400 living souls from Erin’s green Isle. She was large, and had a large leak in

her, through which the water rushed to an alarming extent. The captain would not turn back to ascertain the extent of this danger, because he would have to lose a few days. So the lives of hundreds were risked for a few greedy men grasping for gain. The crew were discontented and quarrelsome. We were surrounded by perils. The wind was blowing stiffly, and the ship was rolling heavily, and to quiet Mrs. C——'s fears, I went on deck to see what was going on. I was near the top of the poop stair, when the captain ran toward me, caught me in his arms, and carried me almost breathless right back toward the stern of the ship. I thought the man had lost his senses; but before I could speak, I knew his reason for acting so strangely. The captain saw a great foam-capped billow rolling toward the ship with furious speed, and it washed clean over the vessel, carrying the ladder away on which I had stood but a moment before. He saw my danger, ran to the rescue, and saved my life. He laughingly asked, if he should beg pardon for so rudely taking me in his arms. I shook my head, and thanked him for his unceremonious embrace, or hug, for it was more like the hug of a bear; but my life was preserved, for which I was thankful. The wind blew louder, and the storm grew greater, till it rose to a gale. We lost our foretop mast-stay sail, or jib, and our main top-gallant sail, all in a short time. The leak kept all hands at the pump. The foul winds continued, and we lost our mainsail. Shortly after, our foresail blew to ribbons. Our ship dipped her bows into the surging sea, while her stern was tilted high in air. I enjoyed the sight and feeling of riding the waves so gloriously. We had a very narrow escape from being run into by a very large ship. The two ships met on top of a huge wave, and the stranger's bow grazed our ship's side. We lost another sail. We were fast losing our sails ere we reached mid-ocean. Everything broke loose from its moorings, that was not properly secured. In the steerage all was confusion; boxes and benches and chests dashing and smashing, and the poor creatures knocked about terribly. The wind was still high, but it had veered round in our favor. I was enjoying a lively scene on deck, when the steward came to me, and asked me to give him a needle and white silk thread. I asked, "For what purpose?"

"To sew up a woman's leg," was the rough answer.

I went down to my cabin, found needle and thread, a salts bottle and some rags. I told aunt Ellen, as I left the cabin, to hold to her bed tight, or she would tumble out.

"Och! och! but this is terrible," said the poor old lady.

I went to the steerage with the steward to see the poor woman. On going down the ladder, I had to press through a cloud of impurity. The stench from 350 human beings, lying in filth, and eating filthy food, was very sickening. At the foot of the ladder on the floor lay a poor, pale-faced woman, with half a dozen women screaming round her, "Och, she will die, she will."

A child was trying his lungs at the utmost pitch. I told a woman to take the little fellow out of sight and hearing. We lifted the woman up, and stretched her on a bench, and I held her with great difficulty till the steward sewed the flesh from the ankle to the knee of the poor woman's leg, which had been laid open, and the bones laid bare, by a great chest that had broken away from its moorings, and pinned her to the stair. The poor little creature stood the operation well; but seeing the needle pushed through the quivering flesh made me very faint. I held her tight till the last bandage was put on; then she called for her lusty boy, but she could not nurse him. She smiled at him, and he crowed at her. The steward performed the painful operation very skillfully. I helped nurse the poor woman, and took her better food than her own, till she recovered.

I told the captain that if the steerage was not thoroughly cleansed the cholera or some other plague would break out among the people. He ordered the sailors to "drive every one of the dirty devils on deck, and make everything clean, and make them clean after themselves in the future." In this den of dirt a woman died, and when the sailors were sewing the canvas about the body of the corpse, and fastening the ballast to sink it, the young husband was nearly frantic.

"Och, let her lie azy in her own feather-bed," he cried.

And he would and did have her sewed up in her feather-bed, not to sink, but to float away.

When in mid-ocean we had a sublime storm. I had gone on deck. The air was oppressive, but the sea looked like itself, deep, dark-blue, fresh, free and boundless, without a landmark. It seemed to play with the sky, which was almost cloudless. The sun shone clear and bright, at the same time a sad sough was wailing through the shrouds. Groups of men and women were standing and sitting on the deck listlessly. Everything seemed unnaturally quiet and calm. The groups on deck one after another went below. When the last disappeared, "Batten down the hatches," rang out on the stillness. The captain came to me and said:

"You had better go to your cabin."

"I prefer to stay on deck, and see what is to be seen," I said.

"What do you expect to see?" queried he.

"A storm," I answered, pointing to a cloud that had been no bigger than a man's hand when near the horizon.

It was rising and spreading and deepening and becoming more dense. And suddenly from the midst of the ocean uprose the liquid element in one long, high mountain chain, or ground-swell, that seemed to stretch from horizon to horizon. The whole ocean seemed to present a long, unbroken wall moving toward us, nearer and nearer. I expected every moment to be engulfed. Every man was at his post. Some had swabs in their hands; all seemed expectant. I had taken my post by the mizzen-mast, holding on to a rope. The wind now began to blow with fury, and just as the bows of our ship went down, apparently to rise no more, the great mountain wall broke into thousands of billows, washing over us from stem to stern. The scuppers were all open, and the men with their swabs soon cleared the deck of the great body of water that was shipped. Had the hatches been open, the ship would have filled and sunk. At that moment we had a narrow escape. The ship gave a leap and a plunge, and rolled frightfully, so much so that I was driven from my moorings, and swung in mid-air, away from the mast, then down bump against the bulwarks with a bang.

"Hold on for God's sake; hold on, or you are gone," shouted the captain as he saw me swing.

When I touched the deck again with my feet, I nodded to him. The wind was now blowing a gale, and the lashing, tossing, heaving and foaming of the surging billows were terrific, but magnificent. The whole ocean, from the central speck on which I stood to the vanishing circle of the horizon, seemed one boundless, boiling caldron; millions of waves, leaping from the abyss below, and rearing themselves into blue mountain peaks, capped with snowy foam, sparkled in the light for a moment, and then sank in the dark and roaring deep. My whole soul was lifted up in reverence and awe to the great Ruler of the tempest. All this while I stood gazing forth upon the stormy surface of the sea, and as I looked the wind went down as suddenly as it had risen; but not so the angry waters. The captain came to me and said:

"You are very brave; you would make a good sailor's wife."

I thanked him for his compliment, and asked him to assist me to go

below. I thought Aunt Ellen would be anxious about my long absence. I was well satisfied with the grand spectacle I had seen.

A worse gale burst upon us one night than any that we had met. Everything in the steerage gave way, and the smashing up of everything frightened the people nearly out of their wits. Such screaming and swearing and praying were going on as made the confusion worse confounded. In the tumult, a woman gave birth to a child before her time. It died and was thrown out in the deep without ceremony. A few hours afterward a woman died, and was also thrown out, and ere another day passed another child died, and was tossed into the deep. It is a solemn thing to die at any time and place; but how much more so to die at sea, when the friends have to toss their beloved ones, without ceremony, to the sharks, without even a canvas coffin.

A fine day after a gale would give us a little rest before another outburst. I hardly ever slept on board the *Siddons*—first, because the leak in the ship was gaining; the pumps were going all the time, and I thought at any hour we might fill and sink, and I did not wish to go down in my sleep. Gale after gale followed in quick succession, till we were worn out with the pitching and tossing. The poor sailors had to climb the shrouds and reef the top sails when the tall masts were swaying every way, resting their feet on a slack-rope, and, as they say, “holding on by their eyelashes,” while their hands were reefing. One poor fellow lost his foothold, and fell headlong down on top of the cook’s galley, and was greatly injured. Many a prayer was sent up from that distressed ship for rest from the storms. We were all very much subdued and worn out. One day an Irishman came staggering upon deck, in the midst of a severe storm, calling out, “Mister Mate, Mister Mate, the ship is sinking; come and see the big hole in her.”

Poor Pat was in mortal terror, but the mate did not laugh at him, but at once went with him to see the hole. He was alarmed himself, fearing another leak. However, all fears were soon quieted. A port-hole that had been calked bursted open, and in rushed the water. Pat was told there was no danger. The real danger we were in was kept from these poor, ignorant creatures. Our ship was drifting under bare poles, all her sails furled. We sometimes thought we were buried under the water; we shipped such tremendous seas, and the ship did not ride the waves as she was wont. The captain, mate and crew were all on deck all night. The storm-sail was set. The poor sailors were pitched out of the rigging, and some almost overboard. The

ship gave one tremendous lurch, and lifted me clean out of bed, and threw me with violence against the opposite side of my cabin. I thought the side of the ship had gone and I with it. The turnout was so sudden that I gave a scream, the first since I came on board. Our storm-sail and part of the bulwarks went overboard with this dash of the angry waves.

October 30th, we were on the great bank of Newfoundland, with a fair wind, fine weather, and all in good spirits. A little stranger who had come to the ship in a storm left it in a calm. It died and was buried on the banks. We passed the banks without accident. The sea looked like a sheet of burnished silver. We had a good tossing in the Gulf stream, and another thunder and lightning storm. Our lights were all put out, and we were left in darkness that might be felt, while the blue glare of the lightning made the scene more terrible. The next day the wind changed in our favor, but blew a perfect hurricane. We were sitting about on our cabin floors, holding on to any and everything we could find to keep from being dashed to pieces against the walls. The cold was intense, but we had no fires. Another short respite brought us to the deck again. The captain was taking the sun's altitude; his smiling face had not been seen for several days. The mate was throwing the log, to see how many knots an hour she was sailing, when one of the sons of Erin called out:

"Mike, Mike, come and see the mate measuring the sea, and the captain is looking for New York somewhere hereabouts."

"Land ho!" The joyful sound rang through the ship. What preparations for going ashore! All was bustle. We let go anchor between Staten and Long Islands. We were very much battered and shabby-looking. All hands had enough to do to keep the old ship afloat, and had no time to dress her up and paint her. Two splendid vessels, dressed in their best, with colors flying triumphantly, passed us in our lowly condition, cheering loud and long. We were not inclined to cheer. Their triumph was short-lived. One of the great beauties, without a pilot, ran ashore on Long Island. We took a pilot on board ere it was too late, and passed the stranded ship. We did not cheer at her in her distress. We merely bowed to her and passed on through the narrows. Just one month from England, a long and stormy one. A rougher, more disagreeable, stormier voyage could not be imagined. The captain seemed never to have undressed all through the voyage. He had a badly disciplined ship, inferior officers, mutinous sailors, drunken and disorderly, a leaky, unsea-

worthy vessel. The wonder is that we ever got across. In all the dangers we had to pass through, I never had a feeling of fear.

“Rocked in the cradle of the deep,  
I laid me down in peace to sleep;  
Secure I rest upon the wave,  
For thou, O Lord, hast power to save.”

As we passed into New York Bay, and sailed past the battery, the windows were all ablaze with reflected sunlight; the busy boats were plying to and fro on the broad expanse of water, and a forest of tall masts near by told their own tale. I saw for the first time one of the Hudson river steamboats. It gave me a lively idea of what Noah's Ark looked like. A moving mountain could not have amused or surprised me more than this. I was still more surprised when I saw the elegant interior. We hardly passed the health officers. Though all were on deck, many were sick. Then came the Custom-house officers. I opened my trunks; I was asked if I had anything but wearing apparel. I said I had many things that I did not wear, but nothing I thought that required duty to be paid on it.

“I shall take your word as the word of a lady, and pass your baggage without examination.”

This was a different affair from that of passing at London.

Our little party of five landed on the Western hemisphere on the 12th of November. We dined at a restaurant, Aunt Ellen, her grandson, a boy of twelve, the Tener brothers and myself. Then we parted. The brothers purposed staying a few days at New York. We met again at Bethany. I bestirred myself, for I had two inexperienced, helpless travelers and their luggage to look after. I had all removed to the railway depot, and checked for Philadelphia, and got our tickets for that place. I took Aunt Ellen and her boy into the cars, and seated them comfortably, and sat down behind them, glad to rest, for I was very tired. Presently a foppishly dressed man sat down by me. He was bedizened with pinchbeck jewelry, and had a sinister, downcast countenance. He began in a free and easy way to talk to me. I had a Scotch dislike to the liberty he took. His manner had a different effect upon Mrs. C——, and he turned his conversation to her, and fed her grandson on peanuts and candy, to the delight of the boy. Mrs. C—— thought me rude to this gentleman, when I did not answer his impertinent questions; such as, “Is that old woman your mother? where did you come from? where are you going? have you any gen-



tleman with you to take care of you and your luggage." Mrs. C—— answered the last question, upon which the stranger offered his services, which I refused very decidedly, and said I could attend to my own business. Here I had a little lecture from Mrs. C——. He then said:

"When you get on the Delaware River boat, a bell will ring for the passengers to attend to their trunks; then I shall come to you for your checks, and you will have no more trouble about you baggage."

Mrs. C—— was full of gratitude to the man. He continued:

"You can have your luggage stored at Bloodgood's Hotel, as it will be late ere we land, and you can go on to your friends. I shall attend to everything."

Mrs. C—— had told him we were to spend a few days at Philadelphia, and he laid his plans to suit. When the bell rang I was fast asleep, with my head on Mrs. C——'s lap. I sprang to my feet, and, true to his purpose, there stood the man with the sinister look.

"Your checks, please."

I told him I could attend to all I had to do myself. Mrs. C—— asked, if I really meant to refuse his polite offer? I said:

"For myself, certainly;" but she could choose him to guard her luggage, and could give up her checks to him, if she wished.

She told me to "go along," and she apologized to the man for my manner. I was with others at the baggage wagon. I had all our checks spread out on my hand ready, when the numbers were called, when the fellow sneaked up to my side, and snatched every one out of my hand. I knew our trunks as they appeared, and ordered the man to hand up the checks. I had all the baggage piled up ready for a porter. I saw the fellow talking to a porter, and point to me, and said:

"There, that pile!"

What did this mean? I sent a hack driver into the saloon for Mrs. C——, and to send the boy to me to watch the luggage, till I found a porter. No boy came, and I waited till nearly all had left the boat. I ran to the saloon, and found neither Mrs. C—— nor the boy; they had gone, and taken all the wraps and small articles with them. What was I to do? I went back to the luggage, but to my amazement, it was all gone, not a vestige left to tell where it had stood, and no person to be seen. I had to leave the boat. I landed amid a perfect Babel of sound. It was past midnight, pitch dark, and raining hard. I pushed my way through a dense crowd of men, horses, hacks and hand-carts. I could see nothing of Mrs. C—— or the luggage amid

the confusion. I inquired my way to Bloodgood's Hotel, where I saw a light, and opened a door. When I passed from the dark street into a room flooded with gaslight, the effect was blinding. I shaded my eyes with my hand, while I advanced to where some gentlemen (?) stood. I was drenched, draggled, tired, cold and perplexed. I stood hesitating, for the men did not hesitate to turn and stare broadly at me. Their rudeness embarrassed me; but I inquired, if two men had brought a quantity of baggage there? They laughed, and said,

"No."

"Is this Bloodgood's Hotel?" I asked.

"Yes; it is Bloodgood's. What do you want?" was asked with a sneer.

"My luggage; but you say it is not here," I answered.

I turned from them with a sick head and heart. Their hard and unsympathizing gaze followed me out into the hard and pitiless face of a midnight storm, and the darkness of an unknown city. I raised my eyes to heaven, and heaven directed. I wandered into a street, where all was still save the falling rain. I ran on, and on, and at last I stood to gain breath for a minute, when I thought I heard voices. I followed the sound, when I came to a lamp-post, against which was tilted a hand-cart with all the missing baggage. I seemed possessed of a new spirit, for I asked the rascals, who were sheltered under a porch, how they dared to carry off my trunks without my consent or knowledge? I was alone with these bad men, and no one near; but I was perfectly fearless. I felt that God would protect me. To all their falsehoods I gave no heed. I told them they meant to rob us. At that moment I heard the rumble of a carriage. I stood in the light of the lamp to hail for help, when, to my great joy, Mrs. C—— put her head out of the window of the hack. Oh, how thankful was I to see her. I was rather daunted to hear her ask me, where I had been, and why I had left her alone on the boat? I said, I thought she had left me, and not I her. The boy exclaimed at this; but I had to turn from them to look after the luggage, lest it should be carried off again. I called to a porter, that was hurrying past out of the rain, to take charge of the trunks. I told the two suspicious ones to hand over to him the stolen property. I helped to unload and reload, and told the porter to follow the carriage wherever it went, and I should pay him well. The sinister-looking fellow opened the carriage door for me; I jumped in, when the fellow had the impudence to try to jump in after me. This was too much, and without ceremony, with all my strength, I pushed him

back, and he fell on the street. I told the driver to drive on. Mrs. C—— gave him directions to go to the house of her friends, the Teners. My overtaxed energies gave way, and I threw myself back in the carriage, and cried as if my heart would break. Mrs. C——'s injured air, and the boy's sharp tongue, would have amused me at another time, but they only added to what I was already suffering. We roused several from their slumbers asking for Mr. Tener's house, but we could not find it. At last I told the driver to take us to a hotel, for I was cold, wet and worn out. We had been three hours driving about. At the hotel we stopped at, the people were astir; we were ushered into a warm, bright room, where were several gentlemen. Mrs. C——, talking to the boy, drew their attention to us. I sank shivering into a chair, my face red with crying. I became unconscious. The lady of the house soon made her appearance, but I was still unconscious. A restorative was given, but I could not move. A hot drink was given to set the blood circulating. Mrs. C—— looked at my now pale, tired face, and asked me what ailed me. I made an effort to tell her and the others present what ailed me.

I told them that within the last twenty-four hours we had landed at New York, and on the cars and on the boat I had been greatly annoyed by the intrusive impertinence of an ill-favored man. I showed my displeasure at his forcing his attentions upon me, and I was called rude for repulsing so polite a gentleman; how the polite gentleman snatched the checks from me, and when I went to the saloon for the boy to watch the baggage, he and his grandmother were gone and my cloak with them, and when I went back to the baggage it was all gone; how I found my way to Bloodgood's, only to be stared and sneered at; how I rushed shivering from the rude gaze of the unfeeling men, out into darkness and rain, without an outer covering; how I found the two rascals hidden under a porch, and our luggage under a lamp-post; how I recovered our stolen property, and offended Mrs. C—— by my unceremonious leave-taking of the polite gentleman, and how for hours we were driving everywhere to no purpose, till I was nearly chilled to death in my wet clothes.

"Oh, the villain," said Mrs. C——.

I had much to say, but the thoughtful landlady said I ought to be in my room and take off my wet garments.

The gentlemen were loud in their praises of my courage and self-possession in very trying circumstances. The cry I sent up to heaven

as I rushed from Bloodgood's door was answered in giving me courage. One said:

"I shall hunt that scoundrel up and bring him to justice."

I had escaped from the wretch, and I had no desire to see him again, even to have him punished.

Mrs. C—— begged a thousand pardons for what she had said. The fellow had told her to get into a cab and I would follow; then he told her that I had left the boat, bag and baggage, and she started to find Mr. T——'s, but accidentally met me on the street.

My eyelids closed over weary eyes. Sleep came to my aching limbs, and when I awoke at midday, I was stiff in body, but refreshed in spirits.

I have a pleasant remembrance of our host, hostess and son. We were kindly treated by them, and we soon prepared to resume our journey. We took a train for Baltimore. Once more on the move, we passed Wilmington, in Delaware; crossed the Susquehanna River at Havre de Grace, and stopped a short time at Baltimore. It is a very fine city. Here we took a stage-coach to cross the Alleghany Mountains and the Blue Ridge. This was no small undertaking. We started with nine passengers inside; we did not jolt much at first, we were so well packed. Men going short distances left us, and others came in. Two gentlemen, however, kept their seats facing us. They seemed to be on a long journey. We made ourselves as comfortable as we could, and tried to take a nap now and then. While staging it over mountains and rocky passes, and round the edges of precipices, with four fiery horses and a Jehu holding the reins, napping is not an easy matter. One night we were ascending a steep mountain side. All inside of the coach seemed to be asleep but myself. One muffled figure sat in the corner opposite to me, another in the corner opposite to Aunt Ellen, his head thrown back, and his mouth wide open, giving a snort now and then; John coiled up, with his head on his grandmother's lap, and she bowing alternately to the sleeping figures in front, and I in my corner having a little amusement at what I saw. We gained the summit of the mountain, and the other side was more rugged and steep. Jehu gathered up the reins, cracked his whip and let the horses fly down the steep mountain side to save them from the coach tumbling over them, as he said. I thought the coach had turned a summersault, as the horses flew down hill. It certainly turned us who were on the back seat almost heels over head into the laps of the sleepers in front, at the risk of broken bones, and to the

great consternation of all. The sleepers, roused so unceremoniously, roared lustily; they thought they were killed and going to be robbed. When, instead of robbers, they found two women lying helpless across them, who had been thrown there unintentionally, they modified their roaring. I was in a predicament myself, but could not help laughing at Aunt Ellen, her pitiful, "Och on, och on, but this is terrible; board ship was nothing to it."

On trying to get back to our seats our heads would bump on the roof of the coach, then we would be thrown about in a terrible manner sure enough. We had a hard road to travel over the Alleghanies; but on we rumbled, till we reached a small town a few miles from Bethany. One evening, in the middle of dark November, might be seen two phaetons winding around the base of Bethany hills at a slow pace, with three way-worn and weary travelers, who alighted at the Hibernia House, Bethany, Brooke County, West Virginia, and we were at the end of our long journey.

## CHAPTER XI.

### LIFE IN BETHANY.

FOR nine months I had been traveling incessantly over trackless oceans, through storm and calm, over rugged mountains and rough roads, and I was glad to be at my journey's end. I was weary and needed rest. I could have hidden myself away and slept for a month, but this was not to be. Aunt Ellen was a Mrs. Campbell, and she was in her sister's house, who was also a Mrs. Campbell. Each of them had large families. I thought there was here a clan Campbell, with A. C. as chief, but they were an Irish instead of a Scotch clan. Aunt Ellen had a rich compensation now, in meeting with her family, for the pangs of parting. She was happy, and deservedly so; for old and timid as she was, she had dared the dangers of the stormy sea to join her children and all her loved ones. While all were greeting each other kindly, I looked on; and while I sat in the shadow of the window curtain, a shadow fell over my heart for a few minutes. I felt all too keenly that I was a stranger in a strange land. I saw no familiar face; no friend's hand grasped mine. I was not expected in this household. I could not define the strange feeling that I had. Was it homesickness? No; but I was *alone* in that crowd. I witnessed the smiles and tears, the joy of all at meeting after so long a separation. I had no smiles, no tears, no greetings, no feeling but that *I was entirely alone*. Aunt Ellen after awhile bethought herself that I had not been introduced to her family, and offered many apologies, which were unnecessary. I was glad and happy next morning to see the venerable face of Mr. Campbell. He had just heard of our arrival, and had come over to see us. He told me his wife was sick and could not come over to see us, but his daughters were coming to see me and take me home to Bethany House. *Home*, did he say? I repeatedly asked myself, Am I to find a home in this strange land? Home is not a mere shelter from the storm, and bread to eat to satisfy the cravings of hunger. Home is where peace reigns, and where love and joy are; where one supports another with refinement of feeling and Christian forbearance. This is the life that makes home happy,

loving hearts, high thoughts and sweet smiles. Was this the home I was to find at Bethany House?

I resolved in God's strength to \*make friends by making myself friendly to all; devoting myself to the good of others. For myself I had nothing to live for, nothing to hope for, in this life. I was now humanity's servant for Christ's sake. Mr. Campbell's family consisted of himself and wife, his father, Thos. Campbell, his wife's mother, Mrs. Bakewell; Miss Clarinda, the youngest daughter by his first wife; Margaret (Mrs. Ewing and her husband), Alexander, Virginia, Decima and William, the present wife's children. I did not see Mrs. Campbell when I went to the house first. Her mind was deeply afflicted for the loss of her boy. Her affections had been placed on this boy supremely. She had thought he would live and follow in the steps of his illustrious father to honor and renown, and fill, or take the place of, the great man when he had passed away. Her hopes and aspirations for Wickliffe were dashed to the ground. Her idol was broken, and she was inconsolable. The family were in deep distress on her account, as well as for the loss of the child. Mr. Campbell's home was a primitive one, with its quaint vine-clad porch, small windows and low ceilings. As his family had increased, a room here and one there had been added, so the house was very irregularly built up. The old parlor in which he loved to sit, and where he held worship with his family night and morning, had hallowed associations. In it he had been married to his first wife, and he could not have it pulled down, but added to it.

When Mr. Campbell came home from college, he asked:

“Where is mother?”

After he had kindly greeted me, and bade me welcome to Bethany House, he passed out of doors. I saw him after a while leading a tall, thin, melancholy looking lady, dressed in black, with her clothes dripping wet, and clinging to her spare figure. This was Mrs. Campbell, who had been to the creek where her boy lost his life, and who was so gently lead to her own room, and tenderly cared for by her noble husband. He was full of kindness and sympathy for his afflicted wife, and was very gentle with her. I had said I would live to God, and my fellow-beings I would serve for his sake, and here was a field of labor in this grief-stricken family, wide enough for all my present energies. If my life so far had been a desert, barren and storm-beaten, I had tried to give the cup of cold water to famishing lips. I shall now try to do more for Him who trieth the reins, and searcheth the heart.

I must not brood over my own sorrows, or dwell on the past. A new life lay open before me. I had severed every link that bound me to my former life, and save only in a few particulars my new friends knew no more of that life than if I never had lived it. All was now buried in the deep recesses of my heart, and who cared to enter the penetralia?

Friends from a distance who came to see me, and the college students, all greeted me kindly, and caressingly called me, "Our Dove."

I never knew any man who had so many private sorrows, to do so much public work as Mr. Campbell. He was never in a hurry, never idle, had always time to entertain strangers. His table talk was to me more valuable than gold; it was interesting, edifying and enlightening. I could have listened to him for hours. We would have short lectures on the organs of hearing or seeing, or some other subjects equally interesting. Once at the breakfast table, he held up his hand, rather a large one, and exclaimed:

"Oh, how beautiful!"

I smiled; for according to my idea of beauty, his hand was not beautiful. He saw me smile (nothing escaped his eagle eye), and said:

"None but God could design the mechanism of the hand, the adaptation of the thumb to the fingers, and its general use," etc.

To me the human hand has ever since had beauty in it. In company his conversation took a lofty flight, even to heaven itself, and the extreme beauty and desirableness of heaven was set forth in glowing terms by his eloquent portraiture. He seemed to live more in heaven than on earth.

All were delighted and instructed, none more so than myself. Every theme was so entirely new to me, that I felt profoundly ignorant. I also felt that I had a great, a precious privilege in being able to sit at his feet and learn. His sympathy for little children was wonderful. He took a little one out of my arms one day, and said:

"Poor little pilgrim, you have life's journey to travel if you live, and it may be a rough one. Let us make it as smooth as we can for the present for your little feet."

That little child's life-journey came to an end very soon; its little feet never reached the rough places. His feelings were refined, and he had a keen sense of the beautiful. I saw him pick up a sweet-briar blossom one day, and expatiate on its beauty, and the wonderful condescension of God in making the flowers, to adorn the earth for man's pleasure. He was ever elevating men's minds above the groveling



things of earth. His gratitude was clearly seen, for he gave thanks to God for everything. His home teaching was unparalleled. His grand ideas of God made him have very exalted ideas of man and of man's value. He would say,

"There is more value in one human soul, than there is in millions of worlds, such as this we live in."

He was a great economist of time. He rose at four A. M.; was in his studio till seven; then had prayers; then breakfast, and away to the college on his grey horse, to give a morning lecture to the students; then attended to his printers and printing and farm till the dinner-bell rang. After dinner, he would receive his heavy mail, open his letters, and write till tea-time, either in his study, or in the old parlor. The highest privilege any one could enjoy, I thought, was to hear him at family worship in this room. His easy manner, his unstudied courtesy to all, even the youngest, who was "little son Willie," and to the aged patriarch, was to me an unceasing wonder and delight. Every one of the family brought a Psalm, a hymn, or a portion of Scripture to the evening entertainment. After the recitations, some one would be asked what they thought the text or context meant. Whatever the answer, however crude the idea, none was made ashamed of his ignorance; but was set right as to the great truth taught in the lesson. If a stranger was present, a discussion would ensue; but it was usually a short one, for all preferred to listen to the simple, sublime, beautiful and terse language in which he clothed his illustrations of the lessons recited, and the humorous way he would apply a text, or convey a truth. Generally a hymn was sung, and if his voice was heard above the others, he would say,

"I can not sing, but I can make a joyful noise. My tympanum is not attuned to music, but I can make melody in my heart to the Lord."

His prayers breathed a heavenly spirit truly. I felt often as if I could remain on my knees all night, listening to the petitions which he sent up to the ear of God. I was always silent in his presence. I loved to hear him, and was always profoundly attentive. I was startled one evening by his calling out,

"Sister Davies, I shall make my young folks jealous of you, if I make you a favorite any longer. You are one of my family, and you must bring your portion of Scripture to recite, as do the others. Now I expect you to add to the entertainment after this."

I was made to feel that he had a fatherly interest in me, for which I was very grateful. I began to wonder if Mr. Campbell had any faults.

I had never seen any; yet he was human, and I did not wish to worship humanity. But I never found anything in him to lower my opinion of him. Every day brought to my view new phases of his noble character.

Miss Clarinda gave me a warm welcome to Bethany House. She said:

"I do not wish you to feel 'the stranger's heart' with us. You have left your home, your friends and your country to come and live among us, and you shall have a home in our midst, if we can make it so for you, and we shall try."

Peerless Clarinda! the graces of her mind surpassed the graces of her person, and she was wondrously beautiful. She was a model Christian lady of a high order, and set a noble example to all around. I asked Miss Clarinda one day, why I received so much kind attention from everybody, not only the family, but strangers? I said:

"There is nothing in me or about me that can attract or deserve so much attention as I am receiving. There must be some mistake. I must be taken for some one else, and when the friends find that they have lavished caresses on the wrong person, they will frown on me, because I have accepted them, though I have done so with a very bad grace."

Miss Clarinda seemed surprised at my question, and said:

"We have made no mistake; your name is 'Dove.'"

"No," I rejoined; "it is Davies."

"Then you do not know why we call you our dear 'Dove?'"

"No," I do not."

"Did you know my father in Scotland? did you visit him in prison? did you leave your country and friends to come and live with the people over whom Mr. Campbell has influence?"

"Most certainly I did;" and I laughed at the manner in which I was catechised.

"Well, you are with the people over whom Mr. Campbell has influence, even his own family. He wrote to us about your zeal and your kindness, and also that Elijah of old had been fed by ravens, but that he was more fortunate, for he had been administered unto by doves; and when he came home he told us that one of his doves was coming to America to cast in her lot with us, and that he had invited her to come to Bethany, and he hoped we all would show her how her kindness had been appreciated, and make her feel at home in our midst. Now, who do you think the dove is if you are not?"

"Oh," I said, "I do not know of any one but myself, and I do feel

highly honored by the name. I now prize it beyond measure, and I shall show you how I can appreciate your kindness and consideration of me."

Mrs. Bakewell, Mrs. Campbell's mother, was an English lady of the old school, deeply prejudiced against everything American. She fell sick, and I went to see her in her room. It so happened that a servant had just placed her breakfast on a table in front of her bed. I placed the table and breakfast things so they could be reached by the invalid without fatigue. This little act awakened the old lady's kindest feelings. She said I was "so English." English ways were so superior to the American ways. I smiled, and said:

"I am a fresh importation."

She loved to converse on English history. Many hours I would sit in her room and entertain her, till she became so accustomed to me that she could hardly bear me out of her sight. The family were all more or less sick, so she had little society, and I gave her all my spare time. She grew worse, so I gave up everything else to nurse her. I spread a pallet on the floor, and stayed with her night and day. She was a great sufferer, and this caused a degree of fretfulness; but I was not nervous, as every one else seemed to be. I was told by Professor P—— that I must have been born when nerves were not fashionable, as I never complained of nervousness. The very close confinement in the dark sick-room was telling on me however, and Miss Clarinda insisted I should walk out with her sometimes to breathe the fresh air. As the old lady grew worse, I could never leave her, night or day. I had been sitting up with her all one night, and at dawn I noticed a change come over her, and knew not what it was. I ran to the study for Mr. Campbell. He came at once, and when he saw her face, he said:

"This is death."

He raised her head on his arm, and she breathed out her spirit there without a struggle. Old and full of years, she was laid to rest in the neat little graveyard on the hillside.

The young, beautiful, bright Mrs. Ewing was prostrate on a sick-bed, and not able to nurse her babe of a few days old, nor could a nurse be found in all the country round to take charge of it. I offered to take charge of the small, sickly piece of humanity till a nurse could be found. From nursing the sick great-grandmother, I came to nurse the sick great-grandchild.

Oh, how that sick young mother watched me the first time I dressed

her infant. Her large, wistful eyes never left me for a moment. I was afraid to handle so small a creature, lest he should slip through my hands. I succeeded, however, in my task to the satisfaction of the poor sick mother. I did not tell her that he was the first infant I had ever dressed, and that I did it in fear and trembling. Mrs. Ewing was drooping, Mr. Ewing was uneasy. He called a consultation of doctors to examine the patient and give him an exact statement of her case. Their conclusion was, that she had rapid consumption, and would pass away ere two months. This death-knell rang through the house. O how my heart sympathized with this stricken, smitten and afflicted family! I could not realize that the lively, bright, black-eyed Margaret was doomed to an early grave; but her days were numbered. Mr. E—— said she must not die, and he would at once take her to a warmer climate. He took her to Pittsburg to see some doctor ere he took her to Cuba, but he was advised to take her home; and Mrs. E—— wished to come home to die. When she returned, Miss Clarinda and myself undressed her and put her in her bed, from which she never rose. In nine days her pure spirit left its clay tenement. I was almost always by her bedside with her boy. She asked one day if I knew that she was going to die?

“Yes,” I said; and asked her if she were afraid?

“No; but if it were God’s will I should wish to live. You know I am young, and my husband loves me; and my sweet babe, my father, mother, brothers and sisters, I could wish to live for them; but God’s will be done. I may live but a few days, but I am ready,” she said.

Her faith was unshaken. It was touchingly beautiful to hear that young Christian, on the confines of the grave, talk so calmly of her leaving her loved ones. At another time she said:

“I could leave this world without a trouble if you would promise to be a mother to my babe.”

This promise I could not make, for I did not know whether I should be allowed to keep him. It grieved her that I could not conscientiously make her the promise she so much desired; it seemed to be her only earthly desire now. I asked her why she did not give the dear baby to her mother?

“Oh,” she said, “my poor dear mother has been so deeply afflicted already, and when I am gone she will be plunged in despair and deeper grief, and will be unable to attend to him.”

On her last Lord’s day on earth, she expressed a wish to partake of the Lord’s Supper. The deacon brought and spread the emblems.

He, her father, mother, husband and myself partook of the Supper with her. She said it would be her last privilege while here, and it was. The scene in the death-chamber was the most solemn that I ever had witnessed; it was also the most beautiful. It seemed to me the very gate of heaven. Mrs. E—— was robed in pure white in the midst of white draperies; her pale cheeks had a deep rose tint on each; her eyes were large and lustrous, and her hands were reverently clasped on her bosom. She was beautiful as a dream, and as a dream she soon faded away. When the others left, I took my seat by her side with her babe on my lap. Her gaze rested long on her boy, then she looked so pleadingly to me that I felt almost persuaded at any risk to make her the promise; but I feared I could not fulfill it, and so held back. Her mother came in and kneeled by her bed, and Mrs. E—— began to talk about her boy and myself brokenly; but was not understood. I understood the wistful look however, but dared not do as my heart dictated. One by one the family came in; a change came over her lovely face, a slight spasm, and her beautiful features were composed in death. The sound of prayer and praise had floated up from that room in the morning, but now a heartrending wail of agony burst from the hearts of those present. Thus passed away the young, beautiful and gifted wife of J. O. Ewing. She was loving in her nature, and loved by all who knew her. She was laid away in the pleasant retreat of the dead on the hillside.

I told Mr. E—— I would take entire charge of the child, and I required no nurse. At that time there was no one who cared to dispute the ownership with me, for all were plunged in grief. My “wee pet lamb,” as I ever called him, with his pure white transparent skin, his blue spiritual eyes, looked more like a little cherub than a human babe. I devoted my whole being, mind and body, to my charge; but with all my care he followed his youthful mother in twelve months from the time she fell asleep. We laid him beside his mother in the pleasant retreat.

The great love and veneration that the students had for their President caused them to show me a great deal of attention. They were all like brothers, vying with each other in kindness to me. We had rides and walks and talks, and formed friendships then that have continued through all the years that have passed. Our paths diverged as wide as the earth, but have converged again, and I am happy in my friends. The students of B. C., and the young lady students of Pleasant Hill Seminary (conducted by Mrs. McK——, Mr. Campbell’s

sister), exchanged the small courtesies of life by having a musical or literary entertainment, and visiting each other's society on such occasions. One pleasant bright day a cheerful party in buggies and carriages, but mostly on horseback, started for the Pleasant Hill Seminary to attend a soiree. I rode a splendid horse; my escort was equally well mounted, and we rode away in fine spirits. We had not gone far when it began to rain. I laid the reins upon the horse's neck till I could fasten a cloak at my neck, when a great grunting hog ran across the road, frightened the horse, and off he bounded like an arrow. I let the cloak go to catch the reins with both hands, but I could not hold in the high-mettled, badly frightened creature. On we sped, past horses and buggies; my cloak dangled about his heels, and several horsemen were in full chase, which fairly maddened my horse, and on he ran, faster and faster. A turn in the road led to the ford of the creek. I thought if I could turn his face toward it I might be saved; but if he dashed straight on he must jump or tumble over a precipice, and both be dashed to pieces. He made the plunge, and was at the other side of the creek in a twinkling. I know not how I kept my seat. A carriage was passing close to a tree and he could not pass between, but he cleared the wheels at a bound and recrossed the creek. I finally managed to get his head in a fence-corner just as he was preparing himself for a leap over the high fence, which would no doubt have been his last. My escort came up, with other gentlemen, and laid hold of him and quieted him. I could not have held on much longer. I could not cut my food or raise my hands to my head for several days after my adventure. I was lifted into a carriage and driven the remainder of the distance. I thanked God in my heart for my preservation.

On another occasion, Mr. McGarvey was my escort to Pleasant Hill. We were returning to Bethany in the afternoon. Before we had gone far, it became suddenly dark, and a boding silence reigned; the darkening clouds met over head, and I felt that a storm was at hand. We were anxious to get home, and it was rather too far to turn back, so we pushed on. The growling winds sent forth an ominous sound. All at once a sheet of fire lit up our pathway, that had been obscured by the thickening darkness, and a clap of thunder burst over our heads, and reverberated from hillside to hillside all along the creek. The sound was prolonged in one incessant roar. The blaze of the blue, forked lightning was appalling. The rain fell in torrents. I had an umbrella, which I held over our heads, but it was of little use. Every flash of lightning that

came, and they came fierce and fast, lit up the surrounding gloom with a glare that almost made the pulses of the heart stand still. Mr. McGarvey asked me if I were afraid. I, in a very quiet tone, answered, "No." He said:

"I am glad *you* are with me to-night; had it been any of the other ladies, who are so nervous, I do not know what I should do; I certainly could not attend to the horse. It is a fearful night."

"Yes; but all is well," I said.

We were riding along a terrace on the face of a hill. The water was streaming down the side of the cliff on one side of the road, rushing across, and making our narrow road slippery, and then dashing down over the cliff at the other side into the creek, which was greatly swollen. We could not see each other, so thick was the darkness. Every step we took, we were in danger of tumbling over the cliff; so we had to stop till the lurid flame lit up our pathway for a few steps before us, then we would go on, and again stop for another blaze. Once we were on the very edge of a precipice; another step, and we would have gone over. The crash of falling timber, the continuous roar of the thunder, the hissing wind through the rustling trees, the rushing waters of the swollen creek, made the night hideous. We sat in an open buggy in the drenching rain, waiting for a gleam. As we sat in silence listening to the war of elements, a new danger presented itself. We had to cross the creek, but feared that it had risen so high, that we might be swept away in attempting to cross, and it was still rising, and we could not get along a step faster. Danger and death were all around.

"What shall we do?" Mr. McG—— asked.

"Cross, if possible," I answered; but we had still to wait for light to pierce the gloom.

We reached the creek at last, and plunged down into the water, and then stood still for the flash to come. It came, and showed that the water was up to the axle-tree of the buggy. Another gleam, and I gave a cry, not for myself, but for the poor horse. A few inches in front of the horse's throat was a sharp, pointed snag, and had he taken another step in the dark, he would have been impaled. Mr. McGarvey gave me the reins, jumped into the water, and moved the snag a little one way, and the horse the other way, and led him across the rushing waters. We landed safely near to Bethany House, with thankful hearts for the preservation of our lives. Mr. McG—— helped me to alight,

and then he drove off to his boarding-house. I presented myself at the old parlor door, where Mr. Campbell was sitting. He told me to hurry to my room at once, and to give him an account of how we got along in the storm in the morning. I told him how we managed to travel by the light of the lightning, and the danger we had been in.

"It is wonderful how God does preserve his children," he said.

Mr. McGarvey was very popular with the Faculty of the College. He was a good student, a good Christian, and very attentive and respectful to the ladies. He was high-toned, unbending in his integrity, and honorable in all his actions. We were excellent friends. He came for me one evening to go to prayer-meeting. A goodly number were present, and as Prof. Pendleton and Dr. Richardson were not there, it was thought that no one was able to conduct the meeting, and Mr. McGarvey came to me, and said:

"We can have no meeting to-night."

"Why?" I said, looking round; "we have already a meeting."

"But," he said, "there is no one to conduct it."

I asked why they depended upon the professors to conduct prayer-meeting.

"You are here, and you can conduct it."

"Why," he said, "I never conducted one, and I never spoke in public in my life."

"Well, we are to have a prayer-meeting; that is what I came for. You speak in your societies, and I have heard you sing, and let me ask you, 'do you pray?'"

"Of course I do," said he.

"Well, then, if you can do no more than read Christ's Sermon on the Mount, and sing, and offer a prayer, we shall not have come for nothing."

He bravely took his stand at the table, and gave as his reason for being there, that he had been requested to conduct the meeting. He read the Sermon on the Mount; we sang a hymn; he prayed, and then made some very beautiful and appropriate remarks. No stranger would have suspected that that was his first attempt at conducting a religious meeting. Mr. McGarvey is now one of our distinguished preachers, a professor in the College of the Bible, a teacher of preachers.

In a cottage by the creek lived an aged couple. They had a son and a daughter, whom they wished to educate, and they had left their home and come to live at Bethany, while the son attended college there, and the daughter at Pleasant Hill Seminary. Miss Frances



came home from school one day sick. I went to see her. I met her father at the door; I asked him how she was.

“She is very low,” he said.

I then asked if she was in danger. His mournful response was:

“For her there is no hope.”

I was startled at this announcement; I was not prepared for it. I was taken into the room where lay the slender form of the fair girl, beautiful even in sickness. I watched the working of the nerves of her pretty face, and oh, how sad I felt, when I saw in it the convulsive throes of death. I left the room. Her mother followed me, and asked me if I would ask Mr. Campbell to allow them to bury their only daughter in a secluded spot on top of a hill in the skirt of a beautiful grove, a place she had selected herself for her last resting-place. This brave old Christian lady spoke calmly about her daughter. It was the calmness of a desolate heart. My heart wept for her, the grief-stricken mother, as she was about to part with her darling child. She needed all her Christian philosophy to bear up under her heavy trial. I had one more look at the sweet, young face, on which rested a sad, still smile; but it soon faded like a blossom rudely torn from its parent stem, nothing now left of her beauty but a memory. Her departure was calm and peaceful. Next Lord's day was appointed for her funeral. I went to the house of mourning, but did not enter; I sat on a log outside. Though it was winter, the sun shone out bright and warm, as on a spring day. The trees, though stript of their foliage, looked grand in their desolation; the ground had on her snowy mantle. All nature was hushed; stillness reigned throughout. It was a solemn hour and peaceful. My thoughts were all beyond the grave. While I thought of death being conquered through him that loves us, a sweet and heavenly sound arrested my attention. At first it was soft and low; then it rose to a most triumphant peal; it was like sounding a triumph over death and the grave. And as they sang, I thought an angel whispered, “The maid is not dead, but sleepeth.” The pall-bearers appeared, and put the coffin on a wagon, and moved onward with solemn steps and slow. A long procession followed. Mr. McGarvey joined me, and we fell in, and followed the train as it wound round the base of a hill. We conversed on the uncertainty of life, and the certainty of death and eternity.

The spot, where Miss Murphy had chosen to be laid, was a sweet, romantic spot, but it was as lonely as it was lovely. A hymn was sung, and prayer offered. After the earth closed over the beautiful remains,

several of the party strolled to the adjoining hills, to enjoy the beautiful winter scene that was spread out before us. I told Mr. McGarvey, as we walked along, that as soon as Miss Murphy came home, she told her mother that she had come home to die, which distressed her mother very much, and she tried to dissuade her from talking about death. But the girl said:

“Mother, you will be sorry when I am gone, that you did not listen to what I had to say. It is my last wish, mother, and listen to your dying girl.”

And the poor, heart-stricken mother did listen to the broken sentences, and earnest tones of her dying child. Mr. McGarvey embodied our conversation in a little poem, so I shall not repeat it, only transcribe the poem.

#### HER LAST WISH.

“My mother, I’m going to leave you soon,  
 I feel that my hour has come ;  
 This couch I shall soon exchange for the tomb,  
 This world for my heavenly home.  
 My mother, I’d wish you to go with me,  
 To go with me hand in hand;  
 But soon, quite soon, I’m sure you’ll be  
 Admitted to that bright land. .

You know, dear mother, we’ve passed our days  
 In the shades of an humble life;  
 Then bury me far from the public gaze  
 And the scenes of mortal strife.  
 The grove where oft with a pensive soul  
 The feeling I love the best,  
 All lonely at eve I have loved to rove,  
 Let that be my place of rest.

Amid its shades let them lay me down,  
 Their leaves let my covering be ;  
 For ever in life was their rustling sound  
 The sweetest of music to me.  
 Mother, you often will wander there  
 To weep in the evening shade,  
 And guard that spot with a mother’s care  
 Where your own dear daughter is laid.”

They buried her there on a beautiful day  
 That winter had borrowed from spring,  
 And sang to her soul as it flitted away  
 A song that she loved to sing.

The clods were frozen upon her grave  
 By the blast that blew next day;  
 But He who had died her soul to save  
 Had hurried her far away.

DEAR SISTER DAVIES:

It is usual to write the dedication in front of a piece, but as it is in this case an after-thought, you will forgive me for violating the rule, and permit me to acknowledge my indebtedness to you for all that is valuable in the foregoing humble effort. You will remember the mournful occasion on which the facts referred to occurred, as also the conversation in which I gained the information and ideas from you, which I have endeavored to clothe in rhythmical language. This little inscription will remind you of that day when, in a distant land, you recall the humble scenes in which you have acted here, and I fondly trust they will prevent you from entirely forgetting many other very interesting conversations with which you have honored me.

Your sincerely devoted friend and brother,

FEBRUARY, 1850.

J. W. MCGARVEY.

We had sad days at Bethany, but we had sunshiny ones too. We had several wedding parties, which were very enjoyable. Professor Loos was married to the beautiful Miss Rosetta Kerr; Mr. Joseph Pendleton to Miss Margaret Ewing; Miss Sarah Ewing to Mr. Bush (the Misses Ewing were granddaughters of Mr. Campbell), and Dr. Poston to Annie Campbell (niece of Aunt Ellen). As soon as Mr. Campbell had tied the knot and the wedding breakfast was over, a bevy of us would accompany the happy couples to Wellsburg. According to the season, we had horses, buggies or sleighs. One clear, cold frosty day, with deep snow on the ground, a wedding party started from the Hibernia in sleighs. The horses neighed, and tossed their heads, and jingled their bells at a fine rate. We were all comfortably wrapped in furs and rugs. As we pranced along over the snow, the air was exhilarating, and I said to Mr. McG — :

“This sleigh ride is perfectly delightful.”

Mr. McG — laughed, and said : “This is not a sleigh but a buggy.”

“Well, the horse thinks he is drawing a sleigh, for he tosses his head and jingles his bells just as the other horses are doing, and if he does not know any better, he enjoys himself all the same, as I enjoyed the sleigh ride, till I was told that I was in a buggy.”

We had a pleasant day.

I greatly enjoyed the literary entertainments given by the students; they were interesting and entertaining. Dr. Richardson and Professor Pendleton taught from the pulpit as well as Mr. Campbell. I felt

that God was good to me for having placed me where I had such privileges. I certainly appreciated them.

In the old parlor a pleasing picture was often seen. The patriarch, Thos. Campbell, sat in his rocking-chair, with his silvery hair combed back from his massive forehead and falling on his shoulders. At times he sat perfectly still, his hands clasped before him, and his lips moving as in prayer. He was nearly blind, very deaf, and had lost his memory in great measure, except for divine things. It was one of my privileges to read the Scripture to him daily for some time, and to hear him repeat hymns in great numbers by only reading the first line to him. I was able to do many little services for him, for which I had many a "Bless you, my daughter." He was the personification of patient resignation. I loved to wait on the dear old saint. He was courtly in his manners, and grateful for everything done for him.

I was confined to my room for several days in consequence of a fall I had down a stair. Mr. Campbell came into my room one day, and said:

"Here is something pretty for you."

And he handed me a beautiful bouquet, artistically arranged, and swathed with blue ribbon, and a card, on which was written, "For the Dove, with the compliments of J. D. Pickett." The sweet, beautiful flowers amused and interested me much while I was a prisoner in my own room. The memory of these flowers had an influence with me many years after that time.

After Mrs. Ewing's death, Mrs. Campbell regained the lost equilibrium of her mind, and she seemed a very different woman. She took an interest in her household duties. The family had been diminished; three had been buried, and three had been married. Health and a measure of cheerfulness had returned to the house of mourning. I felt that my work at Bethany was done. Mr. Campbell had returned from Kentucky, where he had been traveling, and he gave such a glowing description of what the brethren were doing at Midway, I felt that I must do something too. We were told that an orphan school was being built up, and orphans were being cared for. I wished, while listening to him, that a way might be opened for me to work for the orphans, and thereby do more work in the Lord's vineyard than I was now doing. I told Mrs. Campbell I thought I should like to go to Kentucky. She begged me not to leave them; but I told her my work was done at Bethany, and as I had no wish to be dependent, I desired to be where I could do most good.

“Well,” she said, “if you will go, remember that Bethany is your home, and come back when you are tired staying away. I shall never forget your kindness to me and mine, nor am I the only one who appreciates very highly your labors of love amongst us. Mr. Campbell has told me that ‘you were like a ministering angel sent by Providence to minister to our family in our deep affliction,’ and he has quoted Paul to me: ‘Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.’ On two different occasions he said that you were truly a ministering angel sent to us. I thought I might forget what my dear husband had said to me about you, and I wrote it down in my diary; here it is, you can see it.”

I did look, and saw her faithful record of what Mr. C—— had said of me. I shed tears of gratitude to know that my labors of love were appreciated.

## CHAPTER XII.

### AT THE KENTUCKY FEMALE ORPHAN SCHOOL.

I WAS very sad when I left Bethany. I had taken root there among scenes I loved well. I felt it very hard to part with the lovely Mrs. Pendleton. She was then the reigning queen of Mr. Pendleton's home and heart. He alone deserved the priceless gem. I little dreamed that our parting was final; she died soon after. Several friends escorted me to Wellsburg. We arrived just in time for Mr. McGarvey to put me on board of the *Brilliant*. He had hardly left me when she moved off. I ran to the guards, waved my hand to the two Miss C——'s, Professor Loos and Mr. McG——. I had dropped my handkerchief, but the captain who stood near gave me his to wave, and I waved a long good-bye to those I left on shore.

At Cincinnati it rained heavily. I asked the captain where was the best hotel at which to put up till the Kentucky boat should sail. He said he would be pleased to have me breakfast with him, and remain on board till the other steamer was ready to start. I was well attended to, and in due time was transferred to the splendid steamer *Telegraph*. I have a grateful remembrance of the captain and clerk of the *Brilliant* for their attentions. I thanked God for his care of me thus far on my new, strange voyage. I had the undivided attention of the captain of the *Telegraph* as long as I was on board. When he handed me over to the care of another captain at the mouth of the Kentucky River, he also handed me his card, and said he hoped we would meet again. On the card was written, "Z. M. Sherley," the name of a well-known Kentucky gentleman. He afterward introduced me to his family. His sisters were elegant, interesting, Christian ladies, at whose homes I was ever after handsomely entertained.

One of my particular friends at Bethany, whom I have not named, in whose confidence I was, and whose lady-love and myself had corresponded ere he left Bethany, was now married, and living at the beautiful little town of Georgetown. He was pastor of the Christian Church, and principal of a young ladies' school. They had expected me, and I was cordially welcomed by them both. Many ladies called

upon me, and told me that I was well known to them. Mrs. Dr. Keene, an elegant old lady, with polished manners and beautiful face, but better than all, a Christian, called to see me, paid me great attention, and gave me a party, where I met some of the best people of the place. She drove me out often to show me the beauties of the surrounding country. Every place was beautiful, and every person pleasant. Mrs. Keene did much to make my sojourn at Georgetown delightful. I met at her house the charming Misses Hannah, and they continue to charm me with their high-toned principles and pleasant manners. I also met General Flournoy, who was a highly cultured man, a most enthusiastic ornithologist, and very entertaining.

I formed a warm and abiding friendship for Mr. and Mrs. H. Graves and their family. They had a truly Christian household. I was flooded with questions concerning Mr. Campbell's imprisonment. Sympathy for him in his persecution was wide-spread. Amongst others, two veteran soldiers of the cross called to see me, John T. Johnson and Walter Scott. We talked on various subjects, but wound up on the Orphan School at Midway, and its interests. They proposed to take me to see the school; so a day was appointed, and they drove me to Dr. Pinkerton's, at Midway. There I met the Dr. P—— and his wife, and Mr. James Ware Parrish and his wife. We all went to the school, where I had a delightful visit with these truly noble Christian ladies and gentlemen. Mr. Parrish was a farmer. He was a man of culture and refined feelings, and courteous in his manners. He lived a short distance from Midway. He was a man of great personal influence, loved and trusted by all. He was a philanthropist, and in his fertile brain and warm, large heart, the idea arose of an Orphan School. He and Dr. Pinkerton consulted and discussed, and the Orphan School was founded. The idea was laughed at by some, but encouraged by others. It was thought poor orphans in Kentucky could not be found to fill the school. But nothing daunted, the noble founder went on with his work, collected money to build part of the house, gathered up about twenty children of various sizes to occupy it, and Mr. Dawson, a Christian gentleman, installed as principal, Mrs. Dawson as matron. They had it chartered with a Board of Trustees. Mr. Parrish traveled far and near to collect money, to place the school on a permanent foundation. He was a most successful financial agent, and he set the example of liberality. He was a noble, enthusiastic worker for this institution all the days of his life, and to-day it stands a monument to his memory, as also to that of his co-laborer, Dr. Pinkerton, who

preached for the church at Midway, and was a faithful ally of Brother Parrish. Mrs. Parrish was most attractive; she was very beautiful, gentle in her manners, and a self-denying co-worker with her noble husband. She reminded me much of the lovely Mrs. Pendleton. We seemed to love each other on first sight. Mrs. Pinkerton, kind and hospitable, gave me a warm welcome. These whole-souled workers in the glorious cause cast a halo of love around me, so that I felt as if in a pure and healthful atmosphere. I was happy in their love.

Of all those who made my first visit to Midway a delight, who are now to be found on earth? Who of those earnest-hearted Christians, those noble specimens of humanity, who took me to their hearts and homes the first time we met? All are gone, not one left. They finished their life work, and were called to their reward.

I was deeply interested in the Orphan School; my sympathies were entirely enlisted in the motherless children. They had many kind friends and patrons, but I thought some one was needed to give her whole time to their care besides the principal and matron. I thought I could fill a niche in the school, and I, therefore, offered my services, which were gladly accepted. The trustees were delighted to have another join the noble corps of workers, who were undertaking a great and glorious work. I undertook an arduous duty, but my heart was in it. I prayed to my heavenly Father to give me knowledge and strength to perform my part well. I told Mr. Campbell, when he visited Kentucky, shortly after I came to it, that I was afraid I had taken too much upon myself, but that my heart was in the Orphan School. He said to me:

“Attempt great things, expect great things, and great things will follow.”

I was duly installed in my new sphere as associate principal and assistant matron. The school was then in its infancy; but it has since grown from being a mere Orphan Asylum, to be a power of good in the land. The house was occupied, but not furnished; the girls slept on straw mattresses; the floors were uncarpeted; the children had to be clothed and fed. This was uphill work for the foster parents of the institution; but they had large and liberal hearts devoted to the work of providing for the orphans, and they went nobly forward. I looked round, and thought I could help them outside of my every day duties. I had been told by many friends that I belonged to the Reformation. Every member had a claim in me; their hearts and homes were open to me, and I should be cared for as long as I lived. They said they



claimed me for their own before they saw me. I thanked God and them for his and their loving kindness. I told them that I owed it to Mr. Campbell, that I had so many friends. I was told that through Mr. Campbell I might have gained friends, but on my own account I retained my friends.

“We all loved you for what you did for him when in your country. Now you have come amongst us; we love you for yourself.”

Everywhere my heart was touched with the many expressions of love and kind feeling toward me. In fact, I was surrounded on all sides by warm-hearted, enthusiastic friends. The love and protection, the friendship and freedom, that I enjoyed, made me feel that I was at home, and I reciprocated every feeling expressed for me. I was happy, and loved everybody. I valued my popularity, for I thought I might make use of it for the benefit of the Orphan School. At vacation time, or any other time, when I was visiting, I always introduced the orphans' necessities to my lady friends. I told them the gentlemen had to pay for the building, and raise an endowment fund, and we ought to help them clothe the children, and furnish the house more comfortably. Every friend responded to my appeal. I told them, when they were buying their half-yearly supply of linseys, cottons, prints, flannels, or any other material for clothing, to buy a little more than was needed, and cut economically, and then hand over the remnants to me; and they sent from remnants up to rolls of all kinds of good material for clothing. I told them, when they were spinning yarn for their servants, to spin a little more than they needed, for we had little feet that needed little hose, and from sending a little yarn, they began to knit hose for the little feet. I then got money to buy cotton mattresses and carpeting for the floors. Children gave me money to buy a piano. The large girls had to make all their own clothes and those of the smaller ones; this took much of their time from school. To enable the girls to have more time to study, I cut out all their clothes, and invited all my lady friends around the neighborhood to come and sew one day, and this they willingly did. There were no sewing machines in those days, but willing hands did all the work. And thus the pet nursling was cared for in its infancy. The institution has outgrown all these wants long ago. Those were the days of small things, but they were pleasant days. The girls thus helped had a good deal of time on their hands, and to fill up their time, I taught them fancy work. So much importance as now was not then given to their studies. The fancy work, from a small beginning, grew so as to bring a little fund (I sold

their work) for the girls, that bought them trunks and extra clothing when they left the school. From these small beginnings has grown an institution that is a blessing to this country, and one of its beneficiaries is benefiting others in a far off land with her husband, who is an evangelist in Australia.

I had the pleasure of naming our school "Mount Hope," for many hopes cluster around it. The widow who had one or two orphan children at school, hoped they might be good and obedient to the powers that were over them; she hoped they would be studious and turn out well, and better their condition by having a good education. The trustees and friends of the school hoped that their grand philanthropic scheme would be a success. Had James Ware Parrish lived to this day, how his heart would beat with joy to see all his hopes realized.

On a certain Lord's day, after church service, Dr. Pinkerton requested the congregation to wait a few minutes. All were wondering why. Presently Mr. Parrish, with a tall, well-dressed gentleman, walked down the aisle, and made a signal for me to go to him. All eyes followed Mr. Parrish when he came to where I sat, and a very distinct hum was heard,

"Oh! Sister Eliza is going to be married!"

Mr. Parrish put out his hand for me to go with him, but I seemed riveted to the spot; I could not move. All eyes were on me, but there I sat. One of the orphan girls who sat by me rose and went with Mr. P—— to the front, and was there married to Mr. W——, a young lawyer, to the great amazement of all present who were not of the family. No one dreamed of one of the orphan girls being married before her school days were done; but so it was. A few friends were invited to partake of the wedding dinner, after which Mr. W—— drove off with his young bride in a carriage drawn by mules to his home. They were a very happy couple.

One night I had seen all the girls in bed, and the household as I thought fast locked in slumber, but I still sat and read till a late hour. I was a little startled in the stillness to hear a footfall on the front stairs leading to the hall-door. I exclaimed mentally, "What can this mean? Robbers? But I shall see." I rose and opened wide my door, and my light fell full on the face of one of the girls crouching, trying to hide herself and a bundle she carried in her hand. She had been making for the front-door to effect her escape from school. I took her by the hand and led her unresistingly into my room, and

quietly locked the door. I then in a kindly tone asked the foolish girl what she was doing at that time of night on the front stair?

"I was going to run away from school," she answered, in a defiant tone; "I do not wish to remain here where I have been badly treated and unjustly punished, and I determined to run away."

Both the matron and the girl had high, unyielding tempers. A serious misunderstanding had arisen between them, and the affair would have ended unpleasantly for all parties had not the foolish girl's plans been broken up just in time. She had been unjustly punished, and I sympathized with her; but I told her that that was no excuse for her undutiful conduct; her ingratitude.

"What do you mean, Sister Eliza, by saying undutiful, ingratitude?" her eyes flashing at the same time.

I told her that she was undutiful to the matron in not doing willingly what she was told to do. Obedience was her duty, and she disobeyed. Ungrateful to the trustees who clothed, fed and educated her—a poor return for their kindness, to run away from their protecting care, and grieve them by bringing discredit upon the school which sheltered her, and bringing disgrace upon herself.

"You say you were wrongfully treated. What then? Will your wrong-doing right matters?"

She seemed deeply moved, and exclaimed: "Oh, Sister Eliza, what must I do? I have done wrong to try to steal away."

"You must submit to the matron, and ask her forgiveness for your disobedience," I answered.

"Submit to Mrs. ——, who wronged me? Never! I can not do it," said the fiery-spirited girl.

"Yes you can," said I. "You know the Bible tells you your whole duty in every relation of life; it also says, 'If you are punished for your faults and take it patiently, what thanks have ye?' But if you are punished or buffeted wrongfully for what you have not done, and take the wrong punishment patiently, then are you acting as becomes a Christian girl. Have you done this?" I asked.

"Oh, no," sobbed she, perfectly subdued and penitent; "but I shall do as you tell me."

I kept her in my room till morning. A little breeze sprang up between the two high tempers, but M—— submitted, begged pardon, was forgiven, and peace was restored and continued. M—— tried hard to curb her unruly temper. She was obedient, studious, obliging and grateful. She read the valedictory at graduating, and left school

beloved by all. No one ever knew of the little midnight scene in which we acted. She became a teacher and was much respected; then she married. I never saw her again, but she wrote to me most affectionately, and in allusion to the past, she said:

“Dear Sister Eliza, what I am you have made me.”

The mother of these girls many years afterward thanked me, with tears in her eyes, for saving her girls from themselves.

My old friend Walter Scott came to Midway to lecture in the interests of the American Bible Union. I had been interested enough in the movement to wish it a success, but had no idea that I could do anything for it. However, my feelings were changed. I was made to feel that I could help, and must help; but how? Thirty dollars made one a life member; one hundred dollars, a life director. I had only ten dollars I was saving for a bonnet. I had worn my old one two seasons, and it was very shabby, and what was ten dollars to them? But three women with ten dollars each could make a life member among them. I asked two friends to join me to make Dr. Pinkerton, our pastor, a life member; they consented very readily. I thought others might give as readily, and I asked and received till I was more than able to make the doctor a director. I kept on asking, and was enabled to make Mr. Dawson a life director also. The sisters of Midway Church alone did this good work. Mr. Scott was our guest at Mount Hope. When all the lights were out upstairs, I went up to ascertain that all was well. The rooms were dark, but the girls knew who was tucking the bed-clothes about them. A hand was put out from under a cover and laid on mine, and a whisper,

“Sister Eliza, what did Mr. Scott mean by saying they wished to send the Bible to foreign nations; and that we must send it.”

I explained the whole of the lecture to the girls. Several who had not heard it came to hear me. I told them they were so much better off than the heathen; they had Bibles and books in abundance, and had everything else that was needful provided for them. The heathen had not the Bible, and we had a great many, and we who were so well off must send the Bible to those who had none.

“Sister Eliza,” said one of the poor orphans, “you have given the price of your bonnet, and I feel that I must give something too. Will Mr. Scott take a three-cent piece? that is all I have. I have kept it ever since I came to school, but now it must help to buy Bibles for the heathen.”

Another girl gave me a five-cent piece, her mother's parting gift.

I related to them the story of the widow's mite, and the Master's approval. We were in full sympathy on the subject discussed. Next morning I presented my two pieces of silver—value, eight cents—to Mr. Scott.

“Here,” said I, “is a voluntary offering from two orphan children, who feel themselves so much richer than the heathen that they give this, their all of money, to help buy Bibles for those far away. Will you accept or reject?”

“Reject! Sister Eliza,” said the enthusiastic old man. “I must not disgrace my Master; for he did not despise a smaller sum. I shall accept it, and thank God and you for putting it into these dear children's hearts to give their all to the Lord. Every cent of this shall bring to the American Bible Union hundreds of dollars.”

Once we had a high-day and holiday at the orphan school. We had a grand picnic in a beautiful grove near by, at which Gov. Crittenden made a most eloquent speech to an immense crowd in behalf of the school. Other gentlemen made speeches, and we had vocal and instrumental music. The woods rang with melody. The friends around Midway had prepared a plentiful repast, to which all were invited. One of the mounted marshals conducted me, with the school, when we left the platform, back to Mount Hope. Soon after, a carriage drove up to the school, in which were Mr. and Mrs. James Fall, and Mrs. Gov. Crittenden. I chaperoned them over the premises, and tried to interest Mrs. C—— in the school. Mrs. C—— said the governor wished to become better acquainted with me. I was about to refuse the invitation to dine with them, as I had not changed my dress, when Mr. Fall came behind me and lifted me into the carriage, and carried me off just as I was, and I spent a most delightful evening with them. The governor was elegant and entertaining, his wife beautiful and charming. I had pressing invitations to visit them at Frankfort. Mr. Parrish told me as he took me home that night he had been delighted to hear me plead so earnestly for the orphans in the midst of my own enjoyment. I told him the greatest enjoyment I had was to have an opportunity to do so.

“Fallen as sets the sun at eve, to rise in splendor where her kindred luminaries shine, their heaven of bliss to share.” The beautiful, the gifted Clarinda (Mrs. Pendleton) had been called away to join her sainted sisters. She was the bright star of the social circle in which she moved. In her own happy lot she did not forget the “Stranger's heart.” Another friend gone. “Friend after friend departs.”

Mrs. James W. Parrish, gentle and beautiful, was called away to join her sisters. Her words were few, but she was a firm and true friend. Her beauty and sweet disposition were akin to Mrs. Pendleton's. She was the center of a happy circle, but death claimed her as his own. I thought, as I smoothed her glossy, wavy black hair over her broad, white brow, her long curling lashes, as they lay on her cheek, and her sweet, smiling lips, she was too beautiful to hide away in the grave. I could not realize that the lovely image was only clay. It was hard to let her go. Mrs. Smith, her only living sister, asked if I could transfer the love I bore to Mary to her. I looked into her sad eyes, and threw my arms round her neck, and said,

“Yes;” and kissed her, and loved her ever after as long as she lived.

At this time my mother's letters were harsh. They added sorrow on sorrow, but my sorrow never had vent. As an eolian harp, when the wind sweeps the strings, sends forth a wailing sound, so my heart, when the chords were too rudely touched, sent up a wail or moan to the ear of God, but to his alone. My mother well knew that I carried a sorrow which cast a dark shadow over all my inner life. No joys could brighten that gloom, and it was so far down in the deep recesses of my heart, that no one could see it. I bore my own burden. To tell my grief would not have brought relief, and giving vent to my sorrow would not have brought comfort. My mother wrote for me to go back to New South Wales, for he who sought my life would no more give me trouble. She said I owed a duty to her, and my religion ought to teach me better than to disobey her. Time was, when I would gladly have obeyed my mother; but that time was over and past. I could not conscientiously obey her behests. Her commands were imperious and unreasonable. I always wrote to her affectionately, for I loved my mother, and prayed for her constantly. I begged her to be reconciled to my living in America, where I was happy in the enjoyment of Christian privileges and Christian society. I had left the world behind, and I had no desire to go back to it again. I said to her on one occasion:

“I love you, dear mother, more than I can tell, but I love my Savior more. If you loved him, you would not be bitter against me. Come to him, for he died for you, that you might live happy here and hereafter. I am truly glad to know that I am free. Free! What a load is lifted off my spirit; freedom lives, and tyranny is dead. The load is lifted, but I can not forget, or I might shout for joy; this I can not do. I accept my freedom with a thankful heart. The misery of my

life has been so great, that freedom from it is a great boon. Now I can enjoy my religious privileges without alloy. Dear mother, let us both prepare for heaven and eternity."

Some months after sending my last letter to her, I received a letter from the Rev. Dr. McGarvey, a Presbyterian clergyman, saying:

"Your letter was received a few weeks ago. We are all glad to hear that you are so well and happy. Your remarks upon your mother's letter were read. You knew your mother's temper, and made allowances for it. I am sorry to inform you that she is now no more."

Merciful Father! I cried, and the letter fell from my hands. I threw myself on the bed, and in a perfect agony of doubt and terror called upon my heavenly Father, to tell me what new thing this was that had happened to me. My poor, dear mother gone? where? I had no hope for her soul, if she died as she had lived. I was distracted; I was troubled, and could not be comforted. I did not mourn as one who had hope; I did not mourn because we had been separated in time. God only knew the agony of my mourning, for three weary weeks, dreary and dark to me. I could not brook an eternal separation from my dear mother. The thought was horrible. My heart was tired, and my strength was very low. The night was dark and gloomy outside; the wind moaned, and my spirit kept company. As I sat in sad silence by my fire, I asked God why my nature, so sensitive, so full of feeling, was tried so sorely. Why was I made to suffer and to weep? I thought I heard a voice, and I was startled at the sound in my ear. "Be still, and know that I am God," echoed through my brain. My questioning God came to an end. I took the letter that I had dropped three weeks ago; I had read only the first startling announcement. I now read with a subdued spirit.

"She departed this life in May. She bore her sufferings with a great resignation to the Divine Will. \* \* \* I attended her to the last, and was greatly pleased with her meekness and penitence and faith, which I think may prove a means of acceptance with God. She died in the hope of a joyous resurrection. \* \* \* If we depart as calmly as she did, and as peacefully, it will be a blessed termination to our troubled lives."

God does not delight in the death of a sinner, and as there is joy in heaven over one sinner who repents, I left my mother in the hands of him who died to save her, hoping to meet her in heaven.

Being, as I have said, humanity's servant, I was often called to sit up all night with sick in the neighborhood. I was always pleased to

nurse the sick, or sit up with them, but I never allowed anything to interfere with my home duties. I was asked once why I was always ready to nurse the sick; was it because I was a good nurse? "No; but I wish to do to others just what I wish to be done to me when my hour of weakness comes."

A Mrs. Frazer, who lived at the foot of Mt. Hope, a quiet and gentle lady, took sick, and was ill a long time. Her little girl was but a few months old, and was greatly neglected, as the mother was not able to attend to her as she had done. I went to see them one day, not knowing of Mrs. F—— being sick. I took in the situation at once, and afterward ran down morning and evening, did what I could for the mother, and washed, dressed, fed, and otherwise attended to the little one. Mrs. F—— would often say:

"Oh, how can I ever pay you for your kindness to me and my baby."

I would laugh, and say: "I am not working for pay. Who knows, but this little lady will pay me some day in kind, and do for me what I can not do for myself."

The sick mother would smile, and say, "God bless you."

Time passed, and memory slept. I had visited foreign lands, and had returned to America. I met with an accident, which laid me up for many months. When convalescent, but very lame and helpless, I was on a visit to a friend, whose daughter was waiting on me very kindly one morning, when memory awoke. I called to Miss Mary,

"You are paying a debt that you incurred when you were a wee helpless thing. I was about to overwhelm you with thanks, but I shall refrain."

This was Miss M. F——, the helpless babe whom I had nursed, who was now nursing me. "Whatsoever measure you mete, it shall be measured to you again."

I was with Mr. Campbell at a State meeting at Lexington, Kentucky. Ere we parted, I asked him to have me carried to Bethany, and laid as near as possible to those I loved, when I died. This he promised to do, if I died in America.

"But why talk of dying? You must try to live, and be happy, and make others happy. You are young and healthy, and are being useful, and you have much to do in this world yet."

Was this a prophecy? I had felt ill for some time, but had struggled against sickness. I was low in spirits, and thought more about death than life.

I returned to Mount Hope and resumed my duties. I cut out all



the winter clothing, cloaks, hoods, etc., for all the girls. The sisters of the church were to make them up on a certain day; but ere the busy day came, which had always been a happy day at the school, I was tossing on a bed of pain. Typhoid pneumonia had laid me low, and it kept me in bed for seven weeks. I was medicated and tortured with blisters and baths of pepper and whisky, and hot bricks and bottles of hot water, until the doctors said I was proof against medicine and Spanish flies, and they quit prescribing for me. They had done all they could, and they gave me up to die. The room was darkened, and the night watchers appointed to sit up with me were asleep. The whole house was hushed. At midnight I thought I saw a misty light over the foot of my bed, faint at first, but it grew brighter. I looked at it steadily, and saw two beautiful heads and faces looking out from the misty light. My faint pulse quickened with joy. I smiled, and tried to put out my hand, but I was motionless; and I cried, "Dear Miss Clarinda and dear Mary, you have come for me and I am ready; wait just a little while and I shall go with you." But they did not wait long. The remembrance of those heavenly faces lingers with me still. My cry of joy awoke the sleepers. I calmed their fears, and told them to sleep again; I wanted nothing. I asked myself that night if I were afraid to die? No; I had no fear of death. I tried to stretch myself out as if in my winding-sheet. I fancied myself in my coffin, screwed down, and lowered into the gloomy darkness of the grave. Did I feel afraid? No; I had no fear. My body only would be put away; my spirit would be with those two beautiful beings who had appeared to me. I asked myself if I had peace with myself? Yes, was the answer. I had tried to live a harmless, useful life. Was I at peace with the world? Yes; for I had no unkind feeling for any one in it. I freely forgave all who had ever injured me. Was I at peace with God? Here I paused, to think of all the good deeds I had done, but I could not think of any. I thought of all my badness, my rebellious feelings and wicked thoughts. Oh, what a mountain of sin hid God from my view. I had nothing to commend me to him; nothing. I just laid all my good and bad deeds at the foot of the Cross, and laid myself close to it, and asked Christ to wash me clean in his blood, and present my purified spirit to his Father. In Christ I had peace with God. Oh, how precious was Christ to me in that hour! I thought I had always loved him; but as my naked soul was about to enter the presence of its Creator, he was inexpressibly precious. I clung to him, and longed

to be with him. The world and all its concerns had vanished out of my life. I had no home in it. Everything had grown dark. Heaven alone looked bright, and I felt happy at the near prospect of soon being at home. My friends were all kind; they came to see me; that was all they could do. I received a sweet little note from one of my friends after she had been to take a last farewell of me. It ran thus:

DEAR SISTER ELIZA:

I have thought much of you since yesterday evening. Some expressions fell from your lips that have caused me to reflect much. You said you had no home here, and that this world seemed dark to you when compared to the brighter one above; or as I understood you, that you could look forward to the change that awaited you (in common with us all) without fear or alarm, never thinking of the grave, but only thinking of and contemplating the joys that were in reservation for the faithful. I could desire no greater earthly bliss than just such a state of mind. And although I might be homeless, and even friendless, I would account myself most happy in being thus enabled by the grace of God to say, "not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done." I have heard persons talk thus when in health, and looking at death as being far removed from them; I have also heard them when worn by disease, or when some great calamity had befallen them; but rarely have I heard such sentiments uttered calmly and composedly under circumstances when they could realize that they *MUST* taste of death, and that perhaps at no distant day. I fear I shall never attain to such an eminent degree of piety; but still I hope, the Lord being my helper. A very few words sometimes, spoken by one we know is given to serious meditation, will be of more real value to us than volumes written. I felt after visiting your sick-bed that my time had not been unprofitably spent, although I had it not in my power to administer to you in any way. I there learned a lesson I trust I shall never forget: perfect resignation to God's will and patience under all our afflictions. May you soon be restored to health and usefulness is my prayer. Farewell.

MARY M. PARRISH.

It was Mrs. Richard Parrish (sister-in-law to Mr. James Parrish) whose hand traced the above lines. The heart that dictated and the hand that traced them lie pulseless and cold in the silent tomb, and I have lived to transcribe them. The ways of God are mysterious, and past finding out. My poor emaciated frame had rest from being experimented upon by the doctors. For days my life hung by a hair; but the doctors said that nature was doing quietly, slowly, but surely, the work of healing, unassisted by them. I was pronounced out of danger; they thought I would get well. Sad news for me; I had no desire to get well. I did not wish to live. I feared to come back to the world. I feared to offend my Savior by my rebellious thoughts and questionings. I would far rather go home and be safe with him, beyond the reach of sin.

“Oh,” I cried, “how hard it is to live; how much easier it is to die.”

I wept in spirit at the dark prospect of coming back again to the world. This was not submission. After being pronounced out of immediate danger of dying, my first act was to rebel. I prayed to God to make me willing to live, if he so willed it. I did not wish to rebel, but I was very sad. I had a long convalescence. Miss Lummie Davis brought me a beautiful bouquet one day. My thoughts grew tender as I looked on the sweet silent flowers. They reminded me of God's goodness in beautifying earth for man's enjoyment. He could have made trees, shrubs, and all kinds of vegetables useful for man, to grow without a single flower. But God wished to give his creatures pleasure; so he made the beautiful flowers. How I caressed these little earth gems; they brought me pleasure, they brought me hope. I kissed the dainty buds, and thanked God for flowers. Slowly I came back to life and health. Some months after I rose from my sick-bed, I was trying to run up-stairs as of yore, but my limbs refused to do their duty. My knees would shake and tremble, and I would sit down on the stair and wonder if I could get strong again. My flying leaps up and down stairs seemed to be at an end.

Mrs. Gen. Keene, daughter-in-law to Mrs. Dr. Keene of Georgetown, invited me to spend a winter with them on their plantation in Louisiana, where I should regain my strength; other inducements were offered. The invitation was most opportune. My heart was in the orphan school, but I had no strength to perform my duties. In accepting Mrs. Keene's invitation, besides the inducements she offered, I greatly desired strength if I had to live. I made preparations to leave the orphan school for a time, and take a journey to a part of the States which always had a fascination for me. So in the fall of 1853 I took my departure for new scenes and associations.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### PLANTATION LIFE IN THE SOUTH.

EN ROUTE to the South, we remained a few days at the elegant residence of Dr. and Mrs. Elliotte (sister and brother-in-law of Gen. Keene), at Louisville. Captain Sherley and his sisters came to see me. Dr. Theodore Bell and his daughter also came to see me. The doctor took a great interest in me, and called me his Australian sister. This my first visit to Louisville was made very pleasant by seeing so many friends, each more kind than the other.

At Portland we went on board the floating palace *Shotwell*. We had on board a large crowd of wealthy, fashionable people—planters and their families. I tried to study the faces I saw, and write a mental character of each. Meantime, I had a book in my hand, which I neglected to read. I was so absorbed in my new study that I frequently held it upside down, to my own and others' amusement. Dancing, cards and flirtation were the vogue on board. As Bishop Otey, of the Episcopal Church, did not dance, we sometimes met on the guards and had a chat. One day he asked me what book interested me so. I handed him "Cowper's Task." He asked me if I belonged to the church. I told him yes, but not to the Episcopal Church.

"To what denomination do you belong?"

"To the Christian Church," I replied.

The bishop had been writing in my book while we were talking. On the fly-leaf was written his autograph, the name of the boat, and date, with a verse of poetry. He was a very pleasant gentleman. When we reached Cairo, I looked and saw the wide and winding Mississippi lying before me. How grand I thought it looked; but death lurked beneath its surface, in the shape of fang-like snags. A large boat lay beneath its waters, with its chimneys standing above as beacons to warn others. It had been snagged and sunk, and several lives lost a few days before. It is difficult to realize, while sitting in the luxurious saloon, sailing so smoothly, that danger lurks near. How necessary to have an unseen arm to protect us. We ran aground on several sand-banks, and had a narrow escape from an explosion.

We, however, landed safely at Gen. Keene's plantation. Everything on a cotton plantation was new and strange to me, and of course interested me much. My first night I slept in a room which had evidently been occupied by a hunter. The Sylvan Hall of Roderick Dhu was here in miniature, with its guns, pistols, game-bags, shot-belts, deers' horns and fishing tackle of every kind, and to crown all, on top of a press I saw as I looked up a pair of great glaring eyes staring at me, a mouth wide open, with large, sharp teeth ready to devour me, and two huge paws ready to pounce down upon his prey. I started at the sight, but in a minute I saw and was satisfied that his panther-ship was a trophy of the chase, preserved and stuffed. I had more agreeable quarters after that night.

I had a great desire to see slavery as it existed in the South. I had seen it in a very mild form in Kentucky, but now I expected to see it as I had read of it in books. But on this and the surrounding plantations I was agreeably disappointed. The slaves were well cared for (but they were slaves). I was at six weddings on Christmas day. The slaves did all their courting through the year, and did the marrying Christmas week, when they had a merry time. The planters lived free and easy in their splendid hospitality; were generous and chivalrous. The appliances of wealth surrounded them, and charmed the senses. I fully appreciated and enjoyed plantation life. What with reading, hunting, listening to traveler's tales and visiting, the winter passed quickly. I grew strong again, my health returned in full vigor, and I was truly grateful.

Letters from Brother Parrish and other friends at Midway, brim-full of love, came to me, asking me to return quickly as possible. I was wanted in Kentucky; the orphans wanted me.

In early spring Gen. Keene sickened and died. He called for me about two hours before he died, took a most affectionate farewell of me, and said:

"God bless you."

I saw him no more till I saw him in his coffin, handsomely dressed in broadcloth, and lying as if he was asleep. While the five children slept in the room I called Sylvan Hall, I kept watch by them all night, and listened to the melancholy howling of the wolves which were prowling around. Mrs. K—— told me after her husband's death, that in consequence of a conversation I had with the general when I first went to the South on the human rights of the negro, he had allowed no Sunday work on his plantation. I was glad to hear

that the poor slave had some consideration shown him through my instrumentality. Two other plantations gave up Sunday work for the same reasons that I gave the general.

Mrs. K—— had taken her children to Missouri. I was on the plantation alone waiting for a Kentucky boat, when Mrs. Col. B——, of Lake Providence, invited me to stay with her till the boat came. On the night I went to her house she had a grand party. Dancing, drinking, playing cards and other games were in order. I soon found that I was not in my proper place. Next morning before breakfast a negress came to me, and said:

“Please, Missus wants ya.”

I followed my sable guide to Mrs. B——’s sitting-room, where sat the beautiful hostess with her two pretty young sisters. Mrs. Colonel B——, with severity in her tone, asked me why I had acted so singularly the night before. I asked to what she alluded.

“Why, you refused to dance or play with our distinguished guest. You offended him. Do you know who he is?”

“I do not, nor does it matter to me who or what he is; were he a Christian, he would not be offended at my conduct.”

Mrs. B—— then said: “I object to it. The usages of good society demand that you conform to them, and dancing is quite an accomplishment, and can not be dispensed with.”

“When I moved in good society I thought as you do, and I danced away my precious time, nor ever thought of death or eternity; but I moved from good to better society. I left the dance and the theater behind. I now belong to the Church of Christ, and consider all these things beneath my high calling in Christ. I now move in a higher plane than I once did, and I look down upon all such scenes as were presented at your house last night with supreme contempt. I told you the last time I was here at a party never to ask me to a dance-party again, as I objected to them.”

“Does your church forbid your dancing?” she asked.

I answered that I did not know, as I never had made the inquiry.

“I am accountable to a higher court,” I said, “for my actions. I find the rules for my conduct in the Bible, not in the church, and by conforming to them, I hope to rise from the better to the best society, even that of Christ and his angels, and the just made perfect in heaven.”

While I was being arraigned at the bar of this fashionable court, Col. B—— came in. He said:

"You are a lady after my own heart. You are not ashamed in Louisiana of religion you profess in Kentucky, and you act your religion out, and defend your actions. I admire your moral courage."

"Colonel," said his beautiful wife, "I am beginning to think our friend is right, and I wish I could think and act so. You say she is a lady after your own heart. I can say the same, and when I die I do not know any one I should like so well to raise my children as she. Will you promise me, Colonel, to marry her when I am dead?"

"My dear," her husband said, "you forget our friend may not wish to marry me."

She looked at me and was about to speak, when I said:

"You may die sooner than you think or wish, and you ought not to make light of so serious a matter."

As I had prepared to go to the hotel at the lake to wait for the boat, I excused myself from further conversation.

The boat at last came up from New Orleans. I went on board. The heat was stifling, and I sat outside my state-room door on the guards, looking into the dark, rolling river. The paddles of the boat stopped, and I saw a yawl push off for the land. It was rowed silently with muffled oars. I watched it intently till her crew landed with a load, which they deposited under a cottenwood-tree, then regained their yawl and rowed to the steamer, and then we moved on. Why a boat with muffled oars should land and leave a load of anything at the water's edge under a tree, where was no plantation, seemed to me just a little mysterious. Next night I could not sleep, the heat was so great, and again I sat on the guards. It was midnight on the mighty Mississippi. The stars sent out a clear but pale light. I thought all on board were asleep. Everything except the paddles was hushed in silence; presently they were silent, and a yawl with muffled oars darted from the side of the steamer to the shore, as it had done the night before. The crew landed and deposited a load at the water's edge as on the previous night, and when they regained their boat, they as quickly as possible rowed for the steamer, and then we moved on. A mystery was surely on hand; what could it be? I am not over curious, but I did wish to have the mystery cleared up. I was afraid to ask the captain or clerk, for I did not know them, and they might think I ought to be elsewhere than on the guards at midnight watching their actions. Nobody on board seemed to know of these midnight excursions but myself, and I kept silent. But a third night and two boat-loads were landed, and left as before in the same mysterious

manner. I was interested from the first, but now I was excited, and I determined, if possible, to solve the mystery by speaking publicly of what I had seen. I did so, and the startling fact was elicited that the Asiatic cholera was on board the steamer. A great many German immigrants had been taken on board in the steerage at New Orleans who were sick, and the fell disease spread amongst them, and they were dying like sheep, and were carried to the brink of the river to be carried away by its waters, or swallowed by alligators. One whole family, father, mother, sisters and brothers, eight in all, were swept off, and left one poor little helpless girl without clothing; for all that the poor people had was burned. We ladies of the saloon set to work and made some clothing for the little orphan. The first little frock we made her was put on her to bury her in. We bought her shoes and stockings at Memphis, but gave them to another child left equally destitute. This second landed at Louisville, but died while they were carrying her to the hospital.

After we passed Cairo, we stopped to let a passenger land, whose cabin was on the beautiful bank of the Ohio. A few weeks ago, he had gone down the river on a flatboat, sold his goods, and was returning to his family with his earnings. He had nursed faithfully one after another of the family, whose last we had in vain provided for. He was taken ill just before landing, and was lifted in the arms of the men, who took him ashore. His wife, who was on the lookout for him, rushed down to meet her husband. She threw her arms around his neck, and called out:

“Oh, Tom, what ails you,” and she kissed a corpse.

The woman fell to the ground with a terrible shriek. The men carried the corpse into the cabin, and left it there. They left the woman prostrate on the ground, and then ran to their yawl, and came on board, and we moved off as quickly as possible. Nearly all the steerage passengers had died, and those yet alive were sick. Consternation spread in the saloon when one young lady sickened. I waited on her. I knew that I was in God's hand, whether I lived or died; I had no fear. The young lady was landed alive, but I do not know whether she lived or died. That was a most harrowing trip; I was glad to land. Dr. Elliotte was at Portland with his carriage, waiting to take me to his elegant home, to spend a few days before going farther.

Captain S—— was among the first to welcome me back to Kentucky. As I had promised, I went to visit his sisters in their elegant country homes—Mrs. Colonel Ormsby, a very lovely, mild and gentle



lady, with a very interesting family; Mrs. Herr, a whole-souled, warm-hearted hospitable woman; Mrs. Dr. Frederick, Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Jane Sherley, a widow lady, the eldest of the family, a queenly woman, as good as she was grand-looking. If these noble women were not elders in the church, as their brother jokingly styled them, they were assuredly Christian ladies, and every one kinder to me than another. The whole family seemed to take me into their hearts at first sight. For this kindness I had to thank Captain S——.

Before I left the South, I had one day eaten a philopena with a friend (A. K. R.), and obtained the forfeit. A Tunis silk purse, with a check for fifty dollars in it, was handed to me. This money I handed to Mr. Parrish for the Orphan School at Midway, as well as other moneys that I had collected for the school.

I spent a pleasant summer between Georgetown and Midway. When the summer was ended, I prepared to return to the Suave Terre Plantation, as I had promised to teach Mrs. K——'s orphans, and keep her company. All my friends vied with each other in kind attentions to me. My head was not turned, however, as some feared it might be. "Friends are God's gifts, and we may love them wisely, but not too well." I have asked the question often of myself, how can I love my friends too well, when they lavish such a wealth of love on me?

We went on board the palatial steamer *Shotwell*, and had a delightful trip. The company was pleasant, the fare good, and all were in fine spirits. Miss Mary Bryan, a friend of mine, who married Dr. H. Blackburn, was being taken by her husband to his Southern home. She was beautiful, and he was devoted. Yellow fever had raged all the summer and the early fall, and when we touched at Lake Providence to land passengers, a funeral procession passed. I inquired who was being carried to the last resting-place. To my amazement, I was told that the beautiful and sparkling Mrs. Colonel B—— had the day before fallen a victim to the fell destroyer, and was being borne to her tomb. Stricken down in the bloom of beauty, in the midst of every worldly enjoyment, much against her will. In the midst of her agony, she cried out, "I can not, shall not, will not die." But death had marked her for his own. She spurned him from her, but he would not let her go. Yellow fever and death were holding high carnival all around us, yet I was preserved. God was good to me. I asked what I could render to Him for all his goodness to me.

Governor T——, of Mississippi, was on board, and was introduced to me, and we became for a time good friends. We had a great many

friendly discussions on religious topics. He was a splendid-looking man, talented and wealthy. He had asked me to be his life companion, and offered me many inducements to marry him. He said he panted for a mind that could appreciate his own, and he knew I could. I told him I was not so sure that I could appreciate any man's mind who did not believe the great center truth of the Bible, and I did not believe any man could appreciate my mind if he were not a Christian. We had some very plain talk. He was a man of strong, subtle mind, and might have tried to unhinge my faith in Christ, and put my soul in jeopardy. "And what would it profit, if I gained the whole world, and lost my own soul?" When I had been a short time on the plantation, I received a long letter and a book from the governor. He said he believed the reason why I refused all his kind offers was because he was a Universalist. He said if I would read the book that he sent me carefully, I would see his reasons for his belief. He hoped it would satisfy me. He said, with my permission, he would come and see me. The carriage that he bought for me at Memphis was of little value to him, unless the one for whom it was bought would use it. He would drive down in it, and see how I liked it.

I read the book through carefully, and answered his long, kind letter. I told him that I saw nothing in the book to prefer to the Bible, and if he would read the Bible carefully, he would see my reasons for my belief, and I hoped they would satisfy him. I thanked him for all his intended kindnesses, but I could not avail myself of them. So far as driving me out in his beautiful carriage was concerned, I told him my time would be so fully occupied teaching, that I could not accept of his kindness in this matter. I sent back his book, and told him that my letter required no answer, and thus ended our acquaintance, a very pleasant one while it lasted.

Another winter passed pleasantly in teaching and reading, writing to friends, and listening to traveler's tales from Mr. A. K. R——, Mr. M. K—— and Y——, who had traveled much in foreign lands. The time to leave the South rolled round, and we left it to spend the summer in a cooler clime.

While in Kentucky, I was called upon to weep with those who weep, and rejoice with those who rejoice. The beautiful and stately Mrs. Leonidas Johnson, who had spent a few delightful weeks with us in the South, enlivening the house with her brightness, was called upon to weep for the loss of a beloved child. She felt the loss very keenly; but what mother does not feel the loss of a child? When I went to

see her, her head was bowed in grief, and the whole family were in deep sorrow. But it was well with the lovely, caressing little Irene; she was happy. May it be well with the parents and the other members of the family, when they are called upon to leave this world.

Dr. Bell, of Louisville, who had taken a deep interest in me, was a profound scholar and philosopher. I was driving with him one day, when he was going round to his patients.

"Well, dear Sister Eliza, what have you been reading last winter?" asked the doctor.

I said, with a little pride of manner, "I have been studying *Types of Mankind*, a literary cenotaph to the memory of Dr. Morton, the great anthropologist."

"Humph," said Dr. Bell, "*Types of Mankind*; who would have thought that you would poison your mind with reading such a work, so full of subtile deadly poison. You must have an antidote."

"Well, doctor, prescribe," I said; "but you must not think I have received much injury. I confess I was led to the shore of a sea, over which I floated in chaotic doubt for about two weeks. The narrow edge of the wedge of doubt made a scratch on my mind's surface. In God's strength, however, I roused, and read the work to the end. I discovered the aim of the authors, and escaped their coils, and I love the Bible better now than ever I did."

The doctor was very direct and pointed in his speech. He said:

"You had no business to read that work; ladies, as a rule, let such works lie on the shelf; they are deep, dry and subtile. You are the only lady I know who has read the work."

I said that I was glad I read it; I was interested in it, and gained much valuable information, and I escaped from its infidelity unscathed.

"For the poison that is left in your system, Sister Eliza, my antidote is for you to read and carefully study *The Life and History of Paul and His Epistles*, by Conybeare and Howson. Make that great work, with your Bible, your study this winter, and I know you will feel better for the study of them, than you did from the study of the great cenotaph."

I highly appreciated the interest the doctor took in my spiritual welfare, and I took his advice; bought Conybeare & Howson's great work, and studied it with profit.

This year we went South too soon. The yellow-fever had not yet disappeared. I was no coward, but I should not have gone voluntarily down the river into the jaws of the yellow monster. I wrote to friends in Kentucky how they were to dispose of my effects if I fell a vic-

tim to the fever, and then committed myself to the care of my heavenly Father.

Letters from Midway told me of the very delicate health of my dear Brother Parrish. Mrs. S—— wrote to me, and said:

“Mr. Parrish is far from getting well; he thinks he must go; he has no hope of ever getting well again, and he is setting his house in order. Sue, it seems, is quite unconscious of his state; perhaps it is best so. What I wish particularly to say is, that you must not make any arrangements to visit this summer, but stay with us. In all probability it will be the last you will spend with him, and he wishes you to be with him. I wish you were with us now. When you come up the river come direct to us, for the sake of him who is passing away. He, with us all, sends much love;” \* \* \*

A letter from New South Wales told me of my sister's illness and her request that I return to that country, but the letter was seven months coming to me. When it was written, she was at the point of death. She urged my return to Australia; she appealed to my sympathies; she knew my vulnerable part; she offered me every inducement to return. Her letter was full of kindly expressions. (A new thing for her to so express herself to me.) I thought sickness had changed her nature somewhat, and of this I was glad. That letter gave me great trouble. I did not know what to do. Duties are sometimes well defined; we can not but see them if our inclinations do not blind us. This I did know, that the two great contending motives were drawing me either way. First, my sister had many friends, but, as she said she had but one sister. She thought her three little children would be left motherless, and who could be to them a mother like her sister?

“Come to my home; it is yours. We are building and remodeling houses, and preparing for long life, but I fear I must die,” she said.

From this view I felt it was my duty to go. But again I hesitated. I did not like New South Wales, nor did I think I ever could; but this was a small matter and easily overruled. But then, I loved America, its people, its institutions. I loved my friends; my Christian friends especially. I loved the Church of Christ and its ordinances. All these I would have to sacrifice. And what a sacrifice! My life would seem small in the balance. In Sydney Christianity was not popular; we had no church there. I would have to make new friends there, but of what kind of material? Certainly nothing congenial. I thought if I went to Sydney, and my sister were to live, which I hoped she would many years, she would bring up her children herself. Were

she to die, I would most cheerfully take charge of her little ones, but they might be taken from me, and in either case it would be a great sacrifice on my part, to little or no purpose. Such thoughts coursed through my brain on receiving my sister's letter. Another letter from Australia told me my sister was alive and better, which was a great relief to my mind.

We left the South, and while at Louisville Captain S—— came to see me, and brought his bride's card to me, saying:

"You would not take me for a husband, but I hope to retain your friendship."

Which he did till he died.

I hastened to the bedside of my sick friend and brother, and enjoyed his heavenly conversation. What a beautiful picture is the life and death of a Christian. Here was a man of God who felt that he must pass away. His sun of life was gradually setting, but he had no fear. He was going out of the world, but it was not a step in the dark; Christ was with him in the shady valley. My soul was refreshed by his calm and cheerful aspect and holy converse. Brother Parrish told me he was going to die; he could not tell how long he could last, but he had a great desire that I should be near him in his last days; he said those whom he loved most he wished to be near him as he was passing away down the dark valley, and he would be the first to greet them when they reached the other side of the river. He begged me not to leave Kentucky that fall, but to be as much with him as possible. I cheerfully consented to his earnest request to remain in Kentucky that winter. I was being weaned from earth, as I listened to this man of God talking of the heavenly home to which he was going. I asked him one day if he thought it a possible thing to carry a message from a human being in the flesh, to a disembodied spirit in the other world? He turned to me with a heavenly light in his eye, and said:

"Eliza, I do not know whether it be possible, but if it is, I shall carry your message to Mary; that is what you want, is it not?"

"Yes, Brother Parrish, you understand me." I said.

How precious were his words of encouragement, cheerfully spoken, to the lone wanderer traveling along life's desert path. I was with my departing brother as much as I could be, but I had to leave him for a few days, and I purposed when I returned to remain with him till he left the world. I knelt by his couch; he threw his arms round my neck and kissed me farewell.

"God bless you in your wanderings, dear sister. I shall welcome you home by-and-by."

He was calm, but I wept sore.

"I shall soon be back," I said.

He only looked at me, and then looked heavenward. We met no more. He died the second day after I left. And so passed away this noble Christian man, the orphan's friend, and the founder of that grand institution, the Female Orphan School, of Midway, Ky., a living monument to his good name. He is another link to the chain that binds me to heaven. His widow wrote to me thus:

MY DEAR SISTER ELIZA:

I feel that I ought to have written to you sooner, but my heart was so full of sorrow that I could not write. Dear sister, I feel that I have your sympathy. \* \* \* Your kindness to my dear husband in his declining days, your watchfulness around his dying-bed, can never be forgotten by me, and you will always be associated in my mind with the last days of him who was so dear to me. We so often speak of you in the family. He who was your friend and brother is gone. Oh, how sad these words are to me; but why should they be sad, since I know he is so happy in that heavenly home of which he talked so much, which indeed was his theme for months before he died? \* \* \* I regret so much that you did not stay till all was over. Oh, the agony of the last few hours none can tell but him who felt it. I never witnessed such, and at the same time such resignation and Christian triumph. He would exclaim in the midst of extreme suffering, "Oh, blessed Father, take me to thyself, that where thou art I may be also." Just a few moments before he breathed his last, he seemed to sink into a quiet slumber, and died without a struggle. I must tell you the last words uttered by him. Oh, how precious to me they are: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name." Can you, dear Eliza, think how lonely and desolate our once sweet and happy home has been made? We miss that dear familiar face at every turn, and listen for that familiar voice now silent in death. \* \* \* Will you remember me in your prayers? \* \* \* Come to us soon. We all long to see you, and all join me in sending much love to you.

Yours most affectionately,

SUSAN PARRISH.

I had a select private school at Mr. John A. Gano's house. I had Mr. Gano's two children, John and Mary; Col. Ware's three, Thompson, Sallie and Lucy, and little Mary Innis, a sweet, curly-headed little thing. These six were my especial charge, but others were added to the number, and I had a pleasant little republic to rule over, and we were very happy. Mr. Gano was one of Kentucky's great Evangelists, a successful proclaimer of the gospel, a popular preacher, and loved by all who knew him. With a tall, fine physique, a rich, full-toned musical voice, warm, eloquent and persuasive in his preaching,

earnest in exhortation, he was an honored instrument in bringing many to Christ. I considered myself highly privileged to be one of his family for a time, and to be able to hear his preaching every Lord's day, and to enjoy the ordinances of the Lord's house. Time passed pleasantly; but the winter was bitterly cold, the mercury  $21^{\circ}$  below zero. I was nearly frozen. When going to church one day I had a strange feeling in my head. I could not sit in church, I felt so uncomfortable. I did not say much about being sick, but in about twenty-four hours I was at the point of death, with erysipelas in the face and head. Dr. R. M. Gano was unremitting in his attentions; he nursed me as well as doctored me for eight or nine days and nights. He cut off my luxuriant crop of hair. His wife and mother standing by, said:

"Oh, don't cut it off; she will be so sorry when she gets well."

I heard them, and said: "Cut it off, doctor, if it be necessary." And off it came.

Dr. Gano was a skillful physician and a Christian gentleman, full of life and spirit. He was afterward a distinguished general in the army, and after fighting many battles and suffering much, he distinguished himself as a preacher of the gospel of peace, and coped with his distinguished father in bringing souls to Christ.

I recovered from my illness in a short time, finished my school session, and had a highly satisfactory examination. I closed school in June, 1857, for the holidays. I reopened school in the same family, in the same school-room, in the fall of 1877, after a twenty years' vacation. I had for my pupils the children of my former pupils.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### PREPARING TO LEAVE AMERICA.

AT this time my sister wrote a very pleading letter for me to go to her, and help her to raise her children in the right way. She said she would send me money to pay my expenses to Australia. This was enough; I thought her heart must be changed for the better, to have her open it so as to send money. She had never before taken the least interest in me or my affairs. She was a completely selfish woman. When she was sick, she wrote for me to go to her children, but thought not of the sacrifice I would have to make to go. But now her offer to send me money showed a change in her feelings. I was willing to make any sacrifice for her if I could do her any good, and if she had a sincere desire for my help to train and educate her children in the right way. I wrote to her, to say I would go to her as soon as I was able. I said I was pleased at her proffering me money to take me to Australia, but I did not need it. I had laid the case before the Lord night and day, and yet could not decide what was my duty; but it seemed to me that the heart of one who had ever shut me out was opening, and I wished to enter in. I decided to go to my own, and give them of the Word of Life as freely as I had received it whilst in America. I thought I could teach and train my sister's children, then bring in others, and so extend my mission, and, perhaps, found an orphan school. I asked the Lord again and again to lead me in the right way, to direct my thoughts aright, that I might plan aright, and carry out my plans aright, in the fear and love of my heavenly Father. I had no hesitancy, now that my path of duty seemed clear before me, and I was willing to walk in it. But oh, what was I about to sacrifice? The friends that I loved as life itself; the church privileges and Christian teaching that I loved better than life; the homes that had sheltered and protected the stranger, whose lot had been cast amongst them; friends who had loved her in sickness and health. To them my whole heart went out in gratitude; they had ministered to my spiritual wants, as well as my temporal wants. I asked God: "And must I leave them all?" and duty answered, "All." "Freely you have received, freely give." All my Christian privileges and Christian friendships I laid on



the altar of duty, and no one but God can ever know how great was the sacrifice.

Dr. R. M. Gano accompanied me to Georgetown College commencement, and President Campbell's levee. I dined that day at Dr. Ewing's (brother-in-law to Mr. John Gano), where I met Judge Edmund's, Secretary of the American Bible Union, to whom I had been sending money from time to time to make life directors. When I was introduced to him, he asked if I were his unknown correspondent. I said I was, and what a shaking of my hand followed. He had often wished to find out who E. Davies was, and as my letters to him, with money in them, required no answer, and went from different places (my last money letter was from Mr. Gano's, to make him a life director), he never could answer them. Now that he had discovered his unknown correspondent, he had much to say to her. He was a pleasant, benevolent, genial gentleman, perfectly enthusiastic in his work in the great revision movement. I told him that I expected to go to Australia. At once he said:

"If you go there, the American Bible Union will appoint you to introduce the new version of the Testament into those far off lands, if you will consent to do so."

I could not answer him at that time, but said, as I purposed spending a few weeks at Louisville, we should meet again. From that time we were in correspondence. I parted from Mr. Gano's family with many tears and regrets.

I went with Mrs. Keene and several ladies and gentlemen to the Mammoth Cave. This cave being one of the wonders of the world, I could not leave America without seeing it. Space will not allow me to describe the wonders of this great cavern. The guides seem to love the cave; they live more than half their time in it; they know every crook and corner in it. Nor is this ample mother of caves unworthy of their love. Great, impenetrable, awfully grand, gloomy and profound, with no common mystery. "She lies pathetic, inexplicable and inscrutable, because there is no interpreter. Her vast avenues end in untrodden chambers. There are gulfs that have never been crossed, abysses unsounded. Rivers, like human lives, rise in mystery, and flow into mystery again. No light but the traveler's lamp ever penetrates to its deep, dark chambers. No sound is heard but the cricket's low cry, or the lapsing water, as it flows slowly by, or a splash, as the white, eyeless fish whip the water with their sensitive fins, and send a faint ripple against the shore of the river." I had walked a great many

more miles than the twenty to and from the maelstrom; but I was perfectly buoyant. I felt no fatigue; I could have walked as far again. We gave up our lamps to the guides, wrapped our cloaks around us, and emerged from the profound gloom and silence of this wonder of the nether region to light and life. We had not gone far, when I felt as if I had struck myself against a wall of fire. I started back, and exclaimed: "What is that?"

The light, cool air of the cave surrounded us thus far, but the hot, heavy atmosphere of the upper world stood like a wall, and we had to press into it. Next day the stage-coach came to the hotel for those who wished to leave. I took advantage of this opportunity, as I had my preparations to make for my long voyage. I arrived at Louisville, after a seventeen hours' ride on the cars and stage-coach.

I went to Dr. Bell's, to stay till my friends returned from the cave. I told the doctor of my decision to go to Australia. This seemed to give him trouble. He walked up and down the room, and said:

"You must not leave this country, where you are known and loved by every one. Stay with us; we all care for you. Do not leave a certainty for an uncertainty. You have friends and privileges that you love in this country, that you can not have where you are going. Stay with us."

Mrs. Bell, in her gentle persuasive manner, joined her husband in saying, "Do stay with us."

Now had I not believed in my heart that duty called me hence, the strong and earnest appeals, and the reasons given by the doctor, and the heart-touching words of his wife, would surely have had an effect upon me. As it was, I had to walk in the path of duty at whatever cost. But oh, it was very hard to go. I asked God to help and strengthen me. Judge Edmunds was perfectly enthusiastic about my going, I having consented to introduce the new version of the New Testament to the churches and the people of the colonies. Mrs. Keene said I had no business to leave this country, where I had so many friends, and she almost felt angry at my going. Another friend said he knew I would not like New South Wales, and I could not take that long voyage alone; he would go with me and bring me back. I stood aghast at this proposition, and said to him:

"Are you mad, Mr. ———? I tell you before I go, that I do not like New South Wales, but your proposition is entirely out of the question. You can not go with me, although love for that country does

not draw me to it. There are human beings there who need what I can give, and they are asking for it."

"Is there anything under heaven that I can do to prevent you from going?" said my friend.

"Nothing," I said; "my course is marked out, and nothing but some providential circumstances can hinder my going. If God in any way stops my passage, I shall not force my way. I am in his hands; he will do what is right."

My friends everywhere were opposed to my leaving; they had no sympathy in my mission.

"You ought to stay where you are," they said.

Some of my gentlemen friends serenaded me one night. The airs of my native land were sung and played to perfection, and they sounded very sweet. September was a busy time with me. I had a four months' voyage before me in a sailing vessel, in which I could have no washing done; so I had many garments to prepare. My lady friends around Midway set to work, and cut and made up bolts of cotton. Letters, testimonials and souvenirs were given to me, all of which I prized very highly for the good feeling they expressed. I shall copy one or two of the letters:

MIDWAY, WOODFORD CO., KY., September 3, 1857.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Kentucky Female Orphan School, it was resolved unanimously that a letter of commendation be awarded to Sister Eliza Davies as teacher and assistant matron of this Institution, and that Dr. L. L. Pinkerton be requested to prepare such letter.

RICHARD PARRISH, Clerk of Board Trustees.

In obedience to the above resolution, it gives me great pleasure to state, that for the space of three years Sister Eliza Davies occupied the position of teacher and assistant matron in the Kentucky Female Orphan School, and that the varied and weighty duties were met and discharged with great fidelity. She left the Institution for a more desirable position, and carried with her the respect and best wishes of her associates in the Faculty, and of the Board of Trustees.

L. L. PINKERTON, Pastor of the Church of Christ, Midway, Ky.

Sister Davies, having lived in a number of families in the United States, principally in the capacity of instructress, has, by her intelligence, piety and purity of manners, won the esteem and affection of a large number of acquaintances, who part with her with sincere regret. The families of A. Campbell, President of Bethany College, of the Kentucky Female Orphan School, of Jas. Ware Parrish, founder of the above school, of Gen. Wallace Keenc, of Louisiana, and of Elder John A. Gano, of Bourbon County, Ky., will long remember her with affection,

and she will bear with her to the distant land of Australia the prayers and good wishes of the above, and many other friends in Virginia and Kentucky, among whom she has principally resided while in this country.

JOHN D. DAWSON, Principal of Kentucky Female Orphan School.

CENTREVILLE, BOURBON CO., U. S. A., September 14, 1847.

*To any to whom these may be presented:*

This voluntary testimonial is given our excellent and highly prized Sister Eliza Davies, who, after a residence in this State of near six years, and in my immediate family of near twelve months, under a high sense of duty is about to leave the theater of her great usefulness here, where she has in a great measure contributed to the improvement and happiness of so many, to reside in a far-distant land, that she may still be instrumental in the hands of God of doing good, and especially of promoting the happiness of those who are near and dear to her heart. Her residence among us has greatly endeared her to us; her intelligence, modesty, amiability and piety eminently fit her for usefulness in any circle of society. Her residence in my family has been most peaceful, useful and happy, and our great regret is, that we can not prevail on her to remain longer with us; to make our house her home. She is blessed of heaven with gifts which in addition to her acquired knowledge peculiarly fit her for the instruction of the young, their guidance and management, and such committed to her care are safe. May the choicest of heaven's blessings be hers, and may her future pathway of life be pleasant and bright.

Respectfully,

JOHN A. GANO.

I was very sorry to part from my youthful charge. We all loved each other very much. As I came down the porch steps, John Gano, my pupil, followed me, gave me his knife, his precious boy's knife, his only possession, and asked me to keep it to remember him by; he had nothing else of his own to give me, and he wished me never to forget him. I put my arms round the dear boy and told him to keep his only possession, that I could never forget him. He felt hurt at my refusing to accept it; he thought I did not think it worth acceptance. He was mistaken. I took his knife and kept it for his sake. Twenty years afterward I showed this same knife to Captain John Gano, and asked him if he remembered it. He had been *aid-de-camp* to his brother, the General, in the war, and had since married the sweet, curly-headed little Mary Innis, and had a little family. At Mrs. Smith's, at Midway, I had a little room appropriated to my use, called the "Dove's nest," and ere I left it for the last time, I knelt down by my bed and committed myself and friends to a kind, heavenly Father's care, and asked God to bless all who had been kind to me while I was among them a sojourner.

I went to Louisville to spend the last day in Kentucky with Mrs. Keene. Judge Edmunds was very kind to me; he took all the trouble

of expressing my heavy baggage to New York, and getting my paper money changed for gold, and doing everything for me and saving me all the trouble possible. Farewells were spoken. Judge E—— accompanied me across the Ohio to where the cars took me from Jeffersonville. The stage-coach crossed the river on a boat in those days. I changed cars in the middle of the night, and stopped at a miserable place for two hours till the St. Louis train would come. At last, a whistle! I started to my feet glad to get away from that place. I was stepping into the train, when a gentleman touched me on the shoulder, and said:

“You are taking the wrong train.”

I had just time to get off that, and on to the right one, when off we started and reached Wheeling that evening. I took the stage from Wheeling to Bethany. Oh, what a thrill passed through me as I passed the college, drove across the bridge, up the lane, to Bethany house. What memories crowded my mind. My emotions overcame me so that when I saw my revered friend I could not speak to him for some time. I was shown into the dear old parlor of hallowed memory. On the wall hung the portraits of Miss Clarinda’s sainted sisters, and hers was added, the last of that bright band. I was startled to see Miss Clarinda’s (Mrs. Pendleton’s) likeness; I had never seen it when she was alive. They are now an unbroken band in heaven. Mr. Campbell came in and found me weeping. Tears were in the strong man’s eyes when he said:

“Sister Davies, I appreciate your feelings. I know how you loved her.”

Professor Pendleton had taken to his home another lady, bright and beautiful as the morning, for his wife. A. Campbell, Jr., had married soon after I left Bethany a very superior young lady, and their little daughter, Virginia, and myself formed quite a friendship. Miss Virginia Campbell was still unmarried. My little friend Dessie had grown to be a beautiful, perfectly formed young lady. It was a sweet picture to see these two sisters with arms entwined around each other walking among their flowers, themselves the most lovely.

On Lord’s day Mr. Campbell preached from the twentieth chapter of the Apocalypse, one of his own great sermons. He caused his hearers to ask themselves the question, What is my mission here? Have I fulfilled it? am I fulfilling it? It was heart-searching and eloquent. Much he said reminded me of the first sermon I had heard him preach in Scotland. Many things he said that I wished to treas-

ure in my mind, as I thought the probability was I should never hear him again. He repeated in his sermon what he had once said to me in Kentucky: "Attempt great things, expect great things, and great things will follow." He said the "Bible is the only book that spans the arch of time, and, therefore, most worthy to be studied. God is the only being who spans the arch of eternity, and, therefore, most worthy to be adored in our hearts."

I visited the graveyard, most sacred and hallowed spot. Oh, how sacred to the memory are the reminiscences of the dear old place! I knelt by the grave of my once dearest earthly friend. The bright, the beautiful, the holy spirit of Clarinda has passed away to the realms of the blest, but her ashes lie in the little graveyard on Mount Clarinda. I prayed to God that a part of her mantle might fall on me, that I might become more like her. I invoked her pure spirit to be near me at times if permitted; to influence me to follow her as she followed her Lord in the onward and upward path. I spent one quiet and peaceful hour in communion with the departed. Many are the names added to this last class since I visited the hallowed spot. I stood by the graves of my "wee pet lamb" and his young mother. Oh, how important it is to so live, that we may meet again the blessed who have gone before.

I left dear Bethany amid the tears and prayers of my Bethany friends. Many were the blessings my venerated friend Mr. Campbell asked God for me, to rest and abide on my head forever. I was greatly cheered and encouraged by my visit. Mr. Campbell entirely approved of my mission and my motives for going to the far-distant land of the South. He blessed me in my course, and told me to go on and God would surely be with me. I prayed, "O my Father in heaven, may I never lose the confidence of my great and noble friend, my spiritual benefactor. May I go forward trusting in Thee and borne on the wings of the prayers of those who petition Thee for my safety. May I devote myself entirely to Thy work. Help me, Father, for Thy Son's sake."

My friend gave me a letter of introduction to brethren where I could find them. I shall transcribe it:

BETHANY, W. VA., September 27, 1857.

*To all of our brethren in Jesus Christ to whom these presents may come, greeting:*

It affords me pleasure to say that the bearer, Sister Eliza Davies, has spent a considerable time in my family, during which she has exhibited to myself and many others a very exemplary zeal, and much earnestness in her profession of the

Christian faith and hope, and a self-denying zeal and energy in contending for the faith and manners of the primitive Christians. She is now leaving the United States of America for the purpose of doing service abroad in the cause of our common Lord and Master. While, then, we commend her to all our brethren in Christ, whithersoever the Lord may direct her way, we do so in the confidence that she will never be a shame to them nor they to her.

Written by my own hand.

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL,

An Elder of the Christian Church, Bethany, Brooke County, Virginia, United States of America.

I met Judge Edmunds at the depot in Columbus, Ohio, jumped into the cars, and rolled on through Cleveland, Erie and Buffalo, then to the Falls of Niagara, another great wonder of the world that I wished to see ere I left America. A more able, careful and intelligent cicerone I could not have had than Judge Edmunds. We were near his home, and he knew every place around the falls. I heard the Niagara. This is an Indian name, and means thunder of waters. It is a true conception; for the waters of the world's widest lakes, with innumerable tributaries, making more than one hundred and fifty thousand square miles of surface, are forced to take the gigantic leap over this great fall, whose vastness has to be studied long before the imagination can realize it. Lake Ontario, which lies three hundred feet lower than Lake Erie, receives this vast body of water, and pours it into the Atlantic through the giant river St. Lawrence. After viewing the falls from various points, we ascended Prospect Tower. This building is forty-five feet high, with a winding stairway, up which you climb, and obtain a view of unutterable magnificence. You look down into the very caldron itself, where the emerald waters are lost in mist and foam. The precipice, over which the rushing river tumbles its millions of tons of water hourly, is one hundred and sixty-five feet deep, and we stood about fifty feet above it, making over two hundred feet to look down. We turned and looked up the rapids, and saw the beautiful crested billows rolling madly down at the rate of forty miles an hour, to take their plunge into the dread abyss with ceaseless thunders. We descended, to have a view of the falls from below. We took a ferry-boat, and our brawny boatman pulled us up toward the caldron. This was a perilous pull, but I enjoyed it. A full view of the panorama of the falls was to be had; a more magnificent spectacle one can not imagine. I looked around, above, below, and I was enchanted and bewildered. How awful is the might of that God whose work this is, I thought. We had a sea captain on board, and when the little cockle shell of a boat began to toss, he called out:

“For God’s sake, do not go nearer to the falls, or we will be swamped.”

The strong arm of the boatman soon brought us out of our danger.

I had now seen the Niagara, grand, glorious and sublime, dazzling in rainbow tints, and, with his mighty tone, sounding out an anthem of praise everlasting to his great Creator. What a contrast to the deep, dense darkness of the Mammoth Cave and its eternal silence.

We took the cars again, and stopped at a station, where Judge Edmunds’ son was in waiting with a carriage, and we were driven to the home of my friend; stayed there all night, and in the morning proceeded on our journey. We stopped at Syracuse, and visited the salt works. Under the bed of Oneida Lake there is a valuable salt spring or lake, from which, from a depth of six hundred feet, they draw salt water. This they boil in large boilers in a very large room. I went into a room where the fires were all out, and the walls, floors, ceilings, boilers, furnaces, and everything on which a crystal could rest, was incrustated with salt. This ornamentation was very brilliant. The room looked like a grotto of frosted silver, white as driven snow.

The journey was resumed, and the country through which we passed was rich in beautiful scenery. The Catskill Mountains looked grand and imposing as we rounded the north end of them. We reached Albany, the capital of the State of New York, and took passage on board a splendid Hudson River steamer. I was perfectly charmed with the beautiful scenery on this magnificent river. I sat on the guards at the bow of the boat, asking my friend all manner of questions about the places of historic interest. He was a perfect encyclopedia of knowledge. He pointed out the palisades, Washington Irving’s home, West Point, and various other places till night enclosed us; then the moon shone forth in all her queenly brightness. I took no note of time, I was so deeply interested in all I saw and heard, till my escort told me I would take cold if I sat out any longer.

“Oh, no,” I said; “I am not cold or tired, but I am charmed, and I may never see this grand river and beautiful scenery again; but you can retire, and leave me here to enjoy myself; I am not afraid.”

He left me, but soon returned with two rugs; one he wrapped around me, and placed my chair where I could see all that was to be seen. He then wrapped himself up, and sat down beside me; he would not leave me alone. He told me that twenty years before that night, he had charge of another young lady going down this same river to New York, and what to him was a singular coincidence, I had asked him



the very same questions about the very same places that she had; she was the same enthusiastic lover of nature. He said our minds were alike, in fact, I was like her in almost everything. I asked who the lady was. He said she was,

“Emily Chubbuck, better known by her literary *nom de plume*, ‘Fanny Forester.’”

“Do you think I am like her in anything?” I exclaimed.

“Yes, I do, in a great many things.”

I was highly complimented, but in my heart I felt at the time that Fanny Forester was my superior in almost everything but devotion to our commo Lord; in this alone I would not give her the palm. I lifted up a prayer to the ear of my Father, to enable me to emulate the Christian graces of this lovely character, that I might be able to deserve the exalted opinion that my friend had formed of me.

We landed at New York, and were driven to the elegant mansion of Eli Kelly, Esq. He was a wealthy Baptist brother, and a cousin of Judge Edmunds. Mrs. Kelly was an elegant lady, and a noble Christian; she also was a member of the Baptist Church. My lot at New York was cast among the Baptists. I had a most cordial welcome from this family; their home and hearts were open to receive me, thanks to Mrs. and Miss Edmunds, who had preceded the judge two weeks, and had told their friends he was going to bring me so far on my long journey. I attended the annual convention of the American Bible Union. May it be faithful to truth, and so prosper in the grand work of revision, was my prayer. Great numbers of our brethren from every State were in attendance, many of whom I knew, and with whom I took the parting hand. I was introduced to the President Dr. Armitage, and to all the officers of the American Bible Union. Mr. Buckbee, a Baptist minister, was assistant treasurer, and was anxious to forward the interests of the society. He was authorized to pack up a case of specimens of the new version of the New Testament, with reports and documents of various kinds, for me. I had another case of all of Mr. Campbell’s works, and all the works of our brethren. I wished to introduce them to the colonists as something strange, and new, and beautiful. Mr. and Mrs. Edmunds took me to the Crystal Palace and several other places of interest, while they remained in the city. The judge and myself went to look for a ship in which to take a passage. There was a fine new ship going direct to Sydney, my destination.

“This is just the ship for me,” I said.

“Not so,” said the judge.

“Why not?” I asked in some surprise. “This ship is going to the very port I am going to; the other ship goes to another port, from which I would have to reship at considerable expense.”

“Be it so,” said the judge in a decided tone. “This ship carries no stewardess, and no lady passengers, and I can not send you out to sea on a four months’ voyage with none but men for your companions.”

I laughed, and said, “Be it so; though I am not afraid of gentlemen.”

“I am a better judge of gentlemen than you are,” said my friend.

So we went on board of the *Sebastian Cabot*, 2500 tons, a perfect castle of a ship. It was owned by Mr. Watts, who also commanded her, and was chartered by Mailord, Lord & Co., and consigned to Mr. Lord at Melbourne. Mrs. Watts, who lived with her husband on board, and had always sailed with him on his European voyages, was now for the first time going to stay at home, that her children might go to school. We became quite well acquainted in a short time. My passage was taken in this ship. Mrs. Watts kindly had the large cabin, which her three children occupied, fitted up for me. Her little parlor, separated from the saloon by a bulkhead, was especially for my use. Every arrangement was made on board for my comfort. I had nothing to do but get my baggage on board and sail away. An unforeseen hinderance occurred. The judge had put my gold in the bank in Kentucky, and when he went to draw it at New York, the bank had suspended the day before. He telegraphed for a draft on another bank, but ere it came, that had closed its doors, and so a third. A money panic was in full play; but my passage must be paid, as the ship would sail soon, or I must give up going with her. I was asked what I would do.

“If God so orders that I shall not go, and places this hinderance in my way, I shall not force myself away; I shall remain in America. If he removes the hinderance I shall go. I wish only to do his will,” I said.

I was told my money was safe, only I could not get it at that time. Mr. Buckbee and the judge took charge of it, and advanced as much as would pay my way handsomely to my destination. This and all other matters arranged, the judge, and his wife and daughter, left New York for their temporary home in Kentucky. I was sincerely sorry to part with these dear friends. They left me in good hands. Mrs. Kelly drove me out every day, and took me to all the benevolent institutions, picture galleries, and all places of interest that could be thought of. She assisted me in my purchases. I added to my wardrobe considerably, and to my own library. I bought a sew-

ing machine—a new thing in those days. Having spent three delightful weeks at the elegant house of Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, whose exceeding great kindness I shall never forget, she drove me to the ship that was to carry me far, far away from friends and scenes I loved so well. I went on board on the 24th of October, 1857. Mrs. Watts was on board, and took me to the comfortably fitted-up room she had prepared for me. All my great cases and trunks were stowed away conveniently and securely. I heard Mr. Buckbee give the captain strict charges concerning me, and bespeak his kind offices for me. I was precious freight, and was to be delivered safe into the hands of Mr. Lord, to whom the ship was chartered, and to whom I had letters of introduction, and who was nearly related to Mr. Buckbee. I was amused at being consigned to Mr. Lord as “precious freight.” Mr. Buckbee was the last of my American friends to bid me farewell.

## CHAPTER XV.

### SECOND VOYAGE TO NEW SOUTH WALES.

“Though oft I seem to tread alone  
Life’s dreary waste with thorns o’ergrown,  
Thy voice of love in gentlest tone  
Still whispers, ‘Cling to me alone.’”

I FELT that I had none to cling to but my Savior, my friend unseen. I thought trials might await me, and sufferings too, but if I moved on in the path of duty at his command, he would be with me, and all would be well. We were several days ere we got out to sea. We had quite a scene on board one day. A poor woman came on board looking for her husband. She found him stowed away very snugly. She begged him to come back to his family, but this he would not do. She begged him for money to buy them bread, this he would not give. She wept bitterly, but he would not relent, his heart was stony. The mate, to end the scene, said to the poor woman, if she would go and get a warrant for him he would deliver her husband to her. The woman left, but did not come back again.

I had time to study my fellow-passengers; I had nothing else to do at the time. A woman sat opposite to me at dinner, with large, rolling, restless eyes, looking everywhere and at everything. She had a boy by her side about six years old. Next to her sat a huge Irish woman, old and unwieldy; next to me sat a meek-eyed gentlewoman, with her husband by her side, a quiet-looking man. I was not charmed with the prospect of a long voyage in such company. Some detectives came on board looking for a man who was not in the ship. The lady with restless eyes was closely questioned about her husband. She in tones unmusical swore, yes, swore, that she had no husband. Perhaps, like the woman at the well of Samaria, she told the truth. The steamer which towed us out of harbor left us, the pilot waved a good-bye, and we parted on the bounding billows, when lo! a little cockle-shell of a boat was seen bravely breasting the waves. We watched with interest the puny efforts of the little thing to overtake our noble ship with its tremendous proportions, and the glorious and uproarious

manner in which the vast sails were being spread out to catch the freshening breeze. A signal was hoisted on board the cockle-shell. The thin-lipped, shrill-voiced woman with restless eyes called out:

“Captain, stop the ship; my husband is on board that boat.”

The captain turned upon her a stern look, and said:

“You told the detectives that you had no husband.”

The woman looked bold and defiant. The ship hove to; a rope was thrown to the men in the boat, one of which climbed the side of the ship, was up and on board in a twinkling. Then he turned round and threw a purse of gold to those in the boat, who had risked their lives for gold to save a defaulter from the limbs of the law. Once more our white-winged herald of commerce spread her sails to the favoring breeze, and we bounded away on our trackless path. The man who came on board was long, lean and lank, with a heavy black beard, a very pale face, so much as could be seen of it, a slouched hat over his head, ears and eyes, and an old overcoat, buttoned to the chin, to cover his shabby clothes. In the evening the man was metamorphosed. He emerged from his cabin in an elegant suit of broad-cloth, without a beard, and blazing with diamonds, large and lustrous, in studs, shirt-pin and rings, about two yards of thick gold-cable chain, and a handsome gold watch, studded with the like precious stones. He was the admiration of himself as he displayed his finery. The woman was similarly bedizened with diamonds, and had a dirty calico dress on. We had only six saloon passengers, and sixty in the second cabin.

I had mapped out a programme to work by on the long voyage. After my first week, which I gave to sea-sickness, I gave some time to the study of navigation, some time to reading, some time to sewing or doing fancy work, and some time to exercise. I wished to be systematic in the use of my time. How delightful to sit on a calm, still day and be floated over the waters, deep and dark, of the mighty sea, and to be rocked gently up and down on the great waves, with their emerald lights and purple shadows. But oh, how terrific to hear the howling of the storm, when the sea, lashed into fury by the merciless winds, tosses the ship hither and thither, straining every timber in her frame.

As soon as we were fairly out at sea, the wind freshened, and the ship began to jump and plunge. I staggered to the breakfast-table, and had just seated myself when I had to be half carried back to my cabin, where I lay deathly sea-sick for six days, without food of any kind. After recovering sufficiently to take my first lesson in naviga-

tion from the captain, I went on deck, quadrant in hand, and took the sun's altitude. This was my first observation and my last. I went to my cabin and worked out the reckoning correctly, which corresponded exactly with the captain's. When I finished my work, I laid my slate and the epitome of navigation on the floor beside me, and leaned my head on the bed, and there I sat for hours. When the stewardess found me I was in a high fever. I had a very severe attack of bilious fever. The captain was somewhat alarmed. He thought I was going to die, and proposed to Mrs. Terril, the meek-eyed lady, that he would give up his cabin to me, and she should lie on the sofa beside the bed and wait on me; but I said I would not leave my room, and if I had to die, I should die in my own cabin. I lived for weeks on barley-water; I could not eat solid food. One night my barley-water was put on the parlor-table outside of my door, within sight, but out of reach. I was burning up with fever; I seemed to have a fire in my blood and in my bones. What a fearful night I passed in sight of that mug of barley-water. My throat was parched; my tongue was swollen and cleaving to my mouth, and I could not move to reach the mug, nor could I call for any one to reach it to me. Dives could not have suffered more physically, I think, than I did that night. In the morning the captain looked in at my door, and exclaimed:

“Gracious king!”

He put his hand on my burning head, and ran for a bottle of camphorated spirits, and poured the spirits over my head. I thought this would finish me, but it had a good effect; I was then able to point to the mug of barley-water that had tantalized me all night. I drank and was able to speak; and from that time I began to mend.

One day six large ships, in full dress, scudding before the wind at a fine rate, hove in sight. They rode the waves majestically, and passed grandly out of sight. Another day a frightful white squall struck our ship, and she would have gone down to the lower depth, stern first, had not our ever vigilant captain been on deck. His voice rang loud and clear above the storm. The night grew dark. All hands were called on deck; all was uproar and confusion. The sailors could not see; thick darkness brooded o'er the ship; but when a fierce flash of lightning pierced the gloom they got a short glimpse of their surroundings. The roaring thunder, and fierce, flashing lightning, and the angry, foam-crested billows dashing against the sides of the ship, were frightful; but what was a more frightful sound to me, human voices, in the midst of the elemental war, belched forth the most fearful oaths and

foul curses. My blood ran cold to hear such profanity at such a time.

We crossed the equator on the 28th of November. Calms and baffling winds prevented our crossing several days previous. The captain and officers were whistling for fair winds. The heat would have been intolerable but for the heavy rains. It does not rain in those latitudes; it pours, as if the heavens opened their flood-gates and emptied their reservoirs. Before leaving America several of my friends told me that a certain hour on Saturday evenings they would pray for me, special petitions, and I was to think of them at the same time. When Saturday night at sea came, I thought of all those who were praying for me, and always took fresh courage. This voyage had thus far been more monotonous than any previous one. We were in the region or latitude of beautiful clouds. They assumed, one evening just before sunset, a most wonderful appearance. Away on the horizon was a dusky belt of sky, looking like land; above that towered masses of cumuli, assuming every shape and form. The clouds looked like snow-capped mountains, dazzling in splendor, with deep, dark ravines, grand and gloomy in contrast. On the sides of the mountains you could see, or think you could see, beasts of every name, form and size. The captain was charmed with the splendid sight, and could have been easily persuaded that land lay in that direction. Suddenly the sun sank, and nothing but heavy banks of gray clouds hung near the horizon; then all was dark. I had seen this cloud-picture in a former voyage to Australia, and oh, it was very beautiful.

Our Lord's days were very differently spent on board of this ship, to what I had experienced on others. We had no public service on board, no recognition of the day at all. It was calculated to make one forget almost when the day came.

The Tract Society had sent a box of tracts and books on board for distribution. I gave the officers, when they came to dine at the second table, some of the tracts, and asked them to give some to the sailors. All but the second mate thanked me for giving them something to read; he, with a muttered oath, said he did not read such things. I heard fearful screams one morning, like cries of one in great distress. I looked out of my window, and saw the mate kick with fearful violence a poor boy. I afterward saw the poor boy at the wheel, with his head bandaged and his face all cut, swollen and discolored. I said to the boy, he had better tell the captain of the bad treatment he had received. The captain just then came on deck, and called me to him. I rose, and went to him. I was infringing the ship's laws by speaking

to the man at the wheel. I apologized for so doing, but I had done it in ignorance. I should not do it again. I asked if it were in accordance with the ship's laws, for the second mate to knock down a boy, and kick him with the heel of a heavy boot on the head and face till both were like raw flesh or jelly, and then to send that boy to the wheel with one eye closed and blackened, and the other so that he could hardly see anything, and his body so bruised, that he could with difficulty turn the wheel. The captain colored scarlet. He was angry, but he only said:

"You had better not interfere with the second mate."

I said I should not interfere with his duties, but in the cause of humanity I would speak.

"He will be revenged on you if you do," said the captain.

"I have no fear; I am under your protection, and Mr. Livingstone is your subordinate. What have I to fear?"

He bit his lip, left me in anger, and went to the boy, and gave him a scolding for talking to the passengers. I told Mr. Terril of the mate's brutal conduct, and told him that he must not be allowed to be so brutal in his treatment of the lads. He said he would have an eye on him. Nero was at his work again, leaving the mark of his heeled boot on a boy's forehead; but Mr. Terril was soon at his elbow, pinioned his arms behind him, and said to him:

"The ship's articles do not require that you commit murder."

The captain heard the uproar, and sent for his second in command, who came down in a fury. The captain, while talking to this Nero, as I dubbed him, kept his hand on a loaded pistol lying on the table. He asked the mate the cause of the terrific yells he heard. The answer was:

"They will not obey me."

"Why not?" queried the captain very quietly. "Do you and my other officers obey me?"

"Yes, we do; because we know our duty, and we do it."

"And one reason is, because I never swear at you, or knock you down, and kick you when you are down," said the captain.

"No, sir," said Nero, "that would not do with me."

"Neither will it do with the sailors; treat them as I treat you, and they will obey you. I want to hear no more of your cruelty." And so the interview ended.

I missed from the deck a poor sailor whom I had noticed, with hollow cheeks, and sunken eyes, and swollen feet, who, when pulling a



rope, would often stop to cough; when Nero would most unfeelingly roar out oaths at him, and call him by the ugliest of names. I found, on inquiry, that he was sick in bed in the fore-castle. I found my way to the dark abode of the sailors, and to the sick man's bedside. I found him very ill, without attention of any kind. A kit, with salt junk and hard biscuit in it, was beside his bed. This was his share of the dinner; but he could not eat it, nor had he eaten anything for some time. I asked the poor man if he could eat soup; he thought he could. I saved my soup at dinner time, and took it to him. I asked him if no one came to see him. He said the second mate came every now and then to curse him for a "lazy dog," and to order him up to his work, or he would give him the rope's end. The poor fellow said: "I can't get up."

He was evidently in the last stage of consumption, and when Nero could not get the poor man on deck to work, he left him to die totally neglected. I went twice a day to see the sick man. I talked to him about his soul's interest. He was very much subdued, and wept. I took him food, such as he could eat, and some delicacies. He was getting weaker every day, and still no one but myself doing anything for him. His mates had no time to stay with him. I had not told any one of my expeditions to the fore-castle. I did not think it necessary to sound a trumpet before me; but as he got worse, I asked Mrs. Terril to go with me to see him. One day we were coming out of the fore-castle, when some tackling was let down, and struck Mrs. Terril on the head, and made a cut which bled profusely. She was greatly frightened when she found that the second mate had lowered the blocks which struck her. The captain came to me that night, and asked me if I took food to the man in the fore-castle. I told him yes. He said that I must not do it. I told him I only took my own food to him, and the poor man enjoyed it. The captain said he would send the man food from the table, and I need not carry it.

"Be it so," I said.

When I went in the afternoon to read and talk to the man, I found he had not had anything to eat since I had carried some for him the day before. At tea-time I asked the steward if he had taken to the sick man what the captain had ordered.

"No, I have not; Mr. Livingstone thinks he can eat what the others eat."

I looked at the captain, who ordered some tea and light bread to be sent forward at once. The captain conducted me to my little parlor,

sat down, and asked me in a rather taunting tone, why it was I took such interest in a fellow whose sickness was all a sham; he did not need my attention, and why did I trouble. I said I troubled, because I found a man dying on board his ship, for whose body or soul neither he nor his officers cared. Life was ebbing, and the poor man was entirely neglected—had been starving till I took him nourishing food. I said they were all hard hearted to let the poor soul pass away so utterly neglected. I asked him how, in his extremity, he would like to be so treated. I shall do all I can for him, though that may be little.

“Suppose,” said the captain, “I forbid your going any more to the fore-castle. This is my ship; I am master.”

“You can hinder my ministering to the dying sailor, because you are master of the ship; but as you are not my master, you can not hinder me, when I arrive at Melbourne, from reporting to Mr. Lord, to whom the ship is chartered, and the freight consigned, all the cruelties I have witnessed on board your ship.

“Come, come,” said the captain, “you are taking it too seriously. What can I do to prevent you going to the fore-castle?”

“Death is no jest, and the poor man is dying. You believe your officers that his sickness is a sham, and this is a shame. You do not carry a doctor. Go to him, and judge for yourself, and see if he does not need medicine to relieve his suffering; food to sustain his sinking body; a nurse to wait on him, and a friend to help cheer him in the dark valley through which he is passing.”

The captain started up, and said: “I’ll go to him at once;” and he went, and soon returned, exclaiming, “Gracious king! the man is worse than I thought; he must have medicine. I have told one of the boys to stay with him, and from this night I shall take charge of that poor fellow myself. Now will you promise me that you will not go any more to the fore-castle.”

“Let me go once with you to take good-bye, and tell the poor man that you will take better care of him than I could.”

I saw him once more, and with tears in his eyes, the dying man thanked me over and over again, and asked God to bless me for what I had done for him. I left some tracts for the boy to read to him, and told him to pray to Jesus himself, and he would save him if he believed on him, and so I left him in tears. I felt sorry to say good-bye. Nero one day, with a polite sneer, asked me if I thought the sailor would die. I said I thought he was very ill. I asked him what he thought.

“Oh, I went to see him, and told him that nothing but reading the Bible could do him any good now.”

This was said with a most contemptuous sneer. I took no notice of the sneer, but said:

“As the poor man is not able to read now, will you be so kind as to read a little of the Bible for him; it will do you both good.”

I looked up into this hard man’s face. He looked confused, not expecting to be thus appealed to.

“I have no time,” he said.

A few days after, Mrs. Terril and myself were on deck. I asked the captain how the sick man was?

“He is on deck,” said the captain.

“Where?” I exclaimed.

“There, under the stars and stripes.”

“I did not think he could get up or walk,” I said.

“No,” said the captain, “he had to be carried up; there he is,” pointing to the dead man as he lay on deck waiting for burial, covered with the flag of the United States for a pall.

A few of his mates lifted him up, and placed his feet on the gang-way. Nero, at the head of the corpse, his own head uncovered, read a short service for the dead from a prayer-book. His mien was solemn. What were his thoughts when the bier was tilted? And

“Down into the deep he sank alone,  
Unknelled, uncoffined and unknown.”

A little thing sometimes creates an excitement. Our first mate caught a great porpoise. The animal is well named, “sea-hog.” It has a long snout, not unlike that of a land hog. It is a mammal. It was cooked, and the liver was by some considered quite a delicacy; I did not like it.

A ludicrous scene took place one day. We had been having fine weather, but the breezes were freshening. We all sat down to dinner. The unwieldy Irish woman was opposite to me, and the man and woman with diamonds were on the same side. Mr. and Mrs. Terril were on my side, the captain at the head, the first mate at the foot of the table. Our meals were always silent, or nearly so, the parties not being congenial. We were all waiting in solemn silence for the captain to serve the soup, which he was doing, when quite unexpectedly the ship gave a tremendous lurch to leeward. The three who sat opposite to me fell backwards, and all clutched at the table-cloth to

save themselves. They drew it and everything on it after them, they did not know where. To save myself from falling and sliding under the table, I leaned over and took hold of a dish of hash, and burned my fingers. What an uproar! Knives, forks, plates, dishes, meat, soup, hash, vegetables, all flying and smashing up pell-mell, in the midst of which, groans, screams and oaths could be heard.

“Och, och, I am kilt intirely,” came from behind a pair of feet high in the air, covered with the table-cloth.

The lady of the Green Isle was sitting on the tilted seat, her head bent, and her heels high up, without the power to move her unwieldy bulk. I laughed outright, though my fingers were severely scalded, my dress destroyed and my dinner lost. The old lady was extricated from her dangerous position, with many an “och, och.” Her great weight, when the vessel careened, drew the long screws which fastened the seat out of the floor. The captain was mad as a hornet, but it was of no use; we escaped very well.

When we got into the trade winds, our ship dashed on with the furious speed of a war-horse; not content to ride the waves, she seemed to jump over them. We could not sit at the table; everything was pitched thither and hither. I sat on the floor of my little parlor, held on to the leg of the table, and drank my soup, or my hash, or Irish stew, out of a mug, and used my fingers for a knife and fork and spoon. Everything and person were uproarious, but the winds and weather were glorious; we were plunging on our course grandly. We were finally worn out by the fair winds, but the captain would not slacken sail an inch, so we tore on very uncomfortably, thanking God at the same time that the winds were fair.

One night the wind went to sleep and woke up dead against us. We looked aghast at one another; we did not expect this change. The ship was soon divested of her flowing robes. She looked under her bare poles like a skeleton. The tempest grew fierce and yet more fierce, and wilder the wind blew, and darker grew the heavens, till we were entirely enshrouded in gloom. For three days and nights we saw neither sun, moon nor stars. The waves piled one on top of the other, and rushed mountain high against our noble ship, but she obeyed her helm, rose majestically to meet the foaming billows, and rode over them. No observations were taken for several days, and everybody was very quiet. At last the sun peeped out and cheered our spirits. Again we caught a fair wind, and were dashing on through snow-white foam and golden sparkles, which left behind us a long tract of shiny whiteness. The mate caught an albatross, which

measured twelve feet from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other. Six of these unwieldy creatures were diving after some chips that were thrown out to them. We had fair winds, full sails and a flowing sea, and all well, as we were nearing our destination. The captain was all anxiety; he had never sailed in these seas before, and before he knew he ran his great ship too near to land, and had to "bout ship" in a hurry. She swung round in obedience to her helm, and stood out to sea again. It was well our great ship had plenty of sea-room, she could not be penned up in a tight place. The charts were spread out and consulted every few minutes, and everybody was on the tiptoe of expectation. We were at the entrance of Bass Strait, among sunken rocks and other dangers. I was not in bed all night. We had been losing ground and tacking about all day. We were all full of anxiety, but no one was prepared for the terrific squall that struck our proud ship aback. The captain shouted in tones of thunder, to the great consternation of all on board. It was thought we had run foul of Cape Otway. The ship gave a pitch, a heavy lurch, and down, down she went on her beam-ends, and as I thought never to rise again. Everything and everybody were turned topsy turvy, but the fearful squall went down almost as suddenly as it rose. How many noble ships have sunk in those seas from sunken rocks and sudden squalls.

At last the pilot anchored our grand ship in Hobson's Bay safe and sound, though we had made some very narrow escapes from disaster. The captain had every reason to be thankful when his prosperous voyage ended. His vessel was in "ship-shape trim;" he had lost neither sail nor spar nor rope. We had no sickness, no deaths, except that of the sailor who was sick when he came on board. I had been the sickest passenger.

A steamer came for all the passengers to land them. The captain asked me to wait on board an hour or two, and when he went ashore he would tell Mr. Lord that I was on board, and he would send for me. I gave my letter of introduction to the captain to deliver. I spent a long, wearisome day entirely alone in that great ship. The crew were on board to be sure, but I thought that Mr. Lord and the end of the day would never come. At last the captain came, and he had forgotten to deliver my letter to Mr. Lord. I was greatly annoyed, but there was no help for it. Next morning the captain was ready to go ashore, and told me he would not forget my letter that day. I told him to wait a moment. I ran to my cabin, put my mantle and bonnet on, and came out ready to go ashore with him. He said he could not possibly take me ashore with him. I said I did not

wish him to take me ashore with him, but I was going ashore all the same, and I should hand my letter to Mr. Lord in my own proper person.

“The stairway is not out.”

“I shall climb down the side of the ship, for the boat that carries you ashore takes me also. I would not stay another day on board the ship for all that you could say.”

“You are very decided,” said the captain.

And the stairway was ordered to be put out, and I walked very easily down into the boat, went ashore, and was warmly received by Mr. Lord at his office; but he asked me why I did not send for him, and he would have brought his own boat for me. I told him of the captain's forgetfulness the day before, and I could not trust him again, so came with him. Mr. Lord laughed, and said I did well. He took me to his beautiful home at St. Kilda, and gave me in charge of his wife, who heaped kindnesses on me. They had friends to meet me at a dinner party who were from America. This truly elegant and hospitable family wished me to remain and rest with them after my long voyage, but I was not at the end of my journey yet. Every attention and kindness were given me. Mr. and Mrs. Lord accompanied me on board the great *Sebastian Cabot*, where I said good-bye to all the officers and crew. The captain joined us, and took us on board the ship that was to take me to Sydney, and another boat followed with my trunks. Here I said good-bye to my kind host and hostess, and the captain, who was the last link that bound me to the land I loved. He had seen and spoken to loved friends there; he had brought me here, and parting with him seemed to cut me loose from every tie. God bless him and those to whom he is returning, was my prayer. As soon as the ship moved out of Port Philip I was sea-sick. I was in bed till we reached Botany Bay, when I rose to look at the place which had once so nearly proved fatal to our good ship *Portland*, and which had wrecked many a noble ship when near her port. I shuddered as I looked at the proud promontory, with its gigantic head looming above the deep water that lashed its base, looking defiance at wind and waves. As we approached Sydney Heads, a spot was pointed out to me where over four hundred souls found a watery grave a few days before. A noble ship had struck the rocks, foundered, and all but one man perished. This is a rocky, relentless and dangerous coast. We steamed through between the Heads, or Sea-gates, in safety, and entered Port Jackson, one of the most beautiful harbors in the world, named for the man who, on board Captain Cook's ship, dis-

covered the inlet, at that time thought to be too insignificant for notice. This beautiful expanse of water, with its lake-like scenery stretching away eight or ten miles inland, is one of the embellishments of the world. The bold coast fronting the Pacific Ocean is suddenly broken, and the great cliffs form a portal to an estuary, with an enormous extent of shore line, capacious enough to shelter the navies of the world. So completely is the harbor hidden, that until an entrance is fairly effected its capacity and safety can not be conjectured. A vessel in a few moments sails out of the swell of the ocean into calm, deep water, protected on every side by high lands. The elevated shore is broken into innumerable bays and inlets. Some of these bays or inlets extend into the lands for miles, and afford large capacity for harborage. The bosom of the whole is dotted over with picturesque islands, which form no impediment to navigation. The depth of the water everywhere is sufficient for the largest ships afloat. As we steamed up the harbor everything was quiet and calm in the moonlight. It was late, and I was in a flutter of excitement.

I landed in Sydney February, 1858. I was very sick, but full of hope. In vain I looked for some one to meet me; they surely knew that I was coming, but still I looked in vain, till all the hacks and vehicles for hire were gone. I could get nothing to carry me, and I was very anxious to see my sister, to serve whom I had dared the dangers of the deep, and traveled half round the globe. So I inquired my way to Woolloomooloo, where she lived, and finished my long journey by walking two miles, to meet what? One of the direst disappointments that was possible to fall to my lot. The billows of disappointment rolled over me with crushing weight, and nothing but the grace of God could have saved me from despair. I had believed a lie, and acted upon the belief of it. My trust had been repaid with treachery, and yet my heart was throwing out its tendrils to grasp at something, but all was a crumbling ruin. All my hopes and aspirations trampled under foot; no friendly voice bade me welcome. There was no haven of rest for the weary dove. My frail little bark had breasted the billows bravely, and rode the storm, for hope sat at the helm. But as the noble ship in sight of her haven was wrecked, so it was with me. In sight of what was to be my home, my hopes were dashed against the ruthless rocks of disappointment, and sunk. God must in his wisdom have had some design in allowing me to be so mercilessly deceived, and so treacherously dealt with. I would draw a veil over my reception and welcome; but were I to do so entirely, my sufferings could not be understood. I was bewildered at the strangeness of all I saw.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### MY RECEPTION.

WITH a heart full of love, and beating loud with anticipation of a warm and affectionate welcome, I entered the dwelling of my sister sick and weary, but hopeful and happy. The long separated sisters met, and what a meeting. Had I been an apparition, Mrs. W—— could not have appeared more horrified. After a long stare at me, she broke out into a long wail that pierced my heart. I leaned upon a table for support; I was filled with a feeling of dismay. My brother-in-law came smiling, and swore a great oath, and said:

“I am glad we managed to bring you back at last; you were too long in America.”

My ears were assailed with a tirade against America, Americans, religion and religionists. I was astounded and shocked at what I heard and saw. I was not able to stand on my feet any longer. I asked if I might sit down; my bonnet was still on my head. When I sat down, I mentally asked God, in agony of spirit, was it for this I had given up all that was most precious, and left all that was most dear to my heart? The plans of usefulness that I had marked out for myself, I had been nursing and maturing for months, ready to put in practice as soon as possible, all blotted out in bitter tears in the very first hour of my arrival. I asked to be taken to my room, where I could weep unseen. Late as was the hour, neighbors and acquaintances had been apprised of my arrival, and had come to stare at me, and smile with the heartless pair, seeming to glory in my misery. While they were reveling downstairs, I was sobbing my heart out upstairs, and crying to God to give me grace to bear this new and unexpected burden. Oh, how hard to bear! In myself I had no strength, mental or physical, to stem this great tide of evil that had set in against me. I cried with all my might for God to deliver me.

I looked back on all the way I had come. I searched my heart to see if I had thought, or said, or done anything to cause or to deserve this great calamity. My conscience did not reproach me for coming, for I had made it a matter of prayer to God to direct me in the path of



duty, and I had been led in the way I knew not. I did not regret going to that country, though trouble and sorrow attended the step. All I could do was to ask God for grace, mercy and patience, and this I did continually. The home I had expected to find, the spot I had expected to be a radiating center of great usefulness, did not exist. I was not allowed to teach the children; when they were with me, they were called away with oaths by their profane father. I reasoned with him on his profanity, but to no purpose; he cursed religion and its advocates. I asked him what he wished me to do, now that I had come to them. I may not pen the insulting language he used. He had been to the gold mines of California, and with the gold he gathered, he culled the worst vices of the worst men amongst the miners. He was a profane and dissipated gambler, and though they had a handsome property, Mr. W—— was rushing at a mad rate on the broad road to ruin. Through weary days and nights, I spent a sick and sorrowful time. My spirit crushed, and my life ebbing, I was laid low for a time. The great kindness and consideration of the friends at Melbourne presented a decided contrast to the treatment I was now receiving from relatives. I was a fair target for the malicious remarks of the selfish man, whose speech, intermingled with profanity, sent a chill to my heart, whose coarse jest and brutal sneer fell upon my ear with cutting sharpness. I had to bear the crushing weight of my grief unshared, for Mrs. W—— was so accustomed to such conduct from her husband, that she did not feel it or care for it, and made light of it—said I took it too much to heart. She was as heartless as he was. She thought I ought to be thankful that they gave me a shelter over my head. I said mere shelter is not home. Home without hearts is no home. I had hoped to find a home, where was peace, and harmony, and love; but my hopes were shipwrecked. I determined not to bemoan the evil they had done me, but to serve them in some way if I could. I had been urging upon the father the importance of bringing up the children in the way they should go, and training them for eternity, as well as for time, and I asked him to set a better example to them. He turned all I said into ridicule, and coarsely and jeeringly said:

“Had I seen you before I saw my wife, I would have had you.”

“Mean, contemptible wretch, do you suppose for a moment that you would have had a choice? I scorn you; I only needed this to fill up the cup of loathing with which I loathe you. The only thing I ever saw in you to admire was your devotion to your wife and children; but in this, as in everything else, I have been deceived.”

The creature complimented himself, that he had never offered me personal violence.

"This," I said, "you dare not do."

No word of explanation could I obtain from this pair why they had so misled me by their false statements, to cause me to leave a happy home, friends, and everything that my heart held sacred, to strew thorns in my path, and mock and insult me in the sorrow they had caused. They had no sympathy for my friendships, my church privileges, my sphere of usefulness, my everything I valued, and left for them. I hoped God, in whom I trusted, would bring me out of my deep distress. My way was dark; I was enveloped in clouds, thick and heavy. I could not see one step before me.

I heard of a small number of disciples who met at Newtown, a few miles from Sydney. I found my way out there one Lord's day, and at the house of Mr. K—— I found ten or twelve persons who partook of the Lord's Supper. I introduced myself to them by showing Mr. Campbell's letter. All were curious to see his chirography. They had heard of him through Mr. Wallis and Mr. King, of England. They were delighted to ask, and be answered, questions about a man whom they had heard of, but of whom they knew nothing. They called themselves "Campbellites," and gloried in the name. They called themselves "Primitive Christians" also, and they were primitive enough; they were forty years behind the times. They had Swedenborgians, and soul-sleepers, and those who believed in the annihilation of the soul after death among them. They also had those who did not believe in paying a preacher, nor in building a house to worship God in, nor in having family worship.

It appeared to me that they did not take the Bible, the whole Bible, and *nothing* but the Bible, for their rule of conduct. After supper they exhorted one another, and exhorted others to believe their theories. They made no converts from the world. They agreed to disagree on many points, but they were one in abusing the sects, and drawing down upon themselves the contumely of the whole community, not undeservedly. They were as a body despised; but not for Christ's sake, as they wished to believe, but for the manner in which they abused all denominations of people. I was told, though I had come from the headquarters of the present reformation, I had much to learn if I did not believe in the destruction of the soul after death. Swedenborg was held up to me as a model. I was asked to read their different kinds of books. I said I had the Bible; I needed no other to

guide me heavenward. They were anxious to discuss these matters with me, but I told them I was no debater. I had come to hear the gospel preached, and not men's theories, and if I could not enjoy this privilege, I should go elsewhere. They could not refrain from preaching their soul-sleeping doctrines at me, so I had to refrain from going to hear such teaching. They did not succeed in making me a convert, though they tried. I had hoped to make myself useful in the Sunday-school, but they had none.

I liked the members of this little church individually; they were mostly poor people, but of good moral character; but as a church, I could not join them. No spiritual home for me.

“Like Noah's weary dove,  
That roved the earth around;  
But not a resting-place above,  
The cheerless waters found.”

I asked to be taken to my mother's grave. Other graves I also wished to see, and I thought a visit to the city of the dead might calm my troubled mind; but the visit failed to have the desired effect. Faint and feeble were my steps, as I wandered about looking at the tombstones. When I found the little mound of earth, under which lay the ashes of what had once been my mother, all was forgotten, all was forgiven; nothing but my great love I had for her remained, and this love I wished to transfer to my sister. My flood of kindly love was met and thrown back by treachery and deception and cruel mocking at my distress. As I sat on my mother's grave, I thought all the ills of life were concentrated on my heart, and I felt as if that poor heart would burst. I had five heart spasms in as many weeks. I felt as if death only could relieve the physical sufferings induced by mental agony. As I lay on my bed the next night, pondering the dark ways of Providence, I heard the profane oaths of Mr. W——, as he stamped upstairs to his room. My room was on the opposite side of the landing. He stumbled into it, saying, with an ugly oath, he would show me whether he dared to offer me any personal violence in his own house. I saw something in his hand as he passed the window. I thought my situation perilous. I sprang from my bed, took hold of my clothes, walked quietly out of the room and downstairs, wrapped some garments around me, and ran out of the house that I had thought was to shelter me for life. I fled from it in haste and fear. I ran unmindful where. I only felt I must get as far away from the

house as possible. I paused, through sheer fatigue and weakness, to regain a little strength. I looked up to the quiet sky, and said:

“Father, again am I cast out a homeless stranger, moneyless, friendless and alone, in a land steeped in iniquity.”

I had been kept in torturing suspense; what I feared most had come. I was surrounded on all sides by danger. My soul sank almost to despair. I could not stand where I was, so I moved on with my spirit in the dust. I wondered if God had forsaken me. Oh, the dark distrust of that hour. Out of the depths, I cried:

“Save Lord, or I perish.”

The still, small voice whispered, “I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.”

I wandered on till I came to the house of a widow lady, who had been, at my request in times gone by, kindly treated by my mother, when she was a stranger in the colony. I feared to ring her bell to ask for shelter for the night, she might do as my own had done; and I was afraid to be on the street all night. I asked God to give me courage to ring the bell. I gave one spasmodic pull at the door-bell, which caused Mrs. J—— to raise her window in some alarm, and ask, “Who is there?”

I answered very feebly; she knew my voice, and ran down, opened the door herself, and caught me fainting in her arms. I was taken upstairs, and she said:

“Something has happened to send you here at this time of the night, but while I have a home, it and my heart will always be open for you. So you see when one door closes another opens.”

I cried most bitterly all night, and exclaimed,

“Why is it that every one but my own are, and ever have been, kind to me?”

My soul was low-sunk beneath the heavy load, and my heart was dying with grief, and my bodily strength had not returned. What was I to do? What could I do? I wrote to Mr. Watts, and told him if his ship was in Sydney harbor instead of Port Philip that I would return to the States with him. He wrote by return mail a very kind letter, saying he would gladly give me a free passage back to the States, as he had said once in a joke, now he tendered it in earnest; if I could meet him at New Zealand, he would stop there on his way across the Pacific Ocean to Peru, and he would take me safely home again. He was to leave Melbourne the day after he wrote. Here was an opportunity to return to the loved friends I had left, but I had

no money to take me to New Zealand. I wrote to Mr. Edmunds to send me money. I wrote to Mr. Lord to say that I had met with disappointment; I was too much mortified to tell him what. He at once wrote a kind letter, sympathizing with me in my disappointment, saying he would do everything in his power for me, and to let him know what he could do. He kindly and thoughtfully inclosed two letters of introduction, one to the American Consul, the other to the ex-American Consul, a wealthy merchant in Sydney. These letters were opportune, as I might exert myself in the interests of the American Bible Union till my mind could settle on what course I could pursue. I presented my letters, was well and kindly received, and was promised all the aid possible in introducing the new translation of the Scriptures into the colony. Mrs. Williams, the young and beautiful wife of the ex-American Consul, came to see me, and invited me to spend a week with her, or a month if it were convenient to me. While I was her guest, she lavished great kindness on me. She gave a dinner party that was purely American, that I might feel at home. All the ship-masters in port, with their wives and some American merchants, were there. The American ladies were all dressed elegantly and in good taste, to the great admiration of our beautiful hostess, who said our style of dress was very superior to theirs. She adopted our style, as she called it. I gave her patterns of various dresses, which gratified her very much. These little amenities cost nothing.

I had told Mr. Williams and the Consul to look out for a ship that was going direct to the States, as I wished to return the first opportunity. While waiting, however, I wished to interest the wealthy, the erudite and those in high places, in the great work of revision. Money, criticisms and influence were all needed to forward the great work. While having introductions to the great scholars and men of wealth, and mingling with the best classes of society, I had no home, no money, no bread. I had a fine wardrobe and library, that was all. Did those who caressed me most as an elegant American lady but know the heavy load of grief I carried under a pleasant manner, the Bible Union would have suffered. So I bore my own burden, and carried my own sorrow, and poured into the ear of God alone all my troubles and difficulties, and from him asked help in my time of need. I prayed for fortitude to take root in my heart, that mentally and physically I might grow stronger, to be able to stem the torrent that was against me. A cheerful manner was the silvery veil that concealed

the sad emotions of my heart. The more cheerful the manifestations, the deeper the sorrow. The veil, however, checked the penetrating, cold, unsympathizing glances, and caused them to rest on the brightness visible, which concealed from view the way I was upheld in the performance of a bitter task. "A reined tongue and a bursting heart are hard at once to bear."

At the house of a well-to-do merchant, I was an honored and welcome guest. He had taken a slight interest in the Bible revision. I hoped the interest would increase. I was in their handsomely furnished parlor up-stairs one day (they lived on the business premises till their country residence was finished), when Mr. P——came in, in a hurry, with a bonnet in his hand, saying the milliners were all at dinner, and this bonnet had to be trimmed and sent off by the train in a short time, and there was not a person on the premises who could trim it.

"Let me try;" I said.

He threw it down, not thinking I had fingers deft enough to trim a bonnet. I trimmed and sent it down to him, and he came back loud in his praises of the taste and style of the work. I was in pressing need of money. The widow at whose board I was always welcome had a family to support on a small income, and I felt that I ought to pay for the bread I ate; but money I had none. I was willing to work at anything my hands found to do; but where could I find work to do? I bethought me of the bonnet, and the large establishment of my new acquaintance. I at once went to their house, where smiles and a glad welcome always met me. I approached my business with great timidity; they knew not my necessitous condition, or I would not have been so welcome. I asked Mr. P—— if he could give a lady a little of the surplus work of his large house; she was in need of money, and she would do her work well, for she desired to earn the money. He burst out into a mocking laugh, and said:

"I trust none of your poor ladies. I want none of them to work for me; they are nothing but impostors, all of them. Don't you have anything to do with them. The poor ladies! What makes them poor? As a rule, they are doubtful characters. I advise you not to let any of them impose on you."

Great Father, why was I made with a soul so sensitive? I shrank farther and farther into myself. I was glad I had not spoken of my wants. The very best this house could provide was not good enough for me; they lavished their good things on me, because they thought I needed nothing. Had they thought that I wished to earn my bread

honestly in the sight of all men, I should have fallen below par in their esteem. What false views of life some people have. Daily I looked in the papers to see if there were any "wants" that I could supply. I was willing to work at anything I was able to do, anything rather than eat any one's bread for nothing. Paul tells us, "If any will not work, neither shall he eat."

"Six girls wanted to prepare work for a machine." Surely I can do this. I went to the house, and inquired for the foreman, who came smiling and bowing.

"What can I do for you, madam?"

"You want persons to prepare work for a machine? Will you give me a portion of it to prepare? I shall try to do it well."

"What!" said the man with a broad stare at me. "Do you want the work for yourself?"

I said "yes," in a faint voice.

"Oh, no; we can not employ you; we want poor persons."

The words nearly choked me, when I said, "Sir, I am poor; I need work. Will you give me some if you can?"

He looked at me harder than ever, and said very deliberately:

"We can not possibly place a lady of your style of dress and address with our employées."

I bowed; I could not speak. I felt as if I could never get out of that man's sight; my knees trembled; I was faint and sick, I could hardly walk. Did that man think that I was an impostor? Did he think I had a doubtful character? My style of dress was simple, and my address humble, yet both were objected to. "God help me," I cried; "I have a heavy load to carry, and a fierce battle to fight." My courage seemed to wane. I feared to look at a man who had the least suspicion of me in any way. "Down in the deep and hidden chambers of the heart many a fierce battle is fought, unseen by the eye of mortal; but God sees and watches the combat on the broad plains of conscience, though we can not always realize the fact." A sparrow can not fall to the ground without his knowledge. And if duty be victor, he approves if we are even wounded in our mortal conflicts. I sought work of various kinds carefully, and with tears and prayers, but could find none.

I told Mr. P——, that if I returned to America, I had a choice collection of books that I should dispose of to the highest bidder. He became the purchaser of over eighty volumes of my largest works. I parted with my books as a last resource for bread. I met a gentleman

from Illawarra, a country district, who became interested in the New Revision at this house, and he gave me a pressing invitation to go to Illawarra. He promised, if I went, that he would do all he could for the work. Out of the money I got for my books, and I got a good price for them—"men help thee most who think thou hast no need"—I was able to pay my passage to Illawarra. It lay on the Pacific Coast, one hundred miles south of Sydney. At Kiama, a beautifully situated town, the port of the large and important district, I landed, and was met by Mr. M——, with a horse and side-saddle. I mounted, and rode with him to the top of an exceeding high mountain, where he had perched his house, and called it "Mount Joy." I was received by his pleasant wife very cordially.

As I said, I rode to the top of Mount Joy, which was away up in the clouds, and had a splendid outlook from it. I had a great many callers to see me, and when I returned the calls, I presented the claims of the American Bible Union. I showed specimens of the *New Translation*, and various other works of the union. I had bought a full supply of Mr. Campbell's works, and I introduced them by lending some, and some I gave away. I found a few wealthy, intelligent men who seemed to like Mr. Campbell's debates, and gave me orders to send for a supply for them. This I gladly consented to do. I thought a little leaven of Christianity might leaven a large lump of the bigoted, ritualistic Episcopalians; the stiff and proud Presbyterians; the bitter, biting Methodists, and the liberal Independents, all of whom were represented in the beautiful town of Kiama. People came to this place on Lord's days from great distances to worship in their different houses.

I had an invitation to visit "Omega Retreat," the name of Mr. G——'s estate at an early day. Mr. G—— was Mrs. M——'s father, a great land owner, and very wealthy. A note in my journal says: "The old gentleman is handsome, tall, of commanding presence, and well proportioned. He is highly educated, as he had been prepared for the Presbyterian pulpit, not far from where Mr. Campbell was borne, in Ireland, and in outward appearance he was not unlike Mr. Campbell." Mrs. G—— was a perfect lady, and a good Episcopalian, and her husband's senior a decade of years. She was low in stature, not prepossessing in her appearance, but pleasant and gentle in her manners. They were very cordial to me. Their only son, W——, was a bachelor, between thirty and forty years of age, with his father's handsome features, and his mother's low stature. He was gross and coarse and egotistical, though somewhat cultivated in manner. He was very



wealthy, and this made him popular with the country belles, consequently, he had only to ask a feminine to marry him, and she must feel honored by his choice, and would gladly accept him. So the little man thought. His father, mother and sister thought no one in the district was good enough for their dear W—. They preferred for him a lady whose mind was cultivated, and whose manners were refined. He was the only son, and the family idol.

The father and mother took a great liking to me. I was pleased at their so doing; I thought I would succeed in my mission all the better. At their urgent request, I consented to be their guest as long as I stayed in the district. Mr. G—, being a classical scholar, I hoped he would take an interest in the work of revision. In this I mistook him, for the Bible had no interest for him; the only interest he cared for was his dividends. He was renegade to his principles, and boasted in infidelity. This fact made me think very differently of the old man, though his attentions to me were very great. The farmers everywhere for a great distance round were his tenants; his rent roll was very large. The old gentleman took me many a little excursion of pleasure, to see the different places of interest in this most beautiful locality. On returning one day from the beach, where the great rolling waves of the Pacific had been working wonders among the cliffs, we stopped at one of the farm-houses. On the veranda stood a girl of about ten or twelve years old, her arms and legs bare to the shoulders and knees, which were beautifully formed, and twined in a most graceful fashion round one of the posts, her beautiful head leaning on her arms. I stood and admired the picture. Mr. G— spoke to her, and her rich Irish brogue sounded pleasantly. I turned to Mr. G—, and said:

“I should like to teach that girl; there is something in her.”

“Honey dear” (this was a favorite expression of his), “that would never do; she is but a poor, ignorant, Irish girl.”

“That is one reason why I should like to teach her, and see what could be made out of this piece of ignorance. I should like to have a score of just such; they might wield an influence for good in this district.”

“I could not think of seeing you in a school-room teaching a lot of little ragamuffins, so ignorant they would not know how to behave themselves.”

“You are providing me with good reasons for wishing to teach these ragamuffins.”

Mr. G—— told his wife and son of my chimerical idea. Mrs. G—— said:

“My dear, it is very kind and charitable to wish to teach these poor children, but let some with coarser minds and rougher hands, and those accustomed to hard work, take up the job; it is not fit for you.”

“Charitable, but chimerical. It won’t do; you are too much of a lady to enter such a sphere,” said Mr. W——.

I felt inclined to ask them to define the word lady. Had they known its true significance, they would not have thought I was out of my sphere in trying to dispense the bread of life and knowledge to the poor and ignorant. But the education of the ignorant was to be intrusted to the coarse and the rough. I was made to feel that in this district culture and refinement were out of place in a school-room.

“You can do better than teach. You might marry a rich man, a rich man’s only son. Who knows, but I might have you myself,” W—— said.

I turned aside his coarse joke by saying, I purposed returning to America the first opportunity that I had to do so. Meantime, while waiting for that opportunity, I had a great desire to teach, if I could raise a school. I liked the country, and I had taken a great fancy to that Irish girl.

I said everything was charming to the eye—the climate salubrious, the vegetation intertropical, the scenery magnificent—and why should a population be reared in the midst of so much beauty as ignorant as the ornithorhyncus that swam in their streams and burrowed in the earth. I can not consent to be idle one day if I can get a school, so I hope, if you have not predetermined that your tenants’ children shall remain in ignorance, that you will help me to get up a school, for a few months at least. He said there was not a place on all his land where a school could be kept, save in an old slab hut on the side of Mount Pleasant, and it was very much dilapidated, and not fit for use. I said I should like to try it. I felt a decided preference to teach the poor, ignorant children, than to wait in idleness, to be chosen to be “the wife of a rich man, a rich man’s only son.”

A swift messenger was sent to summon all the tenants to meet their landlord at the hut on the hillside. They came at the time appointed, a motley group of men in shirt-sleeves, dirty, and hair uncombed, redolent of the stockyard and pig-sty. Mr. G—— stood up at the end of a large room that had several large holes in the floor, and several piles of ashes, rags and dirt to stumble over, or kick through, and said:

“Here is a lady who has come from America. She is going to stay in the district some time, and she would like to open a school if you will send your children. What say you?”

“Och, thin, I think it a great honor that such a lady shud tache our childer.”

“Sir,” said another Pat, “shure the lady can’t stay heres ’lone in this hut.” Turning to me, he said: “Shure yees can’t.”

I smiled at the idea of their mentioning such a thing as staying alone, but I answered:

“Certainly not, and if I could stay alone, it should not be in such a tumbled-down hut as this.”

These men, dirty as pigs and ignorant as mules, were of the lowest order of Irish. These were my patrons-elect. One of them was showing off his “larnin,” by telling another that the sun went round the world. I corrected them, and said the world went round the sun. They gaped at me, open-mouthed, when I said that. They all said they were glad to have me come among them. They all promised to set to work and get the hut put in good order by the time I should go to Sydney for my trunks and return to commence work among their children. As they passed out, some of them pulled their forelocks, and some said:

“Wees glad yees cumed among us.”

In the gloaming, I was sitting alone in Mrs. G——’s parlor, without lights, in front of a wood-fire, my feet on the fender; and as I watched the flickering flame of the dying embers, I fell into a reverie. Unpleasant thoughts intruded themselves unbidden, and would not be thrust out. An unheard voice vibrated through my brain, whispering, “Do not take up your abode here.” I looked round; drooping daylight had faded into night. Her sable mantle had cast everything into deep shadow. I was not superstitious, but I felt myself in the presence of a higher power than anything earthly, and I listened to my busy soul with her boding murmurs. A few hours before, I had drawn myself up with something akin to indignation at the idea of living alone in the ruined hut on the hillside. The idea of living at the houses of any of the men I had seen was too shocking to be thought of for a moment. Some had suggested that I should stay at their houses week about. I was thankful to Mr. G—— when he said:

“No, no; this lady stays at our house, she has a room there; both Mrs. G—— and myself will be only too happy to have her society.”

After this I breathed more freely. We came home, and I began to

ponder all that I heard that day in my heart. My brown study was interrupted by W—— calling me to come to tea. At the table I was absent-minded.

“Honey dear,” said Mr. G——, “what is the matter?”

I gave a little start, and apologized, and said nothing was the matter, only I had changed my mind. Both father and son exclaimed,

“I am glad of it. Teaching is not what you ought to do.”

“But,” I said, “I still intend to teach, only I change my residence from this house to the hut, where I now purpose to live.”

They all stared at me and said: “Impossible; you can not do it.”

“I shall try it,” I said, “and if I can not live there I shall leave. All I now ask is, that you put the hut in habitable order, and in two weeks I shall return ready for work.”

Mr. G—— said: “If we once let you go to Sydney you will not come back to us.”

“My word is given to you; I shall return if all is well.”

I was asked why I wished to live at the hut when I had such a comfortable home where I was. I said, because I thought it was best. Humanly speaking, and to all outward seeming, it was not for the best. I did not know the people in the midst of whom I was to live, nor could I associate with the specimens I saw. Mr. G——’s family was the only one I could associate with, and they were anxious and willing that I should live in comfort at their house, and why not live at the big house and receive all the prestige from it they were willing to bestow. My actions seemed unwise in the eyes of the worldly; but I felt the power of the still, small voice which had said, “Do not take up your abode here,” and I obeyed the warning. Subsequent events justified the step; at least I thought so.

I had received numerous orders for books, and had written for them. I had great opposition in introducing them, but I persevered. When I returned to Sydney, I had to sell my little sewing-machine and some of the fine dresses that I bought at New York. With this money I purchased some provisions and some furniture to take with me. I had everything packed up and ready to start on another journey, when letters from loved friends arrived from America. They had been written before I left America, but they were welcome all the same. One long, long letter was from Mr. Gano, full of love and sympathy, and encouragement to hold out faithful. Prayers and blessings were breathed in every line. He finished with,

\* \* \* "My dear sister, we miss you much, very much indeed. Your cheerful and pleasant society; your interesting, improving and instructive converse; your kind and efficient assistance in the care, instruction, management and most excellent training of the children. Often Catherine and I wish you were back with us, to live with us while we live. \* \* \* And now, dear sister, let me express my gratitude to you for all the proofs of kind regards you have shown to me and mine. May our gracious heavenly Father, through our Lord and Savior, guide, guard and bless you, and make you a blessing. Catherine and a host of others send love, etc. Yours in Christ, JOHN A. GANO.

NEW YORK, October 25, 1857.

*My very dear sister:*

I felt sad at parting with you to-day on board the ship that is to carry you away from us, and which is to be your home for so many weeks; but you are in the hands of Him who never sleeps. He will preserve you on the deep, and will bring you to your friends so far from the churches and Christians and scenes you love. You have greatly interested us all, and many prayers from your new friends in New York will go up for your safety. We will think of you on the deep. He who quieted the waves of the stormy Galilee will give his angels charge of you, to bear you up above the dangers of the deep. I trust when you read this in your beloved sister's home you will find that God is there, and you will be able to say that your voyage was pleasant. I forgot to ask a favor of you. Is it too late? During your voyage you could write down your thoughts, and I should love to have an account of your voyage. If you have preserved any such reminiscences, be assured that I should be glad to receive them. Was your captain kind? Were your fellow-passengers agreeable? Tell me all?

Your brother in Christ,

CHAS. A. BUCKBEE.

These letters caused me to weep sad tears, because I was so far from those who loved me, and I had not the power to return to them. But they also cheered me in my exile. The prayers that were daily sent up to heaven for me would surely be heard and answered on my behalf. My reliance on God's protecting arm was made stronger.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### TEACHING ON HURRICANE HILL, AND OTHER LABORS.

AUGUST 2, 1858. I landed once more at Kiama, deathly sea-sick. We had a very rough passage down. All my luggage was landed, but there was no one to meet me or to carry it to the hut, which was six miles from town. I asked a stranger who was going that way if he would carry it, and I would try to walk; but I was so sick that I broke down ere I was half way, and had to take a seat on the wagon. The impression went out from the big house that I would not return, so the hut was in the same dilapidated state that it was. Myself, bag and baggage, were left outside of the hut on the hillside. There I sat in the midst of all my worldly goods, on a carpet of emerald under a canopy of sapphire. I sat there several hours, waiting for some of the patrons to come to me. I was too sick to go to them, even if I knew the way. I hoped some one would pass and help me to put my trunks under shelter, and take me to some house for the night. The sun was far on his westward journey, and still no one came. I was getting cold; the sea-air was chilly. I had come from afar to devote myself to the good of others, but I stood, like the mast of a ship in a wreck, alone and erect, without support, in the midst of calamities that were heavy to bear without sympathy. O God, thou wilt not forsake me, though my way be dark and my future hidden, yet will I trust thee, for thou art still my Savior.

I saw a man coming toward me at last, perhaps to ask me what I was doing there. It was one of my patrons who lived near, and knew that I had been sitting all day on the hillside, but had only come now.

“I coomd to ax yees to coom and hae a coop o tae an a warm,” he said.

I was in that state of feeling, that I would gladly have accepted hospitality from a savage; so I went with the man, whose family for that night consisted of myself, himself and wife, a servant girl, seven children and six pigs. The mistress of the house was feeding the pigs, and as each was full of clabber, it was handed over to the children to hold, and they had a chorus of squalling. The children were soon all huddled off to bed in their clothes and dirt. I had drunk a cup of tea, and

had a warm, and was glad to lay my weary head down on a pallet, that was made for me. I was soon oblivious to things terrestrial.

I was busy for a whole week trying to get the dirt out of the hut, and fit up a room to sleep in. The people had made great promises, but had not performed any. I papered with waste paper the openings between the slabs, to keep out daylight and moonlight, and wind and rain, and then lined the walls with white cotton, and ceiled it with the same. I put a bright carpet on the floor, a white cover on my little iron bedstead, and the packing-case, that brought my goods and chattels, I turned on its side, and used as a toilet-table and wardrobe. I dressed it with pink and white muslin, a large mirror, and all the *et cæteras* of the toilet-table. With a knife, a hammer and a few nails, I made some bookshelves, and so decorated them, that the cabinet maker's work was not seen. I draped everything, made the best of everything, and so had a bright, cozy, comfortable room, and the outlook from my little window, when I put my face close to it, was grand beyond comparison, and inexpressibly beautiful.

On the 9th of August, I opened school with twenty-five scholars. They were a very rough set of children, but I commenced my work by prayer, and an exhortation to the children as to their conduct, and I got along with them very well. My hopes were high. Mount Pleasant School was the name of the establishment, but I soon changed the name to Hurricane Hill. One night a tempest raged around my frail hut, and rocked it like a cradle. An undefined dread took possession of me in the middle of the night, as slab after slab fell in over the desks with a thundering noise, on the floor of the school-room, and crash went the windows. I thought the roof would be blown off. As the walls came tumbling down, I expected every moment that I would be crushed to death. I then thought the old hut, with its lone occupant trembling in the blast, would be whirled into the sea. I do not think the fear of death troubled me; but to die a violent death, alone, and not a friend near—I shrunk from the thought. The winds prevented my having a light, and had I left the unsafe shelter of the rocking hut, I would have been caught in the cyclone's fierce embrace, and hurled over the precipice that lay a few yards in front of the door. I commended myself to the ruler of the storm, and lay down, and tried to be still till daylight, and an abatement of the storm. The darkness was most profound, and in its midst a bright light sprang up, that lit up every corner of the hut. I sprang to my feet, ran to the kitchen, and found it full of blazing, crackling wood. The wind had blown what

I had thought dead embers into a blaze, and scattered them, till they caught the kindling-wood, and set it on fire. I had some difficulty in putting it out, and I wondered what would come next. That fearful night passed, but not the tornado. The big boys, when they came to school, lifted the slabs, but could not fix them. The storm howled so, that no one could hear another speak. I had to dismiss school, and sit alone, and listen to the rushing, mighty wind against the rocking hut, and the roar of the mighty breakers, as they dashed against the rocky walls below. That awful tempest lasted three nights and two days. The last night the whole of the front wall of my hut was carried away. What with want of sleep, and the imminent peril I had been in, and the heartlessness of the people, I was perfectly outdone. I wrote to one of the trustees in great distress to come to my assistance. I did not think they would wait till I called upon them, to render it to a woman in peril in their midst. I suppose the North American Indians can match the North of Ireland men. Mr. G——, of the big house, had left me severely alone. I refused to live at his house, and he would not make the hut secure if he could help it. However, it was made a little more secure, and I felt somewhat reassured.

“And all things, whatsoever ye ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.” These are the words of one who never deceived any one who trusted him. Surely it can not be presumption to take Christ at his word, and trust him to fulfill his promise in his own way.

When my hut was made somewhat secure, I found that I had run out of all sorts of provisions. I had been living on short commons lately, but now I was out of everything. One day passed entirely without food, and a second; and though I was working hard, I did not feel much inconvenience from a two days' fast. I sat down by my little window, pressed my face close to it, and looked away over the dark, blue Pacific Ocean, till my mental vision rested on Chili, right opposite where I sat. I boarded a steamer, sailed up the west coast of South America till I reached Darien, crossed it and the Gulf of Mexico, went up the Mississippi, and landed among my Kentucky friends, and there I sat dreaming, and wondered why the dinner-bell did not ring. I was hungry. The sun went down; I was left in darkness within and without. I rose to my feet; there was no one to ring the bell, and no bell to ring, and no dinner to cause a call to come. I staggered to the kitchen to kindle a fire to prepare some tea, but it just occurred to me that I had nothing to prepare. I sat down on a box, and cried as if my heart would break, to think of the oceans and seas that separated



me from those I loved, and here to be sitting in a dark hut on a mountain-side alone, and hungry, and nothing to eat, and not knowing where to get any; but crying would not bring food. Who feeds the ravens and the sparrows? "Whatsoever ye ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." Why did I not think of this before. I knelt down where I was, and asked God to send me food, for I did not know where to buy it. I went to my Bible, and read, and then lay down, believing the promise as firmly as I could. I awoke the next morning refreshed by a good sleep, feeling very childlike, and as I had no breakfast to prepare, I was soon ready for school. I knelt down again, asking for what I needed, nothing doubting. A rap-tap at the kitchen-door; a little girl stood there with something wrapped in a towel.

"Please, ma-am, mother says will you accept of this little loaf of bread? We got in some new flour, and mother said she thought you would like it, and she sent this to you."

"Thank you, Maria, and thank your mother for her thoughtful kindness. I will surely accept of it;" and I thanked God also.

Before I had done speaking, two more girls presented themselves, one with two bottles of fresh new milk, the other with a roll of beautiful fresh butter. Then another came with a few ribs of a young pig nicely roasted.

"Mother says she roasted this for you. We killed it yesterday, and she hopes you will like it."

My heart filled to overflowing with gratitude to God for his care of me. I could not eat, but I drank of the new milk, and was satisfied. I tasted the dainty bit of pig; it was very fresh, and I had no salt. Small as the request might seem, I asked for salt, and it was sent. That day I had a roasted fowl, some eggs, and various other articles of food sent to me. I had more than a week's provision on hand. Persons whom I had never seen, and who did not know my wants, sent me the kind of food I needed, and when I needed it. Who will venture to say that it was accidental, that it was all chance? No; it was a direct and special answer to prayer, brought about in a natural way, no miracle required. My school increased to forty in number, all willing to learn, and improving fast.

I wrote a long letter to Mrs. Keene, reminding her of the conversation we had in her son's sick-room, saying that in about two years I would be doing mission work among the mountain children, and "Oh, so I am, not among Kentucky mountains, where I could reach friends in a few hours, but away half round the globe from them. But

God's vineyard is wide as the world, and children are to be found everywhere."

Hurricane Hill was a hill of storms. I was exposed to every wind that blew, but I became accustomed to the howling and raging and roaring sounds around me; they became like music to me when they kept within bounds. I was taken suddenly ill one day, and twice I nearly fainted in the school-room. I told the children to do their work as well as they could and go home, for I had to lie down. And there I lay as cold as death, and sick and faint, not able to get up to kindle a fire to get a cup of warm tea to put some heat in me. I had a severe attack of dysentery, and lay unable to undress myself for two nights. The children all went away on Friday, not knowing that I was so ill. I was so very ill I thought I was dying alone, without a friendly voice to cheer me, or a kind hand to smooth my pillow, or to moisten my lips, or cool my burning brow. Though I lay sick and helpless and, humanly speaking, alone, yet God did not forsake me, or give me over to troubled thoughts. I was happy in my sickness and solitude; I was willing to await God's will concerning me, whether he would lead me through the dark valley, or bring me back to life and health. Had I drunk a cup of warm tea, or a cup of cold water, while I lay in such dreadful pain, I would have attributed my recovery to one or the other, but I took nothing at all from the time I lay down till I arose, free from sickness, though weak. So to a kind heavenly Father I render thanks for my preservation.

On the 25th of October, 1858, I took up my Bible and read as usual; but I put it down to think of all I had seen and suffered since that day one year previous. My journal says, "This day one year ago I was at Sandy Hook sailing out from New York." I asked myself whether through all my trials I had seen the hand of God, or were my troubles from the earth? Whether I had done good or evil? Whether I had suffered as a true Christian? I came to the conclusion that I had suffered much; but why I suffered I knew not. God's ways are not our ways. I can not solve the dark providences which are trying me so sorely. There are moments when the spirit shrinks within itself, as the mildew of disappointment settles heavily upon it, withering all its joys, and blasting in the bud all its fondest anticipations. "The wail of sadness swells in every passing gale, drowning the joyous melody of life's sunniest song in its notes of woe."

On a Sunday morning in November I was sitting at my little window writing, and looking out, and drinking deep of the soothing

draught that nature was holding out for me, when all at once a change came over the scene. The heavens grew dark, and forth flashed the forked lightning in all its terrific grandeur. Peal after peal of thunder burst overhead, like the explosion of ten thousand pieces of artillery. It did not roll and rumble, it exploded with a mighty force. One tremendous burst, that seemed to split the mountain, made me spring from my seat. The ocean, that had but a few minutes before lain calm as a sleeping child, was now hidden from my sight—was lashed to fury by the angry winds, and was roaring and dashing and breaking on the cliffs with a tremendous noise. The large hail fell in such quantity and force as to threaten destruction to the roof of the hut. The water was rushing down the hillside in a broad torrent, flooding my frail tenement. But the darkness was more terrible. The heavens and earth and sea were shaken; the destruction of all creation seemed inevitable. The blue forked lightning, darting hither and thither through the gloom, baffled the eye to follow its motions. The depression of the earth or dry gulf which lay in front of the hut between it and the ocean was filled with darkness, and the tall palm-trees, which grew away down at the bottom, were hidden by the black veil, athwart which the lightning flew like fiery serpents. This was a new and awful sight. My senses fairly reeled beneath the elemental strife. I could hear and feel, but could not see anything but the lightning, as it cut its way through the darkness. How awful, how grand to be alone with God in such an hour. I felt nearer to him who “plants his footsteps in the sea and rides upon the storm.” “’Tis I; be not afraid,” said the still, small voice, and I was not afraid. I felt as if I could have spent all my days alone with God on that mountain, if I would not get hungry and sick. Still my situation and manner of life were not desirable. The hurricanes that raged around this hill exposed me to continual danger. They came up suddenly and from all points of the compass. I was always glad to see the children in the morning; I never saw any one else. I was now in the second quarter of my school. I had not received any visitors, and had never in the time been six yards from the hut-doors. My mornings were spent in reading and writing, and preparing and eating my simple breakfast. From eight to four o’clock in school, with a short recess; then I prepared my evening meal, and sat down to read the Bible till retiring time. I had read the Bible through in the last three months. I had no desire to make acquaintances. I felt as if I were resting in a caravansary for a short time, and were then to leave for a more congenial home.

Mr. A——, the Episcopal minister, called at the school one day. I thought he wished to examine the scholars, but not so; his mission was to abuse me—not a very clerical one. At Kiama he had heard that I was a Baptist, and had been trying to introduce a Baptist Bible and Baptist books; that I had opened a school for Episcopal children and was perverting them from the true church, and he wished to know how I had dared to do these things? The little man swelled with his own importance. I was mute with astonishment at his tirade. He stopped to breathe, and demanded an answer to his question.

“In the first place,” I said, “I should like to know who it is who dares to come to my school-room and, with such pomposity and impertinence, dares to question me in such fashion; certainly no gentleman would do this in the presence of children.”

The little man colored scarlet. He was known to the children, though not to me. He toned down considerably as he said:

“I am the Rev. Mr. A—— of the Episcopal Church, Kiama.”

“Oh!” I said, “I would not have thought it. I had believed the clergy of that church were gentlemen. Now that I know who you are I do not think you have the least right whatever to come to my school-room to abuse or catechise me; nor do I consider myself bound to answer your rude questions. As I have my duties to attend to I wish you a good day.”

I went on with my work and the reverend gentleman left. I wished the children to know that I was mistress of the school and that I had no master.

Of all living things snakes are the most hateful and frightful. The children told me to always look every evening for snakes in the house before sundown, for sometimes they crawled into the houses in the daytime, but they never traveled after sundown. I did this most diligently every evening, but had not seen any inside, though the hillside was infested with the most deadly kind. One night I had searched every corner of the house and was satisfied with my hunt; nothing could be seen to disturb my peace. I felt at peace with all the world, myself and God. I felt more secure that night than ever I had before. I placed my open Bible on the table ready to sit down to my evening's reading, and went to the kitchen to light my candle, and before barricading myself up for the night, by putting a little bit of stick in a staple, I looked out and around upon a scene as calm as a poet's dream, and beautiful beyond compare. I looked up, and star after star lit up the blue vault. I pierced the heavens and saw him, my

Savior, seated on the great white throne. I clasped my hands and raised them in adoration, and with a heart full of gratitude I thanked him for his protecting care of a poor insignificant creature, who stood on his footstool before the throne of the universe on which he sat. I felt happy and secure. I stood on tiptoe and looked far over the grass, but saw nothing to frighten me, and exclaimed,

“Not even a snake to trouble me!”

As my heels came down upon the floor I felt something soft under one heel. I put my dress one side and looked, but saw nothing. I gritted my teeth, and said,

“What imagination can do!”

I fastened my door, took up my candle, went into my room, and was about to sit down, when I went back to the kitchen to get a cup of water to drink, a very unusual thing, for I hardly ever was thirsty. I had the light in one hand, the cup in the other, and turned to leave the kitchen, when to my great horror I saw an object that fairly paralyzed me. The sun had been down some time, but there on the kitchen-floor wriggled a huge and hideous lead-colored snake, one of the most deadly kind. I did not scream or move, and how I got the cup and candlestick out of my hands I do not know. The first thing I knew I was bending over the poisonous reptile, with my hands on my knees, holding my dress so as to cover my feet from the deadly fangs. The loathsome creature had thrown itself backward at me, and was wriggling and coiling and flapping around me most furiously. How my face and hands, which were exposed, escaped the fatal bite I can not tell. I could not escape from the coils of the reptile. If I moved in any direction I would have to step over it, so I had to be perfectly still while he spent his mad fury, twisting round me and striking my dress with his head and tail; so quick were his movements I could not tell which was which. I had no feeling but that of being petrified by astonishment. After a while, the time seemed long, I saw about a foot of space between the glittering coils and my skirts. Involuntarily I straightened up, threw back my head and gave one of the most unearthly screams I ever heard from a human throat. I saw the reptile spring some distance from the floor and then disappear. I ran backward into my room and through the large school-room and out on the hillside, and screamed as loud as I was able, and kept on screaming, without cessation and without the power to stop. When I was in the coils of the reptile I was self-possessed, but now the danger was over, my pent up feelings

gave way and I could do nothing but scream. I exhausted my strength ere help came. At last a man came and said:

“Why, mum, is’t yees that’s screamin?”

I made no other answer than “A snake, a snake!”

He took a large stick in his hand, and went cautiously into the hut, hunted everywhere, came out, and said:

“Hees gone shure, no snake bees thar, noo.”

I was trembling all over, and quite hoarse, and nearly exhausted, and the man was going to leave me; but I caught him by the arm, and told him to take me to his house, for I was afraid to sleep in the hut again. I told him to put out the candle; but it had burned into the socket. I had lit a fresh candle in the evening, so the night was far spent ere it burned out. He shut the door, but it had no fastenings. I held to the man’s coat-sleeve till I reached his house. I asked him why he did not come to my assistance sooner, if he heard my cries. He said he heard cries, but they were so “unhuman,” that he did not think they were human, and they all went to bed. But his wife could not rest; she said somebody wanted help, and asked her husband to get up, and go toward the hut and listen, and the result was finding me more frightened than hurt. The woman, a kind-hearted creature, spread clean sheets on a dirty sofa, and I lay down, but not to sleep. I asked to have the candle left burning. I then lay watching and counting the huge tarantulas, as they crawled over the walls with their long legs, till daylight.

All my patrons, far and near, sent me invitations to come and stay with them a night. This, though as repulsive to my feelings as had been the suggestion of one of the men, “Shure the lady can’t stay here her lone,” I had a night’s lodging here, and one there; one night, perhaps, three miles on this side of the hut, the next night four miles on the other. I cried, “Oh, for a ship to carry me back to my friends who love me, and who are loved by me. If it be God’s will that I stay here, I will try to submit, but I am very much exposed.” “Watch and pray.” Sometimes when we feel most secure, we are in the greatest peril. I prayed to God to protect me from unseen dangers.

One afternoon I was sitting at my little window ruminating. I did wish the people would pay me what they had promised to pay me, that I might be ready at any moment to leave, when I heard of a ship going to America. A rap was heard at the door, a very unusual occurrence. I opened it, and was truly glad to see the kind, smiling face of Mr. G—. I told him what I had been thinking about. I asked if he

would collect my money from his tenants, as he had promised to do; they would pay him more readily than they would me. I told him I needed the money to pay my way. I told him I had been turned out of the hut without ceremony by a huge snake. I had to sleep in the peoples' houses, and I did not like their manner of life any more than I did my own, and I wished to leave the district the first opportunity.

"You know I am your friend," Mr. G—— said.

"I hope so," I said.

"Well, I will prove it by my actions, that I am the best friend you ever had."

"Oh, thank you for your kind expressions, and while I am compelled to stay here, I shall be faithful to my young charge. I shall plant the good seed in their hearts, with the hope that it will bear fruit by and by."

The old man said many kind things. He said I was delicate looking, and could not stand the hardships and fatigue of the life I was exposed to. Good old man, I thought, he will get my money from his tenants without any trouble, and help me to get away from the hardships. I was not prepared for the manner in which he proposed to do this. I was sitting close to the window, where I could see, and be seen by, every passer-by, my arm on the table. Mr. G —— brought his chair close to the table, and put his hand on mine, which I gently drew away.

"I have come," said he, "to make a proposal to you. You know I have taken a great interest in you since I saw you first. In fact, you are so interesting, that I have loved you ever since you came here."

"I am glad to have some one to have an interest in me, though I am not at all interesting. But what do you propose?" I asked, in all simplicity.

"Well, it is that you give up teaching in this place, and I shall place you in an elegant home, where you shall be waited upon, and have everything your heart can desire, and you may be very happy."

"But what shall be my employment? For I must earn money to carry me back to my friends."

"You shall have plenty of money, more than you can use, if you will be guided by me."

"What do you wish me to do?" I asked.

"In the first place, I wish to make you my wife."

"Wife!" I exclaimed. "You have a wife, a dear, good old lady."

"Yes, I have; but you know that she is a great deal older than I am, and in the course of nature she can not live long, and if you will allow me to place you in a beautiful home, surrounded by luxury, and there

wait till I am free, I will make you my bride, and all I require is that you will allow me to visit you occasionally."

I was certainly not prepared for this. I was slow to apprehend. But when the full force of the truth flashed across my mind, I bowed my head in very shame, that any one should speak to me so. My sensibilities were wounded. I clasped my hands, and mentally exclaimed: "Merciful Father, what have I done to deserve this?" Mr. G—— put his hand on my bowed head and spoke. I sprang to my feet as if an adder had bitten me. I was erect and firm now, my face on fire. I said, as calmly as I could:

"Mr. G——, will you tell me, have ever I, in word, or look, or act, done anything that would prompt you to thus insult me?"

"No, nothing; but I have loved you passionately from the first day I saw you. You have interested me more than any woman I ever saw."

"Silence, you base, crawling reptile, stinging and poisonous!" I exclaimed, in a perfect tempest of indignation. "Do you think to destroy the honor of a virtuous woman by the poison of your flatteries? Your attempt is as feeble as it is foul. The deadly venom of the serpent lies under your tongue, while your outward seeming is soft and smooth like his slimy skin. Away from this hut! leave it instantly. My ears have been polluted by your speech; my eyes are offended by your presence. Leave the hut; do not attempt to speak to me, or I shall expose you to the scorn and contempt of all, to whom I shall make known your dastardly conduct."

"Pray," said the craven coward, "do not expose me; I did not mean anything by what I said, I only meant to try you. Please don't expose me."

"Try me? How mean, selfish and cruel, to come to me, when I was in distress, to try me. I have had trials enough since I came to your district, without your coming in the hypocritical guise of a friend to insult me. You ask me not to expose you. Mean, cowardly man, you wish to conceal your wickedness from your daughters, your son, your wife, and from your fellow-men, lest they would despise you as I do. Remember, God will take you to an account for all this. Now there is only one condition on which your perfidy shall be kept safe in the dark chambers of silence, and that is, that you never speak to me again, unless I speak to you. And now I look upon you as a more dangerous reptile than the one that drove me from the shelter of this poor hut. You ask my forgiveness; ask God's. You ask me to visit Mrs. G——, but not to let her know what you have said to me. I



will avoid your house as if a pestilence was there. Now leave, for I must seek a lodging ere the sun sets."

He left. The unprincipled and impure can have no idea of virtue or delicacy being other than a cloak, to be thrown off at will, and, therefore, to reason with such minds is to speak to the winds. A libertine heart is the same in all ages and in all places.

I dreamed a dream one night, that was not all a dream. W—— rode up to the school-house one day, and said his father had gone from home to spend several days, and he was going to Sydney to spend a week, and his mother asked me, as a great favor, to go down to O—— R——, and stay with her at night, as she would be perfectly alone.

"Certainly, I will go and stay with her," I said.

She occupied the room occupied by me when I was their guest, and I preferred to have my bed made on the sofa at the outside of her door, rather than go to another part of the house. We were lying close to each other, only the wall between us, and when we lay down, we chatted till we were sleepy; then she shut her door, and we both slept. I dreamed that I was being lifted up and carried away. I either awoke, and gave a cry, or gave a cry and awoke, I know not which. I was quickly borne back to the sofa and laid down. The parlor was pitchy dark. I rose, and leaned on my elbow, and peered into the darkness; just then a little blue flame flickered up from the embers, and gleamed upon a tall figure in a dressing gown just passing out of the doorway. Mrs. G ——, having heard my cry, piped out:

"Honey, are you dreaming?"

"I do not know," I said, and we lapsed into silence.

I slept no more that night. At the breakfast-table I was greatly surprised to see Mr. G ——. I was, beyond measure, puzzled to know whether I had had a real or an imaginary dream, or experience, or whether Mr. G —— was a somnambulist. I could make out nothing by observation, and I asked no questions. My eyes were opened now, wide open. I did not see things in light of a pale-blue, flickering flame, but clearly in the broad, bright sunlight.

This man of vast wealth and influence I had called by every bad name my insulted nature and wounded pride could think of; I had threatened to expose him; but on reflection I feared that he might do me injury by villainous falsehoods. I had no resource but to do my duty, and trust to God for safe-keeping. And who shall say that the God in whom I trusted had not thus far protected me from unseen dangers? Otherwise, what influenced me to refuse to live at Omega

Retreat when I first opened school? Nothing apparent; yet I was warned, and I heeded the warning.

On coming to school one morning through a field that opened to the pike, when I reached the gate, there, like a sentinel, stood Mr. G——, with the gate-latch in his hand. I looked round for another outlet. Mr. G—— understood my movement, and said:

“This is the only way.”

“Allow me to pass then,” I said.

“Not yet,” said he. “I have watched for you, and waited for an opportunity to speak to you, though you have forbidden me to do so.”

“Let me pass,” I said; “I do not wish to listen to you.”

“You must hear me ere I let you through. I am exceedingly sorry for speaking to you as I did at the school-house. I hope you will forgive me; I really was only trying you.”

I told him it was cruel sport to indulge in, and might have entailed ruin and perdition on me. He said he would not injure a hair of my head; he really did love and respect me as if I were his own daughter, and nothing would give him more pleasure than to have me for a daughter, if I would only marry W——.

“You are trying me now, no doubt, but I have no desire to be linked to your family in any way.”

“Why do you shun W——; you know he is fond of you; his mother and myself would love you as our own daughter, and all the young women of the district think W—— a fine match. I had thought you put on shy airs for a selfish purpose, but now I think your mind is as pure as an angel’s.”

“I have always been treated with civility by your son, and to keep him civil I have kept him at a distance; for he is coarse, vain and vulgar; perhaps were I better acquainted with him I might find characteristics in him inherited from you, which would make me despise him.”

“Well, well; you are very hard on us, but I hope you will feel better before long. Meantime, forgive me for the injury I did you.”

“I have nothing to forgive, as you did not succeed in your attempt to injure me. You are an old man, and you ought to repent of your sins, and ask God to forgive you.”

“Oh, you are very unforgiving,” he said, and opened the gate for me to pass through.

I find a note in my journal, which says: “January 5, 1859. Another year has rolled round into the eternity past. How have I spent

it? God knows what I have gone through. I have been in the furnace, but if the Refiner has been by the furnace and thrown out the dross the gold will be all the brighter. Father, strengthen my faith. Whether my days be many or few, let them all be spent in thy vineyard, and in my Master's cause. Since Christmas I have walked many a weary mile to and from my hut, through the intense heat of a summer's sun, round a rugged road, winding round the base of a mountain overlooking the sea."

"The sun shall not smite thee by day nor the moon by night," often sustained me in my long, hot walks, with my bundle of specimens of the new translation under my arm, going from house to house, miles apart, to introduce it, and interest the people in it, independent of their ministers. Sometimes I would be caught in one of the fearful thunder storms peculiar to that district, and, drenched to the skin, would trudge to the first house and get a little dry, and go on my way. I was plodding along the road one day, with my books under my arms as usual, admiring everything I saw. The scenery was magnificent. I was suddenly brought to a halt by a herd of wild cattle which unexpectedly appeared. They looked at me, and I looked at them, and we all stood still. To advance was impossible, and I did not wish to recede. The bulls bellowed as if they were ready for an attack; but they did not move, and I kept my ground. We watched each other very closely for over half an hour, as it seemed to me, when some of them got tired looking and began very deliberately to walk toward me, bellowing with all their might. I turned to run, when I saw a horseman riding full tilt toward me. He took me through and past them with some difficulty. I looked upon this as a providential escape.

This rugged but beautiful hill country is not fit for cultivation, only here and there a spot. When the land is cleared and grass sown, no more labor is needed; but thousands of cattle feed and fatten without any trouble. The food is not garnered in winter; for then the grass is greenest. The district is well suited for dairy farms, and the farmers grow rich very soon.

I spent all my holidays in the interests of the American Bible Union, foot sore and weary often, but nothing daunted. As long as I could keep the highway I could do very well; but when I had to walk uphill and down; cross creeks without bridges, gathering stones to make a footway across; had to climb high fences and go through fields of wild and tame cattle, and waded through undrained swamp-ground, full

of everything disagreeable if not deadly, I felt very tired. One lesson among many others that I learned in the holidays was, that in the hearts and homes of the humble poor there was more kindness, more hospitality and more sympathy than among the rich. One day I had taken a long and wearisome walk to the house of a nabob, and was unsuccessful in my endeavors to interest him in the good work. I stopped at the house of one of my patrons to rest; I had walked eight or ten miles. The mistress saw me looking very tired, and she asked me if Mr. H——'s folks had given me anything to eat after my long walk.

"No, they had not," I said.

"Och, och, but yees must be starvin."

"No," I said, "I am only tired, though I have eaten nothing all day."

She prepared a nice meal for me; but I was too tired to eat or go farther that night. While she was waiting on me she would exclaim,

"Och, och, but thim big folks bees thoughtless crathers, to let yees lave tha hoose without givin yees something to ate."

I was introduced to a good Methodist, a man of money. I introduced the new translation to him, thinking as he was a Bible reader he would be interested in the work. He asked me, with a sneer, if I knew how wicked it was to change the Bible?"

"Yes," I answered; "but I am not advocating a change, only a revision of God's word into pure English, that we could all understand."

"We have only your word for that," said he.

"My word is my bond, and it is a good one, not often disputed; moreover, it is supported by good authority, which can be produced when necessary, and last, though not least, here is a specimen of the work itself, let it speak."

When read and explained, he very rudely said:

"What do I know but that work is got up to deceive people, and you come from some other place than where you say. It is very strange that men would pay a woman and send her out to interest the people in that work instead of a man."

I told him that I had been authorized to introduce the work to the colonists, but I was not paid, nor was I sent; I gave all my spare time to the work willingly.

"Humph," said he.

Now, this good Methodist man had not a spark of Christian courte-

sy, though a Bible reader. He said the work was got up to suit a party, and he would like to know more about it and me ere he helped it any. I said if he doubted my word, doubted the testimony that supported it, and doubted the work itself after examining it, I doubted whether his Bible reading did him any good. He rejoined, angrily:

“What right have you to judge me? You are told not to judge that you be not judged.”

“True,” I said; “we are not to judge others. Now you have judged me an impostor, and you have judged the great and good men who are devoting their lives and talents to the glorious work of giving a pure version of God’s word to the people deceivers, and the word itself a grand deception gotten up to suit a party. Therefore, you have given me the right to call you an unbeliever. I hope you will attend to what I have said and I may call on you again.”

Phebe of Cesarea was commended by Paul to the church at Rome. The Christians were to help her in her business whatever she needed. But the men of this district think a woman is only fit to work in the stockyard; she is of no account out of it. Hence the criticisms on my working in the Lord’s vineyard so energetically.

I had resumed my school duties, when the Rev. Mr. A—— called to see me in a very different temper from that which he exhibited the first time he called. He very politely asked if I would allow him to examine the children a little, preparatory to a public Sunday-school examination at Gerringong, and would I allow the children to attend said examination? This day his manners were those of a gentleman, in pleasing contrast with the coarse, familiar manners of the people. I told him he was at liberty to examine the children on their Scripture lessons, and I should allow them to go where he invited them, and I should take pleasure in co-operating with him in all that pertained to the well-being of the children or their parents. He asked permission to examine the specimens of the new translation, which I was pleased to give, and I gave him several portions to take home with him to study and give his criticism, as he was a graduate of Oxford and a scholar. We were better friends now.

Mr. G—— was trying to have a national school-house built on his land. Such schools were purely secular, without the Bible in them, and as his tenants were all Orangemen, and hated Popery in all its forms, though they cared nothing for the Bible, yet they thought Mr. G—— was plotting against their principles, by having a school without a Bible. They secretly disliked Mr. G——, though he had no interest

in their principles as long as they paid their rent. They thought he was my friend, and to spite him, they punished me by not paying me what I had earned, or making the hut secure for me to live in. I was mistaken in both tenants and landlord, and both gave me trouble. The people were very glad that a snake drove me out among them. They saw now that I had no particular friendship for Mr. G——; that I did not go to the big house. Their doors were all open to me, and all vied with each other who would show me the most kindness. All wished me to live with them, but this I could not do as a permanent thing. I told them as soon as a ship was advertised to sail for America, I should leave them. The trustees of the school met, to see if they could muster my salary, and when I had received my money, I asked them if they wished me to remain till a ship came, or should I close school. They wished me to remain by all means. All the children liked me, and were doing well; I must stay. I asked on what conditions they wished me to stay. I told them that I could not live at any of their houses, and I could not do as I had done—to leave the hut every night, with everything I had inside, and neither locks nor latches to the doors, and walk three or four miles to find a sleeping place at night, and then walk that distance back to my work in the morning. At last it was settled that the school-house should be fenced in, and made secure in every way, fastenings put to the doors, and each one give a little more toward my salary, to enable me to keep a servant. They all promised very fair, and I consented to stay a little longer.

The first day I returned to my hut to live, I saw a crawling thing take refuge in my sun-bonnet. I called a boy to kill it, and he pronounced it a death adder. A child came into the room crying, "The cat and a snake." I went out to see what was the matter, when I saw my cat (a favorite with all the children) in the coils of a glittering yellow-ringed venomous snake. From her neck to the tip of her tail she was encircled. "Good-bye, pussy," I said; but pussy had her teeth, sharp and strong, fixed deep in the neck of the reptile, disabling it from biting. It was a mortal combat, but pussy was victorious.

I was every month receiving harbingers from Mr. Campbell. I would read them, then reread them to the people, and then lend them to those who could read. I feel, when receiving papers, periodicals and letters from friends far away, that I am not forgotten by them. All my letters are so many feasts to me, as I am surrounded by a desert of mind, and news from a far country is like water to a thirsty soul.

Some of my friends reproached me for coming to this country; but,

though I am a wanderer in a far off land, far from the fold of the churches, yet not outside of Christ's fold, I consider that I simply did my duty, and I am satisfied. I came to my own, and they received me not. I was deceived and disappointed, but that was no fault of mine. I have discharged my duty, and in consequence I have stood alone, without a home, money, or friends, in the midst of dangers, seen and unseen, and knew not what to do, or where to go. But my extremity was the opportunity that the Lord took to show his protecting care and guiding hand. I do know that the Savior of man is Lord of the universe, and though I be like a bruised reed, yet he will not allow me to be broken.

Mr. M——, who invited me to go to the District of Illawarra, had been immersed, and so had his wife. He had been reading Mr. Campbell's works with his Bible in his hand, and he adopted the Bible alone for his creed, and we three broke the loaf every Lord's day. Then Mr. M—— began to proclaim the gospel, and others were baptized, and so a little church was organized with fourteen members on the principles of Primitive Christianity, and we met in the court-house at Kiama, six miles from my hut. I was thankful to be able to walk twelve miles every Lord's day to enjoy this privilege. I heard of Bethany College being destroyed by fire, and I asked myself what I could do to help rebuild it. I thought I could make a collection of specimens of the natural history of the district, which was different from that of any other part of the colony, and send it to the museum.

I wrote a long letter, descriptive of various creatures and things, to Miss Virginia and Miss Dessie Campbell, and I here transcribe it:

ILLAWARRA DISTRICT, *April, '59.*

*My dear Miss Virginia and my dear little friend Dessie:*

I have intended writing to you ever since I came here, but have held back my pen lest I should cast a shadow of sadness over your sunny faces. Now that I have begun to write, I shall try to interest you by giving you a description of the beautiful district in which I live. It lies about one hundred miles south of Sydney, on the same meridian, 150° East longitude, and about 35° South latitude. A belt, or range of hills, 1,500 feet high, of a semicircular form, full of water-washed caves and indentations, forms the background of the district. This belt has been formerly washed by the waves of the Pacific, and by some volcanic eruption has been raised. The soil is a rich black mold, formed by the decomposition of trap rock mixed with sand and the *debris* from the mountains. It extends to the shore, and forms a rich pasture for thousands of cattle. The dairy returns are very profitable.

Whether from reflected heat, or other cause, the vegetation is tropical and

semi-tropical. The great variety of the trees and flowers makes the woods beautiful in the summer months of November, December and January. With scarcely an exception, the trees are evergreen; and, owing to the somber hue of the leaves, they give a dark and somewhat monotonous appearance to the landscape. The leaves of most of the trees are peculiar, in being vertical instead of horizontal. They give but little shade compared to the forest trees of other parts of the world. Many trees have their leaves alike on both sides, and both sides possess the same organs. The acacia family furnishes a great many plants. In the flowering season our forests are decorated with their bright yellow blossoms, and redolent with their sweet but powerful odor. Wattles are used for tanning. The miall is a beautiful tree, with a delicious scent like that of violets. The eucalyptus is a numerous tribe all over the colony. It is of great commercial value. It comprises all the varieties of gum trees. Some of them shed their bark periodically, but not their leaves. They exude a hard, astringent gum, from which circumstance they derive their common name. The leaves, when crushed or wet, after a rain, smell like camphor. The names are blue, red, white and spotted gums, the manna, the tea, the turpentine, the iron bark, the stringy bark, and the mahogany—all belonging to the same order. The mahogany is much used for fencing and firewood. The casuarine, or Australian oaks, look like fir trees. The banksias is a tribe of very ugly trees, but very useful in ship and boat building, on account of the numerous elbows the branches have. Their flowers are shaped like bottle brushes. The trees are called honeysuckles on account of the quantity of honey they contain. The grass tree (*hauthorrhea*) has a flower like a bullrush. The fig tribe grows to an enormous size. One species (*Ficus elasticus*) affords, from its milky juice, the *caoutchouc*, or India rubber. *Ficus giganticus* has leaves four inches wide and twelve inches long. It grows like the banyan tree of India. It sends down suckers from the top which cling to the sides of the trunk and finally unite with it, forming high buttresses. Another sends down suckers from the top, and they take root in the ground, which form trunks to support a leafy canopy, which spreads wide and sends out more suckers, which in turn grow down and take root, until the tree covers a large space of ground, and looks as if it could give shelter to all the cattle in the country. The avenues and arches are impervious to the sun's rays. The outside suckers, hanging in all lengths, remind one of boa-constrictors looking for their prey, as they swing to and fro in the wind. The wood of this tree is of no use, and the flying foxes eat the figs.

The palm trees, of which tribe the cabbage is most abundant, is a graceful tree from eighty to a hundred feet high. It yields the so-called esculent at the crown of the stem. It forms a beautiful and interesting feature of the landscape. There is a gigantic nettle that I would root out and destroy if I could. The wood is soft and spongy, the leaf very large, like a sunflower leaf, hirsute underneath, and every bristle has a most painful sting. The part stung by it becomes paralyzed. Horses have been killed by it. The tree commonly grows to the height of fifty feet, and ten in circumference; but it grows in some parts of this district 140 feet high, and thirty-two feet in circumference. The tree ferns are perfectly beautiful. Where the gum trees lift their tall heads, two hundred feet before



branching, there you see fern trees nestling under the shelter of the eucalyptic canopy, from two to forty feet high. I had a fern cut down to enable me to take its measure. I could not measure it in the usual way, they grew so close together. I found it forty feet high and seven feet in circumference. I could look at a forest of ferns for a whole day.

The native cherry is the fruit of the *exocarpus*. The stone grows outside of the pulp; not round it, but beside it on the end of the stem, like twin cherries. The pulp is insipid. Another tree produces a pear which looks pleasant to the eye, but on close inspection is but a block of wood, and when ripe opens and discloses a small flat seed. Our wooden pears surpass your wooden nutmegs, as we do not manufacture them—they are the natural fruit of the land. We have gigantic grasses that grow from six to ten feet high in tussocks.

Illawarra is for natural beauty unsurpassed, and it is called the garden spot of New South Wales. A spur is sent out from the semi-circular range of hills lying in the background. On its point, or very near it, stands my hut, from which I have a most commanding view. The Pacific Ocean is at my feet, nine hundred feet below me. The road winds round the point of the spur on which I am perched, between the sea and me. The mountains all around are clothed in richest verdure, from summit to base. The hill behind me rises almost perpendicular, and is covered with many richly and variously colored wild flowers. The gorgeous flowering vines creep and climb and interlace with the branches of the tall trees, and altogether they form a colossal bouquet. If dame Nature begrudges us fruit, she is very lavish with flowers. Perhaps the most beautiful is the waratah, or native tulip. It has a slender woody stem, from four to six feet high, and is crowned by a large flower, which at first is of a delicate pink, and then, as it expands, deepens into a brilliant scarlet, then into a rich crimson. The Christmas tree, so called because of its use in decorations at that season, is laden with small crimson flowers. The gigantic lily grows twelve feet high, and bears on its head a large cluster of flowers a foot in diameter. The rock lily bears a spike of wax-like flowers. The native rose is a tuft of pretty pink flowers growing on top of a stem about a foot in height, with small, oval, fleshy leaves growing flat on the stem, as if pressed. There are many species of epacris, which represent the heaths of some latitudes in Africa. In the lagoons we have the pink lotus, a beautiful large flower, its circular leaf sometimes measuring two feet in diameter, while its rose-colored flower is six inches across.

The birds of this district are more beautiful and more diversified than in any other part of the colony. The most splendid pigeons are found here: the top-knot, the bronze wing, the wonga wonga, and others. We have also the lovely satin bird, with beautiful eyes. When young they are dark green, speckled with golden spots; when full grown they are black and glossy like satin. I was hunting for a lyre bird's nest and came across a satin bird's, which was built on the ground. It was shaped like a bower, about a foot long and six inches wide, of beautiful trellis-work, interwoven with bright-colored threads, and shreds of scarlet, blue and other colored cloths. The floor resembled Mosaic, inlaid with bright-colored china, glass and pebbles. It was a beautiful piece of ingenuity. There is a numerous tribe of accipitrine. Among these may be named the wedge-

tailed eagle, which is large, bold and fierce. The Australian eagles eat carrion. A white hawk, with either red or yellow eyes, is not uncommon. We have beautiful black and white swans. I was awakened one night with the note of the cuckoo sounding mournfully. I thought it very strange to hear it at midnight. I discovered afterward that it was a species of owl, the boobook of Australia, that has the cuckoo's note. Our song-birds are not equal to the nightingale or sky-lark of Northern climes, but many of them have very sweet notes. The bell bird, the coach whip, the more pork, all give out notes to please the ear. The dollar bird is so named because of a circular white spot, the size of a dollar, under each wing. The rifle bird is the most gorgeous of all the birds of Australia. The friar bird has a bald head. The wattle bird has gills. The magnificent lyre bird receives its name from the graceful form and arrangement of his tail feathers, which resemble a lyre. One of the uses of the long and beautiful tail is to protect the hen while incubating. He sits opposite her, spreads out his tail, and as the sun moves he moves, and uses his tail as a parasol. He is a gallant bird. We have a piping crow that is equal in its imitation of sounds to the American mocking-bird; black and white cockatoos; every variety of parrot and parrakeet, all remarkable for their beauty of form and splendor of plumage. The *Alcedo giganticus* is the Australian king-fisher; but, instead of fish, he catches snakes. Two of these ugly but useful birds will catch a snake (if large) by neck and tail, fly up to some height, shaking the snake as they fly, dislocating his back in several places, then drop him and leave him to die. The other birds are too numerous to name. One species of duck builds her nest in a tree.

We have several species of bats. One is popularly called flying fox, from its great size and the resemblance of its head to that of a fox. They measure from three to four feet, from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other.

The Fox Ground region is a high plateau, with a precipitous ascent; but nature has made a stair of rocks on the face of the mountain, up which I was climbing one day, with the Bible specimens under my arm as usual. When I reached the top I sat down beside a wee burn that went meandering by. I thought of the shady nooks and sunny brooks of my native land. I looked down into the clear face of the water, expecting to see minnows, instead of which I saw a number of the queerest little animals swimming about, fearless and undisturbed. I procured one and preserved it for the museum. It is the ornithorhyncus, or duck bill. It belongs to the monotremata family. It burrows and it has two openings to its burrow, one on land and one in water. Its young are hatched from eggs; its coat is fur; it has a duck's bill; it has four legs; it is a mammal, and has the rudimental bones of the marsupial pouch, and it is amphibious.

I was leaving school one day with the children when I saw another curious animal. It looked like a hedgehog. The boys gave chase and it rolled itself up like a ball and tumbled into a mud-hole, and was fast disappearing. I got a stick and used it as a lever to raise his spiny hogship out of the mud. It took the combined efforts of several of us to bring him out, and, when we did, I found it worth the trouble. He was a fine specimen of the Echidna. He is the Australian ant-eater. He looks like a hedgehog, but has a tube instead of a snout, out of which protruded a long, narrow tongue, which measured seven inches. His claws

were long and strong. He was soon under the scalpel. When I had preserved and stuffed him, I folded his four feet, each on the other, on his breast, covered them with his head, and then rolled his tail over all, just as he looked when I caught him—a ball full of sharp spines. He could use his feet running and burrowing, but could roll faster than run. Now he is laid away as a specimen of natural history. \* \* \* \*

About the time that the above letter was written I was receiving letters from friends that were very precious to me, and among them the following:

*My dear Sister Davies:* Enclosed find a letter from Judge Edmunds to you. His expressions of sympathy are such as I would myself write. We often think of you and wonder why the Lord took you away from dear Christian friends to be disappointed among false ones. But it was for some wise purpose, and he will make it plain to you. Perhaps you are already able to read this lesson of Providence. I have authorized Mr. Lord, of Melbourne, to draw on Mr. Edmunds through us for such sums of money as you may need. I am sure that you have many very warm friends here, who would share the last comfort they had with Sister Eliza. May this assurance cheer you in your loneliness, my very dear sister. \* \* \* I will send you a package of all our latest publications. Try to do all you can for us while you are in New South Wales, and, if possible, come back again to where friends will gladly welcome you. Mrs. Kelly has a deep interest in you.

Affectionately,  
C. A. BUCKBEE.

*My very dear Sister:* Yours of August is just at hand. I am thankful that you are alive and well. I hope you have received my letters, though you do not say so. As soon as I heard from you, I was concerned to provide a way to bring you home again whenever you wish. I had Mr. Buckbee to write a letter of credit to Mr. Lord, so that he will send you home in one of their ships from Melbourne. Mr. Buckbee also wrote to Mr. Lord to do all for you that you require. So, if at any time you go to Mr. Lord, or draw upon him where you are, the drafts will be honored. I also hope that you will find a home in Mr. Lord's family till you can decide what to do. His house would be a Christian home. \* \* \*

You may be sowing seed in those children that will spring up by and by. Your firmness and Christian principles may lay the foundation for a good work. \* \* \*

Mr. Campbell was here on a visit lately. There is but one feeling here, that is regret that you have left us. But we must have you back again.

Ever yours, in Christ,  
J. EDMUNDS.

These and kindred letters were gratefully received, and read and re-read. I felt that, though I was far off, I was not cast off by those I loved. I was lovingly remembered, and commended to my heavenly Father, and he will surely hear the many prayers on my behalf. I wrote to Mr. Lord to procure me a passage home, but all his, and every other ship in port, were chartered to other countries, not one for the States.

One Saturday I had gone a long distance with the new publications I had received. I came home to the hut tired and hungry; for since I had a girl to stay with me, I always preferred my own surroundings. What was my surprise to find the hut all open, and the girl gone, bag and baggage. I sat down, and had a good cry, I was so tired. I felt more lonesome than ever before. I also felt a dislike to sleep in the hut by myself, and the experience of going from house to house for a sleeping place every night, I had no wish to renew. I asked God what I was to do, and I also asked him to spread his covering wings over me to protect me. The next day being Lord's day, I walked to church, but I stayed with one of my patrons all night. A storm blew up that night, and when I went to school in the morning, the hut was almost a total wreck. The boys tried to put it to rights, but it was very insecure. My scholars and myself were great friends; we had formed a strong attachment for one another. They were ever ready and willing to do for me everything they could, and I loved them sincerely. Their improvement was marked. What was I to do at this time? My life was in constant jeopardy in the hut, and I feared to live in it alone, and to run from house to house for lodging I could not endure. I thought I must leave, but my heart yearned over my young folks. Oh, I was sorely puzzled to decide. If I could have heard of a ship sailing for the States, there would have been no indecision. As it was, I could not leave the colony, and I would rather stay among my children, who were doing so well, for the time I stayed in the colony, than to go elsewhere. But self-preservation bade me go, if the people would not provide for me a safe dwelling.

The most fearful accidents were occurring daily. The men, as a rule, were dreadfully dissipated. They would drink, and dress, and ride about on court days, and leave their wives and little children to do all the drudgery of the stock yard and dairy. One man was burned to death while intoxicated; another in the same state fell off his horse, and was killed on the spot; a tree fell on another; another was drowned; all in a few days. These poor illiterate men were making money fast, but spending it in a way to destroy themselves. I thought I must do something for them. I could only reach them through the medium of my pen. I wrote a piece in the local newspaper headed, A Warning Voice. It was based on passing events. The facts were startling, and as my *nom de plume* was "A Stranger," my article was read by all the men who could read, and they were few; but then the children read for those who could not read, and for a while the drunkard's cup was

held in abeyance. The young men and lads became more thoughtful.

I created quite a sensation among my patrons one day. I told them very emphatically that I must leave them, self-preservation demanded it. I told them I had been teaching for them one year, exposed to every kind of difficulty, danger and privation. They had fed me on promises, but fulfilled none; not one. All my promises I had kept to the letter. They were all very anxious to have me stay with them; but though a kind heavenly Father had cared for me, and protected me thus far, I was in doubt whether it was my duty to remain. I felt that I had no courage to live as I had lived for the last year. A dark cloud seemed to hang over my pathway. I had been kept up hoping a ship would come; this failing, and men's promises failing, and no improvement in my circumstances, altogether I did not know which way to turn. I asked the Lord to clear my way, that I might know which way to go.

I had been offered the hospitalities of many houses, but all to no purpose. One of my richest patrons, a man who had been a candidate for Parliament last election time, told me I was welcome to a home in his house if I could "put up as they did." I went to his house one cold, stormy night. This rich man's house could boast of only one fire-place, and that was in the kitchen. Into this I was ushered by the mistress of the mansion, who placed a chair and wiped it with her apron ere she allowed me to sit down in the midst of the family group, which consisted of the master and mistress, and a number of young men and maidens. I could not distinguish the sons from the servants. Their dress and conversation all savored of the cow-pen and pig-sty. The merits and demerits of every cow and calf and pig were discussed in most approved stockyard style. After partaking of a family meal with Pat, Mat and Bidy, I excused myself, and asked to be taken to my room. I was conducted through a dirty yard in the rain to my sleeping apartment, which was a shed, with a wide slab shelf at each side of the room. In front of each hung a calico curtain, having a small space between the two for the door to open. On one of these shelves I was to sleep with Miss G——. I thought it looked narrow enough for one; but when we were both in I had to lie very straight and very close to the wet wall. I tried to forget myself in sleep, but was soon aroused by a man's voice addressing me. I was startled and sat up. Again I was addressed by the same voice. Miss G—— laughed, and said:

"It's only father going to bed."

So father and mother slept on the other shelf. I could not sleep with the idea of a man being in the room. I was afraid that Miss G—— would think me a bad sleeper and a troublesome bedfellow. Between the narrow bed and wet bedclothes, the small room and so many in it, I had not much trouble to keep awake. I let my room-mates get up before me. When left to myself I thought I would get up, wash, have a warm and go to school. I could find no water, so I dressed and had a cup of boiled tea and a piece of bread for breakfast. Then I wended my way to the hut on Hurricane Hill. I concluded that I could not “put up” as this rich man’s family did, or as my patrons did. They had no idea of cleanliness or comfort, but they wasted money on drink and dress. When I went into the empty hut now I always felt very lonely.

The patrons met to see what could be done to keep me. They said the children could not do without me. I told them that I loved the children, and I had no opportunity to go back to my friends, and I had no other situation in view. So that I had no inducement to leave them. But seeing they cared nothing for me I was compelled to leave them. I did not intend to ask anything from them, for I had no faith in their promises. They had seen me struggling against every kind of difficulty with perfect indifference. I had become inured to hardships, such as I never knew till I came amongst them. My wants were few and easily supplied. But what I really did want, not one of them could supply, viz.: a room to myself. Every storm that blew endangered my life in the hut; for some part of it tumbled down every stormy night. I told them if they appreciated my services as highly as they professed, they would care more for my comfort, at least for my safety, than they ever did. Moreover, the spirit of distrust was so strong among them, that no one could collect my money for me, nor would they give it to myself, and so they had made me suffer.

My patrons at last saw the necessity of building me a room for my security. I told them I could not trust them, they had so often promised and failed to fulfill their promise. One man got up and said:

“Rather than Mrs. Davies shall go, I shall build her a room against my house, at my own expense, and my daughter shall wait on her.”

His daughter was the pretty girl who attracted me to her the first time I saw her. She had wonderfully improved in every way. If this was done, and my school fees promptly paid, I said I would stay with them another year, if no ship went to the States from Sydney or Melbourne.

Boxes of books and the American Bible Union publications arrived at Sydney. I gave my school a week's holiday and went to Sydney. I stayed at Mr. Dixon's, my old friend. On pleasant mornings and moonlight nights we went out boating down the harbor. This was delightful, and we also had pleasant drives. Mr. Williams, the ex-American Consul, passed the cases through the Custom-house. I had a great supply of books, and now I wished to dispose of them. I asked Mr. Merrill, the American Consul, to introduce me to Gov. Sir Wm. Denison. He said he would introduce me to the Colonial Secretary, and he would introduce me, in court dress, to His Excellency. I said the word of God did not need so much dress and ceremony to be introduced to His Excellency. I asked for Sir Wm. Denison's titles, and left the Consulate. I wrote a note to the governor, stated my business, and asked if he would grant me an audience. I was about to send a messenger, but to save time I concluded to carry the note to Government House myself. I asked the hall porter if Sir Wm. Denison was at home?

"Yes," said the man, "but he can't see you; this is not one of the visiting days," and he rather grandly pointed to a tablet on the wall, saying: "That will tell you when His Excellency receives visitors."

I threw my note on the table without looking at the tablet, and said, "Take that to His Excellency, and he will tell me whether he will receive me."

He took the note, and in a few minutes returned, cap in hand, bowing most obsequiously, and throwing the folding-doors open, bade me enter. Another door opened and I was in a large room; a gentleman at the end of a long table held my note in his hand, and asked, "Are you the lady who wrote this note?"

I bowed.

He said, in almost as pompous a tone as the porter used, "Follow me, and you shall have an audience of His Excellency now."

I followed him; another wide door was thrown open, and I was introduced to the Governor-General of Australia. He was seated at the far end of the room, and as I went up to him he rose and pointed to a chair for me to be seated. Without any embarrassing preliminaries, His Excellency opened the business at once, by saying:

"I have read your note and I understand it, for it is very concise. Now allow me to ask a few questions."

I bowed.

He asked who were engaged in the enterprise? What was their

object? King James' version was dear to all hearts, why change it? I said the inspired word was not to be changed, only the mistranslations, and to give us a correct translation in the English of the present day. He asked a great many questions, and listened with pleased attention to my answers. He said the whole thing was new to him, but that he would like to have the work to study. "And I will surely give you my patronage, and will either give you a donation, or become a subscriber."

He then laughed, and said: "What would my brother say, who is a Bishop in the High Church, were he to know that I patronized and paid into an American society to revise and re-translate King James' version of the Bible."

I smiled, and said: "Your Excellency is of age, you can act for yourself without responsibility, even to your brother."

"True," said he.

The reception this great man gave me was so gracious, his manner so kind and cordial, his readiness to give his money, his patronage and the use of his name to induce others to follow his example, were all gratifying and encouraging. In the name of the Bible Union I thanked him.

"No thanks; no thanks are due to me; I being a High Church man, the church may not approve of my action; but I think all the difference of opinion is, after all, moonshine. If we look straight to the Lord prayerfully to enlighten our darkness, we would know the truth without so many divisions in the church. For my own part, I shall seek truth and find it where I can, without the aid of the church," he said.

When I was preparing to leave it began to rain very heavily. I was invited to keep my seat, and Sir William asked innumerable questions. He seemed greatly interested in America and in my mission. We were interested in each other's chat for more than two hours; then he dismissed me, sending his footman to carry an umbrella for me. I thanked God for my success.

My friend Mr. D—— said: "That was a bold step of yours to go to Government House, to the governor of all the Australias, without an introduction in due form. I hope you have learned a lesson in humility by the rebuff you must have had for trying to introduce the work of a few obscure Americans for His Excellency to patronize."

"I have learned the lesson of humility, and my gracious reception at Government House, and great success in my mission, has added to



my original stock; as I could not say that I had the honor of an introduction to His Excellency by the Hon. H. P —, I found that it did not require the pride of position to introduce the pure word of God into Government House. So my humble trust in God's goodness to give me favor to enable me to stand before governors, or even kings if need be, to plead for a pure version of His word, has greatly increased," I said.

My friend Mr. D — did not admire the Americans.

I had an audience with His Lordship, the Metropolitan Bishop of Australia, with a far different result. I was introduced to the great man, who was petticoated and aproned up to the chin and down to the knees, and gaitered down to the toes. This kind of dress made the bishop look taller than he is, though he is seven feet in height. Truly he is a pillar in the church. As he turned over the leaves of Acts of Apostles he said, he could not sympathize with the reviser of it, and he spoke of another reviser who was a dissenter.

"Therefore," said he, "I will not countenance it."

I ventured to ask if he thought King James' version correct.

"No," he said; "but where twenty corrections might be made, one might be made that would injure the church."

"But if that one correction be the truth, what then?"

"The fact is," said His Lordship, "I am too English to wish the new translation a success, or a wide circulation. I will not patronize it, but when the work is finished, I should like to have it as a literary curiosity. It will greatly help scholars to study divinity."

We had quite a long discussion. He smiled very pleasantly, and said, "I commend you for your zeal, and for your sake I wish I could encourage you; but your zeal is not in a good cause."

I thought I could not be better employed than in pleading for a pure version of God's word. I visited several of the most wealthy of the members of Parliament, using the governor's name as I was allowed, and I was very successful in gaining memberships and donations, just because the governor had set the example. Others were interested in the work.

Mr. W — had been returned member of Parliament for Kiama, and was in Sydney. He called to see me, and invited me to go with him to the House of Parliament, to hear some very important speeches on education. I went, accompanied by Mrs. D —, and we heard some splendid speaking. Mr. W — took us all over the two Houses of Parliament. He made himself very agreeable. I left Sydney highly

gratified by my great success for the Bible Union, and strengthened for my duties.

One very hot Sunday I was walking over the rough road to church, with a white dress and scarlet scarf on. My scarf attracted my notice, the color was so painfully glaring in the sunlight. Living so much alone, I often communed with my own heart, and perhaps had strange fancies. My scarf reminded me of the scarlet sins of the human race, which must be painfully glaring to the Son of God, who knew no sin. My white dress, pure and clean, reminded me of the sinless purity of Christ's character. Again my scarf reminded me of Christ's blood that was shed for my sins, to provide for me the white robe of his righteousness. I loved to wear white. I went into a house to rest, where sat a young lady from Sydney. She said she would not walk over such a rough road, under such a broiling sun, six miles to church, if she were to gain heaven at the end of her walk. I told her she could not set a very high value upon her soul. I walked my six miles to, and six miles from, church, and though I always had blistered feet and sick headache, I was always thankful to be able to enjoy the privilege of the Lord's house.

My room was finished and furnished, and I felt more secure in the "Dove's Nest" than in the hut on the hill. One day, when I was papering the little room, a fit of weakness came over me, not bodily, but mental, of which I was heartily ashamed. I was pasting old copy-books on the openings of the rough slabs with my hands. Splinters ran into my hands, and I became very tired, when a picture rose before my mind. A large drawing-room elegantly furnished, with rich carpet and curtains, mirrors and chandeliers, and white and gold paper. This room was but one in a splendid mansion, whose owner had wished me to accept his hand and heart, and share with him his beautiful home. I declined his generous offer, and while I was pulling the splinters out of my hands, I sat down on the bare floor, and asked myself, why did I refuse that, to come to this? It was a hard question. I fairly wept at the contrast of what was, and what might have been. Again the question came up, why did I refuse the owner of carriages, horses and an elegant home, with the hand of a very worthy gentleman? *He was not a Christian.* Some people might say, "was that all?" I rose up, and wiped my eyes. I felt that I had made a sacrifice for Christ; but what was that to what he had done for me. The throne, the crown of the universe, he had laid aside, and had accepted a life of poverty and privation, and a shameful death for me, that I might enjoy an everlast-

ing mansion eternal in the heavens. I asked to be forgiven for looking back to the fleshpots of Egypt.

Mr. M—, at whose house I lived, took ill, and his wife was alarmed for his life, as the doctor held out no hope of recovery. Poor man, he was neither ready nor willing to die. Poor Mrs. M— could not read the written instructions of the doctor, and could not give the medicine at the proper time, and she was distressed. I told her that I would give them all my spare time out of school, and help her to nurse her sick husband. When I closed school for the holidays, I gave myself up to nursing. The poor man was getting so alarmed at the prospect of death, that he wished me to be in his room all the time. He wished me to hear what the doctor said, and tell him if there was any hope. I directed him to the Great Physician, who could heal his soul, if he would as anxiously and earnestly seek after Him. He could give life eternal.

“Och, I am not fit to die.”

“Ask God,” I said, “to prepare you either for living or dying.”

He wished to live to be a better man; but I told him that if he recovered, he might do as many others did—fall back into the old ways, and feel ashamed of the fear that he had in his extremity.

“Och, no; I will ne’er forget, nor be ashamed, if God will only let me live to prepare to die. Och, I can not prepare now. Dear Mrs. Davies, ax God to let me live.”

The poor man was in agony, both in soul and body. I read to him, and prayed, and talked to him, and nursed him, and gave him all the comfort I could. But the mournful refrain was: “Och, I’m afeerd to die; I am not prepared to die; I can’t prepare now.” One morning I took my seat in a corner, when the doctor came to see the patient. He left the medicine, and told what symptom was to be relieved by it. I had noticed that all the symptoms had yielded to the treatment, and wondered why the doctor never held out hope to the poor man. I never had spoken to the doctor, but followed up his instructions to the letter, and began to hope the sick man would get well, in spite of the ominous shake of the doctor’s head, and his solemn looks. His orders this day were to apply leeches to the man’s back, and not to allow any one to enter the sick room, on pain of causing the instant death of the man, and he was to hear no noise of any kind. The poor man felt doomed. He looked at me almost despairingly; but I looked cheerful, and reassured him. Mrs. M— could not put on the leeches, and I had never handled one in my life, so we thought some one who

knew how to apply them should be sent for. But the doctor's orders were emphatic, no one was to go into his room, or death might be the result. Mrs. M—— could do nothing for her husband, and he begged me to apply the leeches. I turned sick at the idea, but said, as cheerfully as I could, I will try, and it was a great trial. I got up on the bed behind the man with a tumbler full of the snaky-looking things, and began to apply them. The doctor's orders, that no one should disturb the sick, flew around the neighborhood, and was a signal for all to come and see the man die. I heard them tramping into the kitchen, till it was full; then the yard was vocal with their loud noise, and two loud-tongued women came bouncing into the room. One of them screamed out,

“Och, och, Edward, yee's going to die, yees are,” and she wrung her hands, and went on louder with her lament.

The poor man looked up in my face in a perfect agony of fear; great beads of perspiration stood on his brow. I said very quietly that Mr. M—— was very ill, and the doctor had said that no one was to come into the room; quietness was the only chance he had for life. This virago turned to the other, and said:

“De yees hear dat,” and turning to me, she shook her fist in my face, and said, “If the man died I would be to blame; why did not I have another doctor.”

“The man is not getting the right treatment,” the other woman said.

I asked her if she knew the disease. She said it was not for her to say what was the disease.

Then I said, “It is not for you to talk of the treatment.”

These two abused me, and threatened me with the court, that I was helping the doctor to kill the man. In the midst of the hubbub, a cry in the yard, “The doctor is coming.” The two vixens fled into another little room next to the sick room, where they could hear and see everything that was going on. The doctor heard the noise of retreating feet, and came into the room with flaming eyes and red face, but saw no one but the sick man and myself. He in a loud, stern tone asked, what I was doing there. I told him in a very quiet tone, that I was obeying his orders.

“Who told you to put leeches there?” he thundered out.

“You left orders to have it done,” I said.

“I never did. You are killing the man by such treatment.”

I quickly took off the leeches, and sprang out of the bed, and said to the doctor: “If the man dies, because leeches were put on him,

you shall have to account for his death; for you gave the order."

He raged, and stamped with his feet, and said some very ugly things. I told him I had thought him competent to attend this case, but now I altered my mind.

"What do you mean?" he roared.

"I mean that this morning you did not know what you were saying; or if you did, then you do not now know what you are saying or doing. Your positive orders were to put leeches on, and to keep perfect quietness in the house—no noise to excite the man, or he might die at any moment. This evening you find me carrying out your orders, and I have been trying to enforce quiet. You come and deny that you gave such orders, and practically set at naught your own injunctions, by making more noise, and creating more excitement, than has been in the house since the man took sick. And because I have been following your instructions to the letter, I get the low, vulgar abuse of a man, whose profession had led me to think he was a gentleman. In that, as well as in managing the case, I am mistaken. I have till now set my face against calling another doctor. I now recommend a consultation, or to take the case out of your hand altogether."

In a perfect storm of anger, he stamped his foot and asked, "Who are you?"

"I am a woman," I answered; "and if you knew how to speak to one, I should be pleased to have more to say to you; as it is, I shall have nothing more to say to you, or do with your patient," and I walked out through the crowd to my own room.

Mrs. M—— came for me after a while. The doctor wanted me, he wished to put himself in a better light professionally; but I wished to have no more to say to him, so he left the house. Then the women came out, saying they were glad the doctor scolded me, and they ordered me to send for another doctor. I said I should do no such thing; I was not the proper person to do it; that I had done more for their friend than they had. I had nursed him night and day for weeks, now *they* could nurse him. I had done my part.

When the house was cleared, poor Mrs. M—— came to me in great distress, begging me not to give her poor sick man up because of that scolding doctor and the two bad-tongued women. She said nobody else could do anything with him or for him but me, and he would die sure enough if I gave him up. I went in to see him.

"Och, och," he groaned, and burst into tears, and said, "Dear Mrs.

Davies, don't lave me; don't give me up. Och, don't lave me, and God will bless you shure."

I told him to cheer up, I was sure he would get better, and I would not leave him. Early next morning the doctor came, accompanied by Mr. G—. I was called, not to consult with the doctor, but to receive a thousand and one apologies from the blandest and politest of doctors.

"I did not know who you were, or I should never have spoken to you as I did. I told Mr. G—— last evening that I had seen a stranger at this house and did not know who she was. When Mr. G—— told me who you were, I was mortified, and do feel sorry for my conduct. I brought Mr. G—— with me to plead for my pardon."

I told him I had nothing to forgive, he had only placed himself in an unfavorable light. The doctor's manner told Mr. M—— as usual that he was worse, but I told him he was better, and he got well very rapidly. I read the Bible for him, and talked to him of God's goodness to him, and he made many professions and promises of amendment when he got well, and he has kept them to the present day, though many years have passed since that time.

The doctor sent his wife and daughter to see me. Mrs. H—— was a very elegant lady, and his daughter a sweet young girl. I returned their call after a long time. They were very pressing in their invitation to have me call at their house and rest as I went to and from Kiama. I was waylaid sometimes on Sunday, and compelled to go in, and though I was an unwilling guest at first, I found the family so very agreeable that we became great friends, and our friendship continued many years, till we were separated by thousands of miles. The doctor was as kind and gentlemanly as could be, though our introduction was so strange.

Our little church at Kiama took a backward step. Some Calvinistic Baptists joined it, and tried to bring their influence against the Scriptural breaking of the loaf every Lord's day, and succeeded in tinging some one or two of the members with Calvinism. One old couple had joined who were very deeply prejudiced against anything but the hard-to-believe doctrines of Calvin. On coming out of church one day she handed me a pamphlet, and asked me if I had lent it to Mr. H——? I said I had lent it, and many others. This one was, *Sincerity Seeking the Way to Heaven*. She said, with some bitterness, "That book ought to be burned, and all others like it." She said I ought to be ashamed to introduce such heretical works. I told her I was not at all ashamed, and would do all I could to en-

lighten the people more, by lending others. She said I ought to be turned out of the church, and said she would do all in her power to oppose me, and she would burn all the books that I lent that she could get her hands on. I told her I hoped she would pay for them, and I could send for more.

We had another of the fearful storms that spread desolation and death around—tropical floods sweeping everything before them. The elements waged a fearful war for more than a week. The damage done was incalculable. People killed by lightning; houses and farms and farm implements, with cattle, horses, hogs, sheep, and the inhabitants, swept down with resistless force to the ocean by the merciless floods. A few weeks ago, or even days, where was a flourishing farm, with waving crops of grain, cattle pasturing, a large dairy, a comfortable dwelling-house, barns well filled, and everything prospering, there was now nothing to be seen but the naked, barren rock exposed to view. All above, around, below, had been visited by this terrific deluge. Nothing so wide-spread, so devastating, had ever been known here. Mothers, trying to save their children by crossing a stream to get to a safer spot, had the children torn from their arms by the rushing waters, bearing them to the ocean. People on top of hay-stacks, who had sought safety there, were being swept to the sea without the power to save themselves. Sometimes these stacks would split in the middle, and down sank the shrieking people into the roaring torrent ere they reached the sea. The coast for miles and miles was strewn with wrecked houses, furniture, pianos and dairy utensils, horses, hogs, cattle, sheep and human beings, all washed up together in heaps. The low lands of several districts were under water. Steamers from Sydney came down and sailed over the farms and picked up here and there a survivor. Seventy half nude people were saved off an island at the mouth of the Shoalhaven River, who had been washed down from the higher regions. Had these not been providentially seen, they would have perished of hunger and cold. They had lost everything they possessed on earth. All the bridges over all the rivers were washed away. Fences, walls and the crops inclosed, were all swept away, and the whole country for hundreds of square miles laid waste, and the outlet of the rivers blocked up with the débris. The district was cut off from all communication with other places. The house where I dwelt was built in a valley, and we saw the swollen mountain torrents rushing down upon us, laden with stones and heavy timber, with fearful velocity, rumbling and tumbling at a great rate. Nothing

could impede the progress of the angry waters; every obstacle was hurled down, and we thought our destruction inevitable; but just as we expected the crash the waters divided, and made a deep channel at each side of the house, and went roaring by, leaving us on a little island, not high and dry, but out of danger. The rain poured out of the clouds as if it would drown us. But we were saved, and thanked God for our preservation. Subscriptions were taken up everywhere for the destitute. I had my scholars to give something. A correspondent wrote to the local paper a report which pleased the children when I read it to them:

It pleases me to tell that the children of Mount Pleasant school have subscribed the sum of £1. 5s. 10d. (\$6.50) toward the Shoalhaven Relief Fund. This is a ready response to a mention of the matter by their respected teacher, Mrs. Davies, who also told them that as their parents had already given to the same fund that they were not to ask for money, but they, the children, were to seek opportunities to earn money, if it were ever so little a sum; and it was in this way, gathering eggs, and doing little extra jobs, that the money was earned. And thus the children learned a practical lesson in two important elements of education, viz.: benevolence and industry.

J. B.

How awfully grand to see old ocean in a fury. Sometimes he is so for a week. Just before the devastating floods and the hurricane mentioned above, I saw from my hut window on the hill an awe-inspiring sight. Two gigantic pillars stood on the sea, their bases resting on the water, embedded in foam, their capitals supporting the sky and enveloped in a cloud black as night. They seemed for a time motionless, then they broke in the middle and were absorbed by the cloud above and the foam beneath. These were waterspouts, the first I had ever seen. They were the forerunners of the fearful hurricane that was so destructive.

Another beautiful, awe-inspiring sight was seen one night, and it very much alarmed the people. The Aurora Australis presented a scene of surpassing magnificence. It was bright, like crimson. A mass of light poured through the transparent curtain, and the stars seemed to project and hang down as on clear nights, when the celestial bodies appeared to be suspended from the deep blue canopy.

Mr. M—— rose from his sick-bed a better man. A family Bible was bought, and a chapter was read every night, and prayer was offered in the family. I taught a grown son and a servant girl at night, and kept up my long walks for the Bible Union on Saturday and to church on Sunday. My letters from American friends all wished me to leave,



but without a ship this was impossible. I was supplied with fresh boxes of publications from the American Bible Union, and Mr. Edmunds wished me to go to Melbourne, where I would have cultivated society.

“God did not make you to live in solitude,” he said; “your devotion to the cause of pure versions of God’s word under so great disadvantages excites our admiration.”

The year that I had promised to remain at Hurricane Hill School was at an end, and as my American friends wished me to go to Melbourne, and introduce the new version there, I gave notice that I should have a public examination of my school. I invited gentlemen who had been most indifferent to my work among the poor, and those most opposed to it, besides the parents of the scholars, to come and examine my school. The result is described in the following article from the *Illawarra Mercury*.

Want of schools in the district has been a great evil for a long time. So far as this evil could be averted by one school, and that conducted by a lady, it has been by that of Mount Pleasant, as an examination held on Wednesday fully proved. The teacher, Mrs. Davies, being about to leave there, was desirous of having a public examination, and the children and their parents resolved on adding a social tea-meeting to the “stranger,” who for two years has lived and labored among them. Materials for tables were carried a long way, and a variety of softer and sweeter material underwent curious processes preparatory to appearing on said tables.

The day was fine, the school-room was decorated, and the scholars were examined on all the useful branches they had been taught. The teacher examined them on Bible history, grammar, punctuation, etc. Rev. Mr. Ashwin had a class, trying them severely on geography, history, and the products of different countries. In everything on which they were tried they acquitted themselves admirably. Two large, handsome samplers, elegantly framed, hung against the wall. On a table were spread several pieces of fancy-work, showing much taste in design, as well as skill in the working, and altogether forming a beautiful display that would do credit to any school. About 2 o’clock P. M. the tables were spread. The cakes were abundant and of first quality. \* \* \* On the hillside the boys enjoyed a scramble for oranges. No doubt the scramble made the fruit taste all the sweeter. After tea the elder scholars read essays, which were well written, alternating with recitations pleasingly delivered, some of them causing much amusement. Mr. G— examined the school on arithmetic, and was well pleased with their proficiency.

Mrs. Davies read a farewell address, impressing on her pupils the necessity of carrying onward for themselves the education of which only the seeds could be sown at school by the teacher. To the parents she spoke forcibly of the importance of home influence in forming the character of youth, and most affectionately

exhorted her children to remember the religious instruction, which, with earnest prayer and desire for their eternal welfare, she had striven to impart to them.

The Rev. Mr. Ashwin addressed the meeting, praising in highest terms Mrs. Davies' teaching, shown by its fruits in the very creditable acquirements of her scholars. He wished very much that we could *secure* such a teacher; saying nothing but the finger of God in Providence, plainly pointing to her to go, as having her work done here, could justify her leaving, or the parents allowing her to go. Rev. Mr. Wilson followed with a very interesting address. Mr. ——— ratified all that the other speakers had said in praise of the teacher and her teaching. And the pleasant day terminated with an appropriate prayer by Mr. Ashwin. Some five or six of the leading persons present had a consultation with Mrs. Davies on the possibility of keeping her a few months longer, till the National School-House was ready for use. I hope they will succeed in securing the services of this teacher of acknowledged merit.

I had invited all the gentlemen to the examination who had first opposed me, and who had thrown obstacles in my way, and surrounded me with difficulties, that they hoped would be insurmountable. These had watched me closely for two years, and now they closely examined the work I had been doing, and their prejudices were disarmed. I examined the scholars on Bible questions, to the satisfaction of all those who had wished me to teach the Church of England, Church of Scotland, Church of Wesley and Church of Rome catechisms.

I asked a Roman Catholic boy if the bread that Christ broke at the last supper was his body. The prompt answer was,

“No.”

I said, “Why, you know that our Lord said himself, ‘This is my body, broken for you; eat you all of it.’”

“Yes,” said the boy; “but that was a figure of speech; the bread was a symbol of his body. He was outside of the bread when he brake it, yet he said, ‘This is my body.’”

“Do you think, when Christ did not put himself into the bread, any one else ought to do it.”

“No,” said the boy; “and if they tried, they could not do it, for Christ is in heaven now, and they can not get to him.”

“Well, suppose they could put Christ's body into the bread, and his blood into the wine, and this was to be eaten and drunk at the Lord's table, what would you think of it?”

“Why,” said the boy, “those who ate and drank would be cannibals sure.”

“Did Christ ever teach cannibalism?”

“Oh, no.”

“You are laying a bad foundation for that boy’s profession,” said a gentleman present.

I asked what was to be his profession.

“He has been consecrated and set apart for the Roman priest’s office.”

“Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not,” is a divine injunction, and I am trying to bring them to him by removing obstacles. I went to that boy’s house one day after that, and found the father, an intelligent Romanist, poring over the Bible.

I closed school, but ere I could get away, they had my consent to reopen school till Christmas at least. I said I would remain, if no ship should sail to America before that time. I hated to leave my children without a teacher, and when the new school-house was built they would have one; so I gave them a little more of my time.

On the night after my school closed for a week, we were talking, and listening to a howling storm, when a loud cry of distress alarmed us. We ran to the door to listen, when the cry continued. A man had come for some one to go to Mrs. B——, who was dying. It was so dark, and the rain pouring down, he could not reach the house. I said I would go with him. The storm was howling at such a rate, that nothing but a case of life and death would have taken me out on such a night. Mr. M—— accompanied me to the house with a lantern. We had to climb hills, wade across creeks, and get over and under fences as best we could, till we reached where the sick woman lay. She was lying in the midst of filth and dirt, all unconscious of her state. Several women of the lowest kind were in the house helping themselves to whatever suited them, to the total neglect of the poor woman. Not one seemed to have a thought of her. This young sick woman, when in health, did not care for those around her; now she was sick, and she was neglected. When I went in, and saw how matters were, I put the things to rights a little, and had the bed made comfortable for the poor creature. I then told the people that I would release them for the night, as I intended sitting up all night—they could go home, every one of them, as I preferred sitting alone. An outcry was raised at this, as they all had prepared for a good time feasting that night. They said that if Mrs. B—— took a convulsion, I could not hold her. I told them that, as they all lived near, if I needed help I would call them; but I insisted on being left alone with the sick woman. I took up my lonely watch by the sick bed, listening to the howling storm without, and every blast that came sweeping past swept through the open slabs of the house, and ere the morning dawned, I was stiff with

cold; my limbs were cramped. I had passed a dreary night, but I felt that I had performed a Christian duty to a poor woman; I had soothed and quieted her in her ravings and tossings. While moistening the lips of the poor sufferer, I prayed to my heavenly Father, that he would raise up friends for me in my hour of need. I sat up with this woman five nights and most of the days, until she was out of danger. Her life had hung upon a hair all the time. She had a husband and child, who were wrapped up in her life, and I did what I could for them. When Mrs. B—— recovered her consciousness, she asked me what I was doing there. I told her I had been nursing her. Again she asked:

“Why did *you* nurse me? Did any one ask you to nurse me?”

“No one asked me to nurse you,” I said; “but you needed nursing and watching, and God put it into my heart to do what I could for you.”

She was overwhelming in her thanks to me. I directed her mind to her loving Lord, who had raised up a friend for her in her time of need, and who had given her back her life, when she had been given up to die by the doctor and all her friends. God had saved her life, that she might have time to look to him for the saving of her soul. Physically I was quite prostrated by my long, cold and lonely vigils, but I was strengthened spiritually.

I took another trip to Sydney. Mrs. D—— had written that she was about to leave Sydney for a distant part of the colony, and she thought we might never meet again; so I went to see her. Meantime more books came. I took a portion of them to Sir Wm. Denison; had a pleasant interview with him, and a long conversation.

I had sent for several copies of *Hadji in Syria*, by Miss Sallie Barclay. I left a copy as a present for Lady Denison with the governor. She wrote a beautiful letter of thanks. Mr. M——, the American Consul, and Mr. and Mrs. W——, were all thoroughly interested in my work, and said they would do all they could for the work at Sydney, while I was working at Illawarra. I returned to my work after a pleasant visit to Sydney.

A note in my journal reads: “October 15, 1860. Those who enjoy church privileges at their very door, or have a conveyance to take them there, ought to prize the privilege. My twelve miles’ walk every Lord’s day makes me always very sick, and to save myself a little (I was not well enough to walk the whole distance), I started on Saturday, thinking to stay all night at Kiama. But I was taken suddenly ill on the road; had to go into a house to recover myself a little. I grew worse, and had to stay there all night, to my own and the people’s great in-

convenience. I was not able to walk to church on Sunday, or yet to walk home, and I had no one to carry a message to Mr. M——'s for me, to tell them where I was. I did not reach home till Tuesday. I was very weak, but I went to work."

On the 28th, I witnessed a pleasant sight, a father baptizing a son. Bright sunshine ushered in the morn; but while our little church was at worship, thick, dark clouds gathered overhead, and forth flashed the forked lightning, the thunder roared, and the rain fell in torrents. One of our storms had burst overhead, but it did not hinder the preparation for baptism. A beautiful secluded spot on the beach, where a murmuring brook emptied itself into the sea, was the place selected. From our feet far away to the horizon stretched the imperial Pacific. The sea lay like a hushed child on a mother's breast, sobbing out its moans after a stormy passion, trying how quiet he could be. The clouds rolled back, and kept within their heavy folds for a while the rain that had been falling. The clear blue sky looked lovingly down from above between the cloudy pillars; a perfect calm pervaded earth and air. We were in a small bight, a semicircle of rocks covered from base to top with a wild, luxuriant growth of evergreen, one tree rising above another, till the topmost seemed to kiss the sky, and these all reflected from the crystal brook. The rocks and trees, and their reflected heights and depths, presented a huge wall that shut the world out. In this secluded spot, seldom visited by man, sat a number of persons on trunks of trees, to witness the impressive rite. Father and son emerged from a tent; they both went down into the water. Mr. H—— said he was about to baptize his son, and now brother, beneath the yielding wave, and raise him up again, fit emblem of our buried and risen Lord. A few more appropriate remarks were listened to with profound attention, and then the father immersed the son into the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit. The ceremony over, the company dispersed, and were hardly under shelter, when the clouds let down their contents in a perfect deluge.

I dined with my friend Mr. H—— and family. He had joined us from the Church of England. I supplied both father and son with Mr. Campbell's works, and they read them with the Bible in their hands. The Bible was read much more among those who could read now than formerly. I went home and wrote a very long letter to my young friend, to hold fast to the faith he had professed, and in the battle of life to be faithful to his Lord. I called to see this family a few weeks later. Mr. H—— was a highly educated gentleman, a

devoted Christian and a great reader, as was his young son. Mrs. H—— had been sick, and had heard more Bible reading and other profitable reading than ever she had heard before, and when I went there we always had up some for a friendly discussion. Mr. H—— had been elected to the office of elder in our little church, and he exhorted most eloquently, but he could never persuade his wife to go to meeting; however, she took sick and had time to think. This day I was glad to see her up, and when I asked how she was, she rejoiced my heart when she said:

“My dear, through grace I have found my Savior.”

I clasped her hand; I could do no more. I felt that now I had found a sister, for she said that as soon as she was well she purposed making a public confession of her faith in Christ, and to be baptized. The prayers that had been put up for her conversion, had been heard and answered, for she was converted from the extreme of worldliness to be a humble-minded Christian. What happiness to her husband to go with him, hand in hand, and lead their children to heaven. A few days more and I was by the side of my friend, my new-found sister; but she had gone to sleep, that dreamless sleep that knows no waking, till the archangel's trump shall rouse the dead at the last day. A solemn sadness steals over me now as I take a retrospective view of the mournful scene. The wail of the motherless children! Oh, how I love and respect children for the great love the Savior had for them. He said of them, “of such is the kingdom of God.”

Mrs. H—— had many virtues, and her loss to the family was great. I wrote an obituary, but did not send it to the paper, hoping that some pen of a ready writer would do her greater justice, but as no one wrote, I sent mine for publication a few weeks afterward, signed, “A Stranger.”

Everywhere I went I heard discussions about the national school, whether should they have the Bible in the school or not. Mr. G—— violently opposed the Bible in schools.

I thought at this time to write, *A Word for the Bible*; and I wrote a long article advocating the proper use of the Bible in schools, which drew forth much discussion and criticism. I also wrote an article, *A Word for Woman*, which created quite a furor among the men of my neighborhood; they said:

“Whoever the stranger was, he wanted to have the women educated; then they would have no one to milk the cows or churn the butter, when the women were all ladies.”

“No,” said they, “we will not make our wives anything but what they are fit for.”

And said one, “If I knew when that stranger would be here, I would have him drummed out of the district.”

I asked who the stranger was, very innocently. One said he was a lawyer from Sydney; another said he was a minister from Shoalhaven. Only one in the district guessed who the stranger was, and he was a correspondent of the paper.

Our little church now met at the house of the old Baptist couple who were so stern in manner. I had closed school on Hurricane Hill finally, and was winding up my affairs, and packing my goods and chattels. I asked the church for a letter of commendation, and they wrote a most kind and affectionate one, introducing me to the churches I purposed visiting to introduce the new translation. I was going direct to Melbourne on my way home, to do for the Bible Union what I could, as they so earnestly requested me. Mrs. E—— said, when my letter was read to me, before handing it to me:

“I object to that letter; for you have not said a single word about the church she is leaving. This is a particular Baptist Church and she is a particular Baptist, and she must not hand her letter to any but a particular Baptist Church.”

I asked the presiding elder if he would allow me to speak to him? He bowed.

“I am a Christian, and I joined the Christian Church at Kiama, which this church was then called, and I did not know that it had changed its name as it had done its place of meeting. I am not a Baptist, nor do I know the meaning of particular Baptist.”

Mrs. E —— turned to me and said, with great warmth:

“Are you ashamed of the name Baptist?”

I said I was not a Baptist. She asked me how I could say so. I told her I had never baptized any person.

“Well,” she said, “you shall not get that letter from this church. Why, it would introduce you to every kind of church, Methodist, Episcopal, Presbyterian,” and, I put in, “Roman Catholic.”

“Yes,” said the irate old lady, “and to the Campbellite Church, which is worse than they all.”

Said the presiding elder, ironically: “As you consider yourself an elder, what kind of a letter would you write?”

She told them; and I said such a letter I would not accept. I said I was going to travel in the interests of the American Bible Union,

and I must be left at liberty to present my church letter to any church to which I wished to introduce the new translation; and if the Christian Church, of which I was a member, gave me a letter, well; if not, I should go without one. I would not accept of a letter from a particular Baptist Church as a member of that church. I had a proper letter given to me after some delay.

I had a very handsome testimonial presented to me by the trustees of the school. From Mr. — also I had a very flattering one. Mr. Barnier and Rev. Mr. Ashwin both gave testimonials of the very highest order. I parted with all on the best of terms.

Sir Wm. Denison was appointed to be Governor of India. I wrote a farewell letter to him, and in answer he wrote the following:

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, SYDNEY, January, 1861.

*Dear Madam*:—I am truly grateful to you for your good wishes and prayers for myself and family. These are gifts which every one can bestow, which are of the highest value in the sight of God, and I trust, are fully appreciated by me. \* \* \*

With every good wish, believe me yours very truly,

WILLIAM DENISON.

I gave in a newspaper article the following parting advice to the people of Gerringong and surrounding neighborhoods:

*To the Editor of the Kiama Examiner*:

SIR:—Some time ago I wrote *A Word for the Bible*, as a book for all time, all places, all people, all nations and all circumstances. Now, some men who hold the responsible situation of training the immortal mind, say, "It is not right to cram the Bible down children's throats." Let such men, however, read and well digest what that good man Dr. Chever wrote about the Bible and children, and see if they are not to feed the children with the sincere milk of the word, that they may grow thereby. And so may the Lord prosper them in their work, prays the children's friend.

A STRANGER.

GERRINGONG, January, 1861.

My Dove's Nest had been a perfect museum and taxidermist's shop. I had preserved specimens of almost every animal indigenous to Illawarra, a great variety of birds and insects. Also, I had sections of different kinds of wood, shells, seaweed and fossils, that I had split great rocks to get at. I had them all labeled. I had them examined by a first-class naturalist, who pronounced them all "well preserved." Then I had them packed in an air-tight case. Collecting and preserving took eighteen months' time, but I was highly gratified at my complete success in both departments.



I was electrified when Mr. H—— proposed marriage to me just as I was ready to start on my voyage to Melbourne, from there to take ship for America. Mr. H——'s wife had not been dead six months, and I was shocked at his asking me to marry him so soon after her death, and as I had never thought of Mr. H—— in any other light than a high-toned Christian brother, I felt it was impossible to give up my long cherished plans, and to take another course so different from anything I had thought of. I said it was out of the question altogether. When the first commotion of feeling was over, I asked him how he could think of seeking a wife so soon after his wife's death? I did not like it. His answer was:

“Had you remained in the country, I should have waited long enough to have satisfied you, but to-morrow you are to leave here, and I felt desperate at the thought of losing you forever. I was compelled by the great love I have for you to come and tell you of it prematurely. The district can not spare you, the church can not spare you, my motherless children can not spare you; they need you; they love you as an elder sister, and have often wished that you lived with us. Had you left the district you were lost to us forever. As I told you, the great love I have for you compelled me to come and try to persuade you to remain with us.”

He asked me in the name of all that was good not to leave them. He poured out his passionate appeal in burning eloquence at my feet. I felt my strong resolves melting away, and I said:

“I must leave you for a time to consider the proposal.”

I felt while he was pleading that I could not say no, and I must have time to think and consider whether under the circumstances it would be right to say yes.

I left Illawarra and went to Sydney, and remained over two months, where I received letters semi-weekly from my friend. These letters were charged with high and noble sentiments. I felt proud of my correspondent. When I had had time to think, I wrote to him:

SYDNEY, February, 1861.

I——— II———, Esq.

*Dear Friend*:—You have taught me a lesson without a lecture; you have taught me to love and admire your noble character. There have been those who have flattered and fluttered as a butterfly round a flower, but I had no sympathy with such. In your affection and your expressions of it there is nothing doubtful or undignified. Therefore, in giving me your love I feel that you are worthy of love in return. \* \* \* Again I lift my pen. You know that for some time

I have been preparing to leave this colony. You must know that the cords of love that bind me to, and draw me toward, America are very strong, and they have not been loosened in the least since I have been here. And you must also know that my regrets at leaving Illawarra, where I have suffered so much mentally and physically, could not be great. With delight I have hailed the time when I should once more be with those I love, and I thought the time was at hand. But an opposing influence is at work; yet you can not dissuade me from going to Melbourne, and I may go to Adelaide and finish up my mission for the American Bible Union. I am in the Lord's hands, let him do what is good.

Yours in faith, hope and love,

E. DAVIES.

Mr. H— was greatly opposed to my going to Melbourne, on account of the risk of the voyage, and many other things. He wished me to stay in Sydney, and make arrangements to go back with him when he came for me; but I would not consent to marry him till his wife had been at least one year dead. Meantime, I should do as my friends of the Bible Union desired, and finish my engagement with them, ere I entered upon a new course.

Again, I had a supply of books and letters urging my return to America via Melbourne and Adelaide. I sent off to Sir Wm. Denison a supply of what I had, paid the postage, which was very high, besides paying the freight to Sydney of all the cases of books that were sent to me. The money that I left in America paid for every publication sent to me before it was shipped, and I sold them for less than they cost me at New York. I was greatly out of pocket; but I was glad to be able in this way to introduce Mr. Campbell's works, and others of our brethren, as well as the *New Translation*. I spared neither pains nor purse. I was about to take a voyage, at my own expense, to forward the good cause. Meantime, a ship very unexpectedly arrived at Sydney, on its way to the United States. I put on board this ship my case of specimens of natural history, to the care of the American Bible Union, with instructions to pay all expenses out of my money, and forward it to Bethany College as my contribution to the museum. This was all done in due time. The captain of the ship, into whose care I gave my case, said he would take special care of it, and more, he would be happy to have it in his power to take care of me on the voyage to the United States. Here was the first opportunity that I had to return to America since I had been in New South Wales. It was a very great trial to me to see this stately ship sail away without me. I pondered the ways of God, but they were inscrutable, and past finding out.

Why did I not go? Perhaps God had allowed me to suffer dire disappointment, then temptations and privations, in order to prepare me for a more extended sphere of usefulness, with a man whom my heart delighted to honor. To enjoy the comforts of a beautiful home, amidst nature's grandest and most sublime scenery, in company with one of congenial mind, one who could point to heaven, and lead the way, surely this was compensation for all past suffering. From this standpoint I looked into the future with a calm and happy feeling of restfulness. The storm-clouds seemed to have been lifted from my horizon. I was hopeful that I had a calm, happy and useful life before me, and I was trustful. I thanked and blessed God for so blessing me.

Coming events cast *no* shadows before.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### VOYAGE TO SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

ON March 20, 1861, I went aboard the barque *Miami*, bound for Adelaide via Melbourne. The Sydney owner of the vessel told me that one lady and a stewardess would be all the passengers on board besides myself; that every comfort was provided for us, and he hoped we would have a pleasant voyage. His arrangements, as he stated them, pleased me, and I stepped on board as the vessel was moving from the quay. We sailed down the harbor with a pleasant breeze. I stayed on deck as long as it was prudent for me to do so. I wished to prepare my cabin that I might lie down as soon as I felt sick; experience told me this was best. I asked the steward to show me my cabin, and send the stewardess to me. To my great surprise, neither she nor the lady passenger had yet come on board. I asked for my cabin. I was shown to an empty room without bed, bedding, or furniture of any kind. I asked what this meant; but the steward, a black man, could not tell. I was feeling sick as we neared the Heads, and I sent for the captain, as he was called; but for a long time he did not come. I asked the steward to prepare my bed for me, I wished to lie down. He said he had no bed, nor clothes to make it. I told him to tell the master to come to me at once, or ask where I should sleep, as I could not lie down where I was. The master came, and told me that I could have his cabin, as he did not expect to use it much this voyage. I told the steward to turn out of the master's room all his charts and nautical instruments, his caps, jackets and boots. I asked the master why the owner had told me every comfort was on board, when the absolute necessaries were wanting. He said he could not tell. I asked why he had sailed without the other lady passenger and the stewardess. He had obeyed orders, he could do no more, he said. As our barque rose to the waves between the Heads, and rolled out between them to the sea, I was so sick that I had to lie down in my clothes. I had no one to help me to undress, and I was too sick to help myself. I turned into a bunk, which was very wide, with a very narrow mattress in it, and no bed-clothes but a long narrow strip of cotton, twisted like a

rope and soiled. This was dreadful; but I was too sick to demur. I was rolled off and on the mattress, and on the back and front of the bunk; I was bumped without mercy. I had nothing to hold to, so I had to bear the thumping. The steward seemed to have forgotten that I was on board. The next evening he opened my door, and I told him to give me something to keep me from being knocked about so. He put a bag of ship-bunting behind me. I asked him to give me some gruel. He said he had no meal to make it with. I had been left two days and one night without food or attendance. I was too sick to care much at that time; but as the sickness subsided, I needed food, and could not get what was necessary. I thought the owners laid themselves open to prosecution, sending me out to sea under false pretenses, and taking a high rate of fare for my passage, and not providing for my comfort in any way at all. But prosecuting the owners would not give me a comfortable bed to lie on, or gruel to drink, or somebody to wait on me when I was sick. I could hardly get water to drink, certainly no good water. My only and never failing source of comfort was to pray for protection in my strange and disagreeable situation, and for fortitude and strength to bear up. I asked God to take care of me. We had a rough, rolling sea, but the wind was fair. We had doubled Cape Howe, and the master was in fine spirits at the progress we were making. I had scarcely slept any since I came on board, and water had been my food. I was weary with the rolling and tossing of the ship. I could not get out of my thoughts, that the ship was somehow in danger. About midnight I heard a strange noise. This strange noise continued long and loud, and louder still, till the concentrated blast of the furies of the storm, blowing through a huge tube, seemed bent on shivering the ship to pieces. Every moment I expected to hear a general crash, but not a human voice did I hear from bows to stern, till I heard the man at the wheel cry out, \*

“I can not see!”

“Lights out!” shouted a voice.

Alone, and in the dark, amid the strangest noises I ever heard, I communed with my own heart, and was still. I commended the ship, master and crew to my heavenly Father. The night was long and dreary, and full of terror. The storm increased. I knew the ship was in danger, but I did not know to what extent she was damaged. About four o'clock in the morning, the master knocked at my door, and asked me how I spent the night. I told him that I had prayed for the safety of the ship, the crew and himself. I said I had been in great suspense,

but was as calm on the bosom of the stormy sea as a child in its mother's arms.

“You will need all your fortitude.”

“My Savior's arms are around me; I have no fear, whatever may betide.”

“That is well; for our vessel is stripped of her sails, yards, bowsprit and a mast, and is so completely disabled that we can not proceed on our voyage. Our rudder is broken, and we are in a heavy fog. If possible, we must steer for a place of safety. Twofold Bay is the nearest place, if we could get back to it; but in this gale it is doubtful if we can make it with two rags of a sail.”

The captain was greatly downcast; he knew the perilous condition of the vessel.

“A heavy, cross sea is driving her hither, and the winds thither. We are entirely at the mercy of the winds and waves, and the crew were nearly exhausted at the pumps when I left the deck.”

I told him to pray to Him, who could say to the turmoil on the Pacific, “Peace be still,” and could quiet the tempest as he did on the Sea of Galilee. The poor man said he had been trying to pray to Christ to save us. He left the cabin, and went on deck. When alone, I clasped my hands, and raised my eyes to heaven, and prayed to God to still the tempest, and guide us to a place of safety. The wind somewhat abated, but we were driven about all that day and night. We were lost on the waste of waters; we could not find our way. We could not take bearings nor find where the land lay. My own peculiar situation was in a measure overlooked in the general fearful condition in which we were all placed. The fog lifted a little, and two vessels hove in sight, disabled alike in the gale. A third hove in sight, like ourselves, dismantled and driven at the mercy of the wind and waves.

“God help us all,” I cried; “for He alone can help.”

The gale increased, and we were driven before it, we knew not where. Our barque was like a bird without wings trying to fly. She shivered to the blast, and could not mount the waves. The captain had lost all hope of saving her. When the wind abated a little, all hands went to work to make a jurymast out of the splinters of the spars that were strewn about, by tying them together as best they could. They also tried to stitch a few rags of canvas together to make a sail. The wind began to howl again in that awful, ominous manner. Oh, how we rolled and pitched. Another night of horror! Nothing

but God's protecting arm kept us afloat. Our poor barque was lashed by the sea with such force that I thought at every blow she must go to the bottom. The sailors were nearly washed overboard, as wave after wave rolled over us from stem to stern. The jerks and jumps of our little ship were perfectly frightful. My poor head was sadly bruised. The captain expected me to be killed by being thrown out of my bunk. No rest night or day for any on board. The leak in the vessel had increased. She was too heavily laden, and she had to be lightened; but even then she could not obey the little bit of rudder that we had. It is a great attainment to be entirely submissive to the will of God. Now, whether it was from want of food, want of sleep, or from being worn out and exhausted by the ceaseless tossing and tumbling, or all combined, I became possessed of perfect quietness of mind. I had lost all hope of safety, but I felt perfectly resigned to God's will. I was in his hands, and I rested there without hope or fear for life. We drifted to land at last, and entered Jervis' Bay on the coast of Illawarra, not twenty miles from friends. If I could have let them know, they would have taken me from the ship. I had no means of communication, and I was thought to be hundreds of miles away; and so I would have been, but after being near to Melbourne we had drifted back to within a short distance of where we started.

The sailors caught a large fish and cooked it. I could not eat much, but it was fresh and I enjoyed what I ate. There was nothing on board but salt meat and hard biscuit, which my poor sick stomach utterly refused to receive. The captain went ashore in quest of some fresh food, but was unsuccessful. The region round about was uninhabited. He saw an old hut with some furniture in it, which had once been occupied. He wrote on a piece of paper, and fastened it to the table, an account of our disabled state, and our seeking refuge in the bay. We patched up a little, it was but little, for we had no material. Something went wrong, we were driving shoreward toward the breakers, and away went our anchor again. We had weighed anchor and were preparing to leave our shelter, when we were driven back, and had to cast anchor again; but she broke her cable and was very nearly stranded. We got out of the bay at last. As soon as we rolled out to sea, I had to roll into the bunk with my clothes on; I had not been undressed since I left Sydney. I was very uncomfortable, but that was a small matter. At this time we had been fifteen days out, and no farther from Sydney than we were on the third day. I was faint for want of food, weary and exhausted by being knocked about so

hard and so long, and I was nearly beside myself for want of sleep. Two nights and three days I did not close my eyes one moment to sleep, holding on to keep my bones from being broken. We had a fair wind at last, which carried us past some dangerous islands and sunken rocks at the entrance of Bass Strait. We had a dead calm for a time, and the sailors caught some fish and cooked them. I was nearly famished, and I was glad to have some fish. Seventeen days out and only have eaten fish twice in the time, nothing more. In looking over the ship's log, I was surprised to see in what concise language they describe a heavy gale, or a ship's danger—as, "Shipped tremendous seas all over us; ship labored very hard; southerly burster carried away our sails, yard, mast and bowsprit; ship sprang a leak in the after part; sailed to leeward; was driven out of her way." The fact was, the old tub of a vessel was utterly unseaworthy. When a sea would wash over her and fill her decks with water, she seemed at times to stand perfectly still, and the pause was appalling; then we thought she was settling down to rise no more. We had no sooner entered Port Philip, thinking our dangers at an end, when bump, bump, went our tub, ashore on a sand-bank. We were greatly shaken, but we were wedged tight. We were still too heavily laden, through the covetousness of the owners.

I landed at Melbourne after being twenty days at sea, without having been undressed in all that time; had eaten food twice; had scarcely slept, and was bruised all over. We ought to have been at the end of our voyage eight days before, but we were only half way. An unseen hand at the broken helm steered us into port at last; to Him alone do I render thanks for my preservation. Language fails to convey my thoughts when I found myself out on the bosom of the mighty ocean alone, with what might have been a dozen lawless men. The retrospect makes me shudder; but I was saved. I again and again thanked God for my double preservation. On landing, I had to be supported to the train that was to take me to town; I could not walk through exhaustion. Nourishing food, sea-bathing and rest for a day or two, and I was well again.

I went to work vigorously. I was successful in a measure among the Baptists with the new translation. Sir Henry Barklay, with whom I corresponded, wished to buy the work when finished, but would not subscribe. There was a small church of Disciples at one of the suburbs, where I introduced Mr. Campbell's works, and they ordered sixty copies of the *Christian System*. For these I paid at New York



\$1.50, and paid freight; and when they landed in Australia I received \$1.00 per copy for them, thereby losing half a dollar on each copy, besides the freight. I visited the ministers and members of churches, and advertised in the papers, and did all I could in Melbourne. I had a few subscribers and received a few donations. I had orders for books of various kinds. I thought the works thus introduced would pave the way for reformation in the churches, as well as for organizing churches on Bible principles. I was willing to spend and be spent in this cause. My work being done in Melbourne, I was ready to resume my voyage; but I had not brought any extra money with me only what would take me to Adelaide and back to Sydney. My full passage money to Adelaide had been paid; but I could not venture on the *Miami* again. I had suffered too severely already, and it was not convenient for me to pay my passage twice. Mr. Lord suggested that the owners of the *Miami* be prosecuted for damages; but this would require both time and money, both of which were limited. Mr. Lord accompanied me to the office of the agent of the *Miami* to see what could be done. I asked the agent when the *Miami* was to sail?

“In ten days,” said he.

I could not wait so long, my time was up. I had intended to be at Melbourne after finishing my business at Adelaide. I said I must get to the end of my voyage soon, and I was short of money, seeing I brought none extra. A well-dressed man who stood by said, with a scowl on his brow:

“The best thing you can do is to go on board the *Miami* and stay there till she sails, and go with her to Adelaide; that will cost you nothing more, and the time is nothing.”

I asked the agent who the man was who had used such liberty of speech, and who had volunteered such advice? Mr. —, one of the owners of the *Miami*, was introduced to me. I turned to the owner, and said:

“Sir, I can not take your advice. I thank you all the same for giving it.”

“I should like to know the reason why you can not go on board; you can not do better.”

I told him I could do better, if he would arrange for my passage on board of a steamer, or give me back half of the money that I paid to one of the owners in Sydney.

“That will I not do. You shall go on board the *Miami*, or not, as you choose; I shall make no other arrangements for you, and you

have no redress. You took your passage in the *Miami*, and in her you can go," said the man, in a hoarse voice.

I said, "I did not come to lodge a complaint against any one for the treatment I had received at their hands. First, they took a large sum of money for my through passage to Adelaide, because no other ship was going; then they deliberately falsified by telling me that another lady passenger and a stewardess were on board, and that every comfort was provided for us. I had offered, before going on board, to procure anything extra that was needed; but I was told that everything that could possibly be wanted was on board. I had implicit faith in their word. I trusted to their honor; never suspected that they could treat a human being so barbarously. I did not, till I was out at sea, discover that I was the only lady on board with a dozen strange men, without a bed to lie on, and no comforts, not even necessary food, and my sick stomach could not receive the salt junk and hard biscuit. The vessel was utterly unseaworthy, and badly fitted out for a voyage, and the captain and crew might have been outlaws for anything the owners cared. I have now given you my reasons why I can not take your advice. Do you still advise me to go on board your ship, and put out to see again under these circumstances?"

"I certainly do, and if you don't, you have no redress."

Tears sprang to my eyes at the barbarity of the man's speech.

"Man, have you no heart? have you a sister, or a daughter?"

He said he had both. Then I said:

"Would you be willing to send one of them out to sea with a number of strange men, without food to eat, or a bed to lie on, to dare the dangers of the deep?"

"Yes, I would, most certainly," said the inhuman man.

"Seeing I have not a gentleman to deal with, I have nothing to expect; but rather than go on board of that ship again, I would walk to Adelaide, and beg bread by the way, if it were possible to do so," I said.

Let me say that the captain and officers were perfectly civil when in my presence, which was but seldom, as the vessel needed their whole attention. The agent seemed to be a gentleman, and asked several questions; but I had nothing to say against the poor over-worked men on board. The agent said:

"I am truly ashamed of the owners of the *Miami*. I will, at my own risk, and on my own responsibility, return to you the half of your passage money; that was all you asked for."

Dame fortune did not hold me in favor somehow. Opposition

steamers had been running between Melbourne and Adelaide for some time at reduced fares. This I thought fortunate, as I should have to pay but little more than my returned money; but when I took passage on board of the *Wonga Wonga*, she had run her last trip at reduced fares, and I was the first to pay full fare. We made the voyage in fifty-eight hours, and had a pleasant trip. The *Miami*, after being repaired, sailed, and was totally wrecked between Melbourne and Adelaide. I was thankful that I was not in her.

Once more I landed at Port Adelaide. What wonderful improvements had been made since I left its shores. I had letters of introduction to some of the leading men of the colony; but I was anxious to find out whether any of my old friends were alive. I found Mr. B——, my old friend, who had been so kind to me in the dark hours of the past, who, with his younger daughter, gave me a cordial welcome, his wife being dead. Here I rested a few days, and interested Mr. B—— in my mission, and he promised me all the help he could give. I called on the Hon. G. F. Angas, who had once been interested in the translation of the Spanish Scriptures. I was authorized to call on this gentleman, as his name was known to the American Bible Union. He received me very kindly, and at once gave £50, or \$250, and promised to give that yearly, on condition that the officers of the Bible Union would write to him. This I promised him they should do. After many questions asked, and satisfactory answers given, he asked me what I received for my services, and who paid my traveling expenses. I told him I received no remuneration; I willingly gave my services, and paid my own traveling expenses. He insisted on paying my expenses from Sydney to Adelaide. I politely refused; but he said he would do no more for my mission, if I refused his gift. He said he had a better right to pay my expenses than I had, for he had more money, and I was giving what was more valuable. I accepted, and was greatly impressed with his liberality. Before I left the old gentleman, he said he would be pleased to have me partake of his birthday breakfast next morning, the first of May, 1861; he would then be seventy-two years old. I promised to be in attendance, and I was punctual to the time, which pleased him. On another occasion, I was invited to dine with the old gentleman, and going into dinner, I happened to put my hand on his arm just to suit him, for he was very punctilious. He was a gentleman of the old school, and very courtly in his manners. I was glad to have pleased the old gen-

tleman, for I held him in great respect. He proved himself a true friend to me.

I wrote to Sir Richard McDonnell, Governor of South Australia, asking for his patronage for the *New Translation*. I had an audience of him, which ended in his subscribing, and becoming a member of the Union. He, as all others in power, asked many questions; but he was pleasant in conversation, and finished by asking me to go to Bishop's Court, and tell the bishop that he sent me to him with the *New Translation*.

"Tell him I have subscribed."

I called on Bishop Short, and was received with far more ceremony than at Government House. The bishop examined the work, and said he would like to purchase the work when finished, but declined to help to finish it.

I had heard that the bishop of the Roman Church was a great scholar, and as I wished to have criticisms, as well as subscriptions, I purposed calling on him, and would not be dissuaded, though some tried to keep me back, as it seemed very bold to beard the lion in his den. They knew he would not patronize the work. I took nothing for granted. I took a young lady friend with me, rang the bell at Bishop's Court, and was ushered into the august presence of a large man, enveloped from neck to heels in a black gown, with gold cable chain of great length and weight around his neck, with a large gold cross fastened over his heart, and a three-cornered cap on his head. His triple-crowned hat sat on a little table by his side, and he was on a raised seat, from which he did not rise when ladies entered his presence. He was the most pompous man I had seen in Australia. He pointed to seats, which we took. I opened my business at once by saying, I should like, if he did not object, to have his opinion of a *New Translation of the Scriptures*, published in America.

"First, do you belong to the Church, the Holy Catholic Church?" he said.

"No, sir; but I belong to the Christian Church."

He noticed that we neither bowed nor crossed ourselves before the pictures of the Madonna and others, which hung around the room. He said there is but one true Church. I bowed, and said mentally,

"Yes; but that is Christ's."

"Why do you come to me with a Protestant Bible for an opinion," again he asked.

I told him I had heard of his great erudition, and as a scholar

merely, I wished to have his valuable criticisms. Scholars everywhere are invited to criticise the work. It is a work for the people.

“The people, did you say? Why, the people are not fit to read the Bible. We, the priests, interpret the meaning for them.”

“But,” I said, “we can not always have a priest at our elbow to interpret for us, so we wish to read for ourselves the word of God.”

“Well, as I have said, the people can not, and if they could, they would not be allowed to read the Bible.”

With just a shade of feeling, I asked, “Who does hinder them?”

“The Church hinders them.”

“Do they all obey? I think not, for I have seen Roman Catholics read the Bible.”

“But,” said this pompous bishop, “they have not the right of private judgment, so their reading is of no avail.”

“Well,” I said, “will you be so kind as to look over this work, and give your opinion simply as a scholar.”

“I dare not do it,” said this august man.

“Why?” I asked in surprise. “You say you are one of the guardians of the Church, one of the interpreters of the Bible to the people, and why dare you not give your opinion on what you read? Who hinders you?”

“The Holy See.”

Ironically I asked, “What is that?”

“His Holiness, the Pope,” was answered; “and without his permission, I dare not read any work, or have an opinion of my own on it, were I allowed to read it.”

At this I arose from my seat, and said: “Sir, you are a man of great learning, of profound erudition, with a library here of immense size and great value, and do you mean to say that you have never read any of these books without the Pope’s permission? Or having read them, you could not, dare not, think your own thoughts about them?”

The bishop also rose from his exalted seat, came down to my level on the floor, opened one of the large book-cases, took out a book to show me, and said:

“I have read these with permission and many more, *but as I have told you, I have not the right of private judgment.*”

“It is enough,” I said, and smiled; “*you have told me, and you are high authority, that the Roman Catholics are not allowed to read the Bible, God’s word to men; nor have they the right of private judgment. I have been told this, but I believe it now.*”

I thanked his Lordship for his courtesy, and bowed my adieu, saying, I would detain him no longer. He opened the door for us and bowed us out.

At Hindmarsh, a few English brethren met in a small room to attend to the ordinances of the Lord in his own appointed way. They were earnest-hearted and zealous in good works. I introduced the new translation to them; they were pleased with it, and patronized liberally. They were a noble little band. Here I met Brother M——, a man of wealth and influence, who was then a member of Parliament, but he had the higher title of Christian gentleman. He invited me to visit his family at Enfield, which I did. It was composed of Alexander and Silvanus, two fine lads who were going to college; Janie and Bertie, two very sweet girls; then two younger boys, James and Tom, and Lillie came while I was there, and I called her my wee pet lamb, because I nursed her a great deal, and Brother M——'s brother's orphans were all brought up together and formed one family. It was a large but lovely and loving family. Mr. M—— was a liberal man, but he did not let his left hand know what his right hand did. His liberality was felt and appreciated by many. He has been a good steward. He subscribed for a directorship, and entered into my plans heartily to organize an auxiliary society to the American Bible Union.

I wrote a long letter to Mr. Buckbee, giving an account of my success. I was very successful in Adelaide. I also wrote a long letter to Mr. Campbell. Mr. M—— wished to be introduced to the great man, and I had great pleasure in introducing this noble-hearted Christian gentleman to my friend. But I shall transcribe Mr. M——'s letter to Mr. Campbell, which I enclosed in mine, and he published it.

ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA, May 20, 1861.

ELDER A. CAMPBELL:

*Dear Brother:*—We have been much favored by a visit from Sister E. Davies, whose long residence with you has enabled her as it were to introduce us to your family circle. She is on a mission for the Bible Union, and has been the means of strengthening the hitherto very slight cords which have bound us to the great undertaking of the age. My object in writing is to tell you that Sister Davies has opened a way for me to become possessed of your *Harbinger* as it issues from the press. Some kind friend in America (I suspect yourself) some years since sent me an occasional number of the *Harbinger*. From the spelling of my name and direction, I was not sure it was intended for me, and not knowing the donor, I could not write to thank him; and, having no means of remitting money, I could not pay. I have paid over to Sister Davies the sum of forty shillings to pay for two years in advance, and the balance to discharge past lia-

bilities, if it is you to whom I am indebted; but if it is to some unknown friend, then the trifling difference may be put to your church fund, or some similar fund useful to the kingdom. \* \* \* You will, dear brother, excuse the business formality of this letter. Sister Davies can better describe the state of the Australian churches. I am purposely avoiding any subject which would tax your time by calling for a lengthy reply. Your remaining strength and your time should be economized by laboring for communities rather than individuals.

I remain, dear brother, yours in the hope, T. M.

A lady playfully asked me who was my very faithful correspondent in New South Wales, who wrote so often and so beautifully, and whose letters gave me so much pleasure? I told her, and gave her some of the letters to read. She was perfectly charmed with them.

“Your prospect for future happiness is good,” she remarked.

I told her I thought so.

I had introduced my work to Mr. Bakewell, Crown Solicitor, and was well received by him. I was invited to his beautiful home at Shirley. I was looking at the bright, sweet face of Miss Bakewell. She reminded me very much of Miss Virginia Campbell. I thought it strange that so striking a likeness should exist between these two. I told Mr. Bakewell of the striking likeness I saw. It occurred to me that Mrs. Campbell's name was Bakewell, and she was born in England. I asked Mr. Bakewell if he had any relations in America? He said he had had an uncle who went to America, and here a little family history was gone into. It turned out that Mrs. Campbell and Mr. Bakewell were cousins, without either of them knowing aught of the other. Here again I had an opportunity of introducing Australians to Americans, and throwing cords of love and relationship across the mighty ocean. These were the beginnings of considerable results. My old friends had been scattered like roses in June. I had found but few of them. I had gotten nearly through with my work in South Australia; I had been very successful in every way, and was beginning to prepare for my return to Sydney. I had spent a day in the cemetery hunting for a grave before I left the colony. I had not told any one that I had a desire to see the grave of Mr. D——. Great as was my desire to see it, I could not find it. I was compelled to ask the sexton; but he did not know where it was. The greater the difficulty to find it, the greater was my determination to overcome the difficulty. I was gratified, but, merciful God, at what a cost! I told Mr. B—— that I had been looking for the grave of Mr. D—— for a long time, and could not find it.

“No, that was not likely for you to find the grave of a living man. Davies is alive, and, if I mistake not, he is in the city,” said Mr. B —.

A chill of horror ran through my veins. I sat speechless in blank astonishment. I was cold and stupid, and motionless as a stone, without sense or feeling for a while, then my limbs relaxed, and I fell a crushed and blighted thing. I could not, would not, believe what I had heard, but I felt as if it were true. I said he must be dead, otherwise, why did God permit me to come to this place? Had I known it, I should never have come; but I do not know. It can not be true. I had for some years been free from that haunting terror of him who had blighted my young life, believing he was dead. I was again filled with this torturing feeling. What could I do? Where could I go to get quit of the nameless dread that took hold of me? I could see no way of escape but in the grave. The suspense that I was in for some days was terrible. I could neither eat nor sleep. A sad change had come over me, but this state of suspense must end. I must know the worst. I must know whether the assertion were true, for as yet I could not believe it. I told no one how my soul was tortured, but mental agony was legibly written on every line of my face. No thought of happiness illumined my soul; all was dark and drear within. The dread suspense was undermining my mental faculties. I asked Mr. B—— to find out the exact truth and let me know. He suggested the feasibility of my leaving the colony without the knowledge.

“No,” I said; “my mind is full of doubt and fear, and I must know my fate. What is all the world to me if I am still his wife, or he alive?”

Mr. B—— ascertained that for a truth Mr. D—— was alive and in the city. I shuddered as I felt that my misery was complete. A cry of horror escaped my agonized heart:

“My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? Let me die; I can not live. Why was I not lost at sea? Why was I preserved alive, to be plunged into deeper, darker woe than ever before. Woe, woe, and agony unutterable. What shall I do? Where shall I go, to hide from God and man. Woe is me; I am undone. I am beside myself; great terror has gotten hold of me.”

I wrote to Mr. H—— at once; told him to think no more of me, to write no more to me, to drop me out of his life, and forget me. I had been thrust from the extreme of happiness to the extreme of misery. I had been suddenly and inextricably plunged by a horrid spec-



ter, that had risen up before me, into misery unbearable. Hope and happiness were shut out of my life forever. He is alive whom I believed dead, who once claimed me, as his wife. I long have thought his cruel deeds were hidden in the deep, dark grave. He yet lives. O God, what next? I know not. What makes his name so fearful? Oh, this weight of woe and agony; it presses me sore.

“But why tell you all this? You can not help me, and I do not wish to hear from you; you might say you pity me. I want no pity. Farewell; forever farewell.”

The enemy who had persecuted me, who had smitten my life to the ground, was not dead. Therefore was my spirit overwhelmed within me. My heart was desolate. My spirit utterly failed me. I could not pray; I could not see through the clouds that dimmed my horizon. They grew darker and gloomier, till the storm burst over my devoted head, and left marks of desolation all along the path I was traveling. Like the poor tempest-tossed little barque *Miami*, driven about on the wide ocean at the mercy of the winds and waves, which were furious and merciless, until she could no longer withstand their combined fury, and she sank a total wreck to rise no more.

“O God,” I cried, “save me from mental shipwreck. I am now in the breakers. Save, Lord, or I perish.”

I was in this mental tempest for several days; if any one spoke to me I could only wring my hands; my misery had no voice. I sat crouching by the parlor fire, in the hospitable mansion of Brother M—, trying to appropriate to myself some of the exhortation I had heard at church that day, but nothing reached my case. I was alone in my misery. Mr. M — and Dr. K— came in and sat beside me. Blank despair sat brooding at the heart of the crouching figure. They must have read it in my face. The doctor put his finger on my pulse, saying:

“You look ill; I shall give you some medicine.”

I looked straight at him and said: “I am not ill,” and I arose from my seat and walked to the other end of the room, repeating to myself, “A malady prays at my heart that medicine can not reach.”

As I left my seat, I heard the doctor say:

“I am sorry to see her suffer so; if we could only get her to speak.”

Another time I sat with my bowed head on my crossed arms, leaning on a table. I had tried to write, but failed in the attempt. Mr. M— came in, and sat down beside me. I raised my head, and met his kind, sympathizing eyes. He said, and I shall never forget it,

"I sympathize with you in your great trouble, and so does Mrs. M——, and I need hardly tell you that we pray for you."

"Oh, Mr. M——, you do not know my trouble."

"I do," he said, "better than you think, and I do most sincerely sympathize with you."

I could say no more and he left me. In a moment all my strength seemed to leave me, and I cried, "God help me, God help me," and I buried my face in my hands, and leaned heavily on the table. Even as I cried to God to help me, a feeling of rebellion took possession of my soul, and I mentally questioned the justice and mercy of God in thus robbing my life of all its brightness, in bringing this fearful woe upon me. What had I done to deserve this? was my rebellious question, wrung from a tortured heart. I could not pray for submission to the will of God. Beautiful and holy visions had passed away, and nothing was left but a dark shadow lying on the waste of life. A friend and brother suggested that I should divorce Mr. D——. I said:

"Anything to be free; but I can not do it. I can bring nothing against him. I am a perfect stranger here, though this was once my home. I know no one who knows him, and I am perfectly helpless. I have everything to fear, and nothing to hope, by attempting to divorce him."

"You have friends who know when this man troubled your life before, and they stood by you; you have some of them and others now that will stand by you in any event, and will clear the way for you as much as they can."

Suddenly a strange new feeling came over me, as though the agency of some hidden power was at work. I felt myself grow strong. Whence this strange new power? Was it the sudden uprising of my soul above the tossings of the tempest, or the crushing out of every tender chord of feeling? It was neither. I was simply an instrument in God's hand, to work out his purpose. I vowed a vow to the Lord, that if he would take from my life this unbearable load I would try to serve him more faithfully; I did not ask for submission to bear it—I wished to be free. I felt, as long as this man had a tie to bind me to him, I was nowhere safe from his cruelty. I thought, if he heard of my being in the colony, he would follow me to the death. My mind consented to do what eighteen years before might have been easy to accomplish; but now it seemed an impossibility. Again I vowed to the Lord, that if he would remove the curse of my life (I did not dictate the manner or means), I would serve him in any way, in any place

he would choose for me. I would go to Kamtschatka, or any place between the poles; I would serve him with my whole being; I would work where no one else would work. Anything but the disgrace and terror of being this man's wife, I could bear. O God, sever the galling chain that binds me to worse than a living death.

To my old friend, Judge Cooper, now Sir Charles Cooper, I would have introduced the *New Translation*; but my mind was so bewildered, I could attend to no more business. I called to see him, and he received me very cordially. He told me he had just received letters from Dijon, France, from Captain Sturt, who with his family were well, and he said:

“I shall write to your friends that you have come back after having traveled in America. They will be so glad to hear from you. Captain Sturt is a great friend of yours. Is Mr. D — alive, or is he dead?”

I gave the judge an account of how I had to flee the country; of hearing of Mr. D——’s death, and of my return on a mission, and hearing of his being alive when I had been in the city some time. I had no fear till I heard that he was alive, but now I was in great dread of him. I am told nothing can save me from him but a divorce, and this I fear I can not obtain after so long a time.

“You can do it if you can prove adultery or bigamy on him.”

I said I did not know of any who could prove anything against him.

“Tell me, Sir Charles,” I said, in great distress, “what power the law gives a man over his wife short of murder?”

Said the judge: “It gives a great deal, and this man, from what I hear of him, can and will ruin your life, if you do not escape from him. He will destroy your happiness if he knows you are here, or if you acknowledge him, or let him have a claim on you.”

“All you have said he has already done. When I heard of his death, the dark pall was lifted from my buried hopes, and for a time I was comparatively happy. Again hearing that he was alive, the pall descended, and I am enveloped in gloom darker than the grave. I was glad to hear the kind judge say he would serve me in every way he could. He said I could have a legal separation and a maintenance from him, and the law would protect me from violence. I said I could and would support myself; I had done it; I wanted nothing from him. Sir Charles explained the law in several cases, but I feared my case could not meet the requirements of the law. It seemed that nothing short of superhuman effort could trace up evidence of things long past, and perhaps forgotten, or witnesses dead, or out of the colony. If I

expected or desired freedom, a heavy task lay before me. I would be compelled to speak of my wrongs, and of my griefs unspeakable.

With a strong will, I will be calm, I said, or try to appear so, though my heart was sick and sinking. My dear old friend, Mr. N——, of H——y, accompanied me to the office of Mr. Bakewell. How my spirit writhed as I laid bare my wrongs to this man of business; but his business manner helped me to express myself. He saw the difficulties in the way, but he would leave nothing undone to bring things right. It would take time. I asked what was to be done.

Mr. Bakewell said: "First, your marriage has to be proved; then Mr. Davies' cruelty; then his crimes, if any; then his identity with the man who was to be brought up."

I told him that I should help him to find the people who could testify, if they were in the colony or alive, and with the energy of despair, I set to work. There is a power in the human will, when bent with unswerving purpose on one great aim. All the witnesses to my marriage, even the Colonial Chaplain, who performed the ceremony, were dead, only one was left, and he was far away; but I found him, and I asked him if he remembered being at Mr. Davies' marriage.

"His first or second marriage?" he asked.

(Second marriage! here was a revelation, I thought.)

"His first," I answered.

Yes, he said; he was one of the groomsmen. I said I did not know Mr. D—— had been married twice. He said he had heard of a second marriage, but could not swear to it; he had lost sight of Mr. Davies for some years. I asked him if he remembered Mrs. Davies.

"Yes, and I think you are the lady."

He was a proprietor of a large hotel in the country, and Mrs. N—— and myself had dined there. I asked him if he could tell me of any one who had witnessed the second marriage. Some of his workmen I was told could tell me, but I ascertained that all were dead save one, who was proprietor of a large hotel at the port. I told Mr. H—— to be ready to appear in court to identify me and prove my marriage. I then, without rest, went to the port, many miles from Mr. H——'s. Mr. I. N——, son of my friends, Mr. and Mrs. N——, went with me to Charles G——'s hotel at the port. Mr. N—— asked Mr. G—— how long it was since Mr. D—— was married the second time. He was told, so long. I then made myself known to my former employé. He seemed alarmed when I told him I wished him to testify to a second marriage. I found him very unwilling to answer any more

questions. I asked him and his wife if they remembered, or did they choose to forget, the cruelty that drove me from the colony; or did they think I had returned to take revenge upon him who had so deeply wronged me? I told them if they had such thoughts to put them away. Revenge belongs not to me. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord; I will repay."

"All I seek is, that the tie that binds me to Mr. D—— may be broken—the marriage made null—so that I may never again be exposed to his malice.

"Oh," said Mr. G——, "if you do not wish to prosecute for cruelty and bigamy, I can testify to Mr. D——'s second marriage, for I was present at the marriage; but his wife and child are both dead."

He said much more, and Mr. N—— took notes of all he said, read them to him, and had him put his name to them, and we left. We had to walk a long distance, and a fearful storm overtook us. Darkness enveloped us, and we were nearly blown into the sea, so furious was the wind. The rain drenched us, and the thunder and lightning were awful. We had great difficulty in reaching Mr. N——'s house. I had dry garments put on, but I shivered with cold. Next day my head ached, and I had fever, but I had to return to Adelaide. My clothes were not quite dry, but I put them on, reached Adelaide in the midst of another storm of rain, and was again thoroughly drenched. I had to hunt up an old lady, whose daughter had been my maid, and had been hired by Mr. D—— as a spy on my actions. I knew not where to find her, no one knew anything of her, and she was a very important link in the chain of evidence needed. I took shelter in a store from the heavy rain. I leaned my elbow wearily on the counter, and sat drooping and dripping, when a well-dressed young woman came into the store with a child in her arms. She started when she saw me, and rather timidly approached me, and asked:

"Are you Mrs. Davies, ma'am."

"Yes," I said; "but I do not know you."

"I am married now, but I am your servant E—— S——," she said.

"What!" I said, "is your mother alive?"

Energy returned to my drooping frame when she said, yes. God was surely clearing the way. I told her to take me right to where her mother was, and she did so. I questioned the old lady in a friendly way as to what she remembered of the treachery, cruelty and infidelity of Mr. D——. She had seen and knew more of the brutality to which I had been subjected than I expected. She had been a spy on

Mr. D——'s actions as her daughter had been on mine. Of course, I never knew anything of her eavesdropping. I found her perfectly willing to tell all she knew. Now, I said, no one can say that I have prejudiced my friends against this man, for I have found only his own friends who know aught against him, and, guided by an unseen hand, I have found them.

I had seen Sir Charles Cooper and Mr. Bakewell several times, and told them what I had done, and they kindly gave their opinion on it, and gave me their counsel. Events were shaping themselves for an issue. Without a change of dress, and without food or sleep, I sat down in my wet clothes, with a fever burning in my veins—but this for the time made me strong—to write my deposition, which took all that day and all that night; and while writing of cruel deeds, I seemed to be living in the dark past, with all my dead hopes scattered around me. Tongue can not tell what torture I suffered while writing that document. When finished, I gave it to the proper authorities, after testifying to its truth.

"Great and merciful God," I cried, "let not the wicked triumph over me."

The dreaded, yet longed-for, day arrived. My faithful friend, Mrs. N——, sat by me in the great court-house. The Hon. Judge Quinn, in his official robes and huge powdered wig, on the bench. The lawyers, in their full white wigs and black gowns, were all very imposing as they bent over their important documents. I sat as if I were in a dream. I could not realize that I had an important part to act in the drama that was passing before me. Presently, without apparent cause, I began to shiver and tremble. Mrs. N—— whispered:

"What ails you?"

"He is here," I said, although I had not heard any one, or seen any one enter.

Just then a man passed by in front of us and took a seat a little below, then turned and stared at me so broadly that I had to lower a second veil over my face, and I cowered with an indefinable dread. And thus we met for the first time in eighteen years.

"O God, save me from this man," I prayed.

I felt his presence in every nerve of my frame. His bold staring brought a severe rebuke upon him from the bench, and his insolent manner brought a second and more severe one for his unmannerly and unmanly conduct. He was threatened with punishment for contempt of court. He was defying the law, though he was in its grip. He

was playing with lightning and it scathed him. He thought to intimidate the court as he had done me. Poor man! His three friends, in simple justice to my cause, gave evidence to a few startling facts. One link in the chain of evidence was wanting, and how to find that no one could tell. Mr. D — left the court-house in triumph. Without the missing link, the work already done was valueless, and he poured out threatenings against me for bringing him there. I was carried home to Mr. N——'s house more dead than alive. I laid me down and groaned in anguish. I asked why the Lord stood afar off from me, and hid himself from me, when I was in such trouble? Again I asked, "Will nothing but death give me peace? Oh, then, let me die and be at rest."

As Mr. N—— and family knelt around my bed that night, I heard the good man pray for strength to be given to the weak, the balm of Gilead for the heart-wounded, and peace to the troubled mind. "Have mercy, O God, on the weary wanderer, whose pathway has been rough and thorny, and the poor thing has fainted by the way. Restore her to health of body and mind, if it be thy will; if not, take her to thyself in peace." Amen.

"Take me home, take me home, for I am very weary," I said.

But my work was not yet done; God's purpose not yet complete.

I was taken to the court-house next day, and in consideration of my illness was taken to a private room. Mrs. N——, with her motherly care, was at my side. A clergyman came into the room with a large book under his arm; Mr. Bakewell followed. The book was opened, and the two gentlemen compared the writing in the book with written papers on hand. They shook their heads and were not satisfied. Mr. Bakewell seemed annoyed. He asked me if I knew the handwriting in one of the papers. I said I did not. This added to his disappointment. I asked permission to look at the clergyman's book. I found it full of names, written in different hands. It was a record, or register. I was about to shut the book, it did not interest me, when a name caught my eye, and I said, I know that handwriting. The clergyman looked at the name and left the room. Presently I was called into the court-room and put on oath. Several papers were put into my hands, and I was asked if I knew the writing.

"No," I said.

An open register of names was placed before me. I was asked if I knew any of the writing on the face of the book. I said, pointing to one signature, that I knew that one, and that was enough. *That was*

*the missing link.* On this the case hinged. A learned discussion took place in court, and I was led out almost unconscious. At the door I met Sir Charles Cooper, who was watching the case closely, but could not sit on it, as he had given me private advice as a friend. The clergyman was just saying to Mrs. N——, “We have a very interesting case going on in court just now.”

Mrs. N—— pointed to me, and said: “This lady is the plaintiff in the case.”

He turned to me, and said: “Madam, you have my profoundest sympathy, and I hope the verdict will be yours. You have right on your side.”

I bowed. I was taken home to bed. The excitement and exposure through which I had passed prostrated me, and I lay down not caring whether I should ever rise again. I lay helpless for many days. When the full Court met, with Sir Charles Cooper at its head, and sat in judgment on the case, it gave me a verdict, and Mr. D—— had to pay all costs on both sides. When the decision of the Court was written on parchment, signed, sealed and delivered to me, how did I feel? My prayer had been heard and answered by a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God, and I was legally and morally free. It is well for poor, weak humanity that our heavenly Father is long-suffering and patient with his poor creatures. I had not felt that I was rebelling against God; I only felt tempest-tossed, and was seeking refuge from the storm. I said I could not live if I were not free; now I was free, and I felt less like living than ever. Now the victory was mine, but, alas, for the triumph; alas, for an approving conscience. I had no consolation in any or all of these. I was mentally and physically prostrated, until I heard that Mr. D—— was breathing out threatenings and curses against me. Mr. Bakewell told me that my safety depended upon the incarceration of Mr. D——, and that this must be done. I said,

“This must not be done; not one hair of this man’s head shall suffer on my account. Vengeance or revenge does not belong to me. God knows I forgive him all the injuries he has ever done me. Now that he is in my power, and the law of the land supports me to bring him to punishment, I will show that I have freely forgiven him, by paying all his indebtedness to the Court. This done, as soon as I am well enough, I shall leave the colony, and never more cross his path, and may he turn to the Lord, and live in peace.”

All I prayed for was that the law would not give him dominion over me.



“We shall see to it that he does not cross your path, or trouble you in any way. We shall notify him that if he interferes with you in any way, the Crown will prosecute him for bigamy.”

I said: “Pray do not press a vanquished man; let mercy prevail.”

“Your kindness to him is entirely unmerited; your forbearance almost more than human.”

“My Master has told me to bless them who curse me, and to do good to them that hate me, and pray for them who spitefully use me and persecute me.”

In settling accounts with Mr. Bakewell, he said, in getting the case up I had done the work of two men, and that what services he had rendered, he cheerfully rendered to me for nothing, as a friend—that I had done the most difficult part of the work, and he had no trouble in the case. All the other expenses were paid, but by whom I never knew.

I can never cease to be grateful to God for raising up around me so many Christian friends, who were untiring in their efforts to restore me to myself again. Brother M——, Dr K——, Mr. Neil, Mr. Angas, Mr. Bakewell (the last three are dead now), and Mr. B——, with their Christian families, will ever be remembered by me at the throne of grace, for their kindness to me in those darkest hours. Mr. B——, with more feeling than reason, said that God had sent me to be a blessing to him, and his.

“Be my wife, he said, “and I will shield you from the ills of life as far as one mortal can shield another. I will make a happy home for you; will you come to it?”

I said; “Oh, Mr. B——, this can never be; my wounds can not be healed in this way. I can not entertain the thought for a moment. I appreciate your kindness, but I can never be anything but a friend to you. Do not think of me any more; do not talk to me any more on the subject, for it is painful.”

A few days later, I was on a short visit to Dr. K——’s, and was sick in bed, when a messenger came from Mr. B——, to tell me that Mr. D—— had gone to Gawlor, a town thirty miles from the city, to visit friends, and that “yesterday he dropped down dead, and was buried to-day.”

“Merciful Father,” I cried, and I sprang out of bed, and said, “I shall visit his grave to-morrow.”

“You are crazy; you are not able,” the doctor said.

“Yes, I know I am crazy; that is why I wish, why I must go and

see his grave. I hunted for it one day, but could not find it; perhaps now I will be more successful. Do not try to dissuade me, for I am going."

"You are mad to attempt it. It is as much as your life is worth."

"My life is of little value at present, and if I forfeit it, well! I shall make the attempt."

And in the face of the opposition of my friends, who thought the step unwise, I went to Gawlor, and wading through tall rank grass saturated with the night's rain, I stood by his grave at last, with a weight of anguish bound on my life, crushing out love and youth, and, as far as this world was concerned, hope. My sick soul was darkened with shadows from my past sufferings. The man who had ruined my life, and blighted my happiness, and made my life a hard and bitter thing, lay at my feet. I had in my woman's helplessness to struggle alone against the world in sighs and tears. I have carried a quivering, stricken human heart within me, but all unknown to the world through which I was struggling. What a strange moment, when I stood beside the new laid turf, that covered all the earthly part of him who had been the main spring of all my grief. The terror of my life lay quietly sleeping at my feet. I stood there in lonely thought beside the voiceless dead. No more passions will disturb the breast of the dreamless sleeper; his race is run, his journey's ended in his manhood's prime.

"How still and peaceful is the grave,  
Where life's vain tumults past;  
The appointed house by heaven's decree  
Receives us all at last."

I asked myself if I had freely, fully forgiven him. I bowed before God, and said: "As I hope to be forgiven, so I forgive."

The fiery trials through which I had passed made a brand too deep to fade, but I was free from that haunting terror. I was only weary, and I longed for rest.

Mr. Angas wished me to spend a few months with his family in the country; but I was too sick to go so far.

At Mr. M——'s they did everything that ingenuity could devise for my well being. Even little Lilly beguiled me of many painful hours. I asked God again and again to bless him and his forever, for their kindness to the sick stranger within their gate. And now I say amen to that prayer.

Everybody was kind and good, but I felt that I could not get well

in Adelaide. I must leave it, much as I loved my old and new made friends. Mr. B—— renewed his suit, now that Mr. D—— was dead, but I told him to let me pass from his mind like a troubled dream, for I could be nothing more to him.

I prepared to leave friends who had endeared themselves by every Christian tie, and the love I have for them ends only with my life. I paid a farewell visit to Shirley. Mrs. Bakewell put her arms around my neck, and said:

“You did not, could not, realize that you were free, by having only that which man could give you; but now, my dear friend, God has given you a double freedom. You must try and be happy, now that you have nothing to fear.”

“The wounds I have received can not heal without scars; they were too deep. I have nothing in this world to fear, or yet hope for; I am alone, and have nothing to do, only as God will use me, as an instrument in his hand to do good to others.”

The farewells were spoken, and I went on board the *Ann and Jane*, and was once more afloat.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### RETURN TO NEW SOUTH WALES, AND TEACHING IN THE BUSH.

CAPTAIN SMITH was a man of large frame, with a face like fire, and a stentorian voice. He looked to me like a high-tempered, hard-drinking man. Appearances were all against him. If the vessel gave a lurch, his voice from the breakfast table was heard above the winds, giving orders to the man at the wheel. In a moment he was at the bow of the brig, shouting to the men aloft, then down to the breakfast table again. I was afraid of the burly captain's thundering voice. He was a particular friend of Mr. I. N—— and I was by that gentleman put under the special care of the captain, who at first refused to take me.

“A sick lady, indeed! I want no such passenger. It would be, ‘Captain, I want this, and captain, I want that, and I could not attend to the brig and the peevish sick lady; and she would take up the steward's whole time.’”

I heard this rough speech, and I would not have asked to go on his brig, but it was the only vessel for Sydney, and he was well known to my friends. So I overcame my repugnance to the man, and begged, with almost tears in my eyes, to be taken to Sydney. I said, with quivering voice:

“I shall not be troublesome, captain.”

You poor, pale-faced thing, are you the sick lady? Well, I think I shall have pity on you and take you. I have a man and his wife in the steerage; I shall give the woman a free passage to wait on you.”

I was installed in a cozy little cabin, with a chest of drawers and otherwise nicely furnished, and a good, clean bed, and that was a great luxury. This was all I wanted, and I lay down, and was only once on deck in all the two weeks' voyage. At every meal I could hear the captain say to the steward,

“See if that poor thing wants anything.”

To the question, my constant answer was,

“No, thank you.”

At night I would ask for a glass of water to be placed by me, and in the morning it would be removed untouched. This state of affairs lasted a week. I was very sick besides being sea-sick. One day the

vessel pitched very suddenly and rolled the captain into my room, very unceremoniously, throwing him down into a seat. Fortunately he was not hurt.

"Well," he said, "the *Ann and Jane* is not very polite to pitch me in here, but now that I am in, I must tell you, you are not doing to my liking. You need not be frightened, you poor thing. I do not like those blue rings round your eyes, nor your pale cheeks, nor your lying there, and at every meal when asked if you want anything, 'No, thank you.' You don't give trouble enough. I am afraid you are too sick for that. Now I must look after you. The woman that I had to wait on you gives more trouble than you do. I have sent her back to the steerage for her husband to nurse her and feed her, as she is fond of eating. You have not asked for one thing save water since you have been on board. I shall have some nice soup or gruel, and you must take some nourishment, or you will die. I shall carry you upon deck, where the fresh air will revive and strengthen you. Now I must go."

I thanked him for his kindness.

"No thanks, but do as I tell you."

Three times that day I tried to get up, but fainted every time, and so gave up the effort. Another day I wrapped a cloak around me, and the captain carried me up on deck as if I had been a baby. He put me in a basket chair and lashed it to a mast; then fastened me to the chair and propped me up with pillows, put an ottoman under my feet, and over me and the chair he threw a rug, tucking it in all around me. His gentle, lamb like voice, his tender manner to me, was as surprising as would have been such gentleness from a grizzly bear. Good old Captain Smith was like a father to me. I had formed a wrong opinion of him. He was a gentle-hearted giant. We had a pleasant voyage from port to port with but one storm. We sighted Sydney Heads one Sunday morning, when the captain asked me if I would like to go to church that day. I said I would, and he said he would take me.

"I think it is right to thank God for preserving us on our voyage."

I found this rough sailor a true Christian in word and deed, gentle in heart, sober in habits, kind and attentive to the sick, and full of sympathy for the sorrowing. As I entered the harbor, I thought of the revolutions that had been wrought in me and my affairs since I had sailed out of it six months before. Where was the barque *Miami* in which I sailed? A wreck on the ocean with her heavy freight. Where was I? A wreck on the ocean of life.

We cast anchor in the evening. The captain lowered his boat and took me to the Baptist Church, of which Mr. Voller had the oversight. I listened to the organ tones of the captain's voice while they were singing. I introduced the captain to Mr. Voller after the service. They were fast friends ever after. I had to go back to the ship to sleep that night, in order to pack up for landing early in the morning, as the captain had to prosecute his voyage to New Castle. He had nothing to do at Sydney but land me. On leaving the ship the captain returned me one-half of my passage money. I asked what this was for?

"I thought you would be troublesome on board, and I charged accordingly; but you not only gave no trouble at all, but you were too quiet, and you ate nothing, so I can not make you pay for what you did not have. Now my advice is, consult a doctor, get well as fast as you can, and on my next voyage to New Castle, I shall put in here and take you with me a pleasure trip, and any of your lady friends you may please to take with you. I shall make you comfortable and charge you nothing. I shall at any time you wish be happy to give you a free passage back to Adelaide," he said.

At this I shook my head.

"Well, get well and go with me to New Castle."

And so my new friend and I parted.

This shipowner's treatment of me and that of the owner of the *Miami* were very different. Captain Smith was a Christian, that made all the difference.

I consulted Dr. Brerton, who told me that my nervous system was entirely destroyed, and my vital energies crushed out of me; but he hoped in time to restore me. He recommended the Turkish Bath, and for me to live perfectly quiet and out of doors as much as possible. My life at present hung on a brittle thread. I must not be excited on any account.

My friend Mr. H——, though I had forbidden him to write, wrote regularly. First he wrote of his great disappointment, then of his sympathy, then of —— . To all of which I had nothing to say. He came to Sydney to meet me; was delighted to see me, and said:

"How well you look."

Something must have blinded him. He had come with the firm purpose of carrying me off home with him as his own. His words were daggers to me. I could not speak but in monosyllables. I had no chord that could now be touched by his passionate speeches. Days

passed, and still he lingered. He asked me why I was so tardy in fulfilling my promise; the time was past. I roused myself with great effort, and said:

“Do not rest your plea on the promise I made to you a few months ago, for in the sight of high heaven I had no right to make it, the world’s opinion to the contrary notwithstanding; but I did it in profound ignorance of my real condition. God saved me from the perilous precipice on the brink of which I stood, and that promise is null. You are nothing to me now, nor I to you, save a friend.”

He urged me by every kind of entreaty to have a quiet marriage and go to his home with him, where all were expecting me. I told him I could not bring him happiness or help, so I must, in consideration for him and his, refuse. I was enchained by a feeling of desolation. Everything wore the hue of death, and all was marked with vanity. My tried heart was wasted, and my thoughts were nothing worth. Mr. H—— after a few weeks left Sydney, having extorted from me an unwilling promise that if I recovered my health in three months I should marry him. I was sorry for him, but his presence to me was torture. I felt relief when he went away. Time was passing and I was no better. I looked forward with dread to the end of the three months. A few more days and then the end. Mrs. I——, a friend, said:

“We must go out to day and do some shopping. I declare, you have not prepared a single thing for the wedding, and you know this day week is to be the great day.”

I told her I was weary and would lie down, and as I lay I dreamed, though not asleep. When Mrs. I—— was ready for business, I told her that it was needless for me to prepare, for Mr. H—— and I should never be wed.

“Yes you will, in a week,” she said.

Never shall I marry any man with the feeling that I have. Instead of preparing, I sat down to pen a few lines to Mr. H——, full of dark shadows. My pen was dipped in gloom. I told my friend, as it was impossible for me to take duties on myself for which I was utterly incapable, and feeling myself bound by an unwilling promise to do so, only retarded my recovery; and if he really cared for me, he would release me from the promise; for I felt that I could not make him happy. The dark past was ever throwing shadows around me. Nothing seemed able to expel the gloom. I could not rouse up to take an interest in anything. I told him to forget me. For myself, I had

drunk the cup of bitterness to the dregs, and there was nothing for me but to endure. I packed up all his letters and his likeness, and sent them to him, and asked him to return mine. He wrote a farewell letter to me, but did not return mine for years after. We never met again.

On my return from Adelaide, I had letters waiting to be opened from America. One announced the death of my dear friend Judge Edmunds. The American Bible Union received a great blow when he was called away from his labors. The war was raging, and there was no hope for my return to America now.

A letter in the *Harbinger* read as follows:

#### CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE MUSEUM OF BETHANY COLLEGE.

We are pleased to acknowledge a box of valuable natural curiosities presented to the Museum of Bethany College from New South Wales, Australia, by our zealous sister, E. Davies. It consists of some curious implements of art used by the natives, and many valuable and interesting specimens of the animal productions of that far-off land. A fine assortment of sponges, some very curious and rare; a beautiful collection of sea grasses, and a case of thirty or forty varieties of birds, all differing in size, in form or plumage, from any varieties known in the United States. The present is one to gladden the eyes of a naturalist, and will elicit for Sister Davies the thanks of many a friend of hers and of Bethany College. We hope she will appreciate the worth of this good service enough to be stimulated to repeat the kindness, and that we shall have the pleasure of acknowledging other contributions to the Museum of Bethany College.

WM. K. PENDLETON.

I was pleased to read this letter, seeing that my labor of collecting and preserving and packing my specimens was not lost, and that in the midst of the war they safely reached their destination.

I wrote to Mr. Campbell, giving him a full account of my voyage to Adelaide.

As our brethren had no church in Sydney, and I wished to belong to a church, I wrote to the Baptist Church of which I was once a member under another pastor. I asked for admission, though I did not believe in their creed, and I objected to some other things that they practiced. They might also object to me on account of my objections to them, and they might object to me calling myself simply a Christian, with no creed but the Bible. They did not object, but gladly received me. The Rev. James Voller, pastor, was very anxious to know what I objected to. I told him creeds, pew rents, the monthly communion and the title Reverend. He said he had heard of some people who were called Campbellites, who did not believe in the work of the Holy



Spirit, and believed strange doctrines. I gave him a small book to read, *Principles of the Reformation*, by Dr. Richardson. When he read the work, he exclaimed:

“If that be Campbellism, I am a Campbellite from this day.”

I said it was Christianity. I supplied him with Mr. Campbell’s works, and reform began at Mr. Voller’s door-plate. The “Reverend” was cut off; there were no more pew rents; the supper was administered weekly; the Bible was more read. I felt very much at home with my Baptist brethren. Time passed, and reform went on.

Mr. Voller’s health failed, and he gave up his charge, and went to Queensland, saying that, if health permitted, he would plant a church on Christian principles in his new home. An orthodox minister was sent from England to fill Mr. Voller’s place, and he put a check on the reform, and caused many of the more enlightened to leave the church, and join the Disciples, who had meantime planted a congregation in Sydney.

I was months ill ere my physical strength returned.

“Eureka! Eureka!” cried a young gentleman friend one day to me.

“What? Where?” I asked.

“Why, a place out of the way, where no one will go to, or stay at, or work in, because the people are so wicked, and the young people perishing for instruction, and plenty of wild children there; but no respectable person will stay among the people, or take hold of the children to do them good. I heard you say that you wanted to go to such a place, destitute and wicked. Will you go there?”

My emphatic “Yes, I will,” rather startled my young friend, who said laughingly,

“I thought you were only talking romantic sentimentalism, and like others I know, when a real case came before you, you would shrink from difficulty or danger.”

“No, Robert, if the Lord has work to be done in that dangerous locality that I can do, let me go to it. I have no choice. I have vowed to the Lord, and to him I will perform my vows.”

Robert Dixson was son of my friends Mr. and Mrs. Dixson. Mr. D—— was a tobacco manufacturer and merchant. Robert, with a few other young gentlemen, formed what was called the Juvenile Bush Missionary Society. Their work was to go out to the suburbs, the highways and by-ways, and places out of all ways, with tracts, and talk to the people, and do what good they could. They had gone farther than usual one Sunday, and they came upon this out of the way place.

Robert and I started one day to visit North Sydney. We crossed Port Jackson, and walked up on the north side through several miles of forest land, over rocks and down into gullies, winding up and down, out and in, and treading the way under a broiling sun, until my head ached, and my feet were fairly blistered. I was not strong, and I had to sit down on the road, or on a rock rather, for there was no road. I rose and dragged along, till we reached a hut hidden away in the bush. I was not able to walk back to town, so I lodged where I was for the night. Robert Dixson introduced me to the people, and then walked home.

Next morning I took a child to conduct me over the place. I found a great many huts spread over a wide extent. I saw dirty, ragged children. I asked the equally dirty mothers if they would like to send their children to school. Some said that they had no school to send to; others said they had no clothes to wear; others that they had no money to pay for school, and others asked me,

“What will ye gie us to send our childer to school?”

I found the people low, ignorant, vicious and drunken, living by stealing. They were liars and swearers; the fear of God was not before their eyes, nor did they regard the laws of man. They were so hidden away in the dense bush, that but very few knew of their scattered village. The people here were in perishing need of the restraints and purifying influences of the Gospel, and Christianity might be the salvation of some of these reprobates. At least the children might be rescued. Freed from the restraints of law, morality and religion, many of them gloried in their shame, and looked with suspicion and dread upon every attempt made, to introduce among them the light and influence of the truth. I found a strong disinclination among them to have me settle in their midst. They preferred to have no school for their children, if it was at all likely to interfere with their vicious habits. However, I talked kindly to some of the mothers about their children, and told them some of the advantages of education, and so I gained the promise of a few, that they would send their children to school, if I should begin one.

June 16, 1862, I opened school at North Sydney with eighteen children. To a worldling the prospect of a good living would have been gloomy in the extreme. However, “Man does not live by bread alone.” With this motto, I began in God’s strength to work while it was called day. I felt that if I did my Master’s work faithfully, He would help me in time of need.

The little hut in which I began to work was hidden away in the tall weeds and underbrush, but we cleared a space around it. The tin roof was so low, that when it was heated, it was like an oven ready to bake meat. To prevent the baking, we had branches of trees spread over the top, to keep off the sun's rays. We patched up the back wall, as the half had been torn down by the vandals for kindling-wood. I at once took deep interest in the unkempt, unwashed ragamuffins, who were as wild as the native kangaroo, and as shy.

I was at my post a week or so, when two young men called on me at my lodging place, the most disreputable looking specimens of young manhood imaginable. They were very dirty to begin with. One had hard, frizzy, red hair, standing out from his head, his face spotted with huge brown freckles, and so dirty, the color was undistinguishable. His clothes were filthy and ragged. The other, dark-haired and down-looking, in his shirt sleeves and dirty. These roughs sat with their caps on, while they asked me to open a night school for them in a very insolent, assured tone.

"A school!" I exclaimed in surprise; "what do you want with a school?"

"We want to go to it," said they, leering at each other.

I told them I could not open a night school for them, and when asked my reason for refusing, I told them I was afraid of them, they looked so fierce, and everything but respectable, and that I had heard of their being bad characters.

"Oh, that's it, is it? Well, you had better open a school for us; we will behave ourselves."

I hardly knew whether to take this as a prayer or a threat. I told them I feared to open a school, lest I should have to close it in a short time. I was told that a female of doubtful reputation had opened a night school for the young people of the surrounding neighborhoods, and it was nothing more than a rendezvous for them to play pranks. At this they burst out in a great hoarse laugh.

"Well, try us; ye may as well gie us a trial."

Their persistence made me pause. Perhaps God would make me, weak as I was, an instrument in his hand of doing good to these rowdies. I asked them, were I to open a school for them, would they be willing to be entirely guided by me while in it?

"Oh, yes," they said.

I still hesitated. I put up a mental prayer for resolution to decide. I told them I heard they were drinkers.

"Now will you pledge yourselves to refrain from drink that will do you harm?" I asked.

"O yes," they answered.

Then I shall open a night-school, and every one who wishes to enroll his name on my school-book must first sign a teetotal pledge.

"Agreed," said they.

Twelve of the dirtiest, rowdiest-looking young persons, male and female, signed the pledge, and took their seats in school. To me it was a novel sight, this dirty, waiting group, but it was also a novelty to them, to see a clean, neatly-dressed woman in their midst. But this novelty would wear off, and I asked God to direct me how to interest and gain the confidence of these repulsive young people, as well as to instruct them. I told them frankly this first night, that I could not combat with twelve persons if they chose to be contrary, or inclined to extinguish the lights and throw the ink-bottles about, or chase each other round the room in the dark, upsetting forms and desks, as they had done formerly; but I could and would most certainly close the school-doors on them, and never open to them again. They all seemed too ready to do as I told them. I had not much faith in their promises. I requested them to come the next night with clean faces and hands, and commence their work of improvement. I was just closing my eyes to sleep that night, when I heard the most horrid yells ringing through the bush. I did not know whether they proceeded from drunken men or savages. I was not able to sleep for a long time. Next morning I was informed that my night scholars were up to their old tricks, yelling through the woods and pulling gates off their hinges. Wagon wheels were broken, and property destroyed as usual. The second night my scholars looked all the better for a plentiful use of soap and water. Before dismissing them for the night, I asked them if they knew anything of the rowdies who were prowling through the bush last night. I said they had frightened me, so that I could not sleep, and if such men were allowed to prowl around, that I would be afraid to come and go to school alone. I must look to them for protection.

"Here are four grown young men; will you come for me and take me home every evening; will you be my body-guard?"

"We will," was given in hearty response.

The night prowling and destroying of property were broken up entirely from that night.

For two weeks, teacher and taught seemed to watch each other very

closely. I was on the alert for improprieties. I neither took, nor allowed to be taken, the least liberty. Outwardly, all was calm and quiet. This state of things was unusual for them, and I feared an outbreak. Two weeks of quiet, respectful behavior on their part, two weeks of painful watching on mine, passed, and I relaxed somewhat. One night I said to them, as I knew they had good voices, I should like to hear them sing, and would they sing a few songs ere they left? Each looked at the other, and asked:

“What shall it be?”

They had formerly been in the habit of singing profane songs. I was amused to see the-blank look they gave me when I took some cottage hymn-books from a shelf, and said:

“There are some very pretty songs if you will sing them for me.”

They sang several songs well, and seemed to enjoy the exercise. I told them they might sing a few every night. This pleased them. Another week passed, and I was fast gaining their confidence. I tried in every way to influence them for good, and they felt that I had an interest in their well-being. I told them I would give them a half hour extra every evening if they would read a lesson in the Testament; it would improve their reading and do more; and they could sing, and in that way spend a pleasant half hour. To this they agreed willingly. They seemed to like school.

My body-guard, all four of them, conducted me to and from the school-house to my lodging every night. I was told that these young men bore very bad characters. I said I believed they had been, but while they were conducting my feet through the unknown mazes of the forest, I was trying to conduct them into the path that led to the feet of their Savior. We trusted each other for guidance, and none were led astray.

Five weeks passed; my day-school had increased; the children seemed to like school, and I had become deeply interested in both night and day scholars. I went home one afternoon very tired with my day's labor. Mine host, who was a sly rogue and a cunning knave of a very bad type, who had seven children at day and night school, ordered me out of his house, bag and baggage. He said he was not going to lodge a resident governess in his house, to have so much reform, as it was called, going on. He could not get his children to pick up things as they used to do, without their saying,

“Father, that is stealing.”

He only wanted them to learn to read and write, that he might

make clever rogues of them. I was quite taken aback by the suddenness and violence of this bad man's attack on me. I was just then and there turned out of doors, and did not know where to go.

I sent a messenger to all the men in the village who had children at school, to come to the school-room at once; I had something to say to them. They came from their pig-stys, their stables, their potato-picking and log-burning, all begrimed with dirt and redolent with various perfumes, and I stood among them trying not to inhale the odor. My body-guard was there in contrast, with their clean faces and combed hair. What does the mistress want, asked a man.

"Friends, I had intended to stay in this bush-place three months; but I have been turned out of Smith's house at the end of five weeks, without a moment's warning. I did wish to show you what I could do for your children in that time, but if I have to leave you and go to Sydney to-night, I shall never come back to this place again," I said.

"What do you want?" said one of the uncouth men.

"You have pigs most of you."

"Do you want a pig?" cried one.

"Let the mistress speak," cried another.

"No," I said, "I do not want your pigs, but you give them a little clean straw now and then to lie on, and a shelter to cover them from the storm. Now, all I want is shelter and a little clean straw to lie on till the three months are expired. I wish to show you that I am your friend."

Not one of them could give me a decent lodging-place. One poor sot, touched with my modest requirements, said he would sleep in the stable if I would sleep with his wife. Another said he was going to build a room for his daughter; when it was finished, I could sleep with her till the three months were up. In the first house, I had shelter, but lacked the clean straw; in the second, I had a bed in a box six feet square, with a narrow door and four panes of glass for a window. One night, near the close of the three months' sojourn in this god-forsaken place, I asked myself what I had done for the people, children and young folks since I had lived in their midst. Well, I had organized a day-school, where the children had wonderfully improved for the time. I had a night-school, where the Bible was read and expounded every night; we had a prayer-meeting every Friday evening, and one every Lord's day morning at six o'clock, and we had a Sunday-school, where cricket and other games were discontinued on Sunday, to enable the young men to take classes in the Sunday-school.

The Juvenile Bush Missionaries came out and preached in my school-room. Mending fences and digging in the gardens were not so prevalent on Sunday as formerly. The young women were paying more attention to their personal appearance; they were clean and well-behaved. This was all well, but was it enough? I felt that it was not. For if I went back to Sydney, my work would go for nothing. They all, both young and old, would lapse into their former habits. I had been told, and I now well knew, that no one would take up this work. The principles of the young people were not established, though all were very much improved. What was to be done I could not tell. I asked the Lord to tell me. A work had been begun, but it was not on a sure foundation. My body-guard, in fact all of my night scholars, seemed grateful for the interest I had taken in them, and were trying to show it by taking an interest in themselves. I was not willing to leave them, but I had no bodily comforts, and shortly I would have no place to stay. Having no personal ends to subserve, I sought divine guidance, and it came into my mind that a school-house and a residence for the teacher should be built.

The next morning I rose early and sent for two of my bodyguard to take me to the house of an old gentleman who owned all the forest land round about. I intended to ask him to give me two acres of forest land on which to build a school-house and a teacher's residence. I was strongly advised not to go to Mr. Lithgow, for his Roman Catholic agent, who had full control of the old gentleman and of all he had, would not sanction such a gift. I told them to take me to Mr. Lithgow's, as I did not know the way, and leave the rest to me. I prayed to God to open the heart of the old man, and to give me favor in his sight, and if the work was for the glory of God, to give me success. After walking seven miles we reached the house before breakfast. I was shown into a room, and I sent my card to the master of the mansion. Presently the agent, who acted as house steward and valet to the old man, came to me and asked me what I wanted. I said I wanted to see Mr. Lithgow. Then he asked me my business with him.

"When I see Mr. Lithgow I shall tell him my business," I said.

He made every objection to my seeing the old gentleman. I told this disagreeable man that, as I had sent a card to Mr. Lithgow, I should hear from him whether he could see me. A servant came to conduct me to Mr. Lithgow, who received me very courteously, and asked if I had breakfasted. I had not, and Frank, the agent, was told

to order breakfast for me, and we should attend to business after. Frank was very much put out at the very unusual proceedings. While my young men were having breakfast in the kitchen, I was pleading their cause with Mr. Lithgow. I laid my crude plans before him, and asked for two acres of land to build on. He said he was astonished to hear a lady of my appearance plead for such people; I surely did not know what they were, what vile characters they had, or I would have nothing to do with them.

“They are thieves, for they cut down my timber and sell it, and they are drunkards and liars. Oh, you would not be safe among such vicious people.”

I told him I had been living among them for three months, and I knew something about them. He asked if I was not afraid. He gave me other reasons for not going to live in such a dangerous place. I told him that the reasons he gave me for not going to live at that place were the strongest arguments in favor of my doing so. I wished to rescue the children and young people from vice, and the evil example of the older ones was dragging them to destruction. I said, a school built on his land would enhance its value, and it was very necessary to have a residence for a teacher, for no person of respectability could live there without having a place to live in. I said, moreover a school in that part of the country was very important. It might be the nursery of some gigantic intellect, some great and good characters, who might wield an influence for good through all time, bounded only by eternity. But let the untamed and boisterous tempers, the stout nerves and stubborn hearts grow up uncultivated, morally and intellectually; we then have the deadly upas tree spreading desolation over the land. The stout arm, instead of holding the olive branch of peace and good will to men, would wield the rifle or revolver; the rich, deep voice, instead of speaking peace to the troubled heart, might demand in hoarsest tones, your money, or your life.

We have daily proofs of such examples. Every boy that I may teach in the school may not be a law-maker; but if the seeds of truth and honesty are sown in their hearts, they surely will not be law-breakers. The country supplies prisoners and paupers for the city prisons and poor-houses, and as prevention is better than cure, give me two acres of land on which to build a school-house, and prison and poor-house will not be needed.

“Yes, said the old man; “you shall have ten acres instead of two, if you wish.”



“Two is all sufficient for the purpose.”

Frank was ordered to bring charts and maps of the place, to allow me to choose a site for my school. There were three spots which I thought would be suitable. Frank said these were too valuable, as they were central, and likely to sell at a high price. He pointed out land far beyond where the children could reach. I told him only one of the spots I had selected would suit for a school. Mr. L—— said:

“You shall have the land. You know the wants of these people better than they do themselves, and you have pleaded their cause better than any one I ever heard.”

Frank's looks plainly showed me that he would, if he could, counteract my morning's work.

The old man asked me who was my lawyer, to write out the conveyance? who was my surveyor, to mark out and survey the land? I told him I had none; for when I left North Sydney that morning, I was told my errand would be fruitless, that I should not get the land, but that I had prayed God to give me success, if I was doing his work. He then asked who would pay for the drawing up of the deeds and the surveyor's work. I said I did not know. He smiled, and said:

“I suppose you will have to ask God.”

I bowed, and said, “Yes.”

He directed me to two gentlemen, who would do the work on reasonable terms, but said “I must take all the responsibility of paying them on myself, and building, and appointing trustees.” He wished me to be a trustee, but I refused. I said I gave the people my work, and I wished to have no claim on the property.

“Well, I wish you every success.”

Frank was ordered to get the carriage, and take me as near to my home as he could. With a scowl he said a spring of the carriage was broken, and there was no road to North Sydney. I told Mr. Lithgow I could dispense with the carriage, as I was not going to North Sydney then. I tendered my thanks to the good old man, and bade him good-bye.

To prevent Frank from doing an evil deed, I told my young men to take me to the lawyer's and surveyor's, though I had to walk many miles. Frank had sworn, in the hearing of my young men, that,

“That woman should not outwit him; she should not have her way; the land should not be conveyed to her or anyone else for a school.”

The sleepless night, the excitement of the day, and my eighteen miles walk in the broiling sun, made me very sick; but I rested on Sunday, and on Monday helped the surveyor to mark out and survey

the land, and paid him out of my own purse. A well had to be dug, and I shoveled up the first earth from it. I begged for money, to pay for the deeds being written, and kept teaching both day and night.

Two weeks from the time Frank had sworn that "that woman should not have her way," I called a meeting of the men of the place, and told them that three of them I had made trustees, and gave them the deeds, telling them everything was secured and paid for, and all they had now to do was to build. They returned the parchment, saying,

"You have got the land, you can build yourself; we can't."

My three months were expired; they had seen what I had done for them, now what were they going to do for themselves? They very coolly said,

"Nothing."

I told them that their indifference to what I had already done, gave me but little encouragement to farther help them. I said they might hinder me in my attempts. I had better leave the place. At prayer-meeting that night, all my night scholars begged me not to leave them. I was their little ship, that was carrying them safely over the breakers to a place of safety. They said they would protect me from bad treatment from the older folks of the community, only not to leave them. Here was a wide field to work in, a great work to be done, and I asked myself if I were able to carry it on alone in the face of opposition.

Mr. Campbell's advice like an inspiration came to my assistance: "Attempt great things, expect great things, and great things will follow."

Frank put money in his pocket, and winked at his master's timber being stolen. He thought his gains would soon be at an end, and he, through some of the most lawless of these folks, gave me much trouble. But I had to contend with higher and more respectable powers. All the forest land, and the scattered village for a long distance round, belonged to the Parish of St. Thomas, and the Rev. Rector and his curate, both highly educated and cultivated gentlemen, were arrayed against me. What business had I to get land on which to build a school-house? Frank had told them sorrowing, that I was taking all from them by my subtle ways. They went to Mr. L——, and told him that he ought to have given the land to the church; to take it back from me, and give it to them.

"No," said Mr. L——; "the land was freely given to the only person who had shown a desire to do good to a most unworthy people. You ministers ought to have looked after these rogues in your parish,

but you have never done it. You only want my land for your church, and I shall not give it to you."

And in consequence of this refusal, I had great and active opposition from the good but short-sighted gentlemen; but they could not stop the work, they only made it very hard. Finally they became warm personal friends of mine.

I called on the Rev. Dean, of Sydney, to ask why it was necessary to persecute me for trying to do good? I told him what I had done in a place which had neither teacher, preacher nor Christian friend to help them in any way, though in Rev. Mr. C——'s parish. He had never taken the least interest in the people's spiritual welfare. Now I, single-handed and alone, am trying to rescue the children and young people from the vortex of vice that would surely engulf them if no hand were stretched out to save them. I said my hand was feeble and needed to be strengthened, not weakened. I was willing to do what the ministers had left undone, but I wished to be allowed to do so in peace. The Dean said:

"As the Rev. Mr. C—— was rector of the parish in which North Sydney was, he had the right to recommend who should work there."

I said, had any one begun a good work amongst the people I should never have taken it out of their hands; but as the people's souls were perishing I ran to the rescue, and no other made the attempt.

The Rev. Dean found me incorrigible, then he said, if I would teach according to their order, the church would give me a handsome salary. I told him I could not teach their creed or catechism, as I did not believe in them.

"What," said the Dean, "do you not believe the Bible?"

"O yes," I said, "but not creeds or catechisms; and no money could induce me to teach what I do not believe."

The Rev. Dean, with great dignity of manner, said:

"With the knowledge of the character of those people, are you willing to go and live amongst them without patronage and without pay? You can not live on mosquitoes."

"I am willing to go with 'he Bible in my hand and the strength of God in my heart and trust to him for bread," I answered.

"That is right, go into all the world and teach," said the Rev. Dean.

"Be ye clothed and fed," I said, and took my leave.

A party had been given to me at the elegant home of the ex-American Consul, whose wife was a very elegant lady. She said that I would lose caste if I went away to the bush to work.

"Why work at all?"

I said that I had promised the Lord to work for him, and though the work was not congenial it was interesting, and some one ought to do it.

“Let others do it then; I shall not like you half so well if you go there. You will lose all your refined manners; you will become rustic,” she said.

“I shall go,” I said, “and if my manners do not suit your drawing-room company, I shall not give you pain by appearing in it. My Master’s work has to be done.”

I never went to any more of her parties, though I often dined with her family after that.

Health of body had been restored to me, and vigor of mind, for which I thanked my heavenly Father. At the same time, the remembrance of past suffering constituted a great part of my present mental suffering, and will remain with me I doubt not all through life. I shall, however, draw a veil thick and deep over all. At that time my pathway was dreary and lonely and trying. Yet my faith was stronger and my hope brighter. The Son of God suffered, and he said, “Who-soever doth not take up his cross and come after me can not be my disciple.” Suffering and self-denial are the terms of discipleship.

I apprehended a good deal of trouble through Frank, the bad man, and the good ministers, prejudicing the people for whom I was working. I had run a great risk in going out to live amongst such people, and why not risk more? The children of Israel feared the tall Anakims; but the Lord said to them, “Dread not, neither be afraid of them. The Lord your God will go before you; he shall fight for you.” I believed and appropriated this promise to myself.

I called another meeting of the men to consult and conciliate them. I told them I was willing to do everything for them that I could, but they must try and help me, or at least not hinder me in my work. I found the party divided, one for the other, against me. Smith, a friend of Frank’s, and the man who had turned me out of his house, said:

“Who authorized you to ask Mr. L—— for land, or to have it surveyed, or to appoint trustees, or to have deeds drawn up and paid for, that a school-house should be built? Eh?”

The query, I said, reminded me of a little girl who was standing by a brook watching a fish that was weather-bound, struggling for dear life and breath on some dry stones in the middle of the stream, with about a half a teaspoonful of water creeping lazily from its head down

its back, but not enough to give the prisoner hope of freedom. She saw and pitied the poor fish, and her sympathy made her forget that she had a clean, white apron on, and bright, shiny shoes. She forgot everything but her desire to liberate the poor fish from bondage. In she went, *unauthorized*, and picked her way as best she could till she laid hold of the gentleman in limbo, and tucked him, wet face and all, into her white apron. But oh, how he frightened her with his floundering; he was so troublesome. She felt strongly inclined to throw him from her. "She thought his gratitude was very much like that of human beings when you do them unasked service." When she succeeded in dropping her prize into deep water—oh, how grateful he will be now. She loved that fish because she had done him good service, and she thought he would love her and be grateful in return; but he left her without thanks for the trouble she had taken to save him. That fish is not singular in his ingratitude, but who will say that the fish did not need help, for the want of which he must have perished.

As I have already mentioned, we had a prayer-meeting on Friday evenings, that is, my night scholars read the Bible and sang and prayed. Oh, what a thrill of pleasure passed through my frame when one of my young men knelt down and prayed for the first time, thanking God for sending them their kind teacher who had taken such an interest in them, both spiritually and temporally. This was a simple, earnest prayer from the heart. This was he whom I first feared, then trusted most. A great change had come over all of those young men whom I had called my body-guard. They had brought their parents to our Sunday morning prayer-meeting. One of the poor women came to me, with tears in her eyes, and took my hand in both of hers, and said:

"O Mrs. Davies, God will surely bless you for what you have done. In all the twenty-five years of my married life my husband never knelt down to pray till last night, and you have brought about all this change."

The husband came to me, with tears in his eyes, and said:

"I hope the Lord will forgive me my great sin in making my eldest son an infidel; I have been one myself. But I hope God will have mercy upon my soul."

I directed him to Christ.

On this Friday night I had all my dear young people around me, and I placed before them the difficulties that were in the way of build-

ing, and my plans for removing them. I told them that true, heartfelt, fervent prayer was a great and powerful moral lever, that would remove mountains of difficulty. We all knelt down and prayed that God would grant us success in our undertaking. I then gave each of them a collecting card, with my signature, authorizing them to collect as much money as they could toward building, and so sent them on their mission of begging.

On the north side of Port Jackson a number of rich city merchants had elegant residences. I called on a gentleman who had very large possessions, which extended very near to North Sydney, but he said he did not even know the name of the place nor where it was. Well, to be sure it was an out-of-the-way place. This millionaire gave me £1 sterling, or \$5.00, to begin with. Another gentleman who knew nothing about the place took my address, and said he would come and see me and what I was doing. He came, he saw, and helped with a liberal hand. He was a philanthropist of noble mold. Some common minds can not see beyond their eyes and ears; their relentless purse strings can not relax. School-houses and training minds immortal are nothing to them. But minds of noble stamp, who see the image of God still lingering in fallen humanity, expand heart and purse, and both are opened to help the needy. I called upon several others who gave a little money. The Rev. Mr. C——, who was opposed to my working in his parish, though he never did anything for the people himself, thought it strange that I should call on him to help to build, when he was opposed to my doing it.

“Were I to give you money to help to build a school-house, people seeing my name might give, thinking it was an Episcopal school-house you are building,” he said.

“I shall take care to enlighten the people as to what kind it is to be; but if he had a doubt on the subject, he could write on the back of the card with his own hand that it was not an Episcopal school-house.”

This he did, ignoring my work as not being an appendage to his church.

“As you are a lady I shall give £1 (\$5.00), but I do not approve of your work.”

Months passed, and I was teaching in my new school-house, when one morning the Rev. Mr. C—— and his curate walked in. I was truly glad to see them. I thought they now approved of my work and had come to congratulate me. The curate asked the names of the children and then went out. I told Mr. C—— how glad I was to see

him make this first visit, and hoped he would come and see me again and take an interest in my work; it would be so encouraging were he to do so. The old gentleman had walked six miles over a rough, hilly road to reach the school, and I very kindly appreciated the visit. I was rather nonplused when the rector said:

“Oh, we did not think you were at home, and we took the opportunity to come and see the place.”

“Oh,” I said, somewhat crestfallen (I did not disguise my feelings); “so the visit was not to me. I am sorry I took up so much of your precious time telling you what I had done for your parishioners. I thought you had become interested at last, and had come to encourage me in the good work.”

“No; that did not bring us here.”

The curate returned, and they left.

But to return to our prayer-meetings and begging expeditions. I worked hard fourteen hours every day, with but little nourishing food; but still was able to walk from eighteen to twenty miles on Saturdays, and when I had collected a few pounds sterling, I set men to work. Now to build a house of large dimensions, with money, or a prospect of money, to pay for it in the coffers, with all the materials convenient, or good roads to carry them over, and workmen at hand, would be an easy matter; but having to walk so far to beg for money first; then walk many miles to find a brickmaker; then as many miles in another direction to find a lime burner; then as many more to the timber merchant; then the difficulty of bringing workmen so far from the city; and as we had no road, matters could not be hastened, and so the work was heavy and hard. I had to walk under a broiling sun over rocks and through briars and brush, encountering venomous snakes lying across the track, and as I could not find my way through the forest, I was always accompanied by two of my body-guard as far as the ferry, and on my return two would be there to meet me to take me home. They thought it fine sport to kill the snakes, and so clear my path of creatures, the sight of which made me shudder.

A letter to a friend, that I wrote at this time, I shall transcribe.

NORTH SYDNEY, *March, 1863.*

*My dear brother:* Yours of last month came duly to hand. You say you are anxious to hear of my health and prospects, and how the good work undertaken by me is progressing. Well, in the first place, I have no time to think of my health—my work has been too arduous for that. My prospects? I know not what a day may bring forth. The good work? It goes forward as fast as weary

feet can carry it, but I find the difficulties so great I sometimes think they can not be surmounted; but I also find that persevering effort continued accomplishes a great deal in time. My last letter told you that I had ordered material to build a school-house with a teacher's residence attached, and that I had but little money in hand to pay for it. I had a young friend who was an architect. According to my instructions, he drew out a plan for me. I employed the men of this place to haul the bricks from where I had them made. Five hundred was a load, and I paid them so much a load. I taled the bricks while they were unloading, and invariably found fifty or sixty bricks lacking in every load. These the men stole for their own use. This thievish propensity I dared not notice. This was unpleasant, as I felt I had begged for public money that was being put to private uses. They cheated me in every way they could. I was now ready to have the foundation-stone laid of the first house, *pro bono publico*, and it was not a drinking house. Some one had proposed to set up a drinking shanty in opposition to my school. As Mr. Sayers had been our most liberal donor, I asked him to lay the corner-stone. The day appointed arrived—the most important day North Sydney had ever seen. I hoped all the quarrels of this most quarrelsome people would be buried under the corner-stone of their public house.

The old man, who had been an infidel, and the most intelligent man in the place, wrote out a short address, thanking Mr. Sayers for coming up among them to help them. It ran thus:

“Words can not express our gratitude. The life-boat to the shipwrecked mariner could not be hailed with a deeper sense of gratitude than is your kind assistance at this critical moment.” He went on to tell of the vicious habits of the people, and those being formed by the young. “We were too far away to be noticed by the kind-hearted gentlemen who were doing so much for our class in their own neighborhoods; but now we feel not so far off but that the hand of help can and will reach us, and that through the instrumentality of Mrs. Davies. That lady came to this place, and, seeing the condition we were in, soon saw what was needed and what ought to be done. She made no more to do, but left her city comforts and came to live among us in the bush, went to work in right earnest, and bade us follow. Too much can not be said in her praise. Sparing herself no labor, regarding no discouragement, nor even bending to hardships which few beside herself would endure. She secured land to build on that no other one could get, paid for surveying it from her own pocket, and put the lawyer to work, and we have the deeds in our possession. This done, she had collecting cards printed at her own expense, and set all her scholars to work to get what they could toward the building. They could get but little, but so ably has Mrs. Davies advocated our cause, she has attracted the attention of many of the gentry in our behalf, who have never heard of such a place as North Sydney. During all this time she has been conducting a day school and an evening class for the young people of this place who had no means of improvement. This has, with the blessing of God, wrought a great change. On Sunday the bat and ball has been laid aside, and the player's thoughts turned to intellectual pursuits. They now pray to God to assist them to bring about a better state of things; and we are greatly encouraged to do so by your presence among us to-



day, to lay the foundation-stone of a building which, while it provides us with a school-house, will, we hope, be a cradle to the School of Arts, and to hear the truths necessary to salvation.

“THOS. HANCOCK.

“*March 30, 1863.*”

*Madam*: Please to accept a copy of the feeble effort at an address, delivered on the occasion of laying the foundation-stone of our school-house. It is an humble offering of our grateful thanks and respects toward you, who have done so much for us. And rest assured, madam, that the children running about in this infant township will pronounce your name with respect and bless you, and the time you labored for them, when their parents are silent forever, and you have gone to your reward.

Your most respectful, humble servant,

*To Mrs. Davies, North Sydney.*

THOS. HANCOCK.

On the twenty-fifth of July I issued cards of invitation to the opening, as follows:

It is intended to open the new school-house at North Sydney on the 30th inst. The friends, parents and children will assemble for refreshment and amusement during the day, and will hold a public meeting in the evening, at six o'clock, when several gentlemen are expected to address the meeting. Your attendance is respectfully invited.

The following account of it was published in the *Sydney Morning Herald*:

#### BETHANY NATIONAL SCHOOL, NORTH SYDNEY.

A tea meeting was held at this place on Thursday last, for the purpose of opening the new school-house. After an excellent tea, to which about 150 persons sat down in a rustic arbor erected for the purpose, a public meeting was held in the school-room, which was beautifully decorated with leaves, ferns and flowers. Mr. Sayers was voted to the chair, and briefly expressed his deep interest in the object of the meeting. Mr. Palmer, who had been appointed to audit the accounts for the preceding year, read a financial statement, from which it appeared that subscriptions had been received and expended on building and improving property, but more money was wanted to build a residence for a teacher. The meeting was then addressed by W. Wilkins, Esq., Secretary of the National Board of Education, and Mr. Gardener, Inspector of National Schools, who spoke in high terms of the excellence of the school, and warmly eulogized the efficiency of its instructress, Mrs. Davies. Mr. I. Moore spoke of the wilderness having been made to blossom as the rose, through the persevering, self-denying labors of a lady. Messrs. Walker, Bradly, Parry, and others, remarked on the advantages which the district had gained by the establishing of a school by Mrs. Davies' self-denying labors. On a motion of Mr. Wilkins, a vote of thanks was accorded to the Bush Missionaries for conducting divine service on Sundays. Thanks were also accorded for the excellent tea; to Messrs. Wilkins and Gardener for their interest that they had in the school, and to Mr. Sayers for presiding over the meeting. After a pleasant and interesting day, it terminated at a quarter past nine o'clock.

After the builders were fairly at work, I bought shingles and nails on credit from strange merchants (they always trusted me) one week, and the next week would beg money to pay for them. Then I bought window sashes, and doors, and hinges, and flooring. All and everything I did myself, as far as buying and begging were concerned. Everything caused physical suffering; but the school-house went up, and two rooms of the residence. I bought books, maps, desks, benches, chairs, tables and book-press. I had a well-appointed school-house, and ere I commenced work in my new domain, I invited those gentlemen who had kindly helped my work with their money, to come and see how I had used it.

I had called at a house to see a gentleman one day, but only saw his wife. I told her my business, but she, though much interested in what I told her, directed me to call on her husband at his office, which I did the next week. His wife meantime had told him what I had said to her, and he decided that I was an impostor, in connection with a Roman priest, who had been deceiving and cheating the people in that neighborhood a short time before. I saw the gentleman, and explained the wants of the people, and how they could be supplied, and asked him to help. He said:

“It was the most romantic idea for a lady to bury herself alive away up in the bush, for no other purpose than to work for a lot of bad people. It was too poetic to be real.”

“Mr. B——, I said, “under the broiling sun of this hot, scorching day, I have walked already fifteen miles, and I have yet to walk farther, and at this moment I neither feel romance nor poetry in the exercise, but a stern reality. And it is a sad fact that those bad people have children, and you sit there with cool comforts around you, and laugh at one who tries to save the young by thus exposing herself to a rough road and burning sun, and call her romantic, and excuse yourself from helping them by pretending to think that she is an impostor. You can not really think that I am. I refer you to the American and ex-American Consuls,” and I bowed good-day.

Next week I met Mr. W——, ex-American Consul. He told me I must dine with them that day, Mrs. W—— had something for me. When I saw her, she held a letter in her hand, saying,

“Something nice for you.”

I read the letter with great pleasure. It was from the poetic Mr. B——, with a check for money, and an apology, and a pressing invitation to dine with them, that they might the better beg ten thousand

pardons. Mr. and Mrs. B—— became warm friends of mine, and were ever after ready with help when money was needed. They were at the opening of the school-house.

I wrote to Sir John Young, who was then Governor of New South Wales, to help me with his patronage, to interest others in my work. He responded by coming to see me, and see what I was doing. He was accompanied by Lord Tayleur and an orderly. His Excellency took quite an interest in my work, and said he would certainly help me. We had quite a long conversation. He told me that I was a lady in a thousand to stay here by myself, and do what he knew no other lady but myself could do, and no gentleman would do. His kind words greatly encouraged me. He wrote me a very kind letter, inclosing a check, and telling me to use his name in any way I wished, if by so doing the work in which I was engaged could be forwarded. His permission given me to use his name greatly helped me in collecting money.

Mr. I. Moore, who imported all the books and stationary for the Government Schools, had, while I had been buying my school supplies from him, asked me many questions as to my location, work and other matters, all of which I answered simply enough. In his speech at the opening of the school, he said:

“I am a Roman Catholic. I say this, because I wish you to know that I have watched Mrs. Davies with suspicious doubts for the last twelve months. I was always very much interested in what she said she was doing, but I did not believe the one-half. I did not know of this place at all till now, nor did I believe such a place existed. Now this wilderness is converted into a flower garden.”

His doubts and suspicions astonished me as much as his high praises, now that my work was advancing so satisfactorily. Mr. Wilkins and Mr. Gardener, men in power, when they spoke of the work done amid difficulties, and spoke kindly and sympathetically of me, I fairly broke down, and had to leave the room. I heard Mr. G—— say that praise could not spoil me, I needed to be held up. I had many discouragements. It was true I needed encouragement, and praise only kept me from desponding. Had I been working to be seen and applauded of men, surely my triumph would have been complete on that occasion. I had much yet to do, but I was thankful that so far my labors had been crowned with success.

It was at this time that Mr. C——, the rector of St. Thomas, and his curate made me a visit. They had come to see whether they could

take the school-house out of my hands, that they might have the control of it; or if they could not get the whole of it, get a part of it railed off, and consecrated for the use of the Church of England, where the curate could preach. The curate went round to all the people for whom I had been laboring for a year, to try to interest them in his schemes. Two families, who had no children at school, promised to do all they could to get it from me; they would try to influence the others against me, and turn me out. Turn me out of the house that I had built for them. This they could easily do, for I had no claim on the premises whatever; I was not a trustee, nor had I the deeds in my possession. The Church of England was arrayed against me, and I stood alone. But I carried this new difficulty to Him who is all powerful to protect, and all wise to direct. I spread my case before my heavenly Father, and waited his time. Meantime, more money had to be begged to finish the two rooms of the cottage, so that I could remove to them. I was at the time living in a dilapidated empty house, one of my night scholars staying with me for company at night. She also did my cooking, such as it was.

One day I had gone to Sydney on business. The rainy season had set in, and a storm prevented my leaving the city that day. I crossed the ferry on Sunday evening; the rain was then falling heavily. I had not gone far till I saw the tracks leading to North Sydney converted to running streams, rushing down the sides of the hills where I had to climb. Not seeing any tracks, I several times stumbled into deep ruts over my knees in water, where it had been washed, and I had to hold to the bushes to keep from being swept away by the torrent. The great forest trees were bending low over my head, blown about by the fury of the wind. I expected every moment to be felled to the earth by the falling branches. Weary and heavy laden, with my wet clothes, I reached my resting-place, where I expected to find food and a fire, but found neither. My bed-room floor was covered with water, and the young woman did not take the trouble to sweep it out or dry it. I hung my dripping clothes on a chair, lay down upon a damp bed, and in the morning got up, put on my wet garments—I had no others convenient—and stood teaching in them all day.

I had been in five different lodging-places, each worse than the other, in the first year of my sojourn at North Sydney.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE NEW SCHOOL-HOUSE.

I MOVED into the two unfinished rooms of the cottage before the plastering was dry. They were also unfurnished. I had been interested in learning the ways of the people at their different houses, but I was glad to have a shelter of my own. I could be more useful to the people now, when under my own roof.

I have had enough of bitter in my cup, to feel assured that God did not intend to let me live a life of ease, or taste much of pleasure. If he who made me, and who knew how weak I was, would only fit and strengthen me for my work, let my cup be sweet or bitter, it did not matter, if it was mixed with God's unchanging love. If the unseen hand, that had upheld me and led me, continued to support me, the desert path would be easier to tread. I thought, if ever I got to heaven, I should have much to be thankful for. Saved from my own rebellious nature, from Satan and from the world.

I had had a Government Inspector to visit and examine my school, who said he was well pleased at the manner in which it was conducted. He asked me if I would become a national school teacher. He said the people could not, would not, pay me, and the Government was willing to pay a competent teacher.

"And the manner in which you are working and conducting a school is worthy of more than mere praise. The Government will pay you if you will do its work.

Mr. Gardener's argument was good, but without a moment's hesitation I refused a government salary, for the reason I believed all the officers of the Board of Education were infidels, and they ignored the Bible in schools, and I could not get along without it. I said, if the people would let me alone till I finished the school-house, then a teacher's residence, where a respectable teacher and his wife could live, then they might put in a National or Denominational teacher. I told Mr. G—— that I had refused the offer of a good salary from the Episcopal Church because I could not conscientiously teach their creed or catechism; now I again refused a salary because I could not

give up the Bible. He heard all that I had to say, then told me I need have no fear of the National Board taking the Bible from me, who knew how to make the proper use of it. He said the Board of National Education was composed of Christian gentlemen, members of different churches. I told him he took some trouble to soften my prejudices.

“Yes, but it is worth the trouble.”

I was so pleased with this gentleman's conciliatory manner that I consented to visit the office of the Board of Education. I went, I saw, and I was conquered; my prejudices faded away entirely. Their books were all just what I had been using. The manner in which I had been teaching the Bible, its broad principles of Christianity, and not narrow Sectarianism, was highly approved. The gentleman all, but especially the Secretary of the Board, Mr. Wilkins, were courteous in the extreme. I learned their system of keeping the registers and records, and filling in their returns, and all extra work, and willingly enrolled myself as a teacher under the National Board. From the day Mr. Gardener visited my school the government allowed me a salary. The Rev. Dean, of Sydney, had said to me:

“You can not live on mosquitoes.”

“No; but with the Bible in my hand and the strength of God in my heart I shall work for him and trust him for bread,” I said.

He was now providing the means by which I could buy bread. He had shown me this token for good. The Lord had surely helped me and comforted me. Mr. Wilkins and Mr. Gardener knew the opposition that I had to contend with, and they generally held up my hands and encouraged me, hence the compliment they paid my school by coming to the opening of the new house.

One morning as I stood before a boy's class with the Bible in my hand, I noticed two who were not quite at their ease. One had a meek, quiet, external appearance, but had a provoking, teasing spirit; he had a swollen face, and one eye black and closed. The other, with his fiery hair and his fierce passions all aglow in his face, had quite a defiant air in his manner. I knew from their appearance that they had been fighting. I loved my boys dearly every one, but they were the veriest young scamps imaginable. I wished to inspire these boys with right principles, which would teach them true bravery. I told them it was more brave to bear a wrong than to retaliate, and the most true and brave spirit was the one who could return good for evil. One of the young belligerents held up his hand; he wished to speak.

“Please ma’am,” he began, “did you not tell us that the Bible said we were to obey our parents?”

“Yes, I have taught you to obey your parents.”

“Well, my mother told me that if any one hit me I was to knock him down if I could; so Johnnie hit me because I took his composition from him, and I just bunged up his eye and knocked him down as mother told me.”

I was a little amused at the ready obedience of children to do wrong. I was reminded of Satan quoting the Scriptures to Christ.

“Suppose your mother had told you to steal money from a store in town, would you do it because your mother told you?”

“Oh, no,” said he; “for that would be against the law, and they would punish me.”

“You say the Bible tells you to obey your parents.”

The boy looked thoughtful. The class was interested and attentive, while I told them they were to obey their parents only in the Lord; and if their parents told them to fight or steal, the Lord said, “Thou shalt not steal;” and he taught that we were to return good for evil, and not evil for evil; not to strike back because one struck us. This is the Lord’s law, and if you break it he will punish you.

“Who of you are willing to be called the children of God?”

Up went all hands.

“Then you must try and keep God’s law in everything.”

On one occasion Mr. Gardener came to inspect the school, and for the time being I gave it up to him, and while he was inspecting the boy’s class I was at the other end of the room. He came to me, slate in hand, and asked me, in rather a stern tone, if that was the way I taught arithmetic.

“That figure ought to be five and it is six; the boys must have copied one of another, for they are all alike.”

“Well,” I said, “if they have done wrong, ask them and they will acknowledge it.”

“Do you mean to say they will tell me if they had copied their sums?”

“Yes, you may depend on them.”

With a smile on his face, he said: “Well, madam, they have already told me, and they do your teaching honor, as you by your teaching honor God. I am better pleased at hearing this lesson than if I had heard all the sums in the book. These will be the men by and by, true and trustworthy, who will honor the laws of God and man;

who will be the bulwark of their country, an honor and a blessing.”

Turning to the boys, he said: “You have had the moral courage to tell the truth against yourselves. I am greatly pleased with you for this, but I give your teacher the credit of training your minds to think right. Obey her, honor her, and you will do well. I have examined many schools, but this is the first class in which I have found a teacher have implicit faith in its truthfulness.”

I now turned to the boys, and told them to redeem themselves from the disgrace of what they had done, by doing their work, and show that their own was better than a copy. This they did, and they acquitted themselves splendidly.

Mr. G—— told me that I must give up my night class for a time. I was not able to do so much as I was doing, and my government writing would take up a great part of my spare time. I gave it up, but found myself very lonesome from 4 o'clock P. M. to 9 o'clock A. M. True, I slept part of the time, but I had no one to talk to in the evenings.

I procured respectable situations for most of my night scholars, and they gave general satisfaction. They always came to their homes on Saturday nights, and were ready for their Sunday-school duties next day.

The school-house was dotted down in the midst of a great forest of eucalypti, without fence of any kind. A spot large enough to build the house on was cleared, that was all. One night I was kept awake all night by loud breathing just against my bed-head outside. My heart almost stood still with an undefined feeling. As soon as daylight came, I rose and went to the door, opened it on the wild bush, and was going cautiously to look for the sleeping-place of the person who kept me awake, when lo! a cow presented her head, horns and all, for admittance. I slammed the door in her face with a startled cry, and sat down and laughed at my idle fears—only a cow to keep me uncomfortable all night. I asked God to give me more courage.

One Monday morning, in answer to a loud knock at my front door, I opened it and saw two well-dressed men, strangers to me. They asked me if I had seen a strange man up here the day before. I said I had seen no stranger at the public worship in the school-house. One of the men said:

“Oh, he would not likely be at church.”

“Then I could see him nowhere else, for I have not been off the premises. Was he well dressed?” I asked.



“No, he was not well dressed,” was the curt reply.

“Was he a respectable man?” I again asked.

“No, he was not a respectable man.”

“Well, was he a bad man?” I again asked.

“Yes, he was a bad man.”

“Was he a very bad man?”

“Yes, he was a very bad man.”

I was becoming excited at this man’s manner, and I said :

“Perhaps you are looking for him because he is bad.”

“Yes, we are looking for him because he is bad, and he opened his jacket a little, and I saw that he was armed to the teeth.”

I shuddered; then the silent man came forward, and said :

“I see, madam, that you are alarmed, and we had better tell you that we are detectives, and on the track of a murderer who has been traced to that house,” pointing to a house a few yards below the school-house, but hidden by the trees, “and he is not far from here now.”

“Oh!” I gasped, “do you think he will come here?”

“He might come for food or water.”

They left me with a perturbed spirit. I shut my door and went to my knees, for I was in trouble. A murderer prowling around my cottage door, and I alone! “O Father, protect me.” “Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee.”

The blood-stained man had been at my back door listening to the armed detectives speaking to me at my front door. How long he had been there who can tell? He left his hiding-place, and went up the road and was overtaken. He was disguised, and he pretended to be a workman of the place, and so escaped for the time. In a short time the hue and cry was,

“Catch the murderer.”

But he had the start of them. He reached the rocks near the sea where the horses could not follow him; he took to the water, and reached Sydney, but was caught three weeks after, tried, condemned and hung for his crime. I was greatly relieved when I heard of the execution, for since he had been so near my lonely cottage once, I feared he might come again, but my fears were now buried in his grave.

Mr. Wilkins in a laughing way asked me one day where I bought my sugar and tea.

“I bought them at Sydney.”

“How do you convey it to your house?”

I said I carried all my provisions, and when loaded with a week's store, I walked seven miles uphill in the rain, sometimes up to my knees in water, and sometimes under a broiling sun. I found it hard work, and sometimes my supply would be exhausted ere I could renew it, and often I would not have food for two days; but I worked hard, and forgot my wants.

At North Sydney, as at Illawarra, we had fearful thunder storms. Running north and south is a belt of ironstone, on which were built several houses miles apart. The school-house is on this belt. In one house a lady was killed with lightning one year; the next year another lady was killed in the same way in another house. Living entirely alone on a line with those houses, I thought my time to be killed would surely come. I did not give way to idle fears, but I took every precaution that I could to save myself. After sundown one evening, one of these terrific storms burst overhead. I covered everything that I thought would attract the lightning. I covered the windows with dark thick quilts, put my light out, and sat down on a chair *a la Turc* in the middle of the room, shut my eyes, and there waited my doom. The whole interior of the house would be lighted up with a fierce blue flame, and at every crash I thought the house was gone. At those awful moments I felt very near to God, as he spoke to me in thunder tones, as I also felt in the lone hour of night, when he spoke to me in whispers. I heard him in the sighing wind, the rustling leaf, and the murmuring sea. I was still, for I knew that I was under the shadow of his wings. My exposed helpless condition compelled me to trust in God at all times, for in him only was safety. He who purifies the heart through suffering lends strength to the sufferer.

A few little children came into the school-room one morning, and sat down very quietly. I was writing. I heard a dull, heavy flop on the floor. I looked round, and to my horror I saw a monstrous black snake, that had come up from under the floor, through between shrunken boards and the wall, and was slowly wriggling along toward the children. I called to them to run out of the room, and so they did in a hurry when they saw the ugly reptile. He stretched himself out at full length along the wall opposite to me. We watched each other for some time. I was afraid to move, till some of the larger boys came, and gave battle with sticks to his snakeship; but he took refuge under the floor again. As the children came in, I had them all to sit on the desks with their feet on the benches, to prevent the snake biting any of them, as the boards were so open he could crawl out and in at will.

Some of my young scamps made me jump once or twice, by calling out, "The snake is under you, ma'am."

The mischievous youngsters would enjoy my tremor. I had to stop my work at last to talk to them. I told them that I had a great dread of snakes; that I had put them (the children) all on a place of safety, and as I had to stand or walk on the floor, I alone was in any danger; so I hoped they would watch for the snake, and tell me if they really saw him, but not to frighten me unnecessarily. This they promised to do, and I had no more alarms that day. After I dismissed school, I retained four of the largest boys, and said:

"Boys, this is Friday, and you will not be here till Sunday, and I am afraid to be here alone with that great ugly snake under the floor. Let us take up the boards, and find him, and kill him."

No sooner said than to work they went, tore up the boards, and they saw a great glittering coil in a corner, that they battered with sticks, shovel and poker, hauled him out, dragged him to a pyre, and burned him. I thanked my young protectors, and sent them home happy. I had several snakes to trouble me, as the uncleared forest all round was infested with these reptiles. One day I saw my cat eating one. First he had bitten the head and a piece of the neck off, and that lay apart, and he was enjoying his meal, when I had a boy take and burn the reptile. Another time, I was coming home from the city, when I saw my cat outside give a great leap, and fall down, and stretch himself out. I ran to see what was the matter, when I saw in front of me a large coil, from which rose a head with forked tongue just as I was about to step on it. I started in terror, and called to two men, who were passing at the time, to come and kill the snake. It had been disabled by the cat, but pussy had received a fatal bite and died. Another time, I was standing at my back door, when tabby, who was basking in the sun a few feet from me, all at once bristled up, and made a great fuss, and sidled toward the fence, still looking toward the house; he then turned the corner of the house, keeping at a distance from it. I went over to him to see what he was spitting so spitefully at, and to my horror and disgust I saw a monstrous black snake, the largest I had yet seen, slowly crawling along the wall of the school-room toward the door. In my terror I ran in through the school-room just as his snakeship was about to find entrance at the front door. The hideous creature reared itself up, and darted its forked tongue at my face. As quick as thought I drew back, and threw a hatchet at him, that I had in my hand, which flew wide of the mark. He turned, and

went back the way he came. I ran back through the house to the back door, where I saw him twine himself around a long rail of a fence, and lie sunning himself, and there I stood watching him for three long hours, till I heard a cart go past, and I called the man to come and kill the reptile. But he was too large to attack single-handed, so he went for two other men and a gun, and they had great difficulty in killing the monster. Thus was I kept in constant dread by these venomous creatures

Among my other duties, I had been called upon to cure the sick. I had ever been ready to nurse the sick, but had no pretension to the healing art. One of my boys took sick; I went to see him, and found him in a high fever, on a dirty bed, in a close room. The poor little fellow looked to me for help, and I went to work and wrapped him up in a wet sheet, and sat by him, for the family seemed horrified at what I did. I told them to let fresh air into the room, and bring me a tub of clean cold water, and when it was time to take the half-baked boy out of the sheet, I plunged him into the cold water, gave him a good scrubbing, and put clean clothes on him. He was relieved at once, and got well very soon. My fame went abroad, and all came to me to heal their sick. I was kept busy every spare hour from my school duties, to prescribe for sickness, brought on by dirt and over-eating. Cleansing and dieting were my prescriptions. Thus far and no farther could I, or did I, go. When there was a serious case, I sent them to the doctor.

On an Easter Monday we were decorating our large school-room with flowers. Celia Smith (whose father had turned me out of doors) was helping, herself as fair as any lily. She was a sweet, pretty girl, though she had such wicked parents, who set her an evil example. She had become seriously inclined, and attended Sunday-school and prayer-meetings regularly. She had been a night scholar, but was now a day scholar, and tried to be a good girl. I was about to give my scholars a party, and Celia was full of young, happy life. Her mother, who, she thought, was not prepared to die, had just escaped from the jaws of death, and she was glad. Beautiful fresh flowers surrounded her, and the room was brilliant. That day week the brilliance of the flowers had gone; they hung withered and dead against the wall; but we were again in the midst of fresh flowers. The most brilliant of the flowers of a week ago lay withered and dead in her coffin, and the fresh flowers were to deck her grave. Celia was dead.

Sickness entered the home of Smith, and he lost three children in one week; Celia, the eldest, seventeen and a half years old, one about

six years, and a baby. I went to them in their trouble, and asked if they would accept my help to nurse their sick. They were so quarrelsome and abusive to their neighbors, that no one cared if they all died, so no one went near them to help them in their need. To be sure the neighbors were afraid of diphtheria. I had no fear for myself, and they seemed glad to accept my services. The poor suffering Celia did not long survive after her attack. Her death-bed was very affecting. She begged her father to be a better man, and set a good example to her brothers and sisters, to attend the prayer-meetings and public service, all which he promised to do. While the undertaker was busy at the house with coffin and corpse, I had all the children and young people assembled in the school-room, ready to join in the procession. All who could dressed, as I did, in white, and all carried flowers. While waiting, I exhorted them all so to live, that when called upon at any time, they might be ready to obey the summons. They were all deeply affected. The cart came rumbling along, on which lay the coffin that held the beautiful casket of the jewel that a week ago had shone so bright among her schoolmates. We had a long six miles' walk to the cemetery. Her schoolmates, my young men, were her pall-bearers; they carried her gently, and laid her low, and left her there till the last trump shall awake her. On the following Sunday, the whole family for the first time were at public worship. The mother soon tired of coming to the preaching, but Smith was regular in his attendance, and also at the prayer-meetings, and prayed most earnestly for blessings upon the head of the good governess; prayed that the Lord would smooth her rugged path, and make powerless her enemies, for she had many in the place. "God help her in her work, for it is a glorious one. Give her strength to overcome every difficulty." And finally he thanked the Lord for sending so kind and good a governess to them in this out of the way place. This man, since he had turned me out of doors without a shelter, had been the worst enemy I had in the place. He was a liar, and had tried to do me injury in every way.

Nothing daunted, however, I went on in God's strength to work, hoping in time to accomplish some good. I wrote a letter to this man, and told him I had forgiven him all the evil he had done to me in the time past. I told him, however, how hateful in the sight of God was a liar, a defamer and a blasphemer, all of which he was, and more. Oh, he was a fearful wicked man. He acknowledged all his sins; said he was sorry for what he had done, or tried to do, to me, and he

could never forget my kindness to his dying children. To show this man that I believed in his repentance and forgave him sincerely, I employed him to do some fencing; and as usual had to walk many miles to beg for money to pay for it. I returned him all the good I could for the evil he had done me, and so the work went on for six months. I paid him well for his work as soon as it was done. At the prayer-meetings, when he prayed for me, he often disgusted me by the fulsomeness of his flattery, but believing the man sincere, I bore with it, though I was tired hearing my own praises so oft repeated.

Smith had been to an election one day, and came from it to prayer-meeting. He was called on to pray, and he broke out in a most uproarious manner, to pray for the prosperity of the school in a general way; and when he rose from his knees he turned to me and shook his clenched fist in my face close to it, and swore that he would destroy me, and he hoped that his right arm might rot out from his shoulder if he did not do it, and he would root me out with it. First he said he would blast my reputation, but he would do it in a way that the law could not take hold of him. Then all the children would be withdrawn from school, then my government salary would be withdrawn. Here he breathed out the most horrid curses, so that I had to put my hands over my ears. I was frightened at his blasphemy. He then laughed a most fiendish laugh, exulting in the great evil that he expected to do me, and swore he would compass it.

“Then Mr. Clarke can get a Church-of-England teacher and put in your place, and the school and all that belongs to it will then be turned over to the Church of England.”

He said, stretching out his arm before me: “Do not put your trust in an arm of flesh, for this one is bound to work your ruin; it will utterly destroy you.”

Words fail to convey an idea of what I felt. My feelings baffled description. I could not realize, as I sat motionless, that the same man who prayed so loudly a few minutes ago was uttering such deep curses now; but it was the same voice. I was amazed and shocked at his profanity. I was terrified at his horrid gestures. Had he had ochre on his skin instead of a blue shirt, he would have been taken for a painted savage. The women left the meeting. A few young men remained, and asked the vile man what he meant by such conduct at a prayer-meeting? Had he not confessed that he had been very wicked, and professed to be a changed man? Had he not been welcomed to the prayer-meeting, and been kindly treated by the mis-

dress, and was this the return for so much? Was his religion put on for a cloak?"

"Yes," said Smith, "I put on the cloak, for without it I could not get at her," pointing at me.

"So," said a young man, "you put on sheep's clothing that you might destroy some of the flock."

"Yes," he said; "and I have sworn to do it. I know how."

With a violent gesture, as if throwing off a garment, he said:

"I am tired wearing the cloak; I now cast it off and shall keep it off. My wife did not want me to put on the cloak, but I wanted her rooted out of the community," pointing to me.

"The plot is laid, and we'll do it."

And he jumped about and clapped his hands like a maniac in fiendish glee. I was so alarmed that I grew cold as marble, and nearly as rigid; for I thought the man had gone mad. He was forbidden to come to their prayer-meetings any more. He laid bare his plot for my destruction; it was a deep, dark, diabolical plot.

After they all left the school-room, I was in great fear, and staggering to the door locked it, and sank down on a bench, and cried:

"Who next, and what next?"

I wrung my hands in terror. I was alone in that dreary place, and in the vicinity of a wild, wicked man. I forgot in my terror for the moment that the Lord was my shield; that though a bad man was plotting against me, and gnashing upon me with his teeth, I could trust the Lord and he would bring it all right. "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee: yea, I will help thee. The oppressor will do no wrong to the stranger, the fatherless, nor the widow." Oh, the lonesome feelings that took possession of the stranger that night; not because I was alone, but because of my surroundings.

"It is not good for man to be alone;" so spoke the author of our being. He knows our frame; how weak it is. Our dear Lord knew how to arrange according to the full necessities of human nature. When he wished to extend his own kingdom, he sent out two and two of his disciples, that the deficiency of the one might be supplied by the efficiency of the other. Hence we have Peter the bold, impulsive-hearted, with the gentle, loving-hearted John. We read of the apostles being in pairs—Simon and Andrew, James and John. I had fully realized since I went to that place that it was not good for a

woman to live alone, the contending elements were so many and so varied. Were I a Romanist, I would take great credit for my work done here; but the feeling of weakness, inefficiency and lonesomeness was so great, that it unfitted me for taking credit for any work done; it utterly deprived me of a single work of my own on which to rest my heart or thoughts. It was a power beyond my own that worked in me and by me, to will and to do of His good pleasure.

After the eventful prayer-meeting, I was greatly depressed. I knew that the Lord had permitted that horrid man to speak and act as he did for some wise purpose; but I could not see it. I did not now fear the man. But the burden of my prayer was, to take away the feeling of intolerable lonesomeness and give me strength to struggle with the difficulties that lay in my pathway. The people did not seem to support or sympathize with me, and for a time the children were not regular in their attendance at school. I thought Smith's machinations might be at work, and the Lord was taking this way to bring my work to a close. I thought if the Lord was against me I would cease to strive for the mastery. Again, I would think the Lord has been good and gracious to me hitherto, giving me courage and strength to overcome great obstacles; surely he will not forsake me now I thought. Then I would go to him for a supply of what I needed. I called a meeting of the patrons of the school. It was the first time they ever met. Their duty was to meet once a month. I demanded as a right that they should record my conduct, the manner in which the school was conducted, and see to it, that it was conducted according to the rules laid down by the Queen's commissioners. These people were ignorant, and thought I wanted flattery; and if that was what I wanted they gave me enough; but I told them it was protection not praise I wanted. Had I given way to my disgusted, discouraged feelings, I should have left at that time. I went to the Lord as usual to tell my troubles; I had no one else to go to. The Board of National Education gave me more work to do every quarter. My work was not yet done at North Sydney. I had daily, weekly, monthly, quarterly, yearly reports to fill in, besides rolls, registers and records, and my school work from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., and the building and fencing were not finished, nor the money begged to pay for the work. No, my work was not done at North Sydney, but I had no help from the indifferent ones, and great trouble from the wicked ones. My life was dreary, very dreary. I had to take all my long walks alone now, as my night scholars were all in good situations at a distance.



A friend wrote to me a few words of great encouragement, at least I took heart from them. He said:

“I wish there were more such schools as yours in the distant parts of the colony; there would be fewer bushrangers” (highway robbers).

I hope and believe and work for this, that the children of my school shall be good and useful in the future; that respectable and responsible situations may be filled by them honorably, and not prisons and pauper-houses.

Another year had rolled round, and the Inspector-in-Chief was inspecting my school again. I knew not his programme, but the examination was most rigid; the result highly satisfactory. Mr. Gardener said:

“The standard the National Board has for these schools is very high; but your school has come up to it and passed it in every respect. Go on in the same course.”

This was more encouragement from a first-class educator and a Christian gentleman. I had an official document from headquarters soon after this examination.

NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL OFFICE, Sydney, May, 1865.

*Madam*:—I have the honor, by the direction of the Board of National Education, to acquaint you that, on the recommendation of the senior inspector, they have advanced you from the rank of — to —, the increased salary to take effect from first of June proximo.

I have the honor to be, madam, your most obedient servant,

W. WILKINS, *Secretary*.

Here was more encouragement and appreciation of my work. God was strengthening the weak, and holding up the feeble. After this examination, children from a great distance were sent to school. The Board wished to remove me to a better location, but knew of no one who would or could take my place. As His Excellency had said, so said they: “No lady could, and no gentleman would.” I told Mr. G—— that the work on the premises was not finished yet.

“It would be a pity to take you away from where you have been so eminently useful, where you have evidently done so much good. I have watched your career for the last two years. I thought at first that you attempted too much, but you have gone beyond our expectations.”

This was a buoy to my sinking spirits. The Father was having pity on his child. I had been cast down, but not destroyed. I knew my young roughs were improving, and they loved me dearly, and I was grateful to Mr. G—— for his appreciation of their moral and intellect-

ual training. He had seen that I was powerless even with children without the Bible.

I had no trouble in buying timber on credit, to build two more rooms to the cottage, nor difficulty in begging for money to pay for it, and to put up the building. My only difficulty was in the long, hot, rough roads I had to travel over, and not being made of iron, I was often very weary. The work wore and tore my system greatly. Letters from American friends said, they did not think that God intended me to stay alone in that place without friends or associates. I thought God had placed me in trying circumstances to prove me. I dared not to take God to account for having placed me where I had volunteered to go, to perform my vows to Him. I only wished to do my duty. It was difficult to procure the necessaries of life; I often had to go hungry for want of them, consequently my outlays were not great. I never had been provident, never having made money an object where work was to be done; but I had been taught some hard lessons by experience, that I hoped not soon to forget. The money that could not procure me bread was religiously put on one side for the Orphan School at Midway, Kentucky, and for Bethany College, West Virginia, and the interest of this might buy me bread when I could no longer work for it. I had a great shrinking from the idea of being dependent on others in my old age. The Lord was helping me to provide for that time.

The workmen had made litter and confusion about me, and one holiday, instead of joining a large picnic down the harbor, I stayed at home to do a little domestic work. I was startled by a loud knocking at the door. When I opened it, I was astonished to see my poetic friend, smiling and bowing, and an elegant carriage at the gate, with his wife and her brother and his wife. My pride had to bend to my circumstances. I went out and spoke to the ladies, and apologized for not asking them to alight, as the cottage was in disorder, and their visit so unexpected, that I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw the elegant carriage.

“Oh,” said Mr. B——, “you can not expect to be buried alive any longer. You are becoming known, and you may expect visitors often after this.”

The road to the ferry had been made wider, and improvements were going on all around, slowly but steadily.

In answer to a letter, I read to my children from the *Harbinger*, they wished me to write for them to the same, which I did.

## LETTER TO LITTLE ONES.

*To the dear little ones who love to read the "Harbinger," at Bethany, Brooke County, West Virginia, U. S. A.*

*My dear little friends:* It makes my heart happy to know that you have a kind Uncle Phil, who tries to write nice letters that will please you. It is very kind of him, but he is only doing his duty—doing what Jesus would have him do, for Jesus loves little children and wishes to make them happy. I shall tell you of a Sunday-school we have here in Australia, right opposite to where you are—only the earth lies between us. Our feet point to your feet, our summer is your winter, and our day your night. A great many other things beside the seasons are contrary here to what you have in America. But it is our Sunday-school I wish to write about just now. \* \* \* Here is a wild-bush place, where you can not see the houses or huts till you are close to them—the scrub is so thick—not far from Sydney, the large wealthy metropolis of New South Wales. A short time ago a foot-path led winding up to it, and strangers could not find it, so out of the way and out of sight was it; and people who lived but a few miles from it knew nothing about it. Well, in the huts which dotted this forest land were little children just like you, only they had no Uncle Phils to write to them, they had no school, no teacher, no meeting-house, no minister. Now we have a wide road all the way from the shore of Port Jackson to this spot; and the first thing you see, as you come near where the houses are, is our large brick school-house. As it is high itself, and stands on high ground, it is seen through the trees ere you reach it. About forty children, clean and neatly dressed, attend Sunday-school. A superintendent comes out from Sydney every week. We have teachers from the day-school. (We have a large day-school.) These teachers, and the scholars, made the superintendent a present of a handsome writing-desk, well filled, a short time ago. They were puzzled what to buy for him till I helped them to decide. I made the purchase for them, and had a meeting one night and invited the superintendent to come out to it, and the desk was, with a very pretty address, presented to him. And how happy it made the children to give this present, and he to receive it! We were all happy and pleased.

When I read to my children about the Bethany children being missionaries because they went out and brought others to school; how little Jamie D—, had brought the big barefooted boy to school, who afterward became a preacher, they were puzzled, for we had no Jamie D— at our school. I explained that the Bethany School of which I spoke was in America, and that I had named our school after it. They were delighted with the Bethany children, and all promised to follow their example. Now, my dear children, go on to do good, and be good, for your example may be felt in this far-away place. Farewell! God bless you all, prays the children's friend, E. D.

BETHANY SCHOOL, NORTH SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES, 18th Sept., 1865.

I received the following letter from America:

BETHANY, WEST VIRGINIA, 13th January, 1866.

*My dear Sister Davies:* Yours of 18th September arrived here safely, with a draft for £—, which I credit to you, and all business items in your letter shall

be duly attended to. I thank you for your very kind interest in our affairs. I recognize in your co-operation the sisterly spirit of our holy religion. I have watched with kindest sympathy your noble struggle in behalf of the Master's cause in your far-off home. Our young bodies will be pleased at your affectionate interest in their welfare. You will have seen it in the *Harbinger* ere this reaches you. \* \* \* All well and send love to you. Very truly yours,

W. K. PENDLETON.

I must here record a pleasing incident that occurred about this time. A young woman, who had been a night scholar formerly, had come to spend a day with me, and to ask that I take her into the day school; she wanted more instruction. I was ready and willing to forward her interests in every way possible. This day I happened to have no bread. I sent to some of the houses to buy or borrow a loaf, but no one could spare any; it was the first time I had ever asked for bread from the people. Well, we made up our minds to do without bread for that time. Just then four or five pupils, who had come from a long distance, bringing their lunch with them, presented themselves at the door, each with a piece of bread in their hand, saying,

"Please, ma'am, here is some bread."

They knew I could not get bread, and they offered me part of their own dinners. I told them that I could not think of taking their lunch from them, but I thanked them for their kindness.

"We want no more."

It was evident that to refuse these children's voluntary gift would hurt their feelings. I have great respect for children's feelings; so I gratified their generous impulse by accepting the bread, and so was fed by the crumbs left from a few wild bush children's lunch. I never partook of a richer repast. It was seasoned with the reflection that these formerly bad children were receiving good seed into good and honest hearts. The weeds were being rooted out, and I was pleased to see the unexpected kindness shown.

I had employed some men in the neighborhood to build two frame rooms to the cottage, and finish fencing, and do up all the jobs that were now to be done on the property that was all their own. I paid them well for all they did, and I took receipts from them for all the money paid them. They told me I was too particular; that I need not take receipts from them. I thought differently; I did not like to trust them. I owed the timber merchants a little money, but they were willing to wait till the end of the year. This was November, and I planned for a grand tea party, at which all who had an

interest in the improvement of the place, should be present, if possible. The school children, I intended, should have a Christmas tree. Such a thing they had never heard of before, nor did I tell them fully what it meant; but I thought to make it a pleasant tree to them, and as I had but little spare time from my school duties to devote to preparation, I began in time. I set men to build an arbor 60 x 20 feet near the school-room. The frame work was strongly built of young sapplings, ready for wattling when we were ready to use it. There were eight huge gum trees (*Eucalypti*) in the grounds, that formed a perfect octagon of considerable dimensions. I had the underbrush cleared away, and a hole dug in the center, wherein to transplant a cedar tree at the proper time. I purposed issuing tickets to defray the expenses, and pay off what debt was yet due. My accounts should be audited, no debts should hang over the property, and I should render an account of my stewardship to the public, who had so generously helped me with money for the work. I meant that this party should be larger and grander than any before, as the building was now finished. I was also very busy with my annual returns, and filling up abstracts and records for government. I was busy night and day; but I was looking forward to another year, if all went well, to have less hard work to do, and to enjoy more bodily comfort. Well, I was busy writing, all my papers and books spread out before me, one evening, when unexpectedly the door was thrown open, and in stalked and rolled a number of men half-intoxicated. I was astonished at the intrusion. I asked what was their business. They answered:

“Your business is to leave the room, and we will attend to ours when you are gone.”

I said I was very busy on important government documents, and this is the only place I can write at. Smith, who was skulking behind some of the drunken fellows, whispered,

“Put her out.”

When I saw and heard Smith, I feared some personal violence. I shut my books, folded my papers, and prepared to leave the room. I said I hoped they would not interrupt me any more in my work, as it must be attended to. I was told that the trustees had given them permission to hold their meetings here, and they intended to hold them. My work was nothing to them. I told them my work was to build up the house to teach their children in, and if it were nothing to them, I hoped they would not attempt to make use of it again. I then left the room. This was a new annoyance got up by Smith. I left my lamp

with them, and had to sit in the dark all the time listening to their loud, boisterous talk. I wondered why Smith was allowed to annoy me so much. At last they left, and if a herd of swine had been turned into my clean, well-appointed room, it could not have been left in a more filthy state. This annoyance they repeated on every trifling occasion. There was a friend of Smith's, a seamstress, who lived a few miles from the school, who, like Smith, affected Episcopalianism. She, unauthorized, invited Mr. C——, the curate of St. Thomas and the choir to come up and practice in the school-room one evening, for the entertainment of the people of North Sydney. This suited Mr. C——; he thought it a step in the right direction to get a firm hold on the property. As usual, I was at my writing, busy as a bee, when I was suddenly and unexpectedly interrupted by a number of strangers walking in and sitting down. I was wholly unprepared for such an intrusion, and ignorant of its cause. When I saw Smith and company, I shut my books, and put up my papers. The unceremonious way in which Mr. C—— treated me, caused me to take a back seat in my own school-room. Not one of those, who had taken possession of it that night, had paid one shilling toward building it. As I did not know the programme, I watched the proceedings. Mrs. O—— played the hostess to perfection. She asked me where the candles were. I had none of course. I told her if she brought no candles for her own use, she might use my lamp; it was all I had. Mr. C—— conducted some anthems, which sounded very sweetly. On the party leaving, I told Mr. C——, if he at any time wished to bring a party of his friends to practice music in my school-room, if he would only be so kind as to let me know beforehand, I could prepare for them, and make them welcome; then they would not interrupt my very important government work.

“Did you not know we were coming?”

“I did not; nor did I know your object in coming.”

There was a deep undercurrent running beneath all these ruffling, disturbing annoyances, but I could not reach it. I was troubled at the many interruptions that I had in the midst of important calculations. I never had made any mistakes, but I feared that I might make them; my head was strangely confused after any unusual annoyance, and I dreaded to send an incorrect document to the education office. A thought occurred to me, and one morning I carried the deeds of the property and asked Mr. Wilkins if he pleased to read them and tell me if the trustees could construe any sentence into

power given to them to convey the school property over to the Church of England.

“They could not convey away the property of the people,” he said.

I told him of the many interruptions I had had lately when making up my returns, and I feared to make mistakes. I recrossed the ferry; I called at the rectory, and asked for the rector. I handed him the deeds and asked him to please read them, which he did. I told him that he knew the character of the people by whom I was surrounded; a great many were opposed to reform, and were my enemies; for whilst I remained amongst them their craft was in danger, and they would compass sea and land if it were possible to remove me; and they think they have one way of doing it, viz.: to convey the property over to the Episcopal Church, and get a teacher of that church in my place. In the first place, they have not the power to convey away the property from the people, as you see by the wording of the deeds. When Mr. L—— gave me the land to build a school-house on, he said positively that the church should not have it. Now on that land I have built a school-house for all the people’s children, far and near, of every denomination, and now that my work is nearly done, I am sorry to see your curate standing on the side of drunkards, liars and thieves, to deprive me of the labor of my hands. Now, if your curate had the interest of the people at heart, he would come up and preach for them on Sundays, or lecture on week days, in connection with the bush missionaries. I would co-operate with him and bid him welcome.

“If a trustee were to die or move away, could you not appoint in his place the rector of St. Thomas? I do not mean myself only, but any rector who may succeed me on and on?” said the rector.

“Do you remember, Mr. C——, that when I asked you to give me a little money toward my building fund, that you feared to give lest any one seeing your name might give, thinking it was to be an Episcopal school, and to prevent such a mistake you wrote with your own hand that the church had nothing to do with it? You prevented many from giving. Now, those who did give, I impressed on their mind that it was not a church but a public school. I shall not consent to a rector becoming a trustee. I shall not turn traitor to those who gave me money for a public school; I should greatly prefer the Board of National Education. It has an interest in the ignorant, stupid people. While I am working for them, it supports me with a liberal salary, sympathy and encouragement. The gentlemen who compose it are my true friends; individually, they have helped liberally toward the build-

ing, and they have never hinted that they wished to possess the property or to control it."

The rector and I parted good friends, but we understood each other.

That morning when going down to the ferry my heart was full of troubled thought, and I was very light-headed going home. I felt lighter-hearted, but I had a strange feeling about me. I had a pain in my side for some time, and that morning I was crossing a gully on a narrow plank-bridge, when all at once I became almost unconscious. I stood still; I feared to move, lest I should fall over the bridge. How long I stood I did not know, but when I rallied I thought I would consult Dr. Ward and ask what ailed me. My heart and lungs were pronounced sound, but he said I was overworked; that my head could not stand much more work. I told him worry hurt me more than work. He prescribed for me. My long walk and my exciting conversations on that day made me feel on Sunday that my heart was very tired and my strength was very low. On Monday morning my frugal breakfast sat on the table untouched, while I sat shivering over the fire, though the morning was exceedingly hot. I roused myself as school-time drew on. I attended to my duties with a sick and sinking frame. I had to sit down several times to keep from falling. My head was very strangely affected. I struggled on through that day of toil. I dismissed school, and would have gone to see the doctor, but I feared my strength could not sustain a twelve miles' walk ere darkness set in. Many a mental exclamation went up from my poor sick soul that night. Good Father, what does this sinking, deathly faintness mean? Gracious God, what is coming over me? Dear Savior, what is this that blinds me quite? What shall I do? What shall I do? The mirror after a sleepless night reflected a careworn, haggard, weary pale face, with a small crimson spot in front of the right ear. I sat down in a perfect agony. Then, without breaking my fast, I started off on a long walk to see the doctor. I saw a man on the road with a cart of green vegetables. I asked him to give me a seat as far as St. Leonard's, for I could not walk. He said I would get wet, but I did not mind that; he helped me up, but the rough jolting hurt my head dreadfully. When I saw the doctor, he said:

"You are ill."

I pointed to the red spot on my cheek, and asked if that was erysipelas?

"Yes, of the worst kind," said he.

I covered my face with my hands, and sank down on a chair, and



mentally exclaimed, I must die. I raised myself up with a great effort, and said:

“Doctor, I am not afraid to die, but I do not wish to die just now. I have some work unfinished; help me to live if you can, doctor, till I finish it.”

“None of us wish to die, and your wish to live is perfectly natural. I will do all I can for you. First, here is a prescription for you; get it filled. Then you must have the strongest beef tea, chicken broth and Port wine.”

“Stop, doctor, and tell me what I can do without, rather than what I need, for I can get nothing where I am, and I am not able to carry it.”

“Get some beef now, and go to bed as soon as you get home, for you are very ill.”

“I am not able to go to bed, I have so much to do, and my duties are imperative.”

“Nonsense; you can’t work.”

“Then I must die, and in the harness.”

“It is as much as your life is worth to teach to-day.”

I bought a pound of beef at the butcher’s, and went to the drug-store to get my medicine, and while waiting I had to lie over on the counter to save myself from falling; I was so deathly faint. I asked if there was a vehicle of any kind in the place that I could hire to take me home; for I could not walk. They knew of none. When I got to the street I became nearly blind and staggered. I took hold of something to steady me.

“O merciful Father,” I cried, “help me to reach home.”

Six miles of a rough, up-hill road lay before me, and I could hardly stand, and the little I had to carry seemed an intolerable load. The sun was pouring down his scorching beams, but I must get home. Home, not where kindred and loved ones awaited me, but to my lodge in the lone wilderness. I saw a hack and asked the man to take me home and I should pay him a good fare; for I was too sick to walk. He drove me part of the way, and when he put me down I staggered to the side of the road and leaned against a rock.

“O merciful Father,” I cried, “help me home or I shall die on the road.”

I had to sit down every few yards. Oh, who but God knew the anguish of mind and body that I suffered in that fearful walk? When I reached the school-house I went in and sat down, and leaned my

head on the table till all the children filed in and took their seats; I then raised my head and told them I was too sick to teach them, and for them to leave as quietly as possible, for every footfall sounded like thunder through my brain. They tiptoed out, shut the door, and I was left alone with my deathly sickness. I could not lock the door nor carry my meat and medicine from the school-room table. All I could do was to crawl to my bed and lie down, clothes and all. I could give the children no instructions when they left. I could not prepare the beef tea; I could not lift my head to pour out my medicine, and there I lay a helpless sufferer till evening, when a woman, who, among the low class of women, had fallen below their level, came into my room, looked at me, and went out without trying to help me in any way. I thought the next who came might find me dead. One of my pupils came to see me; I asked her to make a fire and prepare the beef tea for me, and help me undress; I could not hold up my head. This she did, but had to get home before dark, as she feared going through the forest. The people who were well disposed had not heard me complain, and from what the children said they did not think I was so ill. Another night of excruciating agony passed without food or medicine. A woman came to see what was the matter. I begged her to get some one to go for the doctor. Hours passed before any one could be found to go for him, and hours passed ere he could come. When he did come and caught a glimpse of me, he pressed through a crowd of men and women who were standing in my bedroom. He ordered them all out. What had they to do in a lady's bedroom, filling it with impure odors from their dirty clothes and offensive breath? He rushed to my side, and said:

“This will never do; you are very ill.”

Just then several people came tramping into the school-room.

“What do these people want in there?” said he.

“Prayer-meeting,” I said.

“Devil take their prayer-meeting,” said the doctor.

How profane I thought him. He went to the people, and I heard him say that their prayers were all an offense to God while they allowed the lady, who had sacrificed her life in their service, to lie and die in their midst. They ought to be ashamed of themselves for such cruel ingratitude. Now you can have no prayers for the present; we want a little practice. Some of you find a chicken and have it boiled to jelly. He went into the kitchen with one of the women, and there found my Monday morning's untasted breakfast, and the beef on the

fireplace that had been put on the day before. When the doctor had cleared the house and given instructions about procuring a nurse for me, etc., he sat down beside me, and said:

“You are very ill indeed. I ordered you wine yesterday, but you would not take it. I now order you brandy.”

I demurred; I thought the brandy would kill me.

“It is the only chance for your life, and it may be too late to save you. Twenty-four hours and your case will be decided,” he said.

I consented to do as he said, and I thanked him for telling me the worst. I did not turn my face to the wall, but I turned my thoughts to my great Creator. I was nearly blind; I could hardly see the doctor, though he sat near me. I felt as if my mind was wandering, and before it left me entirely, I had tried to set my house in order, for “the sorrows of death compassed me, and the floods of ungodly men made me afraid.” In my distress I thought of Hezekiah, who was sick unto death, when he wept and prayed, and the Lord added fifteen years to his life. I could not move. I was blind; I could not weep; but I told the Lord that just then I was afraid to die because of the wicked men around me, who might destroy my unaudited accounts and send in bills that had been paid, and Christianity might suffer through me, because the treasury was empty. “Gracious God, let me live, not fifteen years or months, but just to finish my accounts, that the cause of my Master may not suffer at my hands; or, if it be thy will that I must die, take away the fear of man from me, and make me to feel that thou art able to take care of thy own work without me.” The Lord heard my voice out of his temple; my cry entered his ears. I was not now afraid of what man could do. With this feeling in my heart, I became unconscious for five days; I knew no one, and was quite blind.

It was singular that there was one woman, who, whenever she came near me, caused me to feel a thrill of pain pass through me, whether she spoke or was silent. The nurse told this to the doctor, and he forbade the woman to come near me. This gave the woman offense, and one day she came into the room when I was alone and touched me. I gave a scream that brought the nurse. I could not tell what ailed me, but the woman being in the room accounted for the scream.

While in this unconscious state I had a dream, or vision, of a singular nature. I thought my spirit was outside of my body, and both were going up a high and rugged mountain side, my body going before, and my wondering spirit could not tell how the body climbed the steep so nimbly, and without an effort. When we reached the

top my spirit entered my body, and we sat down to contemplate the scene. Above and around there was a light brighter than the sun; but neither sun, moon nor stars bedecked the heavens. No floating, fleecy clouds curtained the sky; no bird or busy insect flew in mid-air, or chirped in the trees—

“On mountain or in glen,  
Nor tree, nor shrub, nor plant, nor flower,  
Nor ought of vegetation power,  
The weary eye could ken.”

Trackless mountains, rocky glens, broken boulders and sand, bestrewed the plains and the dismal, sandy seashore. Neither man nor beast, nor any creeping thing, was astir in this vast, stony wilderness. No lowing of cattle or bleating of sheep was heard. A vast ocean stretched out in the distance, but it lay motionless and still; not a breath of air rippled its glassy surface, and all the finny tribe were dead, if any ever existed. How terrible to sit on the apex of a mountain contemplating this lifeless, soulless world. If this be solitude, I thought, it has no charms.

On the ninth morning from the time I took ill I opened my eyes a little. I thought I saw the doctor at my door, and I whispered, “Doctor!” and he answered, in a cheery voice, “You are better.”

O no, I am no better; last night I was worse than ever, and the people said I was mad, and they ran after me to put me in the mad-house; but I ran away from them.”

“They will not put you there now,” he said.

I asked where I was, and where I had been, for I could not think.

“Lie still, and do not talk or think, but get well as fast as you can.”

When the doctor ceased speaking complete consciousness returned. I believed God had heard my prayer and had given me back my life. My last feeling before I became unconscious was gratitude to God for taking away the fear of man from my heart. My first feeling on returning to consciousness was gratitude to him for adding to my days. How happy I felt that God was my father. In eight days from the time I opened my eyes and became conscious I was at work in my school-room, very weak, but thankful to be on my feet once more. The first thing I did was to see and pay the good doctor, who had been so kind and tender and attentive to me, walking twelve miles every day to see me. I was afraid the £20, or \$100, that I had

would not pay him, but I could pay him in another month. When the doctor saw me sitting so tired-looking, he began to scold me for coming to him. Why not send for him if I was ill? I would be laid up again. I told him I was well, only tired, and I had come to pay him, and asked for his bill.

"I have been paid," said the doctor quickly.

"By whom," I asked, for no one had any right to pay my bill, and I feared the doctor had sent in his bill to government to be deducted from my salary. This thought gave me pain. The doctor saw the pained expression, and said:

"I shall relieve you by telling you that I am paid by seeing you up again, and besides, I make it a rule in my practice never to charge a minister or a missionary for my services."

"But, doctor, I am neither."

"What? I can prove that you are both; and in your mission ministering to the wants of people, both physically, mentally and morally, till your life was all but sacrificed. No, no; I take no money from you for anything I have done or may do. Never hesitate to come to me or send for me, and I shall do all I can for you if you are sick."

His kindness overwhelmed me.

Only two weeks till Christmas, and I was a bankrupt in physical strength. Only two Saturdays to prepare for my grand rural entertainment. I had no material nor money to buy it, and could not begin to prepare until I had the wherewithal to prepare. This was more than enough work, but it was not the worst that I had to contend with. While I was sick in bed Smith, O—— & Co. had been issuing tickets for a picnic in the woods around O——'s house. Many bought tickets thinking it was in the interest of the school, but its object was to defeat my having a party at the school-house. Smith & Co. determined that it should be a failure, and oh, how much depended on its being a success. I was afraid to think of failure.

Those who have family relatives can take sweet counsel together, can talk over their difficulties, suggest means to overcome them, and thus help one another. I had no such help; I sat alone, with aching heart and throbbing brow. I went to Him who had ever been a present help in time of trouble.

I had become acquainted with nearly all the ladies on the north shore. I wended my feeble steps to Mrs. W——'s house. I told her what I had intended to do, and without help I could not do it now, and I would have to depend on my lady friends to get up the children's

Christmas-tree; it depended on them whether my party would be a success or a failure. She promised abundant help. I told her that alone in my weakness I could not cope with the current that was against me at present; I had not the strength or time, and the whole future of the school depended greatly on this being a success. Two ladies present cried out,

“What shall we do to help you; we are able and willing?”

“Then choose for yourselves what you can give and make for my school children.”

I saw a few other enthusiastic ladies, who had heard through the doctor of my illness. They all said they would help, and, to save me so much walking, they would communicate with others, and to rest assured that the tree would be a success. So it gave me no more trouble. I was encouraged, and I trudged on to Sydney, and had tickets printed. A gentleman gave me ten dollars for one; this paid for the printing and something else. I was as successful with the gentlemen as with the ladies. One gentleman gave me a bag of best flour, 224 pounds, and ten dollars for a ticket. The price of a ticket, thirty-six cents. I bought sugar and tea, the very best, at half price; a grocer gave me currants and raisins; another butter and lemon peel. I procured everything that was wanted and more for very little money. I went and made a bargain with the baker to make bread and cakes of different kinds. Hams of the best quality were given. I went to the timber merchant, and hired timber for tables and benches. I hired table-ware at the china store, and all this had to be carried seven miles, and across the harbor. The building at North Sydney was both more difficult and expensive, on account of everything having to be carried so far. I was dreadfully tired; but I was so encouraged that I cried. I had everything in working order now.

Mr. Sayers being a ship owner, he had a flag-staff at his house. He had plenty of bunting, and he lent me a load of flags of all nations to decorate with. I had the Union Jack floating over the school-house, and the stars and stripes over the arbor. The eucalypti octagon that was in the grounds, I had walled in by these bright bunting flags with fine effect. I had a cedar tree twelve or fourteen feet high planted in the center, laden with choice fruit, more tempting than the golden fruit of the orange groves, because it was more rare. On Christmas eve baskets full of dressed dolls, children's dresses, shoes, hose, horses, carts, hammers, whips, bats, balls and books, and dozens of bright silk bags full of candy were sent in. Such a tree had never been seen at

North Sydney. The long arbor was wattled and decked with flowers; the school-room was festooned and garlanded, and flags were placed here and there.

On the beautiful Christmas morn our school-ground presented a picturesque appearance. At an early hour fine carriages were rolling in, and equestrians riding into the inclosure, and hitching their horses under leafy canopies. At the appointed hour the children sat down to a rich repast, such as they enjoyed only once a year. The ladies from a distance waited on the children, and when all had eaten to satiety, they had each a bundle of good things to carry home. While the arbor was being cleared of the children's feast, and re-prepared for the strangers, the octagon tent was opened, and the scholars all sang, and marched to the tent, and surrounded the tree, and wondering eyes looked at the wonderful fruit. Every scholar received a present and a bag of candy. My former night scholars were not forgotten. After these, every child in the village, who was not at school, received a present. Little nursing babies received clothes of various kinds. Smith's whole family had presents. Surely the children were happy that day. When the children were dismissed to play in the grounds, a feast of good things and beautiful were spread in the arbor, and over two hundred ladies and gentleman, who had come from a distance, sat down, and a merry, pleasant time they had. When this part of the programme was completed, we adjourned to the school-room to finish the whole. Mr. Sayers was voted to the chair, and there were some short and stirring speeches made. Mr. Palmer, who had audited my accounts, read them. They gave entire satisfaction to all those who had intrusted me with money. I was highly complimented in every speech. Some gentlemen came in late, who had been to the picnic in the woods, thinking it was the school party, as they had been told. They found a sorry set of drunken men, with a barrel of beer in their midst, making themselves merry over it, and then becoming uproarious. These gentlemen, finding their mistake, left in disgust, and now they exposed the meanness of those who from the first had opposed reform in their midst. All those who had risen up against me were ashamed and confounded. "The Lord God held up my right hand, and said, Fear not, I will help thee." Mr. C——, the curate, was present, and others who could have told that I had more powerful opponents than Smith and company. The Lord brought me a great victory.

The two weeks hard work and so great excitement completely prostrated me. One of my two weeks holiday was over and gone, and I

was nearly gone too. But the Board of National Education kindly extended my holiday, and told me they could not afford to lose me, and I must take time to recuperate.

I took a train to Richmond, a beautiful town on the river of that name, on the eastern slope of the Blue Mountains. I spent a pleasant day at the house of Mr. Forbes, our new inspector. Here I met Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins, who were spending the holidays here. I took a stage-coach, and went further up the mountains, and at a quaint little inn at the foot of the Kurradjong Mountain, I rested for a week. I rode to the top of the mountain on horseback; was entertained at the house of an M. P., who took me over all his beautiful grounds and gardens, and I had one of the grandest inland views that I ever had in the colony. I was greatly strengthened by my rides and the mountain breezes. On my return, I spent another day very pleasantly at the house of Mr. Forbes. I came home rested and refreshed by my trip, and ready for another year's work.

In July, 1866, I heard of the death of the greatest man of the age, my revered and honored friend Mr. Campbell. I wrote letters to dear Mrs. Campbell, consoling and congratulating her, first, because of the absence of her great head, and last, that she had had the privilege to add to his comfort and happiness while here. She has been a highly honored woman.

The Christian Church was planted at this time in Victoria and South Australia. Brother Earl, a graduate of Bethany College, an Evangelist, was sent for, and came from England. He planted churches in both colonies. Other Evangelists had been sent for, and the cause was prospering.

Brother ——— wrote to me :

*Dear Sister Davies:*—We have just sent to Brother Franklin to send us another Evangelist. The Melbourne brethren have sent for a preacher to succeed H. S. Earl, who has, I suppose, added over three hundred to the church in Victoria. We have reason to be grateful to God, for sending to this far-off land so good a servant. \* \* \* \* Yours very sincerely, \_\_\_\_\_

There were now three Evangelists in the field hard at work. I wrote at that time the following note in my journal: I hope the time is not distant, when we shall have one in Sydney; but it will be a hard field to cultivate; but all the more need to break up the soil.

In September, 1866, I was sitting in my room one night reading. Silence, as deep as the tomb, reigned around. The day had been very



hot. Presently I thought I heard the pattering of rain upon the shingles. I was glad to hear it; the hot air would be cooled, the parched earth moistened. The wind began to blow in great gusts. I sat for some time listening to the strange noise the rain was making. I fancied I saw lightning flash; I raised my curtain, and stood aghast at the scene which presented itself. I shall not soon forget it. The whole forest behind the school-house was on fire; it was awfully grand, but terrific. The wind was blowing fiercely in my direction. My heart gave an involuntary throb, then seemed to stand still. The tall flames kissed the clouds, and then made a graceful bend toward me, sending out a shower of fire-drops all over me and my house. I feared the shingles would ignite. I ran up and down the road to see if there was any one astir, who could help to save the house if it took fire. No one was near. I walked up and down, out and in all night, keeping lonely watch. It was a fearful night, as the fire raged and ran all night. The wind went down, and the danger lessened toward day. Every tree that took fire crackled in the midnight air like the firing of musketry. Every night the wind rose, and the fire blazed, and the trees crackled, and I kept lonely watch for five nights. Finally the fire went out. In all these nights I looked to him who numbers the hairs of my head, and looks after the sparrows. When I asked for a calm and strong heart, I was answered, "as thy day, so shall thy strength be." "My grace is sufficient for you." I asked for strength, and I received it.

When I look at trees standing alone in isolated places, they are strong; every blast that blows makes them strike deeper into the ground; they grow rigid and hard.

I prayed for strength in my isolation amid the furious storms of human passions, but not for hardness or rigidity. Trees are almost like human beings in their sociability; they grow in companies; they grow flexible and considerate of each other. When crowded into narrow space, they stretch out their hands toward each other as if in tenderness and salutation. I stood alone.

I began, with the help of my boys, to improve the grounds. I had a space for a flower garden marked off, a little summer-house built, and flowers and vines of almost every hue and class planted and growing beautifully. A great unsightly mound of red clay and iron-stone surrounded my well, and the windlass stood in the midst of it like a gallows. I laid a row of bricks around the edge of the mound, and had it covered with a thick layer of rich earth from the rotten trees, and planted crimson verbenas and tall gladioluses to conceal the

windlass. I had then a thing of beauty to look at every time I opened my back door. The aroma from the sweet peas, the honeysuckles and the moss roses delighted the senses. I planted peach-trees, nectarine, fig, orange and apple-trees. Passion fruit was growing over my little arbor, which was built around a great gum-tree, whose fragrant bunches of beautiful flowers reached the roof of the arbor. I had time to beautify and ornament the premises. My spare hours were not all taken up with my long walks now. Everywhere round about improvements were going on; roads were surveyed and cleared, and little bridges over gullies were built. I had still to go to Sydney for my provisions, but on my return home I could now hire a hack to carry me home.

I was in Sydney on one occasion when a fearful rain-storm deluged the town. The streets were like wide rushing rivers; the store-floors under water, and the cellars filled. I stayed till Sunday afternoon, thinking the rain would moderate, but it did not, and I thought I must get home, rain or shine, ready for work Monday morning. I crossed the ferry, and took a hack for North Sydney. The rain did not fall in drops, but seemed to fall in sheets. Though under curtains I was saturated. We drove till we came to the great Flat Rock. This was just what its name indicated, honeycombed with great holes always full of water in dry weather. I could navigate among them dry-shod, but it was always covered with water in the rainy season, and dangerous to cross, and over this my road lay; but now it was impassable, a river a quarter of a mile wide was rushing over it with mad fury, full of rapids, and concealing the holes with its muddy water. When the horses came to this roaring torrent, they reared, and plunged, and backed, and would not go into the flood. I jumped out of the carriage and stood in the rain to see if the man could drive them in, but they would not go; they were terror-stricken, and made terrible plunges. Their heads were turned from the rushing waters, and they became quieter. The man said he feared that if the horses did venture to cross, so deep and wide and strong was the current, that there was danger in horses, carriage and all being swept away over the falls, which were but a few yards distant, hidden in the scrub. I had to get into the carriage and drive back. Next day I had to take a long, roundabout road to get home. This Flat Rock had always been a great bugbear to me when I was compelled to walk in the rainy season. I came to it one day on my way home, and it was all under water, nearly knee deep. The holes were very deep, but I

could see them, the water was so clear. I sat down by the rushing stream, laden as usual, and afraid to attempt to cross. I sat some time, thinking I must turn back, when I saw a well-dressed stranger draw near. He looked around and across, and then stripped his feet, and, with a stout cane, had nearly reached the far side, when I felt impelled to call to him (an entire stranger to me) to come back and please help me across. I might sit there all night or go back without an opportunity to cross if I let this one pass. He came back, took a firm hold of my hand, and, supported by his stout cane, passed between the holes in safety. I thanked the stranger for his kindness. He looked at my dripping garments, smiled, and said:

“No great kindness, I think.”

“Yes,” I said, “you helped me to cross that stream, which I could not do myself, and it is necessary that I get home this evening.”

So we each went on our separate ways.

As I had to turn back in the carriage I could not reach Sydney before dark, and I had to take shelter from the storm in a little way-side inn at the edge of St. Leonard’s. I partially dried my clothes at a fire and took tea with the family, all strangers to me, but very civil. The house was crowded with people taking shelter. The storm kept me awake all night, and I arose very early, but not before mine host, who said breakfast was nearly ready, to wait for it. I sent for a hack to take me home, but could not procure one. I ate my breakfast and called for my bill. To my great astonishment the host said:

“Ma’am, I charge you nothing; you were forced to take shelter under our roof, such as it is, and for such fare as you had you’re welcome to it.”

“The very reasons you give for not charging me, are those that ought to make you charge more.”

“No, ma’am; no reason would make me charge you anything.”

The storm had cleared away, but I had to take a roundabout walk of ten miles to escape the Flat Rock. I changed my wet garments and stood all day teaching. The bricks of which the cottage was built were very porous, and in every rain-storm the walls were soaked, and the plastering inside retained the damp so long that it never had time to dry between the storms, and it was sometimes almost suffocating to sleep in the damp air. I had to dry my bed by the fire in wet weather, and to keep myself from taking cold and rheumatism, I would wrap up in wet bandages.

My indebtedness to Dr. Ward troubled me for some time, but I

found out his little daughter's birthday, and presented her with an elegant *papier-mache* writing-desk, with all kinds of tinted note paper, large and small, with envelopes to match, pens, penknife, paper knife, sponge, tablets, pencils, and everything that could be useful and pretty pertaining to a desk. I wrote a note and sent it with the desk, in which I said, I could never pay for her father's kindness to me, but I wished to show my appreciation of it by this small gift to his little daughter. I had a note of thanks forthwith. She said she was nine years old, and said, of all the things in the world she wanted a desk.

"Thank you, thank you, dear Mrs. Davies, for the beautiful desk and beautiful things. Papa was not pleased with you for sending me so handsome a present, but I was pleased; so I thank you again and again. I shall take good care of it and everything."

This was a genuine letter of thanks.

I had written to my friend, Hon. G. F. Angas, of the death of Mr. Campbell, and he wrote a very kind letter in answer to mine. I wrote to him again; but my letter will explain itself:

BETHANY SCHOOL-HOUSE, December 6, 1866.

HON. GEO. F. ANGAS:

*Dear Sir:*—I received your truly kind and Christian letter with your liberal donation of £10 for the good cause enclosed. I should have answered it at once, but I have not been able. I am sorry to say I was lying at the point of death with erysipelas in the face and head. I was blind and out of my mind for five days. I believe Mr. Dixon acknowledged the receipt of your letter. When I became conscious I asked him to do so. And now, dear Christian friend, I take up my pen with a trembling hand and weakened frame to record my thanks to you for the help to my work you have so kindly rendered. My health is terribly shattered. I have had severe privations and exposures in prosecuting my public work, and working hard at my daily toil. My labors have all been successful, but they have been, I think, too much for me under the circumstances. The Lord has given me success and blessed my work; all honor to his name. I shall write again; I am so weak that I can hardly hold the pen. May grace, mercy and peace be yours the remainder of your pilgrimage, is the prayer, dear Christian friend, of

Your sister in Christ, ELIZA DAVIES.

On the anniversary of my first dangerous illness, I was again stricken, smitten and laid low. Dr. Ward, good and kind, was in attendance. He told me that the disease in itself was much worse than it was the year before, and the issue was doubtful. I told him to do just what he thought right; as for myself, I was in God's hands. I was not now so anxious to live as I was the year before. God had given me the time to finish the work I had on hand, and that was all I asked

for. I was willing to go if my time had come. The world gave me no concern now. On Sunday I was taken ill, and on Monday my friend Mr. Dixon walked out before breakfast to see me. I was blind; I could not see him as he stood full of sorrow by my bedside. He was very much alarmed to see me so ill in so short a time. He had been told by one of my young men who was in his employ that I was taken ill just as I had been that day year, and the old gentleman hurried to see me, and if possible to render assistance. I was too ill to tell him anything. He saw the doctor on his return, received instructions, and when he reached Sydney sent out a nurse and what other things were necessary for me. The pain in my head was excruciating. I was delirious very soon, and continued so several days. I told the nurse one night that there was a light around me brighter than the sun, and more dazzling, in fact, it was blinding me with its brightness. I put my hand up to shade my eyes from the dazzling splendor, but I saw the light through my hand, it was so transparent. Now I was perfectly blind in a dark room, and my hands perfectly powerless under the cover. I also saw at a short distance heaven's walls of golden tint stretching away to the right and left, and the gate in the middle thrown wide open. On one of the huge golden pillars that stood by the gate, in a listening attitude, stood the majestic Archangel Gabriel. He seemed to excel in strength, and was ready to do his Lord's command. I thought, just behind the pillar, inside the wall, sat Christ. I listened, for I expected to hear from the throne the beloved voice of the Master say to his minister:

“Go; bring her up hither.”

But though I waited and listened I did not hear the command or see the messenger fly. I grew weary and fell asleep, and when I awoke I was in this world and in my right mind. I asked the nurse if she had seen Gabriel? She said she had not. The doctor said that my mind being at perfect ease was the salvation of my body; had I had a tithe of the anxiety I had the year before, nothing could have saved me.

“Who but a God can speak and save from the dark borders of the grave?”

“Thine arms of everlasting love  
 Did this weak frame sustain,  
 When life was hovering o'er the grave  
 And nature sunk with pain.  
 Calmly I bowed my fainting head  
 On thy dear faithful breast;

Pleased to obey my Father's call  
 To his eternal rest.  
 Back from the borders of the grave  
 At thy command I come ;  
 Nor will I urge a speedier flight  
 To my celestial home."

I had two very narrow escapes from the grave. If I had a third attack, I felt sure that I must go, and I looked forward to the time of year, November, for my final attack. I kept my house in order, and was not sorry at the prospect of entering into rest. The day rolled round, the time passed, and I did not take sick. December passed. I felt as if I had taken a new lease of my life. I had through this year many more comforts and conveniences; but I must not anticipate.

Before I took sick, I was sitting at my writing table in the school-room, filling up my abstracts and preparing my returns, when a woman walked in, and sat down before me *sans ceremonie*. She was large and square built, with fierce red-brown eyes, wide mouth, thin lips, low brow and deeply pock-marked. Like the woman of Samaria, with whom our Savior condescended to converse, she had no husband, but had lived with several men, one colored, and the present one an old convict, and an infidel. She was a Papist. Well, she sat down, and fastened her red-brown eyes upon me with a fierce, piercing look. I asked her what she wanted.

"I have come to warn you of the danger you are in, living in this house by yourself; this is no place for you, unless you keep fire-arms. Have you a gun or a pistol?"

I said I had neither; but "What is the danger of which you speak?"

"Why, last night there were nine runaway sailors came to our house, and knocked at the door. I told them Bill was not at home; but he got up, and let them in, and they had drink, and they spent a rousing night till daylight, when they left. Now what if those sailors had come to your door and broken in, what could you do with nine drunken sailors by yourself without gun or pistol?"

She expatiated till I grew heart-sick at the horrible word pictures she drew. My blood ran cold at her strange fancies, and she seemed to gloat over the effect she was producing. I could endure no longer. I rose to my feet, and said:

"The sailors knew where to go, and if they had come to my door by mistake, I had stronger arms than fire-arms to protect me; I did not fear."

“And pray,” said the strange woman, “what arms are stronger than fire-arms?”

“The arms of Omnipotence; they are around me, and in them I am safe,” I said.

“There are people lurking about here every night watching you; they look under your door, and through your keyhole,” she said.

“What do they see, or expect to see?”

“Oh, they have seen you at your prayers.”

“And so I was saved from further trouble; but this is idle talk, and I am very busy. I have no more time to listen to you; my business is of more importance, and I must attend to it, and I hope to have no more interruptions of this sort.”

With a scowl on her dark brow, she left the room. I was greatly disturbed at her fearful representations, yet I did not wish this fierce woman to see that she had power to frighten me. The murderer had been traced to her house, and she was my nearest neighbor. Another time she rushed into the school-room, her eyes all ablaze, and a frown as dark as midnight on her brow. She exclaimed:

“Mrs. Davies, you have nothing but a nest of vipers in your school, and their fathers and mothers old vipers, and you allow these young vipers to call my children bastards.”

She raged like a tigress for her young, till she stopped to recover breath. I said:

“Woman, I have no vipers or vipers’ children in my school. I believe the parents of all who are here are married couples except yourself. You object to your children being called bastards. Why did you make them that? You have put a badge of everlasting shame upon your children, and you object to the name you wished them to have. Foolish woman, do you expect strangers to be more considerate of your children than you are yourself? You say I allow the school children to call your children bastards. In this you are entirely mistaken; I protect your children from insult, and from the ill-effects of your bad conduct. I treat them as if they belonged to a respectable family, and they stand upon their own merits for praise or blame. Your poor, unfortunate children, when they go out into the world, will have to suffer enough for your sins without crushing them now, and there is not a pupil in this school in my presence would presume to call them by the disgraceful name you have bestowed upon them. I pity them, and while under my protection they are safe; they can not be always so.”

The blaze in her red-brown eyes had quenched in tears; her harsh and angry voice was softened and subdued. She went away sobbing like a child. I had expected an avalanche of abuse for my plain speaking; I was better pleased as it was. I hoped she might digest what I said, and repent of her wicked ways. Again she came to me, more respectful in her manner. She fixed her red-brown eyes upon me, and said:

“I believe you are a good woman, a good Christian lady; I did not think so at first. I could not think that if you were good, you would come to this God-forsaken place, to live among such bad people as we all are. I thought you pretended to be good, and I hated you for the pretense; but I think differently now, and I shall not abuse you any more, or try to frighten you.”

I told her I was glad she was in a better frame of mind.

“Yes, I feel very different altogether, and I now wonder you ever came out here, and took so much abuse from us. I am sure you must have been half-starved sometimes.”

“The Master, whom I serve, left a glorious home in heaven to come to earth, where he suffered hunger, and thirst, and cold, and abuse, and had not where to lay his head; he was despised, and suffered a cruel death on the cross. He lived a life of poverty, and died a death of shame, that we might inherit eternal life. Seeing Christ has done so much for us, I wished to serve him, and tell others of him, and finding the people here so bad, I thought I would try and teach their children to be good, and bring them to their Savior; for he loves children, and he helps me to bear with what you and others have made me suffer since I came to live amongst you.”

“I wish I could live a different life than what I am doing,” burst from her.

I said: “You may, if you desire, live differently. Repent of your sins, and come to Christ, and he will have mercy upon you. He has said, though your sins be like scarlet, I shall make them white as wool; or red like crimson, they shall be white as snow.”

“The priest does not talk as you do; for if I pay him, he forgives my sins.”

“None but Christ can forgive sins, and he does it freely, without money and without price; but you must repent of your sins, leave them, and turn away from them. He will not forgive you as long as you live as you are living. First, you must either marry the man you are living with, or leave him; otherwise you are not safe.”



She had been to the confessional, but found no relief. Again she came to me, and said "Bill" would not marry her.

"Then leave him," I said.

She said she had so many children, she did not know how to provide for them. I told her the Lord would provide, if she was anxious to serve him. I felt sorry for the woman; she was awkwardly situated. I advised her to go to the Refuge for a while, and I would exert myself to have her children put in the Destitute Asylum, where they would be well cared for, and educated, and taught trades. She did not like to be separated from them. Then she might rent a small house somewhere, and take in washing, and earn a respectable living in that way. I could help her. She told Bill that she wished to bring up her children better than they were, and she must leave him. She left him, and rented a small house at St. Leonard's. I interested my lady friends in her behalf, and they bought her a mangle, to be paid for by her in washing. Supplied with this, she could support herself very comfortably. She sent her children to school, and thus began a new life, and continued in it. In passing her house on my way to Sydney, many a blessing she prayed for me, when she saw me. She said she was much happier than she ever expected to be, and she hoped God would forgive her for the past. I hoped the good seed was planted in good and honest soil, and that it would bring forth good fruit.

The wild forest was becoming habitable; roads were opened and cleared in every direction, with gravel floors and leafy awnings. Floods, fires and terrific thunder storms still prevailed; but improvements were going on, land had been sold, and temporary buildings built. Again I was in danger by fire. A wide road only separated the burning forest from the school-house. Strangers in the village ran to the rescue, and they poured water all over the dry shingles, while the boys pumped or drew it from the wells. The large arbor was demolished to save the house. The fire did not cross the road, but sent showers of sparks from the tree tops. Had this fire happened at night, nothing could have saved me or my house.

Having heard of a good school in the bush, men of moderate means bought land, built huts, and sent their children to school. They were a more respectable class than the original inhabitants. Being mechanics, they worked in Sydney all the week, came to their bush homes on Saturday, attended our preaching on Sunday, and sent their children to Sunday-school. One Saturday a woman went to town to meet her husband, to help him carry necessaries for the family, a

large one. When they came home they found their hut a heap of ashes, all they had burned up, and the children all crying round the ruins. The poor creatures had to be lodged, fed, and clothed. I emptied my wardrobe of all and more than I could spare, that could be made available to them. I wrote out a subscription paper, walked to Sydney, presented it to my Baptist friends and others, collected a considerable sum of money, and left the paper with a friend to collect more. I came home and presented the poor people with that which greatly cheered them. I had bundles of good clothing sent to me for them, better than they had ever worn. A few weeks more and they had a substantial frame house building, and when finished, it had windows, doors and floors, ceilings and chimneys; a fine substitute for the hut that was burned. Their wardrobes were better supplied than ever before. They told me that the fire to them had been a great blessing in disguise.

The man who had so willingly given up his bed to me when Smith turned me out of doors had a very good-looking wife, but she was a passionate, high-tempered woman, unreasonable and exacting when in a bad humor. While I was at their house I talked to them a good deal about their souls' eternal interests. I read the Scriptures to them, and advised them to accept of an offered Savior, which they seemed willing to do. They attended the prayer and other meetings very regularly. They began to have family prayer, and were living very happily together; but in an evil hour she listened to the voice of the tempter, who was the man that built a box for his daughter to sleep in which I occupied when I left H——'s. He was a very good-looking man, but a coarse-minded, vulgar-tongued, burly fellow, whose wife was a shrew. She never came to any but the tea meetings; he came to Sunday meetings. These two families were very intimate, and both had kitchen gardens, and sold the produce, and when the little man H—— would be away selling his vegetables, P—— would go up to his garden and graft a tree or some other small job, ostensibly to help Mrs. H——, who worked in the garden; but that was not all he did, for he tried to make the husband an object of ridicule to the wife, and she listened till her heart was alienated from her kind, industrious, sober husband. She began to neglect her duties. When P—— did not go to her garden, she would go to his house, and gossip away her time, and would allow the vicious P—— to accompany her through the forest gloom to her neglected home. She began to despise her husband; she forsook the meetings. She had neither food nor fire

for her tired husband when he returned from town, but she demanded the money he had collected. When he was on his knees praying she would sit and laugh at him, and call her two children from their knees to her. She would rattle dishes and do all she could to disturb her long-bearing husband. The poor man was goaded to madness. He told her to have it all her own way; he would try another way, and the money that he formerly put in her lap when he came home, he left at the public house and came home intoxicated, and told her he had given up prayer to please her; what more did she want?

“Money,” she said.

“Then go and earn it,” he rejoined.

They quarreled and fought, and P—— stood by and urged on the combatants. This state of things could not last. I pitied poor H——, though I could not approve of his conduct. Mrs. H—— was reaping the fruit of her bad conduct, and was getting the worst of it. Her sympathizer and adviser was P——, and he took a fiendish delight in the ruin he had so far wrought; but it was not yet complete. The wretched woman came to me in her trouble; said she could not live with H—— any longer; that she must leave him. I asked where she would go, and what she would do? She smiled, and said:

“Oh, I can do better than stay to be beaten to death.”

I told her she had brought it all on herself; that she drove a sober man to drink, and had only herself to blame for the bad treatment she received. I told her P—— had something to do in the affair. She colored scarlet to the temples, and said:

“P—— is my friend; for he told me some things about H——, and I believed them.”

“And so,” I said, “broke up your once happy home to make it a bedlam. No, Mrs. H——, P—— is not your friend, or he never would have polluted your ears with his vile whisperings, and you were very bad to listen to him. In this you were not your own friend. Turn away from that wicked man, for he is your enemy.”

“No, no; he is unhappy himself, and told me if I would leave H—— he would leave Mrs. P——, and he would take me away far from here, where he could work for me and be far kinder to me than H—— was; for he loved me. So I told him I would go with him.”

“Oh!” I exclaimed, “you horrify me. You blind, foolish woman, have you no natural affection for your children, that you are willing to sacrifice them and leave your comfortable home and your husband’s protection, and the respectability of his name, for what? for the name

of a married man's paramour who will soon tire of you, and return to his wife and daughter, who will give him welcome and never care where he has been. But, poor foolish woman, where will you be? what will you be? An abandoned outcast in a strange place—abandoned by the very man who lured you from your once respectable and happy home. You can not earn your bread but by the lowest servitude, and no respectable person will employ you. What then will become of you? Starvation staring you in the face, you will fly to the streets. You will think of your husband, children and home, all forsaken and now closed against you, and you in your mad misery will commit the last act in the tragedy—self-murder. Before you take the fatal step that will surely ruin you in time and in eternity, go home and think of all I have said, and think whether the pleasure of living with that bad man a few weeks be worth the sacrifice you intend making. I shall pray to God that you may see your great peril and flee from it while you have time. Remember that I am your true friend.”

A few days after the above conversation Mrs. H—— came to me again, and told me that P—— had got everything ready, and she met him by appointment; but she told him she was afraid to go away from home; she could never come back again. Whereupon he tried to persuade her, but she held back; then he swore at her for putting him to so much trouble; putting the whole responsibility of the disgraceful acting upon her. They separated in no friendly or confidential mood. They met again with the same result; he then swore enmity toward her and hers from that time. With clasped hands and streaming eyes, the poor woman cried:

“Oh, Mrs. Davies, you have saved me. I know you have been my friend. I can never thank you enough. I am so thankful I did not run away from my home. I am sorry I treated H—— so bad. I made him bad I know, and I fear he will never be good again, and P—— swears that he will ruin us yet.”

“Never mind P——,” I said; “he has no power to hurt you if you do not listen to him. Avoid him as you would a viper, and you have nothing to fear. Your husband is of more importance. You drove him to what he is by your bad conduct; now take as much trouble to bring him back to what he was by kindness and attention to your duties. He is worth gaining.”

His reform was a speedy result of her altered treatment of him. They once more attended prayer-meetings and preaching, and were a

united, happy family again; for H—— loved his home, wife and children. Months passed, and again Mrs. H—— came to me in distress.

“Mrs. Davies, I am in great trouble, and I came to you to tell you I must leave H——.”

“Why; what new trouble is this? I thought you were perfectly happy now.”

“So we are, and that makes me so sorry to leave poor H——. What shall I do?”

“Tell me all about it, then I may be able to advise you.”

She began: “When I was very young I was at service at ——, England. I was fond of company, and I married a sailor, who soon went off to sea. I stayed at that place two years, but did not hear from Jim, and I went to another place, where I met H——, and married him, and came to this colony. I did not know whether Jim was alive, nor did I care; but I never told H—— that I had been married. Now I have received a letter from England from a friend who says Jim is alive and has come back, and has been asking for me.”

“Are you going to leave your husband and go to England to ask Jim to live with you?” I asked.

“Oh, no; but you told me that it was sin to live with another man when your husband is alive. So if Jim is alive H—— is not my husband, and I must leave him; but I shall go to service and earn an honest living. I know I shall not be happy away from H—— and the children; but my conscience will not let me live with him. What shall I do?”

“Go,” I said, “and tell H—— all you have told me, and see what he says.”

H—— came to me, a poor, illiterate man, but possessing a human soul bigger than Napoleon's. He said:

“I come to you for I know you are our best friend. You know Mary is in great trouble, and she wants to go away, but I do not want her to expose herself. I shall tell you what I propose doing to keep her from leaving her home. I shall build me a sleeping-room near the stable for myself, and she could just keep house for herself and children, and I could just have my meals with them or down in my room, just as she liked, and I should work for them just the same as if I was living with them. She says her children are bastards, and I might marry somebody else, and they will be poor little beggars, all through her. I told her I should never marry as long as she lived, and any and all the property I had should be put in her name, to be

divided between the two children. Mary wants to know what you think of all this? If you approve of my plan, nobody will know of Mary's trouble but you and ourselves."

I told him I approved of all his plans, and thought him unselfish and generous in the extreme. How different were Mary's plans for H—— a few months before. I went to their house and talked the matter over with them. I thought they were doing right to live apart; but I told them I did not think Jim had any claim upon her; she had been married eleven years to H——, and had never heard from him. I did not think he would trouble her now. I wrote to England to inquire about Jim for them, and ascertained that Jim had been dead for two or three years. Mrs. H—— thought her children illegitimate. I thought she and H—— ought to be remarried. I took the trouble to walk to Sydney, and consulted several ministers about the case. They all thought a remarriage unnecessary. I went to the Registrar General of the colony and consulted him. He asked if they had been regularly married by a licensed minister. I said they had, for I had seen the certificate. His advice was, that, seeing the first husband was dead and no one but myself knew of their circumstances, a remarriage would do no good, but would prove to the world that the children had been illegitimate, at least that their parents thought so. I went to Mr. Voller, and told him I was going to send this couple to him, not to remarry them, but for him to give them a little good advice; to have them shake hands and promise to be kind to each other as long as they lived. This was done to the satisfaction of all. So H—— broke up bachelor's hall, and was again reunited to his family, and a very happy family they were now. All these things transpired without the knowledge of the community. Mrs. H—— told H—— that I had saved her from running away with P——. She told him everything, and was forgiven everything. They now began to improve their dwelling-place; windows and doors were added, and floors and furniture. I took quite an interest in their well-being and improvements. They both showed gratitude for my services.

Before I left America, I read in Darwin's *Journal of Researches into the natural history and geology of the countries which he visited in a voyage round the world*, his description of a valley named "The Weatherboard Falls" in the Blue Mountains, which so interested me that I said,

"If ever I visit New South Wales again, I shall surely visit that sunken valley."

I had been several years in New South Wales ere my cherished wish was gratified. Though Count Strzelecki and Darwin have given fine descriptions of the narrow chasms in the bosom of the Blue Mountains, with gigantic sandstone walls around them, they have failed to give an adequate conception of the grandeur and solemn gloom of those vast solitudes.

I started from Sydney by train at 6.45 A. M., and reached the Weatherboard Inn in four hours. It took Mr. Darwin two days to reach the same place on horseback thirty-two years ago. Fifty years before it took twenty days to travel the same distance, being sixty-one miles from Sydney. Little thought Mr. Darwin when he said, nothing but sharp necessity would bring him to live in this colony on account of its uninteresting aspect, what an improvement would take place in so short a time. The chained prisoners that Mr. Darwin did not like to see made good roads for horses to travel over, and when their work had served its day, it gave place to a railway. In the time past they had crossed the river Nepean on a boat. I crossed nearly at the same place in a luxurious railway carriage over a noble bridge, its beautiful proportions supported by massive stone buttresses, heavy enough to resist the strongest flood. It is a splendid work of art, and worthy of its talented builder. We approached the face of the mountains, up which our iron horse had to pull us 3,000 feet. He seemed to be gathering strength for his great effort, and then to force his way up like a fierce war horse impatient for the fray. The shrill whistle shrieked out at regular intervals; sometimes growing hoarse, as if choking and breathless. As we were sweeping round the face of the cliffs, we enjoyed the magnificent scenery below. In the distance we saw an airy bridge, hung in mid-air as it were, but when we crossed it we found it a very substantial viaduct, which spanned a chasm of great depth and clasped two mountains together. It was called Knapsack Gully Viaduct, and consisted of seven spans, five of which were fifty feet, two twenty feet each. We reached the Weatherboard Inn, the resting-place of both pedestrian and equestrian travelers of by-gone days. The walls of the inn were without windows or doors. It gave shelter to one man, who lived alone in this dreary solitude as station-master. Some slab huts were partly standing as desolate pictures of the past. Mrs. Dixson and myself landed at the temporary platform. A gentleman also landed, and as we three were bound for the fall some distance from the inn, we took a boy as a guide. We went down a little valley lined with the most beautiful

acacias peculiar to this spot. A haze like the blue smoke of a smoldering fire arrested my gaze. I called out,

“The country is on fire.”

But not so. Our walk ended abruptly, and an immense gulf opened to our view through the leafy screen that shaded our pathway. I was amazed at the profound depth, 1,500 feet below the sandstone plateau on which we stood. But to have a better view of the gloomy depths we had to descend several yards of a very steep incline. This was easily done, for rough steps had been cut in the rock for royal feet to step on. Alfred, the sailor prince, had visited this place, and had looked down into the yawning abyss from the lowest step. I went down and stood on a shelf of rock overhanging this wild abyss, and looked down over the vast precipice. The point on which I stood was at the head of a large bay or gulf, the line of cliff diverging on each side and showing headland after headland, as on a bold sea coast. These are composed of horizontal strata of whitish sandstone, and are so absolutely vertical, that when I threw a stone down we saw it go a long distance straight down. I threw another out as far as I could; we soon lost sight of it. I grew so excited I felt like jumping after the stone to see where it went. Mrs. Dixson drew me back from the edge. I took a more dangerous position. I was perfectly fascinated with this new wonder. I felt that I could not hold this position long, and I lay down full length, and put my head only over the dizzy edge, and looked down. I felt as if my head was slowly but surely drawing my body over the fearful precipice. I shut my eyes, and crab-like crawled away from the frightful fascination of the place. A rill came rushing down beside us and made a mad leap over the precipice to a terrace, whirled round, and made another leap, forming a beautiful sparkling cascade, 1,200 or 1,400 feet deep. The last leap ended in spray. On looking through a field-glass at one of the bold promontories that formed so grand a picture in this majestic amphitheater, about five miles in front of us was another line of cliff, extending so as to encircle the gulf-like depression. Whether distance lent enchantment to the view or imagination lent an ideal beauty to the scene, reason answers not. So unbroken is the line of cliff that one would have to walk twenty miles round to reach the little stream formed by the waterfall. While we were waiting at the Weatherboard for the return of the train, the few people who lived around were on the platform; they seemed to think that I was fond of flowers, for several presented me with rare specimens gathered in the mountains. Having finished building,



fencing in the school premises, planting flowers and fruits, and having paid for everything, and established a good school with a salary attached, I thought I could now leave at the first opportunity. Others could now carry on the work without extra labor or trouble, but rather with comfort to themselves. But I reckoned without my host.

The American Consul told me that the long looked-for time had arrived that I could return to the United States. A line of mail steamers had been put on between Sydney and Panama. I went immediately to the shipping agent and bespoke a passage in the next month's steamer. I told my old friend Mr. Dixson that at last I was about to return to America. I had bespoken my passage for next month. He said he was about to visit Europe, and he forthwith took passage for himself and wife to Europe *via* Panama, saying we shall all go together. He paid their passage and they made their preparations.

I went to the education department to tender my resignation, when I was told that they could not spare me from the post I had so long held, that no one at present could fill my place. A very important bill on education had been brought into Parliament, and a certain class of teachers must stand by their work till the bill passed, and I was one of these. The bill set forth the importance of having but one Board of Education instead of two, the National and the Denominational; for they conflicted, were a double expense to Government, and the systems were defective. I was in the National Board's service, and they said that no one of their efficient teachers could be spared till it was settled which Board should conduct the education of the colony.

This bill created a great furor all over the colony; it concerned every one. The members of Parliament were allowed to present petitions from their constituents, stating which Board they preferred. Mothers and daughters were allowed to send up petitions. This was a new thing, but it was just, as the mothers had most to do with the children, and no matter which Board led the van, they could frustrate the efforts to educate, if they did not like the system, by keeping the children from school.

The mind of all must be reached, and this was the plan. I had a number of printed petitions given to me, and I went to every family, far and near, and explained matters to them, and had them sign their names to the paper they preferred. I carried, and presented a host of names of both men and women to our member for the North Shore, in favor of the National Board. The bill passed, and the Council of Education, under the Public School's Act, was appointed with the Hon.

(now Sir) Henry Parkes, Colonial Secretary, as its President. Meantime Mr. Dixson had sailed with one of his sons to America, instead of his wife, who drew back because I could not go. Although I felt flattered to be of the least consequence to Government in the cause of education, and was convinced that it was my duty to remain at my post, which I did, yet it was a very great disappointment to me to remain when I saw Mr. Dixson sail off. The high appreciation of my work, by such high authorities as the gentlemen who constituted the National Board, induced me to sacrifice my inclinations to the public good.

I had a letter from Mr. Campbell some time before he died, telling me that he had received a letter from me, and it was to the family as a resurrection from the dead. A ship had left Sydney bound for London, in which I had intended to sail. She was wrecked in the English Channel, and some luggage was found with initials resembling mine. It was thought that I had perished beneath the stormy waters, and they had mourned for me as one who had forever sunk from mortal view, till the next month my letter told them my reasons for not sailing in that ship, and my disappointment. They were glad to hear from me. Twice I have been thought to have sunk with ships under the wave to rise no more. Thanks to a kind, protecting Father, I still live above water, though I have been several times disappointed in not being able to sail for America. In the disappointments has been my salvation. I tried to look on disappointments as blessings in disguise.

I had more books and letters from the American Bible Union. I wrote to them, to say that I had my time so fully occupied, that I could do no more for them. I gave them the balance of the money that I had left with them, \$90.00, and wished all prosperity to the Union.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE NEW SYSTEM.

A CAPTAIN H——, a ship-master, bought land near me, built a good house upon it, planted an orchard and vineyard, and purposed to reside here when he returned from sea. He changed his mind, sold his property to a respectable tradesman, who had a large family, and who was induced to buy because a good school was in the neighborhood. This and several other families were quite an acquisition to the place. Mr. and Mrs. B—— asked what they should name their place.

“Bethphage, near to Bethany,” I said, and very soon both of us had the names of our respective places painted in big letters over our doors.

Mr. Moses, of Illawarra, whom I had nursed through a severe illness, never forgot to be grateful. He had bought a large farm at Wingscarrabee, on the South Table Land, and moved his family to it. He had built a comfortable house, and the family were prospering. Long before the time they would ask me to come up to their high plateau, and spend my Easter, midwinter and Christmas holidays with them. One Christmas time we had a great drought. Our wells and creeks went dry, and the high hot winds fanned our faces as with the breath of a furnace. The sun scorched and burned up all vegetation, and there was no rain to cool or moisten the parched earth. The cry everywhere was, “water, water,” cattle dying for want of it. Oh, what a blessing is water, if we are not flooded as we often are. All were suffering for want of water. I went up to the Wingscarrabee to spend the Christmas holidays, and breathe a cool mountain breeze, and have some cool fresh water to drink; but, alas, I found the Winchy in a deplorable condition, as well as the low lands; everything parched up, and fires running all over the country. It was a distressing time.

Mrs. Moses, her eldest son and myself started to church on Sunday after Christmas. We had some distance to walk, and when we were about half way, Edward stood still, and listened, and said:

“Mother, I hear a running fire; the wind is blowing the hissing sound toward our house; I shall go back.”

He went back, but we went on to church. We passed a farm where they had secured the wheat in barns, and their stacks and their build-

ings from fire, by having cleared and burned a large space all around them, over which the fire could not run. On we went a little farther, when we heard a rushing mighty noise. On our right a few feet from us the grass seemed to be a sea of fire, and the waves of flame were rushing past us, licking up everything that was in their way. The current, that was driving this destroying element before it, seemed to be but a few yards wide; but the velocity with which it flew on its mission of destruction was terrific. The school-house, in which the Church-of-England services were conducted, stood on a hill, round which the fiery current ran. Mrs. M—— became so anxious about her house, seeing so much fire run toward it, that she went home ere the services began. The catechist said he would take me home after services. As the services proceeded, the wind blew higher, and the sparks fell through the cracked and broken roof in several places; some fell into my lap. When the services were over, and we came out, the whole country seemed to be on fire, and the heat was intense. We watched the progress of the fire from this point, which seemed to be out of the current. I feared to walk home, but delay was dangerous. We started on our way.

“We have a hot road to travel,” Mr. W—— said.

“It will be well if we can walk through the fire and not be burned,” I said.

The fire was now raging everywhere. The cedar road on which we walked was covered with burning timber; the branches of the trees interlacing at the top overhead formed arches of fire, under which we passed. The forests were heavily timbered, and the farmers, to clear the land, girdled many of the trees. These took fire, and burned to the base with a loud and crackling noise, and the heavy branches fell across the road. We had literally to walk through the fire. The grass, as far as the eye could reach, was all burned up. My arms were scorched through the thin woolen jacket I had on; my face was protected by a thick veil, yet it was scorched; my feet were burned through my boots. I could hardly breathe, the hot air was so suffocating. At one clear spot I halted in my hot race, to take breath and gather up my skirts, as piles of burning brush and timber lay across my path. Mr. W —— walked on before me. He turned round, and saw me standing, and shouted:

“For God’s sake, hurry!”

I darted toward him, and before I could ask a question, I was answered by a tremendous burning branch falling from a great height

down on the very spot where I had stood. One end penetrated the ground, and it stood like a great lighted torch. I shuddered as it sent a shower of sparks out all around it. The wind was blowing fiercely. On we ran through the burning forest; my woolen jacket was scorched, and my silk dress alone saved my clothes from all taking fire. I stood in front of the farm I had noticed in the morning so well protected from fire, but where were the house, barns, wheat, hay-stacks and out-houses? Alas! they had been protected from a running fire, but nothing could protect them from a flying fire. The lighted branches of the tall trees were carried on the wings of the wind, and rested on top of the hay-stacks and housetops, and in less than half an hour the wind had carried away the burned remains of all that had been a fine farm. And not even the ruins or ashes remained to tell the tale of destruction. Again my guide shouted:

“Hurry on!”

I did so, but did not clearly escape. The great crown of a burning tree fell, and scattered its branches in every direction. I was nearly smothered in the sparks and smoke. I could not speak for some time, but there was no standing still; we must, if possible, get to cleared ground, or be roasted alive. I was nearly exhausted. I had gone beyond my strength, but life was in the balance; I struggled on. Two trees had fallen from either side of the road, and lay burning, and blocking up the way with an impassable wall of fire. One of the trees had fallen over a fence, and set it on fire. I clambered over the burning fence, and was now in a field clear of underbrush; but every tree in the field, and there were many, standing at regular distances, was crowned with fire. We were nearly within sight of the house, when I saw a cloud of smoke rise from where the house stood. I thought it was gone, and I could go no farther; I was exhausted. Mr. W—— was not much better; but he went to the house for help, and he and Edward Moses helped me to the house almost unconscious. The house was safe, and full of people, whose houses were burned. Every family that was burned out would flee to the next house for shelter, and help the people to save their house if possible; but if it took fire, they would run to another. Men were on top of every building on the farm sweeping the burning twigs off, and keeping wet quilts and blankets on the roofs. Thus their house was saved.

My host and hostess were greatly concerned at my condition. My face, arms, hands and feet were badly blistered; my jacket was burned; my silk dress riddled into holes, and my boots burned to crisp. They

wondered at my ever reaching the house at all. There was too much to be done, too many to be attended to without and within, to allow them to give me so much attention as they were giving. So I took a seat on the veranda, and sat quietly watching the progress of the fire till long after midnight. As the shades of night gathered round, the wind began to lull; but a fitful blast would now and then tell us that the storm-spirit was still abroad. I had a most extensive view, from where I sat, of a basin-shaped valley of considerable extent, surrounded by a rim of high hills crowned with gum trees. The basin itself was enclosed forest land. All the trees, trunks and stumps, the very earth to the grass roots, fences, and everything that could burn, were ablaze. Some of the giant trees were hollow, and all on fire inside, and when a branch would fall from a huge trunk, a jet of flame would shoot out from the trunk through the opening like a great flambeau. The ground of this valley was like a surging sea of fire. When a fierce gust of wind would sweep across the valley, the tree trunks, standing like pillars of fire pointing to heaven, would send forth myriads of sparks, and the whole atmosphere was seemingly alight with blazing meteors. Had I seen a picture of this scene, I should have admired it beyond description; but it was too terribly real for admiration. One poor woman was with difficulty brought to this house for shelter. All that she saved from the fire were in her arms, two little children. Her two cows were roaring and running mad, with the fire roasting them alive. I saw several poor cows with tails and hoofs burned off, and their udders also burnt. Oh, it was pitiful to hear the poor dumb animals, as they ran frantically through the fire, neighing, lowing, grunting and howling, as they were being roasted alive. About midnight a great number of people sought shelter on this height. There was no room for them in the house, but they could breathe a cooler air. I heard one man say,

“Oh, how thankful I am that my wife and children are saved, though I have lost everything besides.”

Here was a crowd of men, women and children, all thankful for personal preservation, though they were homeless and penniless. It was a terrible time. These poor people had run from farm to farm, from house to house, some of them for eight weeks. The fire had been raging all that time. When the devouring element had licked up all before it, a bleak and black domain was left behind. Starvation seemed to be the fate awaiting many of these poor creatures. My host had twice been burnt out before this conflagration; so his prem-

ises were in no danger from running fire, and there was not so much tall timber near as formerly. He kept open house for all who came. This part of the Great Southern Plateau is heavily timbered, and the running fires will clear the land for farmers; but many a rich man will be impoverished, and many a poor one ruined, ere the sweeping process shall have accomplished its work. This district is also subject to floods in the rainy season, and heavy fogs in all seasons. Floods, fires and fogs are the characteristics of the place. It will be in years to come a splendid country.

I left it on New Year's Day without having had a breath of cool mountain breeze. I mounted a powerful horse, and had a five hours' ride through a dark and dreary country, blackened by fire, to the railway station. I took the cars, and reached Sydney in safety.

At this time great excitement prevailed in the colony, on account of our sailor prince having visited our shores. The preparations to receive the royal visitor were on a scale commensurate with the wealth and loyalty of the colonists. My school had the honor of being invited to take part in the proceedings on the day of his public reception. I transcribe the form of invitation:

*Madam*:—In accordance with the instruction from the Prince Albert Reception Commission, I beg to acquaint you that arrangements detailed below have been decided upon for the conduct of the schools expected to take part in the proceedings, on the occasion of the landing of His Royal Highness.

1. The schools will assemble in the outer domain not later than eleven o'clock, on the morning of Wednesday, the 22d instant.

2. At that time they will form, and proceed in procession to the inner domain in the following order. (Here followed the order.)

3. The different schools will be furnished with small flags bearing numbers.

4. The places of the schools in the inner domain will be denoted by corresponding numbers.

5. The arrangements for singing the national anthem have been entrusted to Mr. Fisher. \* \* \* \* The principal teachers are requested to meet in the outer domain on Friday, at half past one P. M., when the places of the different schools will be pointed out.

I remain, madam, your most obedient servant,

W. WILKINS.

COUNCIL OF EDUCATION DEPARTMENT, SYDNEY, *January 15, 1868.*

On the 21st of January, Prince Alfred's ship was conducted into Port Jackson by two long lines of steamers, one on each side, and other vessels and yachts with all their flags flying. Every vessel in the harbor had her best bunting unfurled. Cannons belched forth their thunder.

Music in softer strains sent forth her notes of joy. All things afloat in the harbor did royal honor to their sailor prince. Next day, amid the greatest enthusiasm, the representative of our noble Queen Victoria landed in Sydney. His reception by the members of Parliament in their court dresses, and the civic authorities in their velvet robes, under a triumphal arch artistically decorated, was very imposing. His triumphal march through the city, and entry on Government Domain, were grand beyond anything Sydney had ever seen. At night the city and all the harbor were splendidly illuminated. The public festivities and celebrations and rejoicings continued many days. The colonists were showing their loyalty to their sovereign lady, Queen Victoria, in the person of her son, whom she sent to represent her. He was fêted, and feasted, and carried everywhere. A picnic on a grand scale was arranged for the benefit of the Sailors' Home. The prince consented to be present. He had gained in a very short time the affections of all the people by his frank, modest manners. Our prince and suite, the Earl of Belmore, our new governor and suite, went down the magnificent harbor in boats, prepared for them, to Clon Tarf, a beautiful inlet, where they landed on a most romantic spot to hold high holiday. Everybody was full of joy and gladness, because they had a son of their beloved queen among them. The morning dawned all gloriously, happiness and harmony reigned throughout. But, alas! the evening ended in gloom. The crime of a dastardly assassin filled every heart with horror. The prince was crossing the lawn after lunch, to go to the place where his own band was discoursing sweet music. He was frank and confiding, and feared no evil. He was in the act of handing a check to Sir W. Manning for the Sailors' Home. The report of a pistol was heard; a bullet entered the body of the prince, and he fell to the ground with the exclamation,

"Great G—d, I am shot."

A Fenian had stepped from the crowd within three feet of his victim, and from behind aimed at the heart of the unsuspecting prince. The ball entered the body just as the prince was turning round to hand the check to Sir William, which caused the ball to slide round a rib and lodge in the chest, not in the heart as was intended. At the report of the pistol and the cry of the prince as he fell, the scene was changed. Consternation and horror filled the happy hearts of the vast concourse. A man from the mass sprang upon the assassin and held him hard and fast until assistance came. Meanwhile, the dastardly coward fired again at the wounded prostrate prince as he was



being borne to his tent. The ball missed the intended victim and entered the foot of a gentleman who stood near. If all the evil spirits of pandemonium had been let loose, and had entered the people, their rage could not have been greater. Lawyers and law-makers forgot their dignity, and laid violent hands upon the Fenian. They tore his clothes, plucked his hair and battered his body. It took the mounted police, backed by the government, to rescue the criminal from the infuriated populace. He was dragged on board a steamer, put in chains and conveyed to prison. Pity for the prince, and horror at the atrocious attempt at his life, and hatred of the assassin, threw both ladies and gentlemen into a furor from that time. The unhappy criminal paid the penalty of his crime on the gallows, and the prince, contrary to all expectations, recovered after several weeks' illness, and went home to give an account of perils by sea and perils by land, and from a false subject.

The colonists got up another furor—a loyal madness. They wanted to collect £100,000 (\$500,000), for the purpose of building a memorial hospital in honor of the prince, and in gratitude for his preservation. All were expected to give, whether rich or poor, to the Prince Alfred Hospital, or be suspected of disloyalty to the queen, her family and the government.

I read about that time an appeal for Bethany College, and for the endowment of the "Campbell Biblical Institute." It began: "A word for all who love the memory and work of A. Campbell in the United States and British America." It reached farther than the prescribed limits; it reached me in my Bethany bush home, and touched a responsive chord. I had as far as I was able shown my loyalty to my earthly sovereign; now I felt constrained to show my loyalty to my heavenly Sovereign. I sent the price of a summer suit—\$25—to help build up a memorial institute for Prince Jesus. If we were all as much afraid of being suspected of disloyalty to the King of the Universe and his Son as the colonists were in regard to their sovereign and her son, we would soon endow such institutions.

In September of 1868, late one night, I placed my lamp on a chair, sat down on a stool, taking my much-loved *Harbinger* which I had just received in my hand, and prepared for a long night's reading. I was very intent on my reading, when I felt something crawling round my ankle and over my instep. It was cold and pricking. I raised the hem of my robe, and there, to my disgust and horror, I saw a monstrous centipede crawling over my naked foot. I did not scream or move till the reptile had left my foot; then I jumped up and laid hold

of my boot with the intent to kill it, but it had vanished from my sight. It was a hideous thing, eight or ten inches long. We saw them sometimes eighteen inches long. After this interruption, I sat down again and read till after midnight, amid the most unnatural silence. The winds were asleep, not a leaf rustled, not an insect's wing was in motion—all was silent as the grave. A feeling of awe crept over me as I sat. The deathlike silence was at last broken by the sound of horses' hoofs rushing down the road through my gateway and into my inclosure. Their heavy tramping shook the house, and the curtains of my bed trembled in front of me. I jumped to my feet and looked out of my window, but all was blackness without and silence as before. I thought it very strange to have so many horses in the inclosure, and not here a sound from one of them. I sat down after this second interruption, but I did not feel comfortable. I could not read any more. I knelt down and again asked my heavenly Father to protect me through the silence and darkness of this strange night. I put my light out and was just stepping into bed, when a trampling sound louder than before shook the house. This time, without thought, I ran through and out of the house into the back yard, and peered into the darkness and listened, but not a sound could I hear and nothing could I see. I found my way back to bed, but could not sleep. It seemed a long night. I arose at the dawn of day. Mr. Clark and his son, each in his own room, happened to be up reading very late that night. They both heard the noise and felt the shaking. The rector at once pronounced it earthquake. Had I known that an earthquake wave had passed over the earth that night, I do not know that my feelings would have been improved.

In my holiday trips I was always gathering information concerning the history, natural history, geography and geology of New South Wales. These were pleasant trips among the mountains. I gave my school an object lesson on kerosene oil, but I took a trip of over one hundred miles to see where the shale was obtained, and how converted into oil. I visited the Bulli coal mines, to see how they compared with the English mines. In New South Wales you do not go down a steep shaft as in England, but through the mountains. These mines are not liable to flooding, or fire-damp or choke-damp. My friend Mr. S——, whom I was visiting, gave me his beautiful drab mare to ride, and she was a beauty, swift as a gazelle, and sure-footed as a chamois. On going to the mines one beautiful morning, our road lay along the ridge of a mountain. There were two ways to reach the top of the ridge; one was a long circuitous one, the other was a climb

over the face of the mountain, which was very steep, with natural steps in the rocks. I was asked which road I would take.

"The steep one," I said.

"Then dismount," said Mr. S——, and he came to help me.

I asked for what I was to dismount?

"To climb the hill and lead your horse up," he said.

"Can she climb that hill?" I asked.

"Oh, yes."

"Then she shall carry me up."

"No lady has ever ridden up that hill, and but few gentlemen care to attempt it."

The little beauty faced the hill bravely, and as she stood nearly upright on her hind feet, with her fore feet on a shelf of rock, and was ready to spring up, I put my arms round her neck. She steadily climbed until she reached the top. Mr. S—— led his horse up, saying he did not wish to risk his neck. We had a splendid ride, surrounded by beautiful scenery, till we reached the mines. Space will not allow a description of them.

Our village went on improving. I had my cottage neatly furnished, and all my neighbors copied in a measure, so that their houses began to look decent. Two of my night scholars got married. John R—— (one of my body-guard) built a neat little cottage and brought home a bride. He was respectably employed at Sydney, and came home every night. His sister married and settled in our midst. Our schools and meetings were well attended. We had now a Municipal Council, who improved the old roads and made new ones, and taxed the people to pay for them, which they did in labor, and really made their own roads. We had no lack of visitors now that we had good roads. I had several distinguished visitors from Adelaide: Mr. M——, Mr. and Mrs. M——, Mr. and Mrs. Earl, our first American evangelist to Australia. He had married one of Mr. M——'s lovely nieces, and paid our colony a visit. Had he prolonged his visit he could have done much good. He showed how a man of education and polished manners could make his way into the hearts of the people. After a while the Sydney people sent to America for an evangelist for themselves.

In January, 1869, on the eighty-first birthday of the colony, all the people were out of doors keeping holiday. A large number, myself among them, went to the Blue Mountains. Our great iron horse, strong and powerful as he was, seemed to have hard work to draw

behind him up the zigzag such a long train of cars. There were a great number of day and Sunday-schools, teachers, parents and strangers, about a thousand in all. We had a second powerful engine fastened behind the train to push it forward. We stopped on top of the plateau at Wascoe's Tank. Here the excursionists left the train and went to the picnic ground. I allowed them all to file past me. When they disappeared and were enjoying themselves in their own way, I sat down to ruminate on the past, present and future of this wonderful country, and to enjoy myself in my own way. Not a living thing but an old horse grazing near was to be seen. How small and insignificant I felt among the everlasting hills on a bold promontory overlooking the mighty ocean. Truly the works of the Lord are great. "O Lord, how manifold are thy works? In wisdom hast thou made them all." But here come two stalwart navvies who have helped to cut pathways through mountains, to throw stately bridges across the rivers and to intersect the land with railroads. It occurred to me that navvies are like sailors, a neglected, hard-working class of men. None seemed to care for their souls. I went to them when I saw them stand still, and I asked them to give me information about certain rivers, certain bridges, etc. I asked them their names and nationality. Christian Willis was a Dane, and Samuel Johnson was an Englishman. I introduced Christ to them, and they seemed interested in what I said. Johnson shed tears, and said he was well brought up, but had gone astray, and went farther and farther away from the right, and was now working hard among the navvies. No one had ever spoken to him of his soul's salvation since he had been among them. I spoke to the Dane of his country-woman, who was our much-loved Princess of Wales. She had left her own country to live in a foreign land, but the same God took care of her in the land of strangers as in her own land; and if they loved and feared God they could worship him among these mountains as well as in temples made with hands in their own countries. We had quite a long conversation. I hoped to do them good; I became interested in them. The train was heard in the distance, the excursionists returned, all went aboard the cars, and down we went with a sweep, and arrived in Sydney in safety after a pleasant day among the mountains.

As soon as I reached home I made up a package of books and tracts, and sent it with the following note to the navvies:

*Dear Friends*:—You will find in this little package a few interesting books, some tracts and two copies of the four gospels, a new edition. I hope you will read them all with care, and treasure the contents in your hearts, and practice them in your lives. “Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life.” Keep the Testaments, but when you have read the other books and tracts, send them along the line that others may also read.

Your well-wisher, ELIZA DAVIES.

*To Samuel Johnson and Christian Willis, Navvies, Wascoe's Tank.*

These two navvies sent me a letter of grateful thanks for the kind interest I had shown in them. They promised to read and to try to practice the precepts found in the books. There are some people who think that the poor, hard-working navvies have no souls, no hearts, no feelings, but those of the brutes. As a rule, sailors and navvies are careless and reckless men, but show them that you have their interest at heart, and they feel grateful. Warn them, persuade them, entreat them to escape from the tyranny of the Prince of darkness, by yielding their hearts to Jesus, whose name is love, and you will find your reward in good time. There were hundreds of navvies away among the mountains, piercing them and leveling them, raising the low places, laying rails, and building viaducts and bridges. Their lives were ever in peril, working for those who profited by their labor, and who cared no more for them than if they had been beasts. I was at the house of the engineer, Mr. Whitton, one evening, when I asked him which was the most direct route to where pioneer navvies were at work; I wished to see them.

“If that is your object,” said Mr. W——, “come with me when I make up a party, and we shall all enjoy ourselves far better than you can by going alone.”

“Were I to go with you the navvies would be on their best behavior; I wish to see them just as they are at work every day.”

“Do not be foolish enough to go among the wild, drunken, swearing navvies; they will insult you. Pray do not go. What do you want of them?” said Mr. W——.

“I wish nothing of them. I wish to carry a message to them, and I feel assured that they will not insult me when they know that I have their interest at heart. Will you tell me how to get there?” I said.

“There is no way to get to them at all; let me dissuade you from the attempt,” said Mr. W——.

I had made up my mind to go if I could reach them.

March 29, 1869. I had a week's holiday, it being Easter, and I

took a trip to the Mount Victoria, Lithgow Valley and Govett's Leap. The rail is finished no farther than One Tree Hill, which is on Mount Victoria. I went to what was said to be the best hotel. I hired a boy, buggy and horse to take me to Govett's Leap, one of the great sunken valleys. Jehu's driving was nothing to the boy's who drove me. He made the young, fresh blood-horse leap and bound over holes and hillocks in a way that endangered not only the buggy-springs, but our necks. I asked, as gently as I could between the jolts, why the necessity of driving so furiously? He said:

"No danger. The horse is only fresh because he has been up in the stable feeding on corn with nothing to do. Several buggies have been hired out this week, but no one would take this horse but you."

I did not choose the horse. I had no choice offered me. He tried to compliment me by letting me know that I had a breakneck horse and a reckless driver. I told him I had no desire to be killed, and to be more careful. The sandstone plateau we were on rose 3,400 feet above the sea. Govett's Leap is about an hour's drive from the hotel. This is one of the most remarkable sunken valleys in the Blue Mountains. It had been one of the great obstacles in the way of crossing the mountains. When I alighted from the buggy my limbs trembled so that I could scarcely stand. Between the long ride on the cars and the rough buggy ride I was illy prepared to explore the sublime depths of that gulf. From the spot on which we stood I could not see the bottom of the valley. I asked my guide if there was no place from which I could see it. He said there was a pathway cut out in the face of the cliff on which we stood, and he led the way down. The narrow path turned an acute angle, zigzag fashion, and led to a huge sandstone pillar, which seemed to be joined to the cliff by a high, narrow wall, on top of which we walked till we reached the pillar-like projection. On this I stood and gazed with the most profound awe on the stupendous and magnificent scene that lay before, beneath and around me. My head reeled and my limbs trembled. I turned my back on the scene, so terrific in its grandeur, and told the guide to lead the way up the cliff. It had rained in the morning, and the grass and tall reeds were very wet, which made both descent and ascent difficult and dangerous. The long, wet grass served more than one purpose. It lay across the narrow path, saturated my clothes, entangled my feet, and gave me something to hold by in the difficult ascent. When I reached the acute angle my feet were completely bound round by my long, wet dress and the wet grass, so that I could

not move a step up or around the angle. I held on to the grass with my hands for dear life. I dared not look down; the perpendicular depth was more than 1,500 feet. I stood on a point between life and death. I called to the guide to return; he had gone on and out of sight. He soon returned, stood on a ledge above me and gave me his hand. I felt a sense of strength now while I disentangled my feet, gathered up my dress, and took the one step up and around, and was on the path with the guide; but I told him not to let my hand go, or I should fall backwards. I felt secure as long as I felt his grip of iron. I had lost the power to hold on; I was nearly paralyzed. I ought not to have dared the dangerous descent, but such places have a deep interest for me. I can not resist the temptation to explore when opportunity offers. Before leaving the spot the guide told me of a thrilling scene which transpired a short time before my visit. Three young men had visited this place, and in their desire to hear if a stone could reach the bottom, for they knew they could not see it, they took levers and began to pry a detached piece of rock of about two hundred weight which lay near the edge of the cliff. One of the levers broke, throwing the young man who held it forward on the rock, when both he and the rock were hurled over the cliff. But strange to tell, the orchids which grew from the sides of the cliff entangled him in a net as it were, and held him fast in mid-air till assistance was rendered by letting down ropes from above. He was saved almost by a miracle. I gazed upon the spot of this thrilling adventure, and then turned away.

On reaching the railway depot, which was not far from the hotel, I dismounted to see a train start to Sydney. On the platform stood a gang of fourteen criminals, chained two and two, by their hands and feet. They were an ill-looking set of desperadoes. They were ferocious, brutish and scowling. They were bushrangers, whose trade was rapine and murder. This region was infested by such men, but an effective corps of mounted troopers were on their trail, and the number was growing less. These fourteen were going to their sure doom.

Sunday morning I was awakened at early dawn by hearing a slight noise at my bed's head. It grew louder, as if a door opened. I rose up, and called,

“Who is there?”

I was startled and greatly alarmed at the sudden appearance and

disappearance of a man's head and shoulders at a door at my bed's head, not the one by which I entered the room. I laid my head on my pillow, but not to sleep. I thought of the ferocious bushrangers I had seen the day before, and I could not rest. I arose and made my toilet. I called for the lady of the house, and told her that my room had been entered by a man, who must have had a key to the door, or it had been left open for him; in either case I did not feel that the house was safe to lodge in. She said:

“Madam, you need have no fear; I have heard of the invasion of your room by the gentleman who entered it. He has been at this house for his health for some time, and his room is at the back of the house, and to save him a long walk round, we have allowed him to come through that room for a near cut to the front of the house; and not knowing it was occupied, he was about to pass through as usual, when he was greatly alarmed at hearing a lady's voice, and ran back very much annoyed at not having been told the room was occupied. It was a very great neglect not having fastened the door, but such a thing shall not happen again.”

I accepted the explanation.

At Mount Victoria is the famous Pass of the Blue Mountains, beyond which for many miles the navvies were at work, and many of them had left their families this side of the pass. As it was Lord's day, and there was no church of any kind to go to, I took from my carpet bag several packages of tracts, and sallied forth on my mission of distributing them. I went from hut to hut, asking the people if they would like to read a little book, or a few tracts. Many received my proffered kindness gladly, and not only promised to read them, but would give them to others to read. A few refused them.

I knocked at the door of one hut, where were several girls, some nearly grown. I asked them if they could read, and if so, would they read some tracts and books I offered them. Their faces lit up pleasantly as they were about to take them. A window shutter at my side opened very suddenly, and a woman's head protruded. She cried out in a shrill tone,

“We don't want your cursed books or tracts; do you think I don't know what the likes of you want giving us them things to read? You mean to convert us from the true church. We want none of them things to read; so be off with you, or I'll”——.

But I did not hear what she intended to do, for I stood perfectly still, and looked at her, and she stopped short in the threat. I said to her:



“I have asked a very civil question, and being a woman, I expected a civil answer.”

I told her she had a perfect right to refuse taking my books and tracts, but she might have used civil language in so doing. I certainly had no idea of forcing her to accept of what had cost me money, and I had carried them a long distance. I was willing to give to those who were willing to receive, on condition that they would read them. I felt better pleased, however, to have a person refuse to take them, who did not intend to read them, than to take them, and throw them into the fire, or otherwise destroy them. There are many poor people glad to have something to read; so I am pleased that you refused them, as you had no wish to read. I wished her good morning. This was the only uncivil rebuff that I had. I distributed a great many publications, and had many pleasant chats with the bark-hut inhabitants. On my return to the hotel, many hours after the stormy encounter with the Papist woman, one of the girls was out on the road watching for me, and very politely asked me to go into their hut; her mother had sent her to ask me to come in. I was pleasantly surprised to see such a change in the woman's manner. She apologized for her rudeness of the morning, and the girls thought I must be tired with my long walk, and would need some refreshment; so they had made me a nice hot cake and a cup of good tea. I was pleased to sit down by a little table covered with a clean cloth, and partake of what had been so kindly prepared for me. They all seemed to try to make me forget the morning's proceedings. The woman explained that the priest had warned them, on pain of his curses, not to read anything that heretics offered to them, for all their books were bad and dangerous, and were all intended to take them from the true church.

“Oh, it is dreadful,” she said; “but the girls want to read something of what you offered them this morning, and I will not hinder them to read, if you will be so kind as to give them something.”

I said I would give them books and tracts with pleasure, if they would read them, and send them round to be read by others. The girls readily promised, and seemed glad to have something to read. The woman began to talk in the most exalted terms of Mary, the Mother of God. When she found that I had great respect for the mother of our Lord Jesus, she listened the more earnestly to what I said about Christ. The girls seemed to be thirsting for the water of life, and drank in every word I said. I left them with a prayer, that

what I said might lead them to think more of Christ and his work, than of Mary and the priest.

On my walk out I went as far as the great mount, and found it split from top to base by some convulsion of nature, and the frightful chasm spanned by a narrow bridge, which clasped the two halves of the mountain together. I climbed up a spur of the mount, and sat there for a long time in profound revery. I saw coming round the road two bullock drays. I clambered down from my perch, to go and meet the drivers. I called to them to stop. They looked all around in astonishment at hearing a voice at that spot, for they did not see me. When I reached the road, they were as much astonished to see a woman there, as they had been at hearing my voice. I asked them if they could read. They very politely said they could. I asked them if they would read some books and tracts. They said they would be glad and thankful to have something to read, for they lived a long way in the interior, where they could not get books of any kind. I gave them a good supply, and told them to read them, and not destroy them.

“No, ma’am; we shall not destroy what we are so glad to receive,” they said.

Tears were in the eyes of one of these youths, and I walked beside him, talking to him about his soul, till we came to the gorge. I wished to see how they would take their bullocks across. While the terminus of the permanent railway was at Mount Victoria, a temporary track had been laid from there to where the navvies were at work. A small engine was laid on this track with trucks, to carry railroad material to the place where the navvies were at work. I went to the engine driver, and asked him how far his little train went. He said “sixteen miles.” I asked if any of the navvies had their families with them. He said there was quite a township of bark huts; but Lithgow Valley Zig-zag, where the men were at work, was seven miles beyond. I was bent on reaching the workers. I told this man, if he would take me as far as he went, I would pay him well; but he said he could not possibly take me, as the trucks were loaded with timber and iron, and the engine was so small that he and the fireman could hardly stand on the little platform. I had quite made up my mind that this little man should take me on his little engine. I told him that I had come from Sydney all the way with books and tracts for the navvies, and I hoped he would take me on his little engine. I would stand where the fireman stood, and he could stand in the tender for the sixteen miles, and I would be that much nearer to the men I wished to see. I hoped he would not

stop me on my mission, but take me with him without pay, if he dared not take pay. He looked astonished at my proposal. He feared I would fall off, or be burned, or smeared with the coal tar and oil. I said I would take all the risks, if he would only take me. At last he consented to take me if, when I saw the engine, I would venture on it. I saw the little locomotive, and did not, of course, object to the little thing, though I scarce had standing-room. When I descended to *terra firma*, I saw a black band of grease on my brown Holland dress, from my waist to the hem on the skirt, but I did not care for it; I had gained my object. When I asked the two young men where to go, they kindly walked two miles with me to the house of a sub-contractor, where I could lodge while in this region. I ordered a good lunch for the young men, and offered to pay them; but they said they were well paid by being so kindly talked to by me, and by the tracts I had given them. They said, when I was ready to go back to Mt. Victoria, they would come for me, and take me the way I came. They could not have been more obliging.

I asked Mrs. C—— for directions to find the place where the men were at work.

“Oh, I shall take you,” she said, and forthwith she prepared to accompany me.

She came out dressed in gay colors, flaunting a long white ostrich feather in an old-fashioned straw bonnet. Dame fashion did not often reach this deep dell; but the feather was fine, and the colors were bright, and she could wear what she liked, or rather what she had. Was she not a contractor's wife? I left my carpet bag till I could go out alone to distribute its contents. My guide tried to tiptoe among the rocks and rough places, but finally she had to plant her feet firmly, to enable her to walk without falling. The feather had many a toss, and the flounces fluttered, but we got along very well. I had an opportunity to contemplate the stupendous work in which the men were engaged. I saw men fifty, a hundred, two hundred, three hundred feet above me, standing on little ledges of a cliff, and boring holes for blasting. They looked like pictures hung on a wall. Mrs. C—— told me, with great unconcern, that the men often fell from their perilous positions, and got killed. One had fallen two days before my visit. I was told the great blast was to take place presently. I heard a thundering report, and thought a mountain was displaced; but it was only the top that had been blown off to prepare the way for the iron horse. It was a grand sight to see tons and tons of solid rock spring into mid-

air, and then fall down into the valley below. The Lithgow Valley Zigzag shows that the ingenuity of man is great, and his works wonderful; but God's works and ways are past finding out.

On our return we passed through quite a large village, and I saw a number of children running about. I asked if they had a school for these little ones. I was told they had a public school. This I desired to visit, but the master was from home. I left a message for him to meet me at his school-house next day. We reached the house in time for supper. I met the contractor, a quiet, civil man, somewhat intelligent; but neither he nor his wife could read or write. I talked to them of the great importance of preparing to meet their God; for in the morning a man might go out in perfect health, and be brought back to his family in an hour's time a mangled corpse, without any preparation for the eternity he had entered. One of their number had thus been called two days before. They assented to all I said. After supper a number of navvies came in, and I talked to them all about their soul's interest, and preparation for sudden death. They all listened with profound attention. I read some for them, and gave those who could read some tracts, for which they thanked me. When all were gone, the woman asked me if I could write a letter. I smiled, and said yes.

"But," she said, I mean a letter to a man in a Government office."

I said I could do that.

"Then will you write a letter for my man? He can't write, and somebody has cheated him, and told stories about him to a gentleman in town, and we wish to write to him about it; but we can't, and we don't like to get any one here to do it, and if you will write for my man, it will be a great favor to us, and we will be forever obliged to you."

The contractor explained his difficulty, and it might have ended very seriously for him, as he could not write to explain. I wrote an official letter, which delighted the troubled contractor.

Next day, bag in hand, I went out alone, and every navvy that I met, I told him I had a message from a navvy in England, who died rejoicing in the truth. He said:

"Tell every man you meet Christ died for every man. Jesus Christ died for every man. My blessed, blessed Savior, world without end, Amen," and so he died.

This Jesus, whom Thomas Ward found so precious to his soul, I wish to tell you about, and so I deliver his last message to you, and I have come all the way from Sydney to tell it you. I told them what

Jesus had done for them, and invited them to come to him. He would not cast them out, though they seemed to be outcast from civilized society. I came to a group of Papists, and greeted them with a kind good-morning, and asked if any of them could read. One of them turned round, and with an oath said,

“What is that to you?”

“If so, I shall give you something to read.”

One cursed me for a heretic, and said:

“Be off about your business.”

The priest had warned them against heretics, for they wanted to convert people from the true church. I told them I had no such desire. I had come all the way from Sydney to give them a kind message from a friend. A gentleman told me not to come amongst you, for you would insult me; but I said no; for no one would insult another for a kind message being carried to him from a fellow navy.

“I have come out here alone, and trusted myself among you; now you can judge for yourself whether that gentleman or myself were right in our opinion of you.”

These hardy sons of toil softened considerably toward me. They apologized in various ways, but made the priest the scape-goat. I talked to them about the dangerous work they were engaged in; how careful they ought to be, and how they ought to prepare for sudden death. We parted very good friends. A soft answer turned away the wrath of these men.

I next came to a young man sitting alone, with a very handsome, intelligent face. I asked him if he would accept of a few tracts. He rose to his feet, took off his cap, and politely said that he could not read; that he was a Roman Catholic, and that the priest had positively forbidden him to read heretical works of any kind.

“I may not accept of your proffered kindness, ma’am.”

We talked some time together, and I went on my way. I saw a man sitting on a rock eating luncheon, with a sweet little girl by his side. I sat down beside them, and began to talk to the child. I asked her if she could read, and if she were at school, and “yes” was her answer to both questions. She said she could and would read to her father the books I gave her, and he looked pleased. With but one exception, I met with civility from the great number of men I met and spoke to that day. All received the message kindly, and accepted the reading matter thankfully, except the Papists.

At the school-house the master was in waiting. I was surprised at

the number of children who were enrolled in the school. The teacher, a very civil, gentlemanly young man, was glad to have a stranger visit his school, and take an interest in the children. He gave me full information about the place and the people, and the difficulties he had to contend with. I could sympathize with him. I examined the school furniture, and asked him his method of teaching; what he taught, and how many classes he had; all of which queries he answered politely and promptly. I suggested some alteration in his method of teaching, and told him he ought to have some more maps and other things. He said he would certainly like to make the improvements I suggested, but perhaps the Council of Education would not approve of any alteration in his methods, as an inspector had given him his instructions. I said I had the opportunity of knowing what the Council of Education required in their schools, and if he acted on the suggestions I gave, he would be the one benefited. He asked if I had to do with schools. I said I had to do with one country school like his own; but keeping up with the improvements of the day as far as possible, I was ahead of him. I also told him a new inspector might visit his school, and seeing him so far behind, might suggest his removal, and put a more energetic teacher in his place. On the other hand, if they see you are doing your best under unfavorable circumstances to improve your school, the Council will help you. He said:

“Your advice is good; I accept it. I shall write to Mr. Wilkins and tell him what this school wants in material. I am anxious to do all I can for the school in accordance with the way the Council will most approve.”

He asked if I would carry his letter to the secretary. I said I would not only carry his letter, but I would carry a good report of his desire to please the Council in his work. He seemed perfectly delighted that I took such an interest in his school. By obeying the golden rule I made this young man's heart happy, and lightened his burden, and it cost me nothing to make suggestions to him, and to carry a good report of him to headquarters.

I next visited the huts, where I met women and children. All seemed glad to see me, though I was a stranger to them. They were glad to have me sit and talk to them about their eternal interests. I returned to the contractor's, where a number of navvies were waiting for me, to hear me read and talk to them. What a field was here for cultivation, I thought. These people stayed late, as I was to leave them next day. I asked Mrs. C—— what I owed her for my lodging.

She said she was too glad to have me in her house, to think of charging me anything. I parted with all these people on the most friendly terms, with a prayer that the seed I had sown broadcast might bring forth fruit in time.

When I reached Mount Victoria I found my dress had another black stripe to correspond with the first I got on the little locomotive. All along the road from Mount Victoria I threw tracts to the brakemen from the cars. At one of the switches we stopped some time, and I watched the brakeman at work, and thought of the disastrous consequences to the train did he neglect his duty. How important to have trustworthy men at the post. I was so absorbed that I did not notice the brakeman take off his cap, and he stood uncovered some time ere I recognized the Dane whom I had seen before. I was glad to see him. He reported his mate and himself as well and doing well. I was glad to hear this.

As soon as I arrived in the city I called on the gentleman to whom the contractor wrote. I asked if the business of the letter had been attended to. He said he was just then attending to it.

“But why did he not write sooner? He very nearly lost the job by putting it off so long.”

“Because the poor man can not write,” I said.

“Well, that letter that was written has saved him; had I not received it at the time I should have had another in his place. Tomorrow he will hear from me.”

I was glad that I had been able to serve this poor man and his family. My visit to the mountains had not been useless, but profitable to others as well as beneficial to myself. I went to the Department of Education, delivered the teacher's letter, and told Mr. Wilkins what I had suggested to improve his method of teaching. He was interested, and asked many questions about the school and the teacher.

“Was he a suitable man for the place?”

I thought he was; but he ought to have a better set of school apparatus. I said I believed him a faithful worker, and the people spoke well of him. Mr. Wilkins laughed, and said:

“Few ladies have spent their holidays as you have done. You have done us a service; you have done the work of an inspector, and have saved the visit of one.”

I returned to my work refreshed in body and in mind. I did not feel the utter lonesomeness of my situation as I did two or three years before. I had more time to read, and when I had a holiday I ran

away as far and fast as I could in an express train. I was walking up King Street one day when a well-dressed woman thus addressed me as she passed me:

“So you do not know me. I must have changed greatly since you saw me last.”

She turned and looked in my face, then crossed the street. I did not recognize her; but only one woman would address me in this way, I thought, and I crossed the street after her to ascertain who she was. I asked if she were Mrs. B. W——? She turned to me with a frown, and said:

“Do you pretend not to know me?”

“I made no pretense?” I said.

Then she said: “I am your sister.”

“I do not pretend to have a sister; are you Mrs. B. W——?”

“Yes, I am Mrs. B. W——; don’t you know that?”

“It matters little whether I know it or not; I want nothing from you; I am quite able now to get along without you.”

“It is very well for you to say you do not know me, now that I am poor,” she rejoined.

I told her that I did not know she was poor, for when I saw her last she was rolling in plenty, in possession of houses and land, and her husband was in a large and prosperous business; and then they drove me from their home friendless, penniless, a homeless stranger, to wander where I listed.

“You had, under false pretenses and promises, induced me to leave a happy home, friends, and all that I valued, to come to you, and you violated every promise you made to me, and laughed at my credulity, and then at midnight I had to turn from the door of your inhospitable mansion to seek shelter from strangers. But the God whom I trust took care of me; as he feeds the ravens, so he fed me, and has ever since protected me under his sheltering wing. I freely forgive you for all your cruelty to me, but you have forever broken the kindred tie that bound us. You have destroyed the feelings of my heart which would have enabled me to devote my life to you and yours. They are dead within me; you killed them. But you said you were poor; how can that be?”

She said her husband had gambled all their property away, then went to the gold diggings, and was never heard from since. She heard he was dead. I said, poverty is no disgrace if you are living respectably. I will visit you sometimes. I walked with her to her



place of abode, which was a neat little cottage in a retired part of the city. It was well-furnished from the wreck of her prosperity, and from said wreck she had saved a little money, the interest of which and some sewing she did paid her rent and supplied her wants. Her circumstances had changed from receiving large rents, to having to pay rent. I pitied her. She said her little girl had to be fed and clothed and educated out of her small income. I told her I would give her child a comfortable home, and clothe and educate her, if she were willing to give her up to me. I took the puny, sickly child of seven years with me to the bush for a week, for a change, and to see how she would like a permanent change. When I took her home I was told that I could have her on condition that I should give her breakfast in bed, let her lie till ten, give her lunch at eleven, and let her eat at any and at all times. I replied, that pity for her sickly child had prompted me to give her a home in the country, and apart from the impossibility of obeying her injunctions, my purpose in regard to the child was to break up and root out all those pernicious habits.

“Are you willing for her to go? If so, my conditions are, that she shall go to bed as a child ought at seven o’clock, not twelve or one as has been her habit, and rise at seven. She will eat what I eat, and when I eat; her habits must be regular to give her health; and instead of never going near the fire lest she burn herself, she must learn to take care of herself, and make fires, and prepare food and many other things that will be useful to her in this world.”

She granted the child permission to come with me after giving her private instructions. I took her home, and she proved a thorn in the flesh to me. My home was finished and furnished so I could and did make the child comfortable, but I had still to go to Sydney for my provisions on Saturday, so I took her to see her mother every time I went to town, and she met me at the ferry on my return. When I told her to do anything she would reply,

“My mother told me not to do it, and she told me not to do this and not to do that.”

She was not fond of books. In school she was a rebellious subject, and set a bad example to the other children. Sometimes she would take a whole day to do some little thing that I asked her to do, but she had to do it, just because I had told her to do it. I was kind to her, but she had to obey; I was firm, but she was a great torment to me. I took her home to her mother, and told her to keep her at

home; for the orders she gave her to disobey me conflicted with mine; I expected obedience in my own house. I had no wish to keep her; I was under no obligation to do so.

“Her cunning and deceitful ways are past finding out, and are exceedingly distasteful to me; and as you do not appreciate my efforts to save your child, you can keep her with you. I can get others who are capable of appreciating the advantages, and who will gladly and thankfully receive them and give me no trouble.”

The girl voluntarily came back to me, and said she would rather live with me than live in town. She said she would obey me, and try to be good; she wanted to be good and go to heaven, and she could not be good in town; and would I please to take her back; she would try and give no trouble. Poor child, I could not resist her appeal. I took her to my home and heart again. After this we had a butcher and baker to come to North Sydney twice a week, and I did not take her so often to town. She began to improve. At our morning and evening worship she would read a chapter and I would pray, and we were very happy. She became very useful, was my little housekeeper, and was my right-hand little maiden, an early riser, and a very fair student.

After receiving a letter from Brother M——, I had serious thoughts of going to Adelaide instead of going to America. I felt that now a successor could be found to step into my place. I resigned my position to leave the colony, and I had to leave the child with her mother, who now had very bad health, and would realize the benefit of the four years' training I had given her child. I had provided the child with everything that could be useful to her for years to come. I provided means for her mother to set up in business. All I could do for both I did, and then I left them in God's hand, hoping the child would be a blessing to the sick mother. On board ship, when about to sail from Sydney, the following note was handed to me:

I shall from this day live a new life. I shall bless you while I live for what you have done for me and mine. I intend to live for another world, as I do not think I shall live long in this one. I do not think we shall ever meet again in this world. Farewell! God bless you.

Yours, B.

When I tendered my resignation to the Council of Education, they gave me a very handsome testimonial, which I highly appreciated. The secretary told me that I was the first teacher who had left the service who had ever received a testimonial, and that I was highly

complimented by the fact. It was compliment enough to have been retained so long in the service, but he said, and so said the testimonial, that I had, under very trying circumstances, provided for the present and future education of a very destitute locality through hardships, privations, hard work and great self-denial. Mr. Wilkins, Mr. Gardener and Mr. Forbes had been my staunch friends throughout my bush career. I had always enjoyed their sympathy and encouragement. I said I felt highly honored by the appreciation and confidence of the Council of Education, as the first and greatest men in the colony composed it. My home had become very desirable. My trees and vines that I had planted were laden with fruit, and promised soon to bring forth an abundant crop. But I had no Christian society. I had been living in the midst of a desert of mind for eight years, and I had been several times prevented from going to America. I now wished to go to Adelaide. There a Christian Church had been established, with an American preacher. There I hoped to enjoy the society of Christians of my own way of thinking, and be in a church whose creed was the Bible alone. I appreciated all the good things I had now; but I was willing to sacrifice them all for the sake of Christian society and church privileges. Perhaps in South Australia I might pioneer another work for others to reap the benefit. Mr. Wilkins thought I was very foolish to give up a good home, a good salary and good friends for the reasons given. The Hon. (now Sir) Henry Parkes, Colonial Secretary, and President of the Council of Education, told me, on saying good-bye to me the day I left the colony, that from the day I had entered the service of the Council to the present, I had the high appreciation, the warmest sympathy and the fullest confidence of every member of the Council. He said:

“You are leaving us, and if it be any pleasure to you to know what we think of you, I tell you, and I hope where you are going you will find friends who will appreciate you as we do.”

This was a very unexpected speech, so full of kindness, that I felt a choking sensation, and could not answer him; I could only bow my profound thanks, and we parted.

The bush in which I had fought my way was now a thriving village. Three of my first night scholars had married and two had become teachers. I had given them extra training, and they had secured schools. All of those scholars who had been a terror to me at first, were doing well; all respectably employed, well-behaved and good citizens; having classes in Sunday-school, and leading moral and religious lives.

All the people were prospering in their own spheres. I had for eight long years been paying my vows unto the Lord. I had tried to serve him more faithfully; I had gone to a place where no one else would go; I had worked where no one else would work; I proved the sincerity of my vows by fulfilling them to the letter. I handed over the property to the trustees to hold in trust for the people's use as a school-house and chapel, and a teacher's residence. Everything was finished and paid for. I closed my work at North Sydney, December 31, 1869, and went to Sydney to prepare for the voyage to South Australia. I bade all my friends farewell ere I went on board the ship.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THIRD VOYAGE TO SOUTH AUSTRALIA, AND TEACHING IN ADELAIDE.

I SAILED on the steamship *You Yangs*, February 7, 1870. The ship was full of passengers, and the day being fine, I stayed on deck as long as I could. I noticed a pretty young lady, dressed in black, walking up and down in a very restless manner. The captain had a little lookout seat, without support to feet or back, projecting from the outside of the bulwarks. This pretty woman climbed the bulwarks and sat down on this seat. At every roll of the ship the waves splashed her feet. She seemed unconscious of her great danger. One of the officers gave her in charge of the stewardess, and she was taken down to the cabin. Ere night set in, we had what the sailors called a "twister." When we went down to tea the tables were adorned with the storm-guards. Drinking tea in a rolling ship is a sloppy business. I left the table and went on deck again. The ship was rolling, pitching, tossing, leaping, falling, and fairly writhing, like to a living being in mortal agony. The sea formed before us as it were a basin of great depth, with brim of foam, and the water inside of it in a whirl, first one way, then another. The ship fairly leaped in this basin.

"O Father," I cried, "we are going to the bottom!"

I felt as if the ship was leaving me. I sprang to my feet, and I lost my breath for a few seconds, until the ship mounted the wave on the other side. This was more like a whirlpool than anything I had ever seen at sea. The sky was growing inky black. The sea was lashed into foam as white as snow. The waves rushing from south to north, and the wind blowing from east to west a perfect hurricane. The ship, subjected to this cross action, went pitching on in semi-circular jerks, deadly to see and feel. This cross sea, or chopping sea, is terrible on a ship. It was truly a "twister." It twisted the ship vigorously, and our stomachs were nearly twisted out of us ere we could reach our cabins and lay our heads on our pillows. All that night I was so sick I was indifferent to the storm. Next day the storm abated, but the five ladies who occupied the ladies' cabin were too sick to get up. The berth opposite to me was occupied by a young

married lady and her baby. She was going to visit friends at Melbourne. In the berth above her was the lady in black, whose manner was so strange. The young mother had to leave the cabin with her babe for a few minutes. While she was gone the woman in black called to me, and said there were on board a number of men who had determined to kill some of the ladies, and one of them was that young mother. She said she was in the secret, but she would give her no warning, for she hated her. I told the stewardess the woman in black ought to be watched, for she was dangerous. A berth was prepared for her in the next compartment of the ladies' cabin, where she had it all to herself. The stewardess said my fears were idle; nothing ailed the woman; she would stay with her. All on board save the watch had retired. I could not sleep. My eyes were riveted on a curtain that hung between the ladies' two compartments. I saw it moved on one side, and a crouching figure crept in. Two eyes of fire were glaring and staring on vacancy. The head turned first on one side, then the other, as if looking for something, and a voice said, in a sepulchral tone,

"They sleep; 'tis well. Now is the time to strike home."

When, oh, horror! her hand was raised, and in it a knife gleamed in the lamplight, and the figure advanced a step. Up to this moment I was motionless and voiceless; but now I sprang to my feet, dragging my bed-cover round me, shook and roused the sleeping ladies, took the sleeping child from the sleeping mother, and almost dragged her out of her bed, and rushed to the public saloon, ere the maniac could do any damage. Here stood a group of women in their night robes in the public saloon in terror for their lives from the murderous dagger of a mad woman. We soon gave the alarm and called the stewardess, but she could not be found, and the maniac was raging through our cabin. Some gentlemen heard the uproar and came out to see what was the matter. When they could take in the situation, they brought cloaks and rugs to cover the shivering female forms. I had my bed-cover wrapped around the sleeping child and myself. Several of the gentlemen kindly offered us their rooms, and they would stay on deck all night. I positively refused to deprive the gentlemen of their beds, but I wished the crazy woman to be secured, and we could go to our own berths. The captain said it would be unlawful to lock her up. We suggested that he would keep her company all night, as he did not think her at all dangerous. We were afraid of her. He said the stewardess could keep her company, but she could not be

found, and when she did put in an appearance, her head was in a bandage. The woman in black, whom she had declared harmless, had, while she lay with her head on a box asleep, taken her head between her hands and knocked it on the corner till it was severely cut and bruised. She positively refused to go near the mad woman. While the maniac and her tricks were being discussed, out she rushed, brandishing her deadly weapon. This was quickly taken from her. She seized a pitcher of water and threw it over a gentleman, and rushed out and in from one gentleman's cabin to another, pulling their beds about and turning everything topsy-turvy, and using the most profane language imaginable; and there the captain sat perfectly indifferent as to our fears or discomforts. One of the gentlemen at last said, the maniac must either be secured or watched; the security and safety of the passengers demanded it, and the steward was ordered to keep watch over her. He was a great strong man, but he said he would never undertake such another job. The maniac kept the passengers in dread till she was given to her friends at Melbourne.

Just before I left New South Wales, I met Brother Earl and young Brother Alexander Magarey *en route* for America. I had talked so much to my friends everywhere about Bethany and Mr. Campbell, that our young brother had a great desire to visit the scene of Mr. Campbell's great labors and death. I said to him ere we parted,

"You will likely see the grave where our hero lies buried."

"Yes; but I would rather have heard the great and good old man when he was alive, than to see the place where he lies silent," he said.

In writing to Mrs. Campbell, I said: "Perhaps you will have seen my young friend ere this reaches you; if not, I hope you will give him all the information he thirsts for. Our young brother is quite enthusiastic at the idea of visiting Bethany, and I hope he will return with as much. He is just at the age when lasting impressions are made."

This remark has proved a true prophecy; for a young lady at Bethany made a lasting impression on his mind and heart. A few years after he made another pilgrimage to Bethany, married the young lady, and took her to his own sunny home in the Great South Land. Two of the American Evangelists have married Australian ladies, and the people, who but a few years ago were unknown to each other, were now being linked by the strongest ties.

I remained at Melbourne two weeks; visited the different places of interest and old friends, and also the two American Evangelists, Breth-

ren Surber and Carr. Mrs. Carr had a school, and was doing well. I was so glad to meet Americans. I met Silvanus M——, Brother M——'s second son, who was studying at the university for the medical profession. When I was on board the ship ready to start, he came on board, and introduced to me Mr. H. Bunday, a noble-looking gentleman, who was going to Adelaide. Nothing of importance transpired on this voyage. Mr. B—— was exceedingly attentive and kind to me, when we had recovered from our sea-sickness, and were once more on deck. When I landed at Port Adelaide, Mr. B—— took me to the train, and when we arrived at Adelaide, he handed me over to Sister M——, who was waiting for me at the terminus, and took me to her seaside residence at Glenely. Brother, M—— was not at home; but when he returned, he gave me a cordial welcome. I discovered while resting here, that Brother M——, like Brother Campbell, was given to hospitality.

I had a delightful visit to Lindsay Park, the home of my old and venerated friend Mr. Angas. His country home is sixty miles from Adelaide, and the two days' drive over the mountains in a coach was delightful. My reception by Mr. Angas was all that I could desire, and while I was his guest, he was exceedingly attentive and kind. His two daughters, Mrs. Hannay and Mrs. Evans, were very agreeable ladies. We had many friendly discussions, among others one on Romanism, and its evil effects. Mr. Angas had a very decided aversion to that system of religion. He asked me if I would open a school something like the one I had in New South Wales, and, as far as was possible, counteract the evils of Romanism, where the Papists were trying to lay hold of all children by their cheap schools. I told him I had been thinking of doing so.

“Well, I shall help you,” said the old gentleman.

After a pleasant visit to the Park, I returned by railway to Adelaide.

At Hindmarsh, a suburb of Adelaide, I opened school for poor children of all denominations. A few friends, with Mr. M—— at the head of the list, subscribed money to help buy school apparatus. I had a genteel boarding-house, but it was at an inconvenient distance from the school. The school-room I found too small for the number of children in attendance, and my long walk to and from school was a great hindrance to my work. My road lay across a railway, and one day as I was crossing it, not knowing train time, nor looking or thinking about it, when a train at full speed whizzed past me, and drew my dress nearly in among the wheels. I gave a spring forward, caught hold of



a fence till I recovered from the fright, and then went on my way. This experience taught me a lesson. Another day I had crossed the railway, when I saw coming from different directions six pillars of dust whirling around. I stood and watched, thinking to see them converge on a plain before me, over which I had to pass. While I stood one struck me with great violence, and drove me against a wall. It broke against the wall, and fell with a heavy shower of gravel and dust, nearly smothering me. I could neither see nor move for some time. After this deluge of dust, I thought I had to look out for more than the train. These whirlwinds of dust are very common in South Australia.

Mrs. Wm. Magarey, who with her husband had visited me in my bush home in New South Wales, was a sister to my shipmate, Mr. Bunday, and their mother, a very interesting, intelligent old lady, was an invalid, and staying at her daughter's house while she and her husband were on a trip to England. Their house lay on my way to school, and often I called to see the invalid to cheer her up. She hailed my visits with joy, and I always left her bedside benefited by my visit. This reciprocated pleasure was enjoyed till Mr. and Mrs. W. M—— came home; then my visits were not necessary, nor so frequent. Mrs. W. M—— never forgot my kindness to her mother, nor while memory holds her empire in my heart, shall I forget her kindness to me. Mrs. H. Bunday also was exceedingly kind to me, and to these two lovely sisters-in-law I owe much of the happiness I had while I sojourned in South Australia.

When Mr. Earl and Mr. A. M—— returned with Mr. and Mrs. W. M——, Mr. Earl resumed his labors in the city, where Mr. Gore had supplied his place while he was absent, and Mr. Gore preached at a suburban chapel.

Meantime, Mr. Angas had bought the site of a flouring mill that had burned, had removed the *debris*, and converted a large stone granary into a school-house, with a convenient gallery for young children. He built a neat cottage for me; had a high stone wall erected all around the premises except in front, where it had a palisade fence. There was a large play-ground, with swings, etc. When the school-house was ready, I moved my school into it. Several small schools in the neighborhood were swallowed up by the large one. They were small and inefficient, and could not supply the needs of the people. A young lady, who had one of these schools, was dependent upon it for a living, and when it closed, she was placed in my school as an assistant, at a salary from Mr. Angas. I paid all my other assistants. Mr. Angas

paid for the tuition of fifty children who could not pay for themselves, and those who could pay gave a little.

While the cottage was building, Mr. Angas kindly invited me to take up my abode at Prospect Hall, his town residence, he being at his country home, Lindsay Park. Mr. A —'s money accomplished in a very short time, what it took me years to accomplish without money at North Sydney. When I began work in my new sphere, I felt that brain and nerve power were needed to work up this strong, hard, rough and raw material, which was very troublesome to handle. This part of the work money could not perform. On the morning I opened my new school, about seventy or eighty boys and girls were whooping and hallooing in the play-ground. I stood in the open door, preparing to arrange them for marching into the room, when I was driven back to the middle of the room by a perfect avalanche of great boys, dashing pellmell over one another, and all rushing to the gallery to obtain seats. Those persons, who saw the boys tumbling in over me, thought it impossible that I could tame or subdue such turbulent spirits, or bring order out of such confusion. It was thought that this troop of wild street Arabs was untamable and unmanageable. I thought, as I waited for them to be seated, here is a great work for me. God help me to try, was my prayer, and in his strength I went to work, remembering Mr. Campbell's precept, "Attempt great things, expect great things, and great things will follow." I stood perfectly still, while they all clambered over each other, and over the gallery seats, instead of up the steps. At last they looked at me, and when they became perfectly still, I addressed them thus:

"Boys, you have never been to a lady's school; but seeing so many of you here, I think you wish to come to mine, and I think you wish to be on time, as all of you were in haste to secure your seats. This is so far good. The first thing, however, that you have to learn is obedience; then to walk into the school in order, and quietly. Now all of you rise, and first this row, then that, come down the steps, and walk out to the play-ground, where I shall give you your first lesson."

They came down, walked out in single file to the play-grounds, and I followed, and arranged them. Having examined the face and hands of every one, to see if they were clean, I marched them to their seats in good order. The novelty of my movements kept them quiet for the moment. But they were full of mischief, and were ever ready to burst out in a new place. It was a most difficult matter to interest and control this mass of humanity, till I enrolled, and classified, and organized

them after the model of my former school. The system adopted by the Council of Education was entirely new to the colony, but I introduced it. A Government inspector visited my school while I was organizing it, and spoke highly of the method. A gentleman from a model school under the Council of Education was sent for, to open for Government in Adelaide a school after the model of those in New South Wales. Now they have many first-class schools, with trained teachers at their head, and in a flourishing condition.

In two weeks I had my school thoroughly organized, and in working order. I hoped that my assistants would help me to quell rising storms, when they saw them looming in the distance, but this they were not able to do; consequently, when they allowed disorder in their classes, my nerve power was always strained to its utmost endurance. I was desirous that my school should be a blessing to the neighborhood. The class of children who came to it were not only the lowest and poorest, but the most vicious and profane youngsters I had ever come in contact with. Many of them had been turned out of other schools as incorrigible. The people seemed to think that I was at the head of a house of correction, and they sent me all the worst boys. I was amazed at the amount of wickedness these children knew and practiced. I had to be almost omnipresent and omniscient, as far as my domain extended, to put down the several plots that were concocted. I had six months of the hardest work I ever had in my life. I had to look continually to God for strength, to enable me to perform my self-imposed task. At the end of this time, I had purged from my school all outward and visible forms of vice, and as I had the Bible for the foundation stone of my work, I hoped to build a goodly structure. I had taken possession of the cottage, and was mistress of the situation, when Mr. Angas came to town, visited the school, and was delighted at the good order which prevailed. He kindly asked if he could do anything for me. I said my wants were few, and easily supplied. He laughingly said:

“Your family has greatly increased since I last saw you; do you not want something for your children?”

I told him I intended to give them a tea party at Christmas, and it was near at hand.

“Well,” said he, “let our school have the tea at my expense. I am as able to give as you are, and tell our scholars that I give them this treat because you speak well of them. We are partners in this work, but your part is the more arduous; but if you want anything at any time, let me know, and I shall help you.”

I was pleased and encouraged by his visit. Our school increased to one hundred and fifty children, and all the new scholars had to be broken in and disciplined, but those first trained helped in this work. I used no harsh measures at all. The Bible was my great auxiliary; without it I should have been powerless for good among these wild street Arabs. What a power has the Bible to tame, to civilize, to elevate, and to make good characters, fit to live, and fit to die. Mr. A—— helped me to pay for some material, which I bought to make garments for the poor of the neighborhood, and I let them have them ready made for what the material cost. I had a lady to come twice a week to teach the girls to sew, and all the school to sing. This arrangement had a double advantage, for all kinds of underwear for men, women and children were made, and this taught the girls to sew, and the poor people had their garments made for nothing.

Miss Sarah Magarey, a very noble, highly cultured Christian young lady, and Mrs. Wm. Milne, daughter-in-law to the Hon. (now Sir) W. Milne, whom I often met at the sick-bed of Mrs. Sinclair, a young married lady, were so kind as to come, each one day in the week, and hear some classes recite.

I also hired an ex-sergeant of one of Her Majesty's regiments to drill the boys in the play-ground, while I drilled the girls in the school-room. I kept all busy at work. Christmas was at hand, and the tea party, a new thing to these children, was in their mind. We had our large school-room decorated for our first holiday feast. We regretted Mr. Angus' absence. One of the leading papers had a notice of the tea party in this style:

#### AN ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN TO THE BOWDEN PUBLIC SCHOOL CHILDREN.

The spacious room was decorated with green. The tea was given at the expense of the founder of the school to one hundred and fifty scholars. After tea they adjourned to the play-ground, to amuse themselves for a while, when they re-assembled in the school-room, and were joined by parents and friends. W. I. Magarey accepted the chair. Mr. H. Hussey, as one well acquainted with the working of the school, made a statement. \* \* \* The school was only opened in July last with about seventy scholars, but it had increased to one hundred and fifty. All those who had visited the school had expressed themselves well pleased with the manner in which it was conducted by the Superintendent, Mrs. Davies, who had succeeded in a very short time in bringing it into a good state of discipline. The report was followed by a magic lantern exhibition, kindly given by Mr. A. Magarey, which afforded a great deal of pleasure to the juveniles. At intervals the children sang some of their school melodies, led by Mrs. Harris. When they sang the National Anthem they were loudly cheered, and the pleasant entertainment was brought to a close, all having enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

One day I went with a young acquaintance to the lunatic asylum, to visit a friend of hers, who had formerly been her teacher. I listened to the conversation, but I could not detect insanity in this patient. She noticed my interest in the conversation, and she said to me:

“You do not think me crazy, do you?”

“I do not, and why do you stay here?” I said.

“I shall give you the reason: I am not what people call insane exactly, for I have my intellect about me. My thoughts sometimes get deranged and confused, but they are all there, like a drawer where you keep your cuffs, collars and gloves. They sometimes get tumbled out of place, but they are all there, though you can not for a moment put your hand on what you want. So it is with me. I can not always bring up the right thought; my ideas get confused, and this state of mind was brought on by too much mental labor, worry and some losses, and I was brought here. But if I had any friends who would take the trouble to direct me, I need not be here long.”

“God help you,” I mentally exclaimed. She said one thought disturbed her; it was, that she thought God had forsaken her. She said our visit cheered her, and she asked us to come again, which we did next Saturday. I felt the deepest sympathy for this poor lady. We were sitting on the veranda, waiting for a nurse to conduct us to her, when a great stalwart Irish nurse came to us, and *sans ceremonie* ordered us to leave the premises; she wanted to shut the gate. We had just come in, and wished to see Mrs. ——.

“You must leave,” she said, with a scowl.

I asked if we were infringing upon the rules of the Institution; if so, we should leave at once; but if not, we wished to see Mrs. —— first.

“Well, you can’t see her,” was spoken in a loud, rude tone.

I asked this bold woman where Dr. Paterson lived. This she was not willing to tell; but I insisted on knowing, and she pointed to the house with a frown on her face. We called upon the doctor, and I asked him if the servants of the institution were allowed to treat visitors rudely when visiting patients. Of course they were not. I asked permission to visit the establishment; but though he gave me a great deal of information about it, he said strangers were not allowed to visit it unless they had friends or relatives in it. I said I had neither, but this young lady has a friend that we came to see, and we were ordered off the premises by an attendant who did not allow us to see Mrs. ——.

“This must not be,” said the doctor.

I asked if I had permission to visit the institution. He said he had

not the power to grant the privilege to a stranger. I went home and wrote to the Board of Trustees according to the doctor's instructions, and sent in my request to have the permission granted, and I received the following answer :

ADELAIDE LUNATIC ASYLUM, *August 15, 1872.*

*Madame* :—In reply to your letter of the 12th inst., requesting permission to visit the Lunatic Asylum office a month, I am directed by Dr. Paterson to inform you that your request is granted. The necessary instructions have been given to the officer in charge. The visiting hours are from 10 to 1, every day, except Sunday. I have the honor to be, madam,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN P. STEWARD.

*Mrs. Davies, Bowden Public School.*

At my first visit after this my reception was somewhat different. The gate was flung wide open, and I was conducted to the matron's room by an obsequious daughter of Erin. The matron very politely conducted me all over the premises. In this way the rude servant was taught not to be insolent to strangers. She was ever after deferential to me. I bought some large, showy pictures, and carried them to the school-room to amuse the children, whose minds were beclouded. I tried to impress upon the mind of the unfortunate teacher, that God had not forsaken her. On leaving the home of the insane I always felt sad. I was invited to a grand ball, to be given to the lunatics, by the friends of the institution. A large room was brilliantly lit up, and a crowd of well-dressed people were assembled. A grand piano discoursed dance-music, under the skillful fingers of a first-class musician. The visitors danced with the inmates, and they abandoned themselves to the music and their own motions, which were ludicrous enough ; but they enjoyed themselves with great gusto. One young lady was dressed in white, with black trimmings, black gloves and boots, black hair and eyes. She was small and beautifully formed, but as demure as a mouse. She danced with a gentleman visitor. She was fleet-footed as a fawn, and fairly flew through the mazes of the dance, yet she moved with ease and grace, and her eyes were ablaze with delight. When seated she looked the picture of patience. A nurse was near her all the time to watch her. She was a dangerous maniac. She belonged to one of the first families in the colony. Many others of the same class were here. Most of the dancers were fantastically dressed. We had kings, queens, and every shade of nobility ; and I caught myself laughing several times at their grotesque figures.

One day I missed Mrs. — ; I asked where she was, and was told she had been sent to the asylum on the hills. This was a handsome

house, beautifully situated, but a living tomb for those who were sent there. It was the home for all time for the incurables. Poor Mrs. ——! I took an omnibus one day and went to visit her, and she was glad to see me. She said, as we stood in the midst of the incurables:

“I am not mad, though they have sent me here; but I will soon be mad in the company of these driveling idiots.”

It made my heart sick to see her surroundings, but I could not help her; so I never went to see her again. I think I hear her last words:

“Oh! have I to become like these? What shall I do? what shall I do?”

I was powerless to help her, so I left the living tomb. It was not good for me to be there.

Brethren Earl and Gore had a class of young men, preparing for the ministry, and churches were being planted in various parts of the colony. At the opening, and at the anniversary of the opening of a place of worship, a tea-party would be given, and all the other churches be invited to come and celebrate the occasion. These tea-meetings were enjoyable, sociable gatherings. When tea was over, the ministers from the different Christian Churches would make speeches, and report their progress. At these reunions, the Christian brotherhood became better acquainted with each other, enlarged their sympathies, and took a deeper interest in each other and the cause. They were more firmly knit in the bonds of faith, hope and love.

At Strathalbyn, a picturesque town away up among the hills, a church had a tea-meeting, on opening their chapel for public worship. Members from the various churches were there. Adelaide was largely represented. When the pleasant meeting was over, three of our young ministers-elect were discussing a point. They had a holiday, and they did not know what to do with it. The point discussed was, whether they would go back to Adelaide on the morrow or take a trip to Lake Alexandrina. They asked me to decide for them. Of course, I decided for the lake. They asked me then to join them in their trip, which I willingly consented to do. At five in the morning we started, we four in an elegant phaeton, with two horses driven tandem. The swift-footed horses, prancing along a good road, and the fresh morning breezes, made our spirits joyous. The sun burst forth, and the hill-tops were tinged with rosy light; a perfect flood of splendor spread over hill and dale. This was a real Australian sunrise, beautiful and balmy. A burst of praise and thanksgiving occasionally arose from our lips. I told these earnest young Christians

that the tandem team, with my three, reminded me of the time when first I rode tandem to the lake under very different circumstances. I told them the story of my first visit. We had breakfast at Milang after our long drive. I stood on the shore of Lake Alexandrina, where, a quarter of a century or more previous, I had landed amid the hideous yells of the painted savages, and the din and clatter of war-weapons. I was not now panting with terror at hideous savages surrounding me in an unbroken wilderness. I was surrounded by a high civilization; was in the midst of a prospering people; in a thriving town, with its flour-mills, its machine-shops, its stores, its churches, and its schools. Here all the most sanguine wishes of Capt. Sturt's heart, when he reported the millions of acres of alluvial soil that he had discovered in this region, were realized. A sail across the lake on a steamboat had been planned, and the boat lay ready for the excursionists by the side of the jetty, built where my boat had been landed up among the tall reeds on the shore. I could hardly realize, as I stepped on board the gallant steamer, that she was crossing the waters of the lake on which Mrs. Sturt, Miss Gawlor and myself were the first white females to sail. We were the first to visit its shores, and the first who ventured on the bosom of the Murray River, which was now the great highway into the interior, and the most important river on the continent, as it is the largest yet known. What must have been the surprise of the savages when the first steamboat, like some fabled monster of the wave breathing fire and making the shores resound with its deep respirations, came in sight.

While my reflections were carrying me back to rude and painted savages, unbroken forests and a silent wilderness, a large and merry party were steaming across the beautiful lake. We reached the long, narrow Coorong Lake, which we entered and up which we steamed. Between the waters of the Coorong and the ocean is a long, narrow strip of land, which varies from one to three miles wide. It is covered with sand-hills, high and dazzlingly white. The Coorong and the Sandspit lie on the east side of the sea-mouth of the Murray. I, with a few others, landed on this spit. I wished to cross it; for to me it had great interest. I wished to make the most of my visit to this desolate, lonely coast. I had never seen it before. I climbed a long, high hill, to have a good view, and then to descend gradually to the shore. When I reached the top, I was taken aback when I found no gradual descent, but an almost perpendicular wall facing the ocean, and a narrow beach between them. I had either to clamber down, or



turn back without seeing what I came for. I began to descend by digging my heels into the yielding sand, making a kind of ladder, and throwing myself well back on the sand to support myself; otherwise I should have toppled down to the beach below. I now saw the sea-mouth of the river, famous for many tragical events that happened near it, and which gave a melancholy interest to the spot.

And this is Encounter Bay, I exclaimed, where the English and French ships, each claiming to have discovered a certain portion of this continent, had an encounter; hence the origin of the name, Encounter Bay. This bay lies directly open to the Southern Ocean, and the scene it presented was wild in the extreme. "The swell that rolls into this bay at all times is of the heaviest description. The breakers rise to the height of from fifteen to eighteen feet, before they burst in one unbroken line as far as the eye can reach." The roar of the foaming waters against the sand-hills is terrific. The whole scene is awe-inspiring. This is a lone and dreary spot, seldom visited by any living creature. I wandered on the beach and gathered a few curious shells, as a memento of my visit. My thoughts went up to the Almighty, who had spread out this vast ocean, and can say to the roaring billows, "Peace, be still." I bent before the great I Am. We recrossed the sandspit, boarded the steamer, recrossed the lake, and reached Milang safe and satisfied with our excursion.

Our little party had a pleasant drive back to Strathalbyn. Next morning, in company with some of our preachers, I took a seat outside of a stage-coach, drawn by five fine, high-spirited horses, and swept around and down the mountains. We had a magnificent view of the country, which more than repaid me for taking an unfashionable seat on top of the coach. We reached Adelaide all safe.

My health required that I should spend my midsummer holidays at the seaside. So I took another, and another trip to Port Elliot and Port Victor. These places were outside the sea-mouth of the Murray, and as the mouth forbade either egress or ingress, a tramway connected these places to Goolwa, a town above the mouth. I enjoyed my visits to the sea-beach. I would cover my head, and lie down on a bed of shells or sand, and enjoy perfect idleness for hours; then I would gather the beautifully tinted flowers, torn from their ocean bed, and carried ashore by the waves. Of these beautiful flowers, or sea-weed, I made exquisite wreaths, and fastened them to pasteboard. Thus I rested from the toil and tumult of my daily life for a time. I would sometimes take the outside seat of the tramway car, and run up to

Goolwa. Once while here I took a steamer, and crossed the lake to Point Macleay, to visit the mission school and farm for the natives. Government has tried every means to improve the aborigines. The school and farm at this place are well conducted, and the elementary principles of education are given to the children; more they can not take. When their reason is taxed, they fail. The men are taught to till the ground; they are fed and clothed; but as they have none of the finer feelings or principles that can be a basis of social order, little can be done to elevate them. I registered my name in the visitor's book, with the remark that I was the first white lady the lake tribe ever saw.

The Botanical Gardens were a great source of delight to my school. Every few weeks I would have school out of doors. I would sometimes hire a whole railway car on a train, and pack all my children in tight, and take them to town, and then march them to the gardens; sometimes they marched all the way. This was one means I used to make my school attractive to the children. On entering the beautiful grounds, we marched down the broad walk to the fountain in the center, where the classes divided, each teacher took her own class, and all went their ways to examine the living specimens of Zoölogy, Ornithology, or Ichthyology, as they felt inclined. I had first given them object lessons on these animals, and when we returned to school in doors, I examined all, to ascertain how much they had learned out of doors. These were interesting examinations, and also amusing. At lunch-time we would all meet in a shady place, and eat and chat freely, and then gather up the crumbs, and feed the beautiful black and white swans, which were floating on the artificial lake so gracefully. We would then all walk round, and enjoy the rare sights of camels, kangaroos, emus and flowers. Over one hundred children marched up and down, out and in, and round the beautifully bordered and well-kept walks, and not a plant, or flower, or twig, or leaf, or even a blade of grass injured by their meddlesome fingers, or busy feet. My school was always welcome to the privilege of the beautiful grounds, for they gave no trouble.

I had the pleasure to know that Dr. Shomburg, who was the able curator of these gardens, took quite an interest in my school. He gave me slips of the most rare flowers of various kinds, and over a dozen varieties of beautiful geraniums. I planted my flowers, and cultivated them, and they grew luxuriantly. I also planted trees for shade. It was a feast of poetry to me to watch the unfolding of the lovely flower-buds that I had bred with so tender a hand. I would linger over the richly-

tinted, sweetly-scented flowers at sunset. They had a great charm for me. One Friday evening, as I sat at my parlor window jaded in mind and body, I leaned my head on my hand, and gazed at the flood of beauty that met my eye. A parterre of richest tinted flowers was spread out before me. I looked long and lovingly at them; then I asked, who made the flowers? why were they made? what purpose did they serve? do we need them? These questions rushed through my mind, as I looked on the lovely creations in the midst of mean and dusty surroundings, like a little oasis in a desert. I bowed my heart in thankfulness to God, who for man's pleasure alone painted the petals of the rose and the gladiolus, that the weary eye might rest, and the tired spirit find repose. While my eye was pleased and my spirit soothed by the simple beauty of the flowers, I asked yet another question. If all these rare and exquisite flowers were for me alone, were there no others who could enjoy them as I did? My mind flew back to Bethany, in America, when Prof. Pickett sent to my sick room a rare gem of a bouquet, artistically arranged, and when Miss Lum Davis, when I was on a sick bed at the Orphan School, at Midway, presented me with a sweet little nosegay. Oh, how I appreciated those flowers! One more question I asked myself. Are there not others stretched on sick beds who would appreciate fresh flowers? The answer came quick as a flash, "Yes, in the hospital there are sick and poor, and they shall share my bounty."

My weariness all gone, I called to Carrie to come help me to cut flowers. We bunched them into bouquets, and next morning we carried them two miles to the hospital. I saw in one ward flowers scattered about. The patients here had friends, who attended to their wants. I asked the matron of the house if there were any wards to which no flowers were sent; if there were, to them I would bring my gifts.

"Oh," said the lady, "we have two wards very much neglected; no one visits them. One lady comes sometimes on Sunday to read for the Magdalenes. Their ward and a man's ward are never visited."

The matron conducted me to the neglected wards, where I gladdened the eyes of many with my floral offering. Every week, while my flowers lasted, they had a supply. I could only carry my flowers on Saturday, and this was not a visiting day; but permission was granted me to visit when it was convenient to myself. I selected tracts and portions of Scripture to read to the women in the Magdalene ward, also in the men's ward. I read and talked to the poor unfortunate women,

and many a tale of sorrow and wrong was poured into my ear. I tried to direct them to a forgiving Savior, who invited all to come to him, and he would not cast them out. They all listened with attention to what I read and said. I persuaded one beautiful young girl to return to her parents, when she left the hospital, which she did, and was received with open arms. Others promised amendment. On a sick bed people have time to think, and are then very repentant; but it is doubtful whether they always carry out their sick bed resolutions when they return to health. The men were always glad to see me. There was an educated, gentlemanly man, who was particularly so. He loved flowers; they reminded him of a once happy home. Sickness prevented my going to see my sick folks one week. I met the nurse of the men's ward at church, and she said that Mr. W—— had so missed my visit, and wondered if I would never come again. She said she had taken the liberty to ask me to come again, as Mr. W—— was very ill, and wished to see me. I told her I should go to them again. I went to my once brilliant parterre, and gathered every blossom that remained, and carried my last flowers to the sick man. As soon as he saw me enter the door, he raised his hands and eyes. I walked straight to him, and he clasped his two hands around the flowers lovingly, as I said:

“These are my last, and they are for you.”

“Oh, thank you, thank you, I may never want any more; but oh, they are very beautiful. God bless you for bringing them to me.”

We conversed on the Savior's love to sinners. He talked more freely and more hopefully to me that day than he had ever done before. I read to him portions of Scripture suitable to his case. Tears of gratitude filled his eyes, as I said:

“Farewell! If we meet no more on earth, let us meet in heaven.”

I saw him no more. My flowers cheered his last hours. They had performed their mission, and who will deny the ministry of flowers?

I greatly desired to elevate the tastes of the parents of the school children, and of the neighborhood generally. I got up a musical entertainment for their benefit, which was a complete success. I had many friends who volunteered their services when I proposed my plan to them. I had tickets and circulars printed, hired a grand piano, had the large room handsomely festooned, and decorated with flowers. Tickets were sold so cheap that the poorest persons could buy one. I shall quote what a leading paper said of it:

## SOIREE.

On Friday evening a pleasant entertainment, consisting of vocal and instrumental music, recitations and readings, was given in the Bowden Public School by several ladies and gentlemen taking part who were interested in the school, which is conducted by Mrs. Davies. A large number of the pupils were present, and they were distinguishable from the remaining portion of the juveniles in the house by their intelligent and decorous deportment throughout the evening. The very large room was tastefully decorated for the occasion, and was crowded to repletion. Mr. W. J. Magarey, J. P., was in the chair, and opened the proceedings with a few remarks, in which he stated that the inhabitants of that neighborhood were indebted to Mr. Angas for the large room in which they were assembled. \* \* \* He urged the parents to send their children to school; to avail themselves of the opportunity they now had to have their children educated at small expense. Mrs. Davies, he said, was an enthusiastic lover of teaching, and was never so well satisfied as when engaged in her important work.

The school children sang a school song. Other songs and duets were sung, accompanied on the piano by Miss Sanderson, Mrs. Harris, Miss Staines, Mr. S—— and Mr. J. W. S——, and loudly applauded. Miss C—— played two solos on the pianoforte. Mr. W—— recited "Young Lochinvar" with great success, and Mr. S—— recited selections from Hans Breitman in a manner which showed a full appreciation of the spirit of the author, and the ability to give due effect to it. Others took part in the performances, and the chairman apologized for the absence of Mr. W. H. Bunday, M. P., who had promised to assist, but had taken a bad cold. A vote of thanks to the chairman, followed by "God Save the Queen," brought the proceedings to a close. Among those present were John H. Angas, M. P., H. S. Earl, M. A., Dr. J. Kidner, and other influential gentlemen, interested in educational matters.

I wished to show these poor people that they were not overlooked; that the very best people in the land took an interest in them, and that they ought to take an interest in themselves, and send their children regularly to school. I had written and invited Mr. Angas to come to our soiree. It was too far for him to come, but his son was there. Mr. A—— liked to have letters from me, informing him about our school. I told him of our successes, but none of the weary toil that led to them. He always wrote encouraging letters to me. I will give a few extracts:

*My Dear Mrs. Davies:*—Your very pleasing and satisfactory letter of yesterday gave Mr. Angas great pleasure. He has, therefore, desired me to write to you and thank you for your good wishes with regard to himself, and also the pleasing account relative to the school under your superintendence. I am sure he quite appreciates your energy and perseverance in the great and good work.

We all sympathize with you in your late illness. I feel assured that no one could take your place in subduing the wills of the city arabs. Therefore, the

extra exertion you have made tells on you. Mr. Angas expressed with much feeling his approval of the very wise way you disposed of your flowers to the sick and dying in the hospital, and I am sure you feel recompensed with the pleasure manifested by the grateful eyes and thankful looks of those worn and sad countenances of the suffering. You will be glad to hear of Mr. H——'s approbation of your doings and management. \* \* \* I hope much success will be yours in reclaiming those out of the way—that strength of body and mind may be given you to meet your labors. With kind regards and best wishes,

I am yours, very truly,

J. PARSONS.

*My Dear Mrs. Davies:*—You must make your arrangements to have a change of air. I am glad that Mr. H—— was at your meeting, and that he paid you a tribute so justly due you for your efforts. You may rest assured that you have no more sincere friend to yourself than that Christian gentleman. I feel the infirmities of age upon me, so that I can not be as active in labor as I used to be. \* \* \*

I am yours truly,

GEO. F. ANGAS.

LINDSAY PARK, *December, 1872.*

Mr. Angas allowed me to buy books for all the children (not as prizes, for I gave none; I made learning itself the prize) as Christmas presents from him. He was highly pleased with the character of our school, and he was the most liberal patron. We had an examination which highly pleased the parents and visitors. Our room, as usual, was decorated with flowers. After the examination, the children sang and recited pieces; then came refreshments; then games on the playground; then the presentation of the books; then a vote of thanks for the books, and a vote of thanks for the superintendent of the school, Mrs. Davies, who, it was stated, deserved much credit for the way in which she had taught and trained the scholars.

On Christmas day, all the poor, the halt and the blind from the neighborhood had a dinner prepared for them at Mr. A——'s cost, and served up in the school-room. I had several young lady friends to help me wait on the table, and help the guests—two sisters of Mrs. Bunday, daughters of the Hon. (now Sir) Wm. Milne, and several others. We spent a pleasant and useful, if not a merry, Christmas. I closed school for the holidays, and went away to Port Elliotte and Port Victor, to lie on the beach among the shells and sand, and to sleep.

One morning I was gathering flowers in my garden when two boys passed. They raised their caps, and said:

“Good morning, ma'am.”

I returned the salutation very politely, and chatted with them for a few moments ere they passed on. This little incident pleased me,

because they were two of the boys who had tumbled into the school-room and nearly overrun me in their rude rush for seats the first day I opened school. Next morning I remarked in class that I had two little gentlemen in school; they were young, but they were polite and gentle in their manners, and they were not ashamed of being polite. I soon found that I had more than two. They had raised their courage up to the polite point, and when these two led off, the others soon followed, till every one in school, from being roughs, were like little gentlemen and ladies. At first, when politeness was taught them, they laughed right out at the idea of being expected to be polite; and laughed at each other when they made an attempt at any approach to it. Rudeness now was the exception and was hooted down. My butcher and baker paid my boys a tribute. They said they could now drive along the streets without fear of annoyance from the street arabs who formerly shouted about their horses and frightened them, so they often ran away, doing considerable damage.

“Now,” said they, “the boys behave like gentlemen. This school has been a blessing to the neighborhood.”

Of course, I told the boys how their good conduct was appreciated, and encouraged them to continue in well-doing.

I often felt very weary after my day's work was done; I was losing strength; I was excited with my work in the school-room and did not feel any exhaustion till the school closed for the day; then I would often feel complete exhaustion. The doctor told me that I was overtaxing my nervous system; I would soon be ill. I would smile, and say, “Better wear out than rust out. I am willing to die at my post.”

The doctor would shake his head, and say,

“It will not do.”

Had I had a smaller school, or more efficient assistants, or been less anxious to have my school a model one in the face of every difficulty, or cared less for the well-being of those I had in charge, I might have had an easier time; but my responsibility was very great, and I wished to do my duty to God by being faithful in my work. I was cheered in spirit, if not strengthened in body, by letters from some of my former pupils. One of my country arabs, who had been at North Sydney as rough as any I had at Bowden, wrote to tell me that he was in a city situation, a place of trust under government, and doing well. He said: “What I am you have made me. I thank God that you ever came to the bush to live, and took me by the hand, and was my friend. You led me into the right road, and I hope to walk

in it; and others here whom you benefited will never forget what you have done for them and for the neighborhood. They will feel ever grateful to you." He finished with a P. S. : "Please to correct my letters as you used to do; I shall be twenty year's old in October."

This boy's letter, gushing with gratitude, inspired me with new life for the present. I felt encouraged to work, for my strength at North Sydney had not been spent in vain. The seed I had planted there was bearing fruit. I was cheered, and rose from a sick-bed encouraged to persevere in my work of sowing seed here, hoping fruit would come by and by.

I had an examination usually just before our midwinter (June) and our midsummer (December) holidays. The examiners had always been chosen for me, and though they were educated gentlemen, they were not educators; consequently, though they and everybody else were pleased with the results, I never was. I had been accustomed to thorough and searching examinations at my former school, by educators who stood between the public and me and shared my responsibility. But here my responsibility was treble what it had been. Between the examinations, I had to face a troublesome community, who thought their children ought to be taught their way, and my teachers thought the people were in the right. I taught my own way nevertheless, but had too much to do in stemming cross-currents.

At one examination I had a Rev. ——— to examine a class in geography. He was telling them something about a place in a certain country, when some of the hands went up. Some of the boys said:

"Please, sir, it is not there."

"Where then?" said the examiner.

They told him, and he said good humoredly,

"I do believe you know more about geography than I do. You certainly have done well."

I received great praise for teaching them so well. I bowed stiffly, and mentally said, "What do you know of what they have learned, or what they have been taught?" He was a popular minister; what he said was believed without knowledge, and his report pleased all but me.

At another examination, Dr. ——— was invited to conduct it. He proposed to examine a class on natural history. Said the doctor,

"Madam, what shall it be?"

"Oh," said I, smiling, "a cat or a whale."

"Well, young folks," said the doctor, turning to the class, "can you tell me anything of that great fish, the whale?"



Up went all hands, and "please, sir," came from more than one, "the whale is not a fish."

"What then?" queried the doctor.

"It is an animal with lungs to breathe the air, with a double circulation, and it belongs to the class mammalia."

The doctor asked me to examine the children; when I had finished, he addressed the class, and said:

"I confess that you know more about the whale than I do. Had your teacher asked me the questions she asked you, I could not have answered her."

I asked the class to note the doctor's confession. Of course these examinations passed off with great *eclat*, seeing the scholars knew more about their studies than either doctor or minister. I determined that I would myself invite competent examiners, who were not only scholars, but educators, to come, and thoroughly examine my school. I wanted those who could judge what children ought to know, and who knew how to draw it out of the children. Therefore, I asked, as a favor, the Messrs. Whinnam, father and son, principal and professor of the Grammar School, N. A., to examine my school. They consented with pleasure, and came to our June examination. The children were all in place. They were to be truly tested as to what they knew, and to be compared with other children of their class in other schools. I had Scripture lessons every morning, and Mr. H——, who was secretary to Mr. Angas, and a preacher, examined the whole school on Bible lessons for nearly two hours. The Gospels and Acts of Apostles, Paul's various journeys and voyages, with the geography and topography of the places, were the subjects. They acquitted themselves to my entire satisfaction, and surprised the examiner. Mr. Whinnam next took two classes in grammar. When he had finished, he addressed them thus:

"Boys, you are young, and when Mrs. Davies asked me to examine you in grammar, I did not think you could know much about that study; but your knowledge of it astonishes me, and you understand everything you have learned. I must say again, that you astonish and please me, especially as you have not learned from books, nor do you repeat by rote. Let me tell you, I have had young gentlemen come to my school, as tall as myself, from other high schools, to finish with me, and they have not known as much grammar as you do, though they have been studying books for a long time. Much labor must have been expended upon you; but you have acquitted yourselves far

beyond my expectations, even were you much older than you are."

Some of these children knew nothing when they came to school; however, I held out every inducement for them to learn, and to try to excel in what they did learn. They were next examined on arithmetic, and Mr. W—— commenced in simple numbers. I asked him to go higher, as the boys were smiling at such easy work. They answered every question however difficult. His praise of them was unqualified. While he was telling them of his pleasure and astonishment, I placed a difficult problem on the blackboard. Mr. W—— was asked to try the boys on that. He said:

"I will with pleasure; but I do not expect them to do it."

They led him through every step to a correct solution, without the least difficulty or hesitancy. The children in everything gave high satisfaction, and astonished the examiners, who said they had examined many schools in the colony, which had higher pretensions, and older scholars from the best families, and not one of them had passed such an examination. Two things I learned from the gentlemen's remarks: first, that the schools of South Australia were inferior to those in New South Wales; and that poor men's children with proper training could learn as well as those of the rich men.

I had difficulties to contend with here as elsewhere. One was the continual coming and going of the children, and their not staying long at a time. From certain quarters I had persistent opposition, and obstacles thrown in my way, in order that I should not teach these poor children so much, just because they were poor, and could not pay at a high-priced school. I said once:

"I shall teach these children, just because they are poor, all and everything they can learn in the time they are allowed to remain at school. Their poverty shall not lie in their way to advancement. I wish them to stand high among their peers. I do not wish to take them out of the sphere in which God has placed them, but to make them useful in it. Hence all my energies shall be bent to train and instruct them intellectually, morally and religiously."

Mr. Angas wrote me a very kind letter, congratulating me on the success of our school, and his great pleasure at having the report of the Messrs. W——.

"I now," said he, "have the pleasure to enclose my check for £20 sterling (\$100), as a donation, and an evidence of my high appreciation and approval of your efforts to benefit the young of the surrounding neighborhoods."

All this was pleasant, but my strength was ebbing. Any extra exertion that I put forth affected my head. At times, when in the act of giving a lesson (my lessons were oral), or an illustration on the blackboard, I would suddenly become unconscious of what I was saying, and to keep from falling, had often to lie down for a few minutes, then up to my work again. I felt what the doctor had said, "this will not do." Though I felt ill, I disliked to give up, and I tried in every way to keep up without going to bed. I had to consult the doctor for my head, and he said I was dangerously ill; but still I went on working. I felt exceedingly grateful to my friends at this time, for their kindness to me. They knew not how ill I was, or how much I needed kindness, or how grateful I was for it. The Hon. P. Santo and youngest daughter, Mrs. Wm. M——, Hon. W. H. and Mrs. Bunday, were all kind, and their kindness is written on my heart, and also registered in heaven.

Our evangelist, Mr. Gore, purposed visiting his relatives in America. I wished to make a visit, and take the trip to America with him, but did not see a way in which to leave my work for a while. There were three old ladies in America that I had a great desire to see, before they had finished their pilgrimage, viz.: Mrs. Alexander Campbell, Mrs. John Gano and Mrs. Smith. I thought, if I could make my visit at this time, my wish would be gratified, and my health restored. I found that Mrs. Gore had consented to accompany her husband. I felt that I had a good opportunity to travel with friends, and I wrote to Mr. Angas to ask his consent to my going, telling him of my twofold object, viz.: to see my friends, and to regain my health. Mr. A—— cheerfully consented, and entered into my plans pleasantly. Suddenly, from some cause, however, he changed his mind. He wrote to me, to say he thought no one could take charge, and perform the duties of the establishment but myself, and I had better postpone my visit to some future day. His letter was kind, but the chill of disappointment touched my heart. I wrote to him, and said I was willing to remain at my post, but I keenly felt the disappointment. As I had felt before, so I felt now. My whole head was sick, and my heart was faint, and grew fainter still, but I worked on. I went to consult the doctor about the strange feelings that I had.

"As your friend, as well as your physician, I advise you to quit working for a year, and go somewhere," he said.

"Oh, I wish I could, but I can not," I said.

"Can not!" he exclaimed. "Then in three months you will be in your grave."

"I must then die at my post. I had thought to go to America with friends, but had to give it up."

"As you value your life, do not give it up. You must give up work. I told you nine months ago you were working too hard, you could not stand it. It has now come to a crisis, and you must quit your work entirely for a time, or you must die as I have told you; or still worse, you might have a disease of the nerves that you would never get over."

His emphatic manner startled me. I said:

"You have diagnosed my case; what is the name of my disease?"

"We, the faculty, call it brain fag; and your brain must rest, for you are in danger."

I asked him if he would testify on paper what he had said to me. This he did at once by writing out a certificate. This I requested, as there were some who did not understand my case, or the danger I was in, and I could not tell them. I again wrote to Mr. Angas, and inclosed the following note:

Mrs. Davies has consulted me about the state of her health. She is suffering from an over-wrought brain and body. Cessation of the labors which have brought about this condition I think absolutely necessary. I have, therefore, advised her to discontinue her school duties. ANDREW MILLAR, M. D.

FRANKLIN STREET, ADELAIDE, 9th March, 1874.

He now saw the necessity of the case, and willingly consented to my stopping work, but was sorry for the occasion of it. The excitement consequent on trying to find a lady competent and willing to take charge of my school and premises for one year; selling off part of my furniture; packing up my books and other valuables that were to remain till my return, and preparing for my voyage, was almost too much for my tortured nerves. Oh, how I wished for rest!

"Father, when o'er my trembling heart  
Doubt's gathering shadows brood;  
When faith in thee almost departs,  
And gloomiest fears intrude,  
Forsake me not, O God of grace,  
But send these fears relief.  
Grant me again to see thy face;  
Lord help mine unbelief."

One morning as I went into the school-room a number of the pupils were standing on the floor. As I passed in they closed round me, and one of them read this paper:

*Dear Mrs. Davies* :—We, your scholars, are very sorry you have to leave us on account of your health. We, therefore, hope that when you return from this long trip, which you are about to take, you will be in good health, and we also hope that when you return you will find as many children at school as there are now. We wish to make you this small present, to show you our gratitude for the manner in which you have taught us, and the trouble you have taken to train us to be good children and good scholars.

We remain, dear Mrs. Davies, your affectionate pupils,

AGNES DALYGLISH, in behalf of the school.

The parting gift was an elegant ring; one large opal, two emeralds, and two amethysts, handsomely set in Australian gold. I was surprised and deeply moved by this token of kindness and love from these children. I thanked them with broken voice. All of them said they would pray for me every day, and read a chapter, and commit some verses every day, till my return. This they thought would please me, and so it did, as I knew they were in earnest. And these were some of the wildest and most turbulent spirits I had to deal with at first. I wept sore at parting with my children; for the thought occurred to me that I might see them no more forever. I committed them all to God, took the parting hand, and spoke the word, farewell!

Mr. Angas' secretary thought I ought to bind myself to return in a year. I told him that was my purpose, if I lived and had no providential hindrance. He said I ought to write a letter to the effect that I would return on the day twelve months after my departure. I said to this very *exact* man, with a grim smile:

“Suppose I am within sight of the port a day before the time, and baffling winds keep me from landing till the day after the time, what then?”

I said that I was willing to do everything that was right, but my poor head was not capable of writing any kind of letter of agreement. The least excitement made me worse. Mr. H—— wrote a document, and I put my signature to it. I wrote a short note of farewell to Mr. Angas, to which he replied as follows:

*Dear Madam* :—I received your kind letter of 15th inst. \* \* \* I suppose you have been connected with the management of the school at Bowden for more than three years, during which time you have conducted that large establishment with great skill and judgment, to the satisfaction of all concerned, in the intellectual, moral and religious education of the lower classes, while your personal residence at Bowden has been exercising an important influence for good over the people in the neighborhood. I trust that you will enjoy a safe voyage out and home again, and obtain in the United States much valuable in-

formation that may be imparted to others after your return to Bowden, where you will be most cordially received by all those who have been benefited by your residence amongst them. Praying the Lord to have you under his protection until we see you again,

I am, dear Mrs. Davies, yours truly,

GEO. F. ANGAS.

*April 18, 1874.*

The night before we took ship to Melbourne—Mr. and Mrs. Gore, Mr. Mark Collis and myself—the church had a tea-party, at which were many friends from the country, who had come to give the parting hand to the intended voyagers. It was a dreadful night to me. I had been threatened with death or a life-long disease. This was the third time I had to leave the colony with death staring me in the face. No one in that crowd knew what I suffered mentally that night. I did not know whether I could live till I reached America, but I wished to be on the sea. Next day a large crowd took the train to the port to see the voyagers set sail. Mr. W. M—— drove me, with one or two others, to the ship. Friend after friend took the parting hand, and when the ship loosed from her moorings, I sat as one bereft of all sensation. I shed no tears when I saw friends receding from view; my tears were all gone and the fountain dried up. “Help, O Father. Strengthen the fainting heart,” was my prayer.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### VOYAGE TO AMERICA.

THE vessel soon began to roll about when she reached the gulf; we began to look pale about the lips, and Mrs. Gore and myself went down to our berths while yet we were able to walk. The vessel bounded over the billows, but I cared little for the tossing. I went on deck but once on our voyage to Melbourne. It was a singular coincidence that four years before Mr. Bunday was a fellow-passenger to Adelaide, and now, when I was leaving Adelaide, he was again my fellow-passenger. As he and Sir Richard Hanson, Judge of the Supreme Court, and some other distinguished lawyers, were about to land, I came on deck to say good-bye to Mr. B——. We landed at Melbourne without accident, remained a week, and heard Bro. Martin preach. He was another American evangelist who had been sent for, and he was hard at work. Mrs. Gore's father-in-law, Mr. Santo, and a sister, came to Melbourne with them, and parted with us when we reshipped for Sydney, New South Wales.

Again a rough sea and a rolling ship sent us to our berths. We were very sick, and kept our beds till we reached Sydney Heads, when a fearful storm came on; but we got inside the harbor and were safe, though the storm raged, and we landed in the midst of thunder and lightning and rain. I went to a hotel the first night, as no one knew of my arrival. After that I sojourned at my old friend Mr. Dixon's, and was handsomely entertained for the remainder of my stay in Sydney. Mrs. Dixon placed her carriage and driver at my disposal, so I went here and there, and made good use of my time.

At the Department of the Council of Education I sent up my card to Mr. Wilkins. He was delighted to see me. He sent a messenger to tell of my advent to my two friends and former respected inspectors. We were all glad to see each other. They said when I returned from the States they would not allow me to go back to Adelaide again. I spent a pleasant day with each of their families. I took a boat, crossed the ferry, hired a carriage, and drove up to North Sydney, my old pioneer ground. I visited the school first. As I looked

round the well-filled room, I saw faces that I knew. Four years, however, had made a great change in the size of the little ones; they had grown large, and the larger ones had left. The master was engaged and I did not like to interrupt, but when through with his lesson, I asked some of the children if they knew me?

“O yes; our former mistress.”

“What!” said the master, “are you the lady who built this house and established this school, and of whom I have heard so much?”

“I am she.”

He invited me to spend the day with them and become acquainted with his wife; she would be so happy. I said I had but a few minutes to stay; he must excuse me, I had to drive round the village. So I bowed good-day and drove round. I saw several new houses and strange faces. A new chapel had been built. The inhabitants had grown to six hundred, and the school-room could not accommodate so many. The place had gone on steadily improving, and no public house or drinking saloon had as yet spoiled the village with its presence. Oh, how it gladdened my heart when I heard some of the people, while talking of the improved state of things, say:

“You have done it all; had God not put it into your heart to come to this unbroken wilderness twelve years ago, amongst such a bad lot of us, what would have become of us? what would have become of us? Where would our children have been? Oh, think of it; God will bless you sure.”

“I hope so,” said I, while grateful tears filled my eyes.

I heard good accounts of all my former pupils; some more of them had married, and some of the little ones were still at school. I could not stay long with these grateful people. I hoped God would keep them from evil. I left them with a promise that when I returned I would pay them a longer visit. I called on Dr. Ward, who had been so kind to me, the sick stranger.

I was glad to see everybody, if but for a few minutes. Bro. Green, who had built up a Christian Church at Sydney, had gone to Victoria, and at present they had no preacher, till the one they had sent for from America should come. The church had a tea-party, at which I met several of my Baptist friends, who had come over to our ranks after reading Mr. Campbell's works, and studying the Bible more. Yet it seems hard work to get the truth to prevail at Sydney, all powerful as it is. I hope the day is not far distant, when the people will respond to the gospel call.



On the 9th of May, we went on board the *S. S. City of Adelaide*, Mr. Brown, master. As soon as we boarded this, our third ship, I remarked to Mrs. G——, that Captain Brown had command of our last ship. He overheard my remark, and came to us, and explained why he had been transferred. He proved a very pleasant, kind, and obliging commander.

Just before sailing, two of my North Sydney pupils, one, the boy who had cheered me, while in Australia, with his letters; the other, his sister, brought me a great basket of oranges to eat on the voyage. I handed over to the stewardess several dozen, and many more to the sick passengers. Robert, a tall, genteel-looking youth, put a letter into my hand, saying,

“Please read that after you sail,” and then the brother and sister left me to sail away over the Pacific once more. The letter ran thus:

*My dear Mrs. Davies:*—I expect in a few hours you will have sailed away from our shores, and have taken the last look of them for many months. I purpose writing to you every mail. \* \* \* I am thinking of all your kind deeds to us, and the ill-treatment you received at our hands, when you came to us first. You left us, now you are leaving Australia. All things work together for good to them who love God. In years to come, I shall, as I do now, look back to the happy period of my life, which was spent under your guidance and tuition, and however numerous the friends I may gain, you may rest assured that my earliest and best friend, who sought us out, and came amongst us at North Sydney, shall never be forgotten. Nothing remains for me now, but to express my heart-felt thanks for what you have done for me, and to pray that you may experience uninterrupted health and happiness till your return to us, and I assure you, I shall ever remain, my dear Mrs. Davies,

Yours sincerely,

ROBT. McLELLAND.

What worked the wondrous change in the hearts and lives of the young people of North Sydney? what enlightened their darkened understandings? “Hail, sacred truth! thy piercing rays” have enlightened the sin-stained soul. It was thy friendly word, dear Lord, that aided me in my arduous task. It is a glorious word; it sheds a luster all around. It is a lamp to the feet, and a light to the path. Without the Bible I should have been powerless for good at North Sydney. Gracious, merciful Father, forbid that, while I bring, or try to bring, others to Christ, I shall be a castaway myself.

We were breasting the billows, and bending toward the Fiji Islands, which lie near South latitude  $15^{\circ}$ , and  $180^{\circ}$  East longitude. Here we were to meet a ship from New Zealand, that was to take us to San Francisco. As we neared this group, I was much interested in looking

for the coral reefs. I could see away in the distance a black speck, with a belt of foam encircling it. On a nearer approach, we saw the conical island of Kandavan sitting in the midst of a lagoon of smooth water, and that surrounded by a coral reef, over which the waters of the Pacific were breaking, covering the encircling reef with foam. We found the opening in the reef, and entered the lagoon, and anchored near a ship of war of Her Majesty's, which was stationed here. The branching coral is of rarest beauty, tinting the water with the most brilliant hues of pink, purple, green and yellow reflections. The soil of this group is luxuriantly fertile, and a soft, delicious atmosphere rests over it. The air is loaded with the fragrance of aromatic shrubs of a tropical clime. Five kinds of cocconut, and seven kinds of bread fruit, plantains, pawpaws, bananas, and other kinds of tropical fruits grow in abundance. Vegetation rich and rank grows down to the water's edge. No need of chattering monkeys to climb the tall palm trees to gather the fruit; the little naked humans were equal to the situation, and became it well; monkeys could not run up a tree faster, or hold on with fingers and toes, and even with teeth, with more tenacity, than these children of the tropics.

We let go our anchor on Sunday morning, 17th of May, at early dawn. We were all astir, looking out for the other ships, but they were not in sight. The captain asked me if I would like to visit the island; if so, he would be pleased to take me in his gig. I certainly wished to see the island, and gladly accepted his kind offer. Mr. and Mrs. Gore and some others put off in the gig; but in crossing the opening, the rush of water from the ocean caused a great commotion, and the gig, being overloaded, was in danger. The large pilot boat was hailed, and we all clambered into it. It had a deck, and the ladies sat down on it. There were no seats, and only a rail for a bulwark, against which the gentlemen leaned. A grave, dignified old gentleman stood opposite to me. The little vessel gave a tremendous lurch. The water swept over the deck, and the old gentleman let go his hold, and fell forward on his knees beside me. I thought he was hurt, but the position was so ludicrous, I had to laugh. We all laughed at Lord Charles Harvey being on his knees by me. Thus we were introduced, and we became very good friends. The water became shallower as we neared the shore; we then left the pilot boat, and went nearer the land in canoes. The canoes were trunks of trees hollowed out. Mrs. Gore and myself were perched on one of these frail floaters, with two of the stalwart Fijians wading knee

deep piloting the canoe over the coral bottom. Finally the canoe rested on the coral points, and could float no nearer to the shore. We had no sooner stopped, than one of the savages picked up Mrs. G——, and carried her off toward the shore. Another laid strong hands on me, but I refused to be carried in the like fashion; I preferred going back to the ship. The captain had afforded us some mirth at his own expense; when we saw him carried on the back of one of these dusky burden-bearers, we laughed at the ludicrous spectacle. Now he determined to have fun at our expense. He sent off one of his officers to help the indignant ducky, who would not let me go. They two made a chair for me with both their hands, on which I sat. As I suddenly drew back my hand from the naked shoulder of the savage, I lost my balance, and should have fallen backward into the sea; but I as quickly threw my arm round his neck, and held him fast, to the infinite delight of the captain, who laughed and clapped his hands. We were all landed safely at the base of a cone, which rested in the water. Two strong natives helped us up the face of a rock several feet high; then we climbed to the top of the cone. From the apex of the cone we had a magnificent view. Several cones rose sheer out of the lagoon, and were connected by narrow isthmuses, and all were protected by the coral wall, which bade defiance to the approach of the ocean. I heard the agent say there was a church service; but that, of course, no one cared to hear the savages preach. This was a mistake. I inquired the way to the chapel, and started for it. Mrs. G—— followed, and so did several gentlemen, who were expecting rare sport from the fright of the savages at the appearance of the elegantly dressed strangers. We reached the enclosure where stood the modest chapel, about sixty feet long and twenty feet wide. It was enclosed by a wall two feet high, made of twisted straw and mud, and the trunk of a tree on each side of the wall formed a stile. Mr. and Mrs. Gore and myself walked in at the open door, and sat down at the foot of the pulpit on the trunk of a tree, that supported the front of the platform. The exquisites of high civilization boisterously jumped over the wall, and rushed to the openings of the chapel—it had no doors. They were brought to a stand-still at the entrance of the house. The sight which met their eyes said, thus far, and no farther, shall ye come. The rude savages were all clothed, men and women, alike, in a strip of calico tied like a sash around their loins. They were *a la Turc* on the mat-covered floor, each with a Bible and hymn-book in hand, and so profoundly were they absorbed in the preacher's theme, that instead of taking

flight at the sight of the strangers, they took not the least notice of them. The latter stood at the doors, uncovered their heads before those whose undivided attention was given to things divine. A man of darker hue, from an adjacent isle, was the missionary. He was reading when we went in. When through, he said,

“Let us pray.”

Then all knelt, and a few prostrated themselves. A hymn was sung. I was charmed with the pathos, power and melody of the soft, deep-toned voices. I was charmed, though I did not know a word of their language.

A song was sung to the tune of “Old Hundred.” Mrs. G—— and I chimed in, but we were soon lost in their grander strains. When the preacher read a chapter, all found it in their Bibles and followed the preacher. How many of our Christian Churches in America shall we enter and find every member of the congregation with Bible and hymn-book in hand, ready when the chapter and song are given out to read and sing? How many Christian men and women anywhere would give their undivided attention to their preacher, while a dozen of these semi-nude savages walked into their place of worship, or stood around their doors? Our dress of different kinds was as strange to them as theirs to us would be, and why should these dusky sons of the Southern Seas be more devout, more sincere and more like true worshipers than some of us? I think in other things we could learn of them. When some of the gentlemen wished to have cocoanuts, the children would climb to the top of the tall palms with alacrity, place a nut under each arm, descend, and present the nuts; and when offered money as the price of the fruit,

“No trade on Sunday,” said the savage, and no money was received.

Can all who trade in our country say to their customers, “No trade on Sunday?”

Another lesson we could take if we would. They are a missionary people. On Monday when they came with their canoes laden with all kinds of fruits, shells, native cloth, and other articles, they received high prices for every article they sold. I asked what they did with all the money they received, as they did not need it for clothing. I was told all they earned was put into the missionary-box, and that the last month £40, or \$200, was put in it. I hoped that these simple, Christianized natives would never become civilized, if vice was the badge of civilization.

The pathway uphill was difficult, but willing feet walked beside us,

and strong arms cleared the pathway, pushing aside the tall, wet grass, and standing on it till we passed. These men are no longer cannibals, but good-natured Christians. They are great swimmers, and live much in the water. It was quite amusing and exciting to see a number of boys and men plunge heels over head, and dive to a great depth after a piece of money thrown into the water. The most expert would catch the coin, put it in his mouth, rise to the surface, and present it to the person who had dropped it. Of course, he was told to keep it. About a dozen divers were far down in the water, and we were all intently watching them, when, to our great horror, we saw a huge shark gliding over the divers, as if choosing his prey. "A shark! a shark!" was shouted from stem to stern of the ship.

The shark is a coward, though fierce and voracious. The divers splashed the water at a great rate, the monster darted away, then returned to be again fought off with splashing the water, till all the men boarded their canoes or the ship in safety. The scene was very exciting.

We were serenaded by the crew of *H. M. S. Rosaria*, and while listening to the grand vocal and instrumental music, we saw a beautiful lunar rainbow, the first I had ever seen. We had another pleasant visit on shore on Monday. The governor, his wife and two daughters dined on board. It was said the old man had eaten twelve human beings in times gone by. He and his wife were huge in size, coarse in features, and the ugliest of all I had seen at Kandavau. The two girls were like young giantesses, but very good looking. They were dressed for the occasion in short, bright-colored skirts, with low bodies hanging loose round the waist. The old couple were wrapped up in what looked like sheets.

Our captain was anxiously looking out for the ships from their respective ports. On the third day after our arrival in the lagoon, "Sail, ho!" was shouted from the lookout, and we saw with keen interest, through the reef-builder's opening, the ship *Tartar* from San Francisco. She came boldly up along side our ship. Again, "Sail, ho!" was shouted from the lookout, and in sailed the ship *Cyphrenes* from New Zealand. She came along side also, and the three ships were firmly lashed together. We visited each other's ships, and we met on board the *Tartar* Brother and Sister Haly, the American evangelist that the Sydney Christian Church had sent for. We spent a few pleasant hours together. Brother and Sister Gore, Brother Collis and myself were transferred from the good ship *City of Adelaide* and her pleasant cap-

tain, to the *Cyphrenes*, our fourth ship since our voyage began. Good-byes were spoken, the lashings untied, the anchors weighed, the ships parted, and all three steamed out beyond the encircling belt of coral; then each went on her way to a different point of the compass.

On the 20th of May, which was Wednesday, we sailed from Kanda-vau at noon. The next day it was still Wednesday, the 20th of May. Thus we had two Wednesdays in one week, and two 20ths of May in one month. We were in the antipodes of the meridian of Greenwich,  $179^{\circ} 18'$  west longitude,  $14^{\circ} 40'$  south latitude. When I was well enough to be entertained, I had no lack of entertainers. Lord Chas. Harvey was a missionary, and had visited almost all the known South Sea Islands. His descriptive powers were superior, and we had many a long conversation. He told me it would be worth my trouble if I could spend one or three months at the Sandwich Islands, and visit every one of the group. He was going to remain there for some time. He preached for us. Foster, the great spiritualist, thought to entertain me. He sat opposite to me at table. I disliked him and avoided him, but he was very kind, and tried to be attentive. I think he had an idea that he could convert me, and his desire to do so was very great.

After traveling thousands of miles without seeing anything on the waste of water, at last, "land, ho!" was shouted from the maintop, and we entered the waters of the Hawaiian Group. Expectation was on tiptoe. It was a mistake; for as we looked on the high mountains, deep glens, and picturesque scenery, all vanished in thin air. The beautiful clouds had deceived us. We were anxious for the morrow's sun to show us land sure enough.

At midnight our propeller ceased its incessant, disagreeable sound. The ship stood still about three miles from Honolulu. The crimson harbor light shone out conspicuously among the many buoy lights which marked the coral reefs. Before daylight the natives in their canoes passed us in great numbers on the way to their fishing grounds, staring at us and our great ship with much interest. Presently the burly pilot came on board and asked the significant question,

"Is all well?"

The response, "All's well," being given, he took charge of the ship. We were approaching the beautiful islands which Captain Cook discovered in 1778, and where he met from the treacherous natives a cruel death.

Sunrise on the Sandwich Islands presents one of the most gorgeous

scenes imaginable. The houses of Honolulu nestle amid trees of tropical growth, towering in beauty above them. The islands have long been celebrated for their rich and varied productions. Like the Fijis, they are surrounded by a belt of coral reefs, and just inside of the breakers that dash over the low, sandy beach, and spend their strength against the high, basaltic cliffs, are piles of lava on the shore. Enormous conical craters and scoraceous lava indicate that they were once the seat of active volcanoes. To the right is the D—'s Punch-bowl, an object of great curiosity. It is an extinct volcanic mountain, perfectly round; its sides are perfectly barren; the inside is quite hollow, forming an immense bowl, and this bowl is filled with water, the best kind of punch. As we entered the narrow channel in the reef, we saw the great coral wall on each side of us, built by the tiny workers. The great wall of China can not compare with it. The coralines have left an opening wide enough to allow the three-winged herald of Christianity, civilization and commerce to enter. We are fairly inside the wall, and the rich, pea-green color of the lagoon contrasts beautifully with the dark blue of the great deep. The line of reef is marked by the breaking of the sea over it in feathery foam, which sparkles with rainbow tints when the rising sun shines upon it. Beyond this fringe of foam, beautiful, but dangerous, lies the vasty deep. The semi-civilized Sandwich Islanders are a curious, interesting people. Their dress is like that of tropical birds, of bright hues. The men wear blue pants and yellow jackets, or red or green pants and blue jackets, and red kerchiefs round their necks. The women are no less conspicuous in their brilliant colors and costumes. The color or material of a dress may be worn to suit the purse or taste of the wearer; but the fashion or form is the same on all, viz.: a long flowing robe, gathered into a yoke on the shoulders and hanging loose therefrom. This dress is very convenient, as these brown beauties, with blue-black hair and pearly teeth, are great equestrians, and, Mexican-like, straddle the saddle when riding. They are fearless riders. A few tawnies were allowed to come on board with their delicious fruits — pineapples, rose-apples, plantains, limes, oranges, quavas, strawberries, cocoanuts and melons of every kind. They were very luscious and quite acceptable in this tropical climate. We landed and found Honolulu a busy, thriving town. The principal business men, enterprising Americans. The population is composed of English, Americans, Chinese, Hawaiians, Samawaus and negroes. Great credit is due to the natives of this group of islands. They embraced

Christianity, adopted civilization, its habits and customs, studied the laws of the great nations of the world, and abandoned cannibalism. The chiefs gave up their power, and the tribes ceased to envy and fight one another. They formed a new government, a limited monarchy, electing a king and a parliament. The city has quite a respectable appearance. The architecture is good. The king's palace, parliament house, town hall and court-house buildings would do credit to a higher civilization. The first inquiry on landing was, where are the most interesting objects to be found on the island? A party of six, as merry as a May morning, hired a carriage and started off in fine spirits to visit the wonderfully interesting valley of Pali. Pali was once the principal goddess of the Sandwich Islanders, and everything sublime was associated with her; hence the name of this fearfully grand place. Molten lava, and bundles of capillary glass, which the natives call Pali's hair, are here found with basaltic walls of tremendous height and grandeur.

The drive between two parallel ranges of mountains is one of the most beautiful that can be imagined. Gardens on each side of the road are kept by Chinese, and are irrigated by the mountain streams, which render them fertile. They bloom with every kind of richly-tinted flowers. The beautiful villas in the midst of these tropical gardens, surrounded and sheltered by the shade of the plantain and coconut trees, were pictures of rare beauty seldom seen; but once seen, never to be forgotten. The tarra plantations were quite a feature of this vale. The tarra is a vegetable somewhat like a yam. It is beaten by the natives into a pulp called pai, which is the principal food of the people.

The grand attraction is Queen Emma's regal residence, or her grounds. They are beautifully laid out and kept. In a colder clime flowering shrubs make out to grow; but here they tower into trees, with every kind of beautiful blossoms on them. Little rivers come splashing and dashing down the mountain sides, then ripple through the gardens, fertilizing them, and filling the tiny lakes. We called to pay our respects to Queen Emma. She was not at home; but we were very politely conducted through the grounds by the Chinese gardeners. But with all their beauty and attractiveness, they are not so attractive to travelers as the head of the valley. After a gradual ascent for seven miles, we reach the point where the two mountain ranges converge suddenly, and as suddenly diverge from each other in fanciful shape to the sea. Having alighted from our carriage,



we walked through the narrow pass, and turning round a corner in the path, we were thrown to the ground by the force of a mighty wind from the ocean. The wind fills the funnel, and then concentrating its force, it rushes through the narrow opening. Our sudden prostration saved us from danger of tumbling over a precipice six hundred feet high. We could not stand upright; we could not lie down straight; nor could we sit still in any position. All we could do was to hold to weeds and reeds with one hand, and with the other try to keep our hats on our heads, and our ulsters over our feet, whilst we admired the grand scene which opened to our view. From the foot of the perilous perch on which we sat, to the sea stretched a plain, almost three miles wide, covered with a most beautiful vegetation of luxuriant growth; then there are the little bays and capes, indenting and projecting along the line of shore, and the little islets, surrounded by the green waters of the lagoon. These again are surrounded by the coral belt, with its sparkling fringe of foam, and beyond this lay the dark blue Pacific. At each side of us, and high above us, stretching to the lagoon, and enclosing the plain below, frowned the precipitous basaltic walls of this huge funnel. We rolled ourselves away from our undignified position. When safe out of the fierce current, we began a descent on a mule track, which is cut on the face of the solid rock, down to the plain below. In coming down we met fresh objects of interest—ferns, the smallest and rarest, and fragrant weeds and grasses. The ginger plant, which is indigenous to the island, bears gorgeous yellow flowers. The Chinese prepare from the root the luxury called preserved ginger. Wearied with our walk, we rested under a pine-apple tree, and talked over the eventful history of the island. On the very spot where we sat, a most tragic and bloody scene was enacted thirty years before. We sat there in 1874. The father of the present king, Kalakaua, came on the island with a number of savage warriors, and a desperate battle between them and the islanders was fought in the Pali Valley. Most of the defenders were killed, and the remnant driven through the narrow pass, and over the dreadful precipice. For years their bones lay bleaching in the sun. We thoroughly enjoyed our trip to the Pali.

We were reminded, by the sun dipping toward the west, that we had to return to our floating home. When once on board, I told Lord Charles Harvey how much I had enjoyed my visit to the sublime Pali. He said, if I could stay two or three months longer, I should be more than repaid by seeing the active volcanoes. I wished that I could

have stayed, as Lord Charles was about to visit the other island on a missionary tour. He was a most agreeable old gentleman, and I enjoyed his conversation much. When we came on board a large bouquet, culled from the choicest flowers in Queen Emma's garden, rich, rare and beautiful, was presented to me by Mr. Foster. He said he had driven out to the queen's garden to get the flowers especially for me. I admired the flowers exceedingly, thanked the giver, and handed them to the steward to adorn the dining table, that all might enjoy them.

Ere we left the shores of Oaha, King Kalakaua and his brother came dashing down to the wharf in a splendid turnout, driving two splendid horses with silver-mounted harness, and his driver in handsome livery. They came on board to say good-bye to us. To be a king of the cannibal islands, I thought him a very fine specimen of brown-skinned humanity. Perhaps I thought so because he took off his hat to me and bowed. He was tall and straight, had broad shoulders, a deep chest, and hair and eyes black as night. His dress from head to heels was white; his tan-colored gloves were the only colored part of his dress; his hat and boots were white. He had a most kingly air as he paced our deck. As soon as he went ashore, we sailed out, and passengers and crew gave a hearty cheer for Honolulu, and the British three cheers for the king, to the intense wonder of the natives. We were all delighted with our shore visit. I had learned a new lesson from the beautiful pages of an interesting book of nature, realizing how bountiful is the great Creator, who with lavish hand had strewed with beauty these isles of the sea. May the time soon come when true Christianity shall reach and spread blessings over the other islands, equally favored by nature with these.

We encountered a fierce gale, which lasted two days; the waters heaved, and the vast sky stooped with its thunder; cloud on cloud rolled heavily in the darkness. The roar of the ocean and the thunder were very awful, and in the midst of the wild tumult, we entered the Golden Gate. Our ship, though greatly tossed about, anchored in the beautiful Bay of San Francisco undamaged. I was very sick, but I got up and packed, ready to land. My trunks were examined by a lady Custom House agent, and we passed out of the ship into a carriage. We drove to the Russ House, a very fine hotel, where we remained a week. On the eastern side of the continent, when I left New York sixteen years before, Mr. Buckbee was the last friend I parted with; and now, on the western side, he was the first friend I met. I spent a few hours with him at his house in San Francisco.

Mrs. G—— and self went out shopping one day, but found everything much more expensive than in Australia.

A Brother Vincent called to see us, and to tell us where the church met on Lord's day. I enjoyed the worship very much. We dined with Brother Vincent's family. We crossed the beautiful bay, and landed at Oakland, and spent a very pleasant day; returned to the city for evening service. Brother Gore preached, and after the benediction, a preacher rose up, and asked the congregation to be seated a few moments. He walked down the aisle, and then returned, followed by a lady handsomely dressed, but without a bonnet, leaning on the arm of a gentleman. This sight was novel, but what followed was still more so. When the preacher reached the platform, he turned round to the couple, and asked the gentleman:

“Do you take this woman for your wife?”

A slight bow of the head was the response.

“Do you take this man for your husband?”

A slight bend of the body was the response.

“Then I pronounce you man and wife.”

Could anything be more simple? Thus one of the most solemn relationships of life was entered into, a beautiful rite performed, in about one minute. They were made one; may they ever continue so.

The Lord's day in San Francisco is not kept as a holy day, but as a holiday. The German revelers from day dawn were filling the street cars at every point, with their fishing tackle and their huge lunch baskets, and bands of music were parading the streets, all seeking pleasure of the most godless kind. On Monday morning great covered vans may be seen at the hotel doors, and Chinamen put into the vans great bundles of soiled linen, and drive off to the laundry, which is entirely in the hands of the Chinese. Men do all the laundrying. These washermen look almost like washerwomen, with their long cues coiled round their heads, and their long, white outer garments look as if they were preparing to go to bed. The whole effect is very odd.

We visited Woodward's Garden, and saw there much to interest us. A great number of sea lions, camels and their babies, the marine aquarium, a cow with five legs, the fifth growing from between her shoulders. Our fellow-passengers were all at different hotels, and we visited one another, The hotels are handsomely furnished; the tables good; the waiters obliging, and rates reasonable.

On leaving our hotel, the obliging proprietor saved us much trouble by providing a large lunch-basket for four persons on the long over-

land journey. We packed up, paid our fare to Cincinnati, and received our coupons to that place. On leaving San Francisco, we took boat to Oakland, where a long line of trestle-work projects into San Francisco Bay. At this terminus, we started on our long overland route. In the construction of this railroad most formidable obstacles have been overcome. The Sierra Nevada Mountains, long considered a barrier over which no railroad could pass, have been pierced by immense tunnels, their deep gulches spanned by bridges, and their frowning brows grooved for the railroad track. The dreaded Rocky Mountains, with their precipitous and stern elevations, were climbed, and their rugged peaks flung into torrents below. The greatest altitude of this line, from ocean to ocean, is at Sherman's Pass, Rocky Mountains, Wyoming Territory. It is a great notch in the ridge, about twenty miles wide, and about 8,000 feet above the sea-level. The Nevada Pass is about 7,000 feet above tide-water. At an altitude of 4,574 feet above the sea-level, the first tunnel was passed through. I was told we had to double Cape Horn in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. I had doubled THE Cape Horn of South America, famous for its storms; now our cars ran round a corner, on a road cut in the face of an exceedingly high mountain, with the American River rushing and roaring 2,500 feet below our train. As we slowly wound our way round this point, I looked down into the chasm below. The river looked like a silver thread. I looked up to the snow-capped mountain above, but its summit was beyond my view. The erosive power of this river must be very great, as the steep walls and depth of the chasm show. We passed through forty miles of snow-sheds, which were built to protect the road from snow-drifts. The snow lay deep along the road in some places, though it was June. We had now reached the roof of the United States. It stands from 5,000 to 8,000 feet above the sea-level. This great plateau forms a great inland basin between the Nevada Mountains on the west, and the Rocky Mountains on the east, and it is surrounded by jagged mountain peaks and broken ridges, which form the rim of the basin. The rivers of Utah and Nevada flow into the lakes of this basin. Great Salt Lake and others are all salt. No rain falls in this region. The country is a desert, bald, bleak and dreary, without a tree or shrub to intercept the driving snow as the fierce gale sweeps it across the plain. We passed the northern end of the great Salt Lake. Passing over the Alkali Desert, the dust was imperceptible while suspended in air, but when it settled on our little table we could very often write

our names on it. The alkali dust penetrated all the exposed pores of my skin, and caused me much discomfort for weeks.

In the night, when busy tongues were still and weary eyes were closed in slumber, I have lain in bed listening to the deep-toned voice of the engine-bell as it peeled forth on the midnight air peal after peal, peal after peal, until the circle of sound seemed to reach the horizon. I have never heard anything to compare with it.

At Cheyenne City we left the cars for a short time to buy moss agates that boys picked up on the pass and sold to travelers at their own price. When I was returning to the cars, I saw an oblong box lying across the platform of a baggage-car. I read the printed letters on the end of the box and found the box contained a male corpse. A feeling of awe crept over me. When we were on the move again, I noticed a lady, two young children, and three gentlemen that I had not seen before. One of the gentlemen was playing with the elder little girl, about two years old, at a window, while the mother dressed the baby of a few months old. When the infant was dressed, one of the younger gentlemen took it, and though it was crying he soon quieted it, and they were all soon at play. It puzzled me to know which was the father. The lady spoke to me about something, and we had quite a chat about the sweet, pretty children. I asked her which of the gentlemen was her husband; for just then they were all having a fine time. She said neither was her husband; they were perfect strangers to her; she had never seen them till they met on the cars. I was a little surprised at this, and I asked if her husband was not with her on the cars.

"Oh yes, he is with me, but he is on one of the other cars" (I thought he was an officer on the train); "but," she continued, "he is in a box, and I am taking him home."

"Dead!" I exclaimed.

"Yes; he died at Santa Barbara, and I am going to New England. These gentlemen are very kind to me."

And so they were. These three were young English officers, going home *via* America. I heard one of them say he would see her all the way to her home, and then he would join his companions at New York. Oh, how I felt for this poor young widow, with her two babies and her dead husband. But God is the husband of the widow and a father to the fatherless. They were in his hands.

We saw on the side of a mountain in the Yellowstone region, what was called the Devil's Slide. The vertical wall was 1,500 feet long,

125 feet wide, and 30 feet high. On the north of our line we could see the geysers; they were numerous. The giant Crater Geyser, the Fan Geyser, the Grotto Geyser. Geysers are hot springs that at certain intervals send up jets of hot water with great violence. They occur only in volcanic regions. The name is derived from the Icelandic word *gysa*, which means to rush forth with great violence.

The park reserved by government is the largest in the world, being sixty-five miles long and fifty-five wide; area in square miles, 3,575. These vast public grounds are under a commissioner appointed by the President of the United States. We crossed the Missouri River at Omaha, in Nebraska, on a magnificent iron bridge. We crossed slowly and seemed suspended in mid-air.

At a station where we stopped an Indian came on the platform and stood by our window. He was of medium height, with an eagle-eye. His mien was majestic. I drew Mr. Gore's attention, and said to him, that man is a chief.

"Pshaw," said Mr. G——, "he is only a beggar."

"That man is no beggar," said I.

Just then the Indian opened his cloak, which covered him from neck to heel, and concealed the full dress of a warrior. He was armed. He handed me a paper. Mr. G—— laughed, and said:

"I told you he was a beggar."

I read the parchment; it was a treaty between the United States Government and this most powerful and friendly chief, who had bound himself to protect the passengers who passed his way. I handed to Mr. G—— what he thought was the Indian's begging paper. The chief handed me another paper from an army general, advising all who met this powerful chief to treat him civilly, as he had proved a great friend to the white man, and it behooved all to retain his friendship. I returned the documents with a smile and a bow, and a "thank you," for allowing me to read. He neither smiled, spoke, nor moved from the position he had first taken on the platform till we left. Meantime, three of his braves appeared in full dress, brandishing their tomahawks and enjoying themselves. These were fine-looking men. Other Indians came near on horseback, the ugliest, fiercest red men I ever saw. Woe betide those that came under their scalping-knives! I was gratified; I had seen Indians in their native state.

The prairie dog is a curious little animal, and lives in villages. He has for his companions snakes and owls. We passed a village, or rather a city, of theirs; for it was of great size. Many acres of a

plain were honey-combed with their burrows. Around their holes they have a little rim of earth taken from them. They have one of their number always on the watch, and as soon as he sees any one he gives a yelping cry like a dog, and dives down into his hole. Instantly the villagers are all out of sight. But the little creatures are full of curiosity, so they all come back again to the mouths of their burrows, and there they sit, like squirrels, with their bright eyes looking everywhere.

We crossed the Mississippi River on an iron bridge between Rock Island and Davenport. It was a pleasant sight to see green grass and trees growing after the arid wilds we had crossed. Mr. and Mrs. Gore remained at Chicago; Mr. Collis came on to Lexington. In passing through Indiana a conductor came on board the cars, and as usual we gave him our coupons to tear off one and return the rest to us. He put them all in his pocket, after scrutinizing them very closely, and walked away. Our coupons all being kept, we thought we were near our journey's end; but not so. At another station another conductor came on board, and demanded our tickets. We told him we had given them to the other conductor, and explained to him how that other conductor had acted—that we had come from California, and had coupons to Cincinnati. This the bullying conductor affected not to believe, and he was most rude and insulting, demanding our tickets or our fare. I asked him to telegraph back to the last conductor and he would get them. The abusive language this fellow used was past belief. Mr. Collis was indignant, and turned to me and said:

“Is this a specimen of your American gentlemen? In Australia they would not dare to treat strangers in this way.”

I had been lauding all the American men as gentlemen, and the women as ladies; but I did not claim this semi-barbarian as a gentleman. When the baggage agent came to change our checks the wily conductor asked to see them. We gladly put them into his hand, and, like his predecessor, he looked at them, put them in his pocket, and said:

“Now I have you. You shall not have your baggage till you pay your fare.”

I could not understand the mean trickery of these railway officials. In the cars we had no redress, so we were dumb with astonishment. We reached Cincinnati at night, and saw our trunks tumbled out of the car. My trunk lock was broken, and the lid open, and some

finery hanging out. That was an extra trunk, and I paid eleven dollars for its safe transit. I lost more out of it than its carriage cost. I dared not go near my trunk to secure my property; but I went to the office of a railway agent and told him our dilemma, and asked what we ought to do; we were strangers, and did not know. His advice was to pay our fare from the place our coupons were taken, regain our baggage, and write to headquarters about the conduct of the conductors. We did as advised. Mr. C—— attended to the writing, and our money was returned. I was advised to prosecute, but nothing could compensate for the insults heaped on us, so I let the matter pass.

We took train for Lexington, and arrived late in the night. I stayed all night, left Mr. C—— next day at Lexington, and he there made arrangements to enter the university to prepare for the ministry. I went on to Midway, where I arrived just eight days from San Francisco. Weary and travel-worn, I was soon among friends, who were glad to see me, as I surely was to see them. I rested here to have my trunks repaired, and here I saw one of the old ladies I had desired to see ere she passed away. She has since gone to the spirit land. It was Mrs. Smith. A friend drove me thirty-six miles one day to Centerville to see another one, Mrs. Gano and her family. I then took train and proceeded to Bethany, to see the third old lady and her family, Mrs. Campbell, widow of the greatest and best man I ever knew. I visited the home of the illustrious dead at Bethany, West Virginia, where Mr. Campbell was first married, where all his children were born, and where his glorified spirit passed from time and his much-loved earthly home, to eternity and the mansions of the redeemed. I then wended my way to the quiet resting-place of those I loved and revered. As a tribute to their memory, I wove three garlands and hung the fresh flowery wreaths on the monuments of my wee pet lamb, the beautiful and sainted Clarinda, and her illustrious father, whom every act of her pure life tended to honor. They rest in peace. I had seen Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Gano and Mrs. Campbell, and their families; I was gratified. Now my second voyage round the world was at an end.

THE END.

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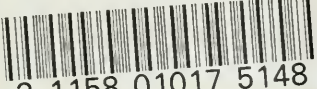
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