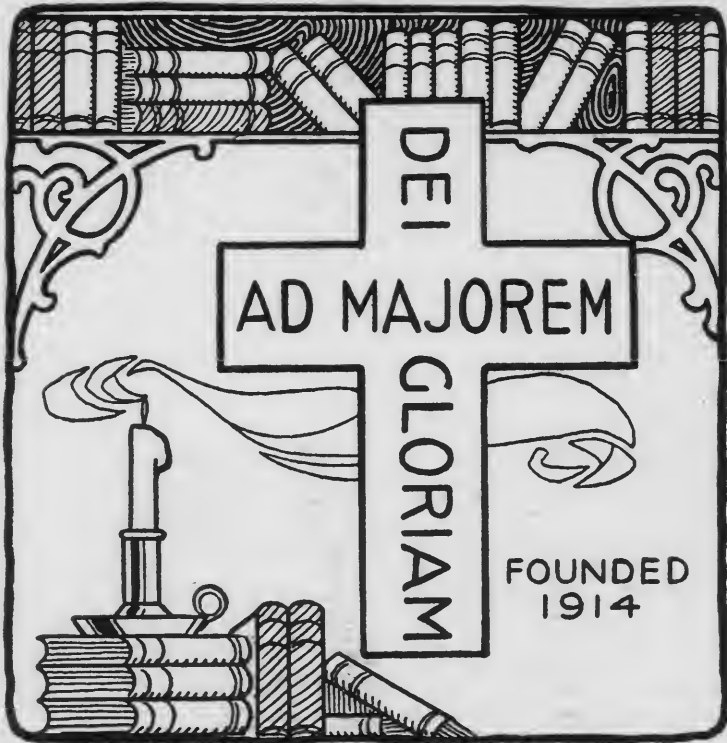


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Memorials

OF THE

REV. WILLIAM J. SHREWSBURY.



BY REV. W. J. SHREWSBURY.



NOTES

ON

EZEKIEL, DANIEL, AND THE MINOR PROPHETS.

EDITED BY HIS SON,

REV. J. V. B. SHREWSBURY.

Crown octavo, 496 pp., cloth, 5/0.





Your affectionate Father,
William. S. Stranberry.

MEMORIALS

OF THE

REV. WILLIAM J. SHREWSBURY.

BY HIS SON,

JOHN V. B. SHREWSBURY.

NEW YORK: H. W. BAKER & CO.,

1870.

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1870



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MEMORIALS

OF THE

REV. WILLIAM J. SHREWSBURY.

BY HIS SON,

JOHN V. B. SHREWSBURY.

"AN HOLY MAN OF GOD."

THIRD EDITION.

LONDON :
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11, MARKET STREET.

1869.

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TO
WILLIAM SUTCLIFFE, ESQ.,
OF BACUP,
HIS FATHER'S FRIEND,

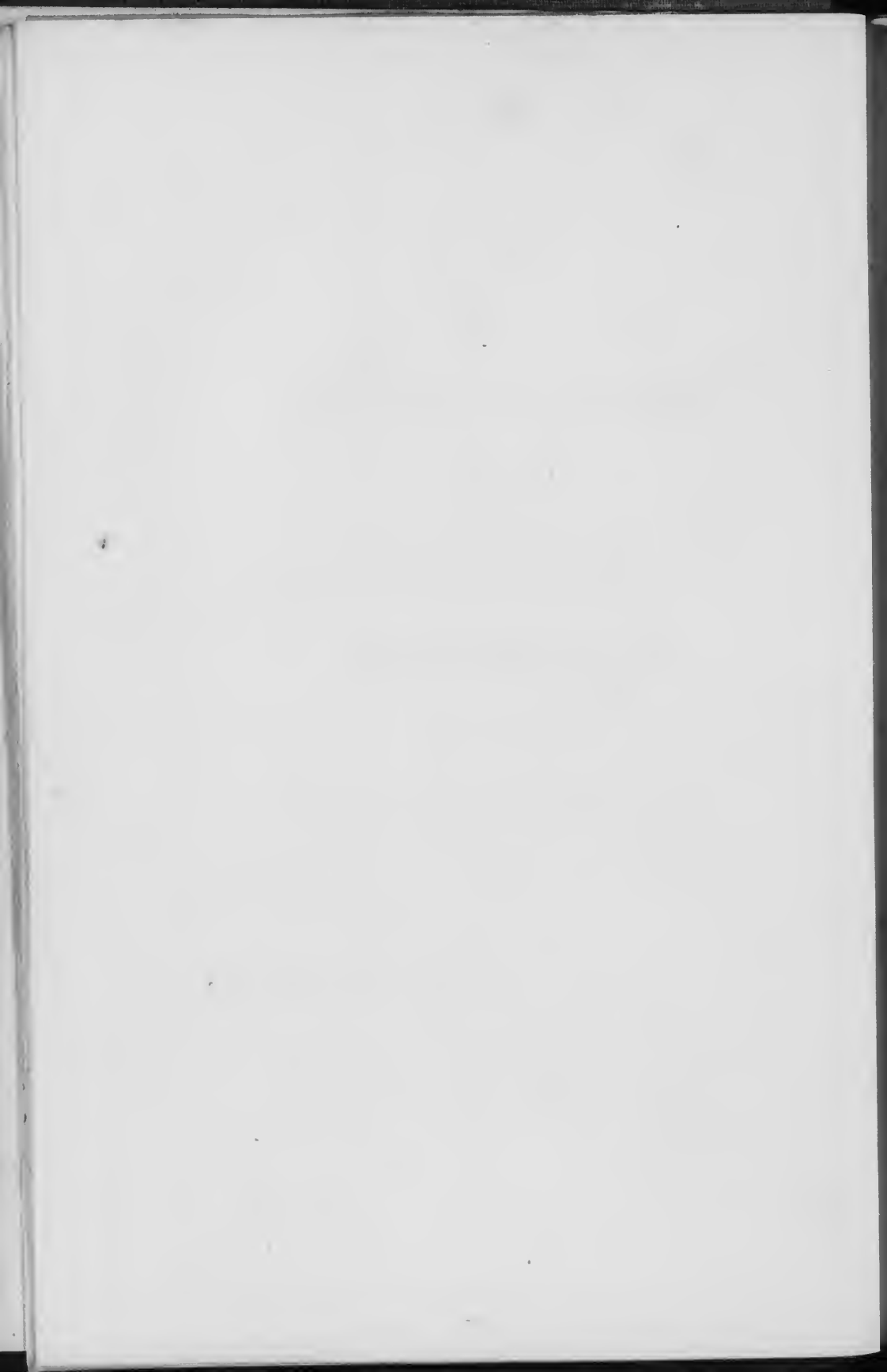
These Memorials

ARE DEDICATED,

WITH PROFOUND RESPECT,

BY

The Biographer.



PREFACE.

THE preparation of these Memorials has been a severe tax upon my heart. If I am not self-deceived, my frequent disquietude has not been about my reputation as the biographer, but lest I should fail to do justice to the memory of one who, I hesitate not to say, had less than justice done to him while living on this earth. Knowing how rich his life was in God-glorifying incident, and the artless and beautiful simplicity of his style as a writer, I importuned my revered father, personally, and by means of influential friends, to give to the Church and the world an autobiography ; but he firmly refused, saying, more than once, "I have made noise enough in my time: let me go quietly home to God."

I had collected my materials for writing Chapter X., when I was laid aside from active duty by a painful affliction. This chapter was written, during occasional hours, at Pensarn, in North Wales.

As my father was best known as a missionary, the largest portion of this book is devoted to that part of his life which was spent in foreign service. I much wished to have added to the chapters on Africa, a statement of the present position of our missions there ;

but as the work had already out-grown the proposed dimension, I was obliged to forbear. Any one who will give himself the pleasure of reading the annual report of the Wesleyan-Methodist Missionary Society, one of the most interesting issues of the press, will find that "the Lord hath done great things for us" in South Africa, as the gracious reward of half-a-century of prayer and toil.

All who knew the subject of these Memorials, and especially those who knew him intimately, will testify that his character was in harmony with the motto on the title page. Throughout his long life of labour and suffering, his conduct was uniformly that of A MAN OF GOD.

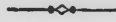
SALE, NEAR MANCHESTER,
November, 1867.

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

THE first edition having been sold in less than two months, a portrait and table of contents are added to the present issue, at the request of many friends. The engraving is from a photograph which was taken when Mr. Shrewsbury was in the 69th year of his age

SALE, NEAR MANCHESTER,
March, 1868.

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CHAPTER I.

FEELING AFTER GOD.

“Well may the mother ‘remember no more the anguish for joy that a man is born into the world ;’ for so soon as she looks upon her new-born offspring she may say, ‘This is my Redeemer’s child.’”—*Rev. W. J. Shrewsbury, in “Infant Baptism Scriptural.”*

CHAPTER I.



FEELING AFTER GOD.

O LORD God of my Father, deign to direct my thoughts and to guide my pen, that I may give to the Church and to the world a Memorial worthy of Thy servant who has "departed in the true faith of Thy holy name," and cause my "heart" to "burn within" me, as Thou showest me, by the light of Thy Holy Spirit, that the "excellency of the power" was of Thee, and not of man. May they who read this book "say continually, The Lord be magnified." Grant that though my sinful nature may be "drawn away" to resent the injustice of deeds abiding under the shadow of the past, which to Thee "shineth as the day," I may be so influenced by Thy grace, as to write alway in view of that Cross which "constraineth" forgiveness. And bring Thou me, and the rest of "my father's house," to that world where misunderstanding, and sorrow, and death, and sin are unknown, through Jesus Christ our Lord. AMEN.

IN turning over my revered Father's papers, I found one endorsed, "A Memorial of the Lord's dealings with my soul," dated, "Grenada, West Indies, October 28th, 1818," and prefaced with these words:—"Having often, at different times, noted down my Christian ex-

perience, and believing it will be greatly to my spiritual advantage to keep a regular Journal, I have set apart this morning for revising and abridging what I have written before, as introductory to my future observations. What I now do, I engage in as in the presence of God, and with a view to my increase in personal piety. I suppose it will never be of any use to others." The first section of this artless and touching autobiography is headed, "Of my conversion." I desire reverently to subjoin it:—

"I was born at Deal, a considerable town on the sea-coast, in the county of Kent, on February 16th, 1795. My parents were poor, and, having a large family to bring up, they could not afford to give me a very liberal education, so that I was taken from school at the age of ten years, and employed at home in learning my father's business. This proved of considerable utility: for being sometimes necessitated to work hard, it taught me diligence and industry, and gave me a great aversion to idleness. My parents were possessed of the 'fear of God,' especially my mother, who spared no pains to impress the minds of their children with sentiments of piety. To me, my pious mother's endeavours were rendered a great blessing. Here I pause. This always appears so signal an instance of the Divine goodness, that I do esteem it the first, the greatest blessing of my life. O my soul, praise the Lord!

"From the earliest period of recollection I felt the influence of the Holy Spirit on my mind, and often heard Him gently whispering to my heart,—'Seek ye my face,' though I was not always conscious at the time that it was 'the voice of God.' I was not much ac-

quainted with 'the terror of the Lord,' but rather my heart was gently drawn after Him: He strove 'by the lure of' His 'love,'

'My worthless affections to win.'

I often tasted an inexpressible sweetness in religion, and when I saw any one that I thought was a real Christian, O how I wished to be like him! It was generally my delight to attend the ordinances of God; in reading His Word I also found great pleasure; but it was in secret prayer my soul was most comforted.

"At a very early age, I laid aside the form of prayer I had been taught, and, in my own simple way, I offered my petitions to God. I especially remember one night, when about nine years of age, as I was kneeling before God, previous to going to rest, the Lord Jesus was clearly revealed to my mind: I thought I saw Him hanging on the cross, while these words were powerfully applied to my heart:—'He is the fairest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely.' O what joy I experienced: I lay down rejoicing that night, but in the morning I do not remember feeling anything unusual. Indeed, I very often continued awake some time, and lay thinking on divine subjects, and breathing out my desires to God, till my eyes overflowed with tears, and my couch was abundantly watered. My younger brothers that I slept with used to complain of my whispering at night, though they little knew, and I always felt ashamed to say, in what way I was employed. About the same time, *viz.*, in my ninth year, I tried to persuade my cousins, who were then my playmates, to become religious, and so far succeeded that we agreed to watch over each other,

and if we happened to say a bad word immediately to mention it. We also sometimes spent our play-hours in reading, and a few times we retired together to pray. But all that I felt I kept entirely secret ; for though I would often talk with my mother on religious topics, I never could freely open to her the state of my mind. As I grew older, my good impressions, however, became, in some measure, erased from my mind. I became much fonder of play, and thought it a grievance that, of an evening, I should be taken from it to go to the Independent meeting, where my mother attended ; and yet, when there, I felt my soul so drawn after God, that I was astonished at my own reluctance to attend. About my eleventh year, I was taken notice of by a company of church-singers, and, as I had a tolerable knowledge of music, my assistance was greatly desired by them. I now and then went with them to church, and, as they met to practice on the Sabbath evening, this occasioned a struggle in my mind, whether I should go with them, or attend the service at the meeting. But here my parents interfered, and insisted on my accompanying them [to chapel]. I was with them [the singers], however, too much, for they were strangers to God, and their conversation proved to me a serious injury. This I reckon to be the most dangerous part of my life. My mind became estranged from God, and very indifferent about religion, though I sometimes felt the checks of conscience, and was led to mourn over my folly.

“A few months after, I resolved, one Wednesday evening, to go to the Methodist chapel, which I had never been accustomed to attend : accordingly I went,

and, to my great surprise, saw a soldier, in his regimentals, enter the pulpit, and commence divine service. His name was Joseph Perkins. I felt nothing under the sermon more than usual, but when the minister came down from the pulpit, and passed me, there was something so heavenly and serene in his countenance, that I felt my heart awed into veneration and love. From that time I began to attend the Methodist chapel on all occasions, and had already said, in my heart, 'This people shall be my people, and their God my God.' I had a great desire to attend their prayer-meetings, but dare not go in, thinking they were private means; but I stood without, listening at the key-hole of the door, to hear their fervent supplications. Now all my former desires after God were rekindled in my heart, and I often found inexpressible delight when engaging in His service. It was not long before my serious deportment attracted the general attention of the society, and I received an invitation to attend a class-meeting. One obstacle, however, was in the way. My mother had long observed my growing attachment to the Methodists, and had not prevented my attending, though my parents still continued hearers of the Calvinistic minister. Indeed, a few years before that period, they had proposed themselves as church-members, and I well remember when two of the principal members of that church came to examine my parents, that they might report their views of them afterwards to the whole of their body. Though my parents were both earnestly seeking the Lord, they were rejected, because, it was said, they were Arminians in sentiment. This was very true, though they knew not what

was meant by Arminianism, and had read nothing but their Bible. I well remember they combated the sentiments of Calvin with that striking passage in Ezekiel, 'As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked.' But though my parents were rejected, they still attended their place of worship, and my mother, who was deeply awakened, used sometimes to be in great distress, fearing that their doctrine might be true, and, if so, she could only fix on herself the black mark of Reprobation. However, when I joined the Methodist Society, though the Calvinists would not receive my parents amongst them, they endeavoured to prejudice them against the Methodists, telling them that they indulged the most dangerous errors,—especially that they were mere work-mongers, endeavouring to merit salvation by their own doings. I had then nearly reached my thirteenth year. One Sabbath evening, when I came home from chapel my poor mother, whose concern for my salvation had always been very great, called me aside, and, with many tears, told me what she had heard about the Methodists, and told me she was afraid I should go wrong; for though she knew not the way of salvation, she was clearly convinced that no man could be justified by the deeds of the law. I had bought a hymn-book a few days before, and remembered having seen that hymn,

'O let us our own works forsake,'

which I immediately read, as the most suitable I could then find, to convince her of the groundless nature of her fears. She seemed somewhat satisfied, and hoped the Lord would direct me. When I had been in the Society a few months, I now and then persuaded my

parents to attend. They always went with some degree of prejudice, and were watching every word that was delivered, to detect the errors of which they had so often heard ; but they were as often disappointed, declaring they never [knew] Christ preached, in all His offices, and His atonement more clearly and strongly illustrated and applied, than by the Methodist ministers. The first preacher they heard was Mr. James Mole, soon after his coming to the Dover Circuit, in 1809. He preached from Deuteronomy vi. 16. With his sermon they were much delighted, and from that night began more and more to hear the Methodist preachers, till, in 1810, they both joined the Society, and my mother, in a fortnight after, lost her gloomy fears of being a reprobate, when she was set at liberty, and could rejoice in the salvation of God's chosen ones. It was Mr. Mole's ministry, and friendly disposition, that were principally useful in bringing my parents to a knowledge of God.

"I had [not] been [long] in the Methodist Society before I began to be truly awakened ; my heart being, as it were, gently opened to attend to the things that were spoken by the Lord. One Sabbath morning, Mr. Mole described the *love* mentioned by St. Paul in the 13th of the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, and I then first began to see myself destitute of that which constitutes the Christian character. Yet I could not account for the misery I felt. I strove to reason myself out of it. I said within myself, 'Can it be possible that I, who have felt so many desires after God, and found so much delight in His service, am yet a stranger to this religion ?' I reasoned in vain ; for, when 'weighed in

the balances,' I was 'found wanting.' My convictions were not sudden, or deep, but light gradually dawned upon my mind, and I saw more and more of my own utter vileness and unworthiness before God. It was some time before I clearly understood the nature of Justification; and hence I went on, sometimes sorrowing, sometimes rejoicing at the views I had of the mercy of God in Christ Jesus,—alternately raised by hope, and depressed by fear. But as my mind became more enlightened to understand the nature of this blessing, the more clearly was I convinced that I did not possess it; and hence, for three years and a-half, I sought the Lord with strong crying and tears, before I obtained the forgiveness of my sins. During this period, I read, I fasted, I prayed, I communicated, and in these various means, felt much encouraged, and often seemed to be on the very point of believing, but then I staggered at the promise through unbelief. I do not remember ever feeling much alarmed with the terrors of the Lord; generally I had such views of my depravity as covered me with shame and confusion, and melted my heart into tenderness before God. I indeed felt,

‘—The pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart.’

This was generally the case, though sometimes I felt an intolerable hardness of heart, and seemed to be deprived of all power to pray; and then I was distressed with this thought: 'Perhaps the Lord has given me up: I have sinned away my day of grace, and there is no mercy for me.' If there were any means I valued above the rest, they were class-meeting, and

private prayer. To my class I scarcely ever went without profit, and in private prayer I often continued long wrestling with God, sometimes pleading His promises in the most fervent manner, and yet not daring to cry out, 'My Lord, and my God.' One season deserves especially to be recorded. I had been one Sunday, about 5 o'clock, wrestling with God in prayer, when I resolved that, if God would direct me to some suitable portion of His Word, as I had read in the experience of others, I would not doubt of His willingness to save me any longer. I arose from my knees, and opened my Bible on these words:—'And now, why tarriest thou? arise [and be baptized,] and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord.' My heart dissolved within me: I said, 'Shall I believe?' The thought came to my mind, 'Believe if you open upon another promise.' I opened again, on this passage:—'And [all things,] whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, in my name, believing ye shall receive." I still wanted a third promise: I met with a third in the same way, though I do not recollect the passage; but I remember that my mind was less forcibly struck with the two latter, than with the first. I have no doubt but God did, in the first instance, condescend to my weakness, but as I continued tempting God, instead of believing, I went away without the blessing; nor did I obtain [it] till two years after this period. I still went on my way sorrowing; yet did I often feel, not only a hope, but an assurance that God *would* save me, and that, at last, I should stand among His saints, in the last day. I often inquired what it was that kept me from finding the Lord, and generally attributed [it] rather to a want

of fervour, than to a want of faith. And yet I did often so believe, as that I felt no condemnation ; but if any one asked me, 'Are you a child of God?' I was fearful of answering in the affirmative, lest I should deceive my own soul, and say I enjoyed what I was destitute of. It was in December, 1814, that I was walking with a cousin of mine, on the road from Sandwich to Margate, and conversing on divine things. Amongst other subjects, we were opening to each other the state of our minds, and when I had told him what comfort I often felt, and yet I could not say I was a child of God, he replied,—'O William, you want nothing but more faith.' I resolved, 'I will begin to believe now.' I kept that resolution all the day, and strove much to look to Jesus. The following day I observed it, and, while at my business, I meditated on these words,—'And out of His fulness have all we received, and grace for grace.' I found great consolation, and experienced the truth of these words,—'Unto you that believe, He is precious.' I continued, a few days after, incessantly crying, 'Lord, increase my faith.' For several months, I had kept a journal of my experience, and, under Dec. 26th, I find this record:—'Attended prayer-meeting to-night, at Dover, and felt much faith and comfort, though I had not the full assurance of faith. Dec. 27th was the day of liberty to my soul. At half-past eight in the evening, while singing that hymn, 'A thousand oracles divine,' I came to those lines,—

'And the whole Trinity descends
Into our faithful hearts.'

I felt the Lord had taken possession of my soul: my doubts all fled away, and I was enabled to rejoice in

God my Saviour. Thus was I several years from being first convinced, till the time I could fully rejoice in God. I apprehend the principal cause was, though unconscious of it, I sought it, in some measure, by the works of the law; but no sooner did I entirely renounce *self*, and labour for faith, than I found that Scripture true, 'All things are possible to him that believeth.'

It will be perceived that my father alludes to the poverty of his parents, in the opening of the foregoing narrative. His father was a grocer and tailor, and his mother, before marriage, was a servant. This union, I am informed, did not at first meet with favour in the eyes of my great-grandfather. He was one of the Deal Pilots, and stood high in the esteem of his seafaring fellow-townsmen. In his opinion, and not in his only, to marry a servant—though virtuous, comely, thrifty, sensible, and godly (and such was my grandmother),—was to lower the dignity of the family. Such are the views and feelings entertained by men, even by some Christians, of their superiority to those whom they choose to characterize as "below" them, as to cause them, in effect, to exalt the accidents of existence above existence itself, and albeit professed disciples of the Bible, to show an utter forgetfulness, if not disregard, of that brief and unmistakeable command,—**"HONOUR ALL."** Is there any one, of any rank, however exalted, who has a higher dignity than to have been created by God, "in fashion as a man," redeemed by the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, and bidden to eternal glory? As if to mock man's little pride, and his unmanly display "of his precious things," God has

often raised up His choicest agents from obscurity. The deliverer of Israel was the son of a slave ; the man who generalled Israel into the land of promise was the attendant upon that slave's son ; some of the finest Judges of Israel were "men of low degree," as Gideon, whose "family" was "poor in Manasseh," and Jephthah, who was "the son of an harlot;" Saul was taken from seeking asses to be a king, and David strode from the sheepfold to the throne. Some of the Apostles were fishermen, and the most learned man in the apostolate had "given to" him "a thorn in the flesh," "lest" he "should be exalted above measure." "The common things, both good and bad, wherein men agree, are far more considerable than the peculiar things wherein they differ : to be a man is much beyond being a lord, or a wit, or a philosopher ; to be a Christian doth infinitely surpass being an emperor, or a learned clerk ; to be a sinner is much worse than to be a beggar, or an idiot. The agreement of men is in the substance and body of things ; the difference is in a circumstance, a fringe, or a shadow about them ; so that we cannot despise another man, without reflecting contempt on ourselves, who are so very like him, and not considerably better than he, or hardly can, without arrogance, pretend to be so."*

The narrative, moreover, records that a pitifully scanty period of boyhood was allotted to my father for his early education. The unformed hand, occasional misspelling, and inexact citations from Holy Scripture, which occur in the original document, written at twenty-three years of age, sustain the statement of the record. I will venture to add that so exquisitely neat, clear, and

* Barrow.

firm a hand-writing was at length acquired, an orthography so unchallengeable, and a verbal accuracy in quoting from the Bible so fastidious, as that no one, who was unacquainted with my father's early manhood, would have conjectured that he had laboured under great disadvantages in his youth. How these disadvantages were surmounted must yet be told. Suffice it to indicate here that the strong and even conscientiousness, which undergirded his whole character, prevented him from casting away, upon an indolent and purposeless desultoriness, a life which was sacredly given to the "ministry of the Word."

Mention is made, also, of early predilections for music. I have evidence before me that he was in the habit of accompanying his father to the singing-pew at the Independent chapel, when he was quite a child, and that his father, who had striven in vain to teach him, when at home, to sound the notes in an octave, had somewhat angrily dismissed him from further tuition, as having "no music" in his throat, at any rate. To the astonishment and delight of his busy parents, he who could not be taught to sing a single bar of music, sang out one day, suddenly, in the little kitchen, the tune commonly called "Old Irish." From that day, he became passionately fond of music. The band-master of the Northamptonshire militia band, Hewitt by name, was engaged to instruct him in instrumental music. His pupil brought to this new work a heartiness and thoroughness which never failed him, "practised" for hours together, and carried his books to bed with him. He became so famous a performer upon the violin, that on a festival occasion,

he was engaged to play a solo in a parish church, while two theatrical performers essayed to decoy the lad from home, and use him for sensational purposes elsewhere. Just at this critical period, an event occurred which, in all probability, saved him from utter ruin. He had climbed up a tree, and had sat on one of its boughs, for some time, reading "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress." Against the tree some old boat-spars were placed slantwise. Sated with reading, with a boyish heedlessness, which, in contrast with his usual gravity, earned for him sometimes the *sobriquet* of "Billy Thoughtless," he went sliding merrily down the spar, until his progress was arrested by a nail, which caught the little finger of his left hand. He was suspended by the finger until his cries brought him help and release. The damage done ultimately curved the nail, and impaired the sense of touch to such an extent as to defeat, at one and the same time, the cunning of the violinist's hand, and of the strolling players. The beautiful treble voice, however, which God had given to the baffled violinist, was still used, first in the singing pew of the Independent meeting, and afterwards in that of the Methodist chapel. From the age of sixteen, until he entered the ministry, his gratuitous services were in requisition as the player of the violoncello, in the last-named place of worship.

A few remarks must be offered concerning the rejection of his parents by the Calvinists. At that time, the most erroneous views obtained amongst many sincere and godly Calvinists as to Methodist doctrine, while noble Calvin was most certainly and deplorably out-Calvined by some who gloried in his

honourable name. I have heard my father say that he felt considerably alarmed in his youth, when a lady, by way of emphasizing her teaching, told him if she were to stab him to the heart with a knife, she should be as much a child of God after as before the event; which was possibly true, but, withal, not very assuring to the hearer, nor otherwise than a gross abuse even of Calvin's earliest, to say nothing of his more matured tenets. Now, it so happened that the doctrine of "Reprobation" had fastened upon the memory and imagination of my grandmother, when she was under deep conviction for sin. Being naturally pensive, if not melancholy, she laboured under the painful delusion that she was a reprobate. My grandfather, from an irrepressible light-heartedness, which was natural to him, quite as much as from conscientious belief, sought to dissipate his wife's gloom concerning her fancied future; and when the worthy deacons sent to catechise the "parent pair," as to their faith, approached the dread doctrine which palled the mother's life, the father impeached the doctrine as treason against the truth. A warm controversy ensued, in the course of which, the male candidate for church fellowship reached from his scanty library a ponderous volume of Matthew Henry's Commentary, and turning to the 18th chapter of Ezekiel, read out, "Note.—The reason why sinners die is because they *will die*," and similar comments. The worthy "searchers" were so displeased at this outburst of what they deemed to be heterodoxy, that they reported both parties to be "unsound in the faith," and they were accordingly repudiated. This act nearly victimized the reason of one of the rejected candidates.

Already self-judged as a reprobate, she considered the judgment of the church to be the sealing of her doom. For some time "an horror of great darkness fell upon" her, until, invited to hear an occasional sermon in the Methodist chapel, the hearty and loving exposition of those words of "everlasting consolation," "and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," was made "light" and "salvation" to her trembling spirit. Henceforth she became a Methodist. As illustrative of the better understanding, and more charitable judging of each other, which half-a century's education has brought about among different bodies of Christians, it may be mentioned, that when the writer visited the Rev. John Vincent, who was the Pastor of the Independent church at the time his grand-parents' membership was so abruptly estopped, the aged and enfeebled minister told his namesake, that he had, of late years, read all Mr. Wesley's works, and that he was utterly ashamed to find that he had so often, through ignorance, misrepresented the teaching of the great English Reformer and Divine. He added, that his acquaintance with Wesley's works had enabled him to correct, from time to time, mis-statements of Methodist doctrine among his own ministerial acquaintances, and that he sought to compensate the wrong he had done Methodism in his earlier ministry, by preaching as often as he could for the Methodists. Thus has it often happened that what has appeared, to some "tribes" of Christians, in the distance of reserve and surmising, to be the building of an altar of rebellion, in the near approach, and in frank converse, has proved to be a "witness" of loyalty. The divers denominations of Christian Israel will grow in

mutual esteem and love in proportion to the advance of their knowledge of each other, and will withdraw, blushing, many a rash charge, avowing, "Ye have not committed this trespass against the Lord."

A word, in passing, may be said about the use to which the Bible was put by the youthful seeker of salvation. It is evident, from the application of the term "weakness" to the habit, that his more mature years disapproved of degrading the Holy Oracles into a kind of fortune-teller.

The recording of the narrative, to which these explanatory remarks have been added, has brought forcibly to the mind of the Biographer a scene in his own house, when the child of the simple story had become the old man, past "three score years and ten." It was a family class-meeting. Gathering round his knees three of his grand-children, he told them, as their eyes, and the eyes of older than they, glistened with tears, how often he had "wept, as a child, at the thought of the love of Jesus, and how many nights, when a boy, he had lain awake thinking of the name of Jesus." For nearly half an hour, as extreme feebleness would allow him, he exhorted the third generation, with tender and loving words, to "seek the Lord."

This chapter shall be closed with the testimony of one who is now in his 86th year, Mr. Wakeham, the class-leader of my father's youth:—"From the first, whilst he continued with me, he walked worthy of his profession." Such a testimony, from such a saint, is an additional proof that the young disciple had experienced the truth of the Great Teacher's declaration,—"*He that seeketh findeth.*"



CHAPTER II.

THE DIVINE CALL.

“The Lord hath called the child.”—1 Samuel iii. 8.

“From a child.”—2 Timothy iii. 15.



CHAPTER II. -



THE DIVINE CALL.

I COMMENCE forthwith the Missionary period of my father's life, by a further quotation from the precious "Memorial," written in Grenada. I give it entire, and not without tears. It is entitled, "Section 2. From my conversion to my going out to travel, in 1815."

"I feel some difficulty in writing separately an account of my call to the Ministry; it has been so blended with every part of my Christian experience. In fact, I began to preach before I had attained an assurance of my interest in the Redeemer's blood. As from my earliest days I felt the drawings of the Father, so, I may say, even in my infant days, I felt an earnest desire to be employed in the work of the ministry; and this desire increased with my increasing years, and never, throughout my whole life, forsook me. Generally, when my tender mind was most under the influence of Divine grace, then did my heart melt with pity for sinners, who knew not the Saviour. If I heard an awakening sermon, in which the day of judgment, and the miseries of hell were described, I was often so moved as to be almost ready to get up in the congregation, and cry to sinners, 'Flee from the wrath to come!'

But I was most of all concerned about the poor benighted heathen, and when I read or heard any account of their state, I longed to be amongst them, pointing them to the Saviour. In the eighth year of my age, the Rev. Mr. Castleden, a Calvinist minister, preached one Sabbath evening from, 'He shall have dominion [also] from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth.' In the sermon he spoke particularly of the present state of the heathen, and the ultimate success of the Gospel. I laid my head down on the front of the gallery, and wept during the whole sermon, though I strove to prevent it from being seen. When I began to attend the Methodist Chapel, and before I joined the Society, it was my practice, on the Sabbath day, to meet a few boys, that were serious as myself, during the interval of worship, and endeavour to explain to them a select portion of Scripture. Shortly after I had joined the Society, while yet a child, I opened my mind to a local preacher, and told him my views and feelings on the subject. He gave me some encouragement, and once took me to a small country village, where I attempted to speak a few words to the people. With my concern for my own salvation, increased my concern for the salvation of sinners, and a conviction, that I could not resist, of its being my duty to call sinners to repentance. In my sixteenth year, I was admitted upon the Local Preachers' plan, when I occasionally preached at some of the lesser places, not without having seals to my ministry. But as my convictions of my own vileness gradually deepened, I felt more and more of my own unfitness, and was induced, from various reasons, to doubt of my call to the work, but

principally from the views I had of my own depravity. In reading the experience of others, I observed that they had first been made the sons of God before they had engaged in the service of His sanctuary, or even thought they were called to it. It was the reverse with me; my heart was inclined to it from my infancy; I had often been convinced it was my duty, and had actually engaged in it before I myself possessed the Spirit of adoption. Numerous were my exercises of mind on the subject; I wept over my condition, and prayed earnestly to God for direction. On the one hand, I never found such comfort and encouragement as when I was preaching Jesus Christ and Him crucified, and I saw some converted to God;—on the other hand, I was sensible that I did not fully know the Saviour whom I recommended to others. However, I at length came to a resolution to relinquish the work altogether. Accordingly, on the evening of Dec. 17th, 1813, I sat down in my chamber, and, after prayer to God, wrote the following paper, with a brief preface:—

‘REASONS FOR DISCONTINUING PREACHING.

‘Having had my mind for a long time exercised concerning the propriety of my continuing to preach, I have this evening devoted a little time for the sole purpose of considering the subject. May God lead me in the way in which I should walk, and teach me His will, for Jesus Christ’s sake! Amen.

‘Reason 1. I did not sufficiently count the cost before I began, but entered too hastily upon the sacred work.

‘2. I have not *always* a clear conviction of my call to the work, though I generally believe it to be my duty.

'3. Though in my studies and preaching I have been sometimes blest, and have seen a little fruit of my labour, yet how often have I preached on the most important subjects with little feeling!

'4. My eyes are more clearly opened to see my sinful state and condition. I see my heart is wicked, and while I have been telling others they must be converted, I myself am unconverted. O Lord, convert me, and change my heart! I see I am altogether unfit for the sacred office.

'5. I have perused part of three authors, and they all agree in the necessity of a man's own heart being first of all renewed.

'6. Therefore, I purpose giving up the work. I have to go to Hythe next Sunday, and if my own heart is not changed, and I do not see some souls brought to God that day, I think I will (for the present, at least) decline preaching. If I am right, may God confirm me in it: if I am wrong, may He lead me in the paths of truth, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen. *Deal, Friday Evening, Dec. 17th, 1813.*

"Accordingly, when I came back from Hythe, I put in practice my resolution, and, instead of attending to my appointment on Christmas day, I withdrew into another Circuit, my appointment being supplied by another. For this I was afterwards severely reprimanded; but I then intimated to the Superintendent my design, in which I persisted, though without assigning any other reason than that I was sensible of my unfitness for the work; for, indeed, I was ashamed to tell him the wretched state of my soul. From Dec., 1813, to March, 1814, I did not preach at all, except

once, when, to prevent a congregation from being disappointed, I ventured to preach to them from Zechariah xiii. 1. But I was still unhappy, and found no more relief to my mind; on the contrary, whenever I thought on the parable of the talents, I dreaded the fate of him who hid his lord's talent in a napkin. In March, 1814, Mr. Jonathan Roberts advised me to go to the Quarterly Meeting with him, and once more engage in the work I had relinquished. After some time, I consented to go, and, as we had to walk five miles together, I thought it a favourable opportunity fully to lay open the state of my mind to him. I accordingly entered on the subject with freedom, told him all I had felt, and what were my present fears. He spake to me with the greatest possible tenderness, and gave me some suitable advice. In the Local Preachers' Meeting, my case was fully considered, while I was desired to retire. I withdrew into another room alone, and there I threw myself on the floor, and eased my burdened mind by shedding a torrent of tears. If ever I prayed, I prayed that day. I wept, I groaned, I secretly sighed to God for direction. Truly the Spirit helped my infirmities, while I told God all that had passed in my heart, and begged of Him not to suffer me to miss my way, and to incline His servants unanimously to reject me, if I never was called unto [this work]. Some time after, I was called, and in the most affectionate and encouraging manner, was received by them on trial once more. The next Sunday I had to preach at Deal, and, O! what a blessed season was it to my soul. My heart was enlarged while engaged in the work of God, and so generally was the Divine Presence felt by the congregation, that

I thought, now I will go on my way, simply believing, and never doubt any more. Indeed, for several times after I began again to preach, my soul was remarkably blessed, and the word was crowned with success. This I received as a token for good. Still I could not rest: for though I often felt great comfort and peace, especially when dwelling on the Great Atonement, yet I wanted a clearer sense of my interest in the merits of Jesus. Sometimes I would sing,—

‘Away, sad doubt and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that’s written there.’

But then, again, my mind would brood over my unfaithfulness, my unworthiness, till I lost nearly all confidence, and was brought into great distress and perplexity. So I continued, till Dec. 1814, when walking with my cousin, he told me that my great want was stronger faith. In that hour I began more vigorously to exercise the small degree of it I possessed, and in that hour found increasing consolation. A little after I received a letter from Mr. Joseph Taylor, Jun., requesting me to supply the Canterbury Circuit for two months. I was much struck when I read it, as I had no expectation of any thing of the kind. However, I laid the letter aside till noon, when I took it with me into my chamber, and spread its contents before the Lord. I told the Lord all my wants, and, in the most explicit manner I could, simply related all my feelings. My heart was broken. That noon I was clearly convinced of *unbelief*. I had such views of the heinous nature of that sin, as I had never had before, and clearly saw that nothing could keep me out of God but that dreadful evil. All my cry, therefore, was, ‘Lord,

increase my faith !' When I had prayed, I began to consider, 'What shall I do in this instance ?' I then thought, 'Any other person will certainly do more good than I can.' I therefore wrote, begging to be excused, and that some other might be employed in my stead. I received for answer, that no other person could be obtained. I once more spread my cause before God. I told Him, in prayer, that [there] were three obstacles in the way, which if He would graciously remove, it would then appear to be His will :—(1) My parents seemed unwilling to give their consent ; (2) My employer, I feared, would feel some reluctance, and then, at the expiration of the two months, I should be without a situation ; (3) I wanted a fuller assurance of my acceptance than I then enjoyed. The two former hindrances were, in a most remarkable and unexpected manner, removed, and the last, also, was taken away, and all my desires granted. After I had been convinced of my unbelief, I was labouring continually to believe, and crying to God for faith. In this disposition of mind, I went to the Hythe Quarterly Meeting ;—and, on Dec. 27th, went to the Watch-night. Mr. T. preached, but I felt remarkably cold and dead during the sermon. In the course of the evening, I had to exhort. I ascended the pulpit, and gave out, 'Arise, my soul, arise !' &c. Faith seemed, at that instant, to spring up in my heart, and, whilst delivering a short exhortation, my heart was like melting wax, so that I could scarcely speak ; such consolation did I feel, that I wanted to vent my feelings in tears. When I came down from the pulpit, that hymn was given out,—

'A thousand oracles divine,' &c.

When we came to those lines,—

‘And the whole Trinity descends
Into our faithful hearts,’

God indeed seemed to bow the heavens and come down, and the Trinity descended into my long-unbelieving soul. I could scarcely refrain from crying out in the congregation; I stood leaning against the pew, with my handkerchief before my face, while my eyes overflowed with tears of joy, and gratitude, and love. Thus God granted me my latter desire. I left the chapel filled with consolation. When the Brethren all came into the room where our Quarterly Meeting was held, Mr. Roberts, without knowing what had passed in my mind, proposed singing,—

‘Jesus, to Thee I now can fly,’ &c.

O, how did it exactly describe the language of my heart! I began, but could not sing. I sat in a corner, and answered every line with rivers of tears, flowing from the fulness of my heart. That night I lay down in peace; but the next day, the enemy suggested, ‘God gave you a great blessing last night; but that is not the blessing you have been seeking; take care you be not deceived.’ I thought, perhaps it is so, and hence began to be, in some measure, cast down. That day, Mr. Roberts insisted on my preaching before him, before I left the Circuit. Accordingly, when I retired to study my subject, I made known my fears to God; begged that I might not deceive my own soul, and that if He had indeed granted me the desire of my heart, He would afresh show me a token for good. Immediately, my soul was raised to God in believing prayer and praise, so that I was constrained to cry out, ‘Glory

be to God ! Christ is mine ! Glory be to God ! Christ is mine !' I arose from my knees, and went on my way rejoicing.

"A few days after, I went to Canterbury, and remained in that Circuit till the end of February, 1815. There my soul was often very greatly blest, especially in secret prayer. In my public preaching, also, I never, in my whole life, experienced such great enlargement of heart, as the first Sabbath evening I spent in that Circuit. I often felt my want of more faith, but God was with me, and gave me to see that my labours were not altogether in vain. On my return to Dover, I was requested to go out to travel. I made it a matter of prayer, joining thereto fasting, and, being convinced that I was called to the Missionary work, I consented, though it cost me a painful sacrifice, which nothing but a conviction of duty would have induced me to make. Accordingly, I was proposed at the [Dover] March Quarterly Meeting, and unanimously recommended, as well as from the Canterbury Quarterly Meeting. I went to the Rochester [District] Meeting in May, and was examined, and, though I had not much to say, I believe gave satisfaction. When asked, whether willing to go abroad, I answered, 'When I was seeking the Lord, I sacredly vowed to Him that, if He would pardon my sins, I would go to the ends of the earth, if He called me, to proclaim His salvation ; and that, now the Lord had answered my prayer, I thought that vow to be binding upon me ; but yet I wished to remain at home a year or two, that I might first gain a little knowledge and experience.' From this period, to the time of Conference, I made all things known to God in prayer, nothing

doubting that He would direct my paths. Accordingly, I received my appointment as from Him, when informed that I was stationed for the Island of Tortola, in the West Indies."

The Rev. Mr. Castleden, of the foregoing narrative, was, at the time referred to, a student in an Independent College. Associated with him in the pulpit was another student, of the name of Priestley, a nephew of Dr. Priestley, the celebrated Socinian champion. These two young men conducted the service between them, and little thought that they were giving a bias to a life which was destined to be of great service to the church and to the world. This circumstance occurred in the year 1804, when my father was in his tenth year.

The passion, so to say, for Missionary work, it will be seen, was strong in the boy. "On the Sabbath day," the boy-Missionary arranges "to meet a few boys," and "endeavours" to bring them to God. From his grandparents, the writer learnt that it was the frequent custom of their first-born to gather his brothers and sisters around him, and to sing and pray with them. To secure suitable retirement and opportunity for influencing his playmates, an innocent craftiness was sometimes employed, as when, on one occasion, he told a boy, much bigger than himself, he could carry him a mile, and, being challenged to accomplish the task, conveyed his burden to a secluded spot, and then set about the yet more difficult labour of essaying his conversion. It was while yet a boy of fourteen years of age, that the first attempt at preaching was made, in a

shoemaker's shop. A second attempt followed soon after at St. Margaret's, his patron being a local preacher, of the name of White, an intimate friend of Tom Paine, who was, at that time, a Methodist and a staymaker, and was eventually drawn into infidelity, *via* French politics.

It is impossible to peruse the record of the early struggles of the Missionary elect, without being "mindful" of his "tears." Throughout life, though unsuspected by those who knew him at a distance only, there was in him, united with great firmness, an affecting tenderness of spirit. This was partly natural, and partly the result of habitual and deep self-abasement before God. So abundant was his sorrow on account of sin, that his sight suffered considerably from the profuse weeping of his earlier years. It was, perhaps, as much owing to "genuine, meek humility," as to unbelief, that he did not sooner stretch forth his hand to receive the promised pardon. Superficial knowledge of personal depravity, while it enables some readily, not to say jauntily, to believe, produces ephemeral piety; while a deep conviction of sin, if, for the present, it detains the seeking soul in the "house of mourning," is followed by an enduring faith, and a reliable life. Perhaps it is not too much to add that the "adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion," sought the more fiercely to "devour" one in whom he saw

"Virtue in her shape how lovely."

Through his agency, I doubt not, it was that my father's life was attempted, while he was yet in his teens. Returning from a watch-night service, which had been held after the Quarterly Meeting, at Dover, when he

and another Local Preacher, were within a mile of Deal, his companion espied an object a little before them, in the middle of the road, and asked his young friend what it was. The reply was, "It looks like a hog." On a nearer approach, however, it was seen, by the light of the moon, to be a soldier, on bended knee, with his gun levelled at them. Providentially, he missed his aim, and the intended victims, running at the top of their speed, reached Deal in safety. But, although they gave in their account at the guard-house of what had happened, no more was heard of the affair.

The only record I have of my father's labours at Canterbury was gathered from one of my last conversations with him. As it illustrates the thoroughness with which he embraced Methodism, it may not be unacceptable. He had read, most carefully, in his youth, everything in the shape of a rule, that bore the impress of Wesley, or the Conference. His knowledge of Methodist law was put to the test at Boughton. A notice was handed to him in the pulpit for announcement. He determinately refused to "give it out." When challenged afterwards by the Steward for this omission, he stated that, by a rule of the Conference, no notice was to be published until it was duly signed by the Society Steward. The chafed Steward taunted the young Preacher as thinking himself "wiser than Solomon," while others commended him greatly for his loyalty to rule.

Having remained at Canterbury until Messrs. Joseph Taylor and Jonathan Williams had fulfilled their begging mission for the chapel, he refused Mr. Taylor's request to prolong his stay at Canterbury until

the March Quarter-day. As he had pledged himself to return to his employer, a drunken, but good-natured tailor, at Sandwich, "as soon as he could," he felt bound by the engagement to leave Canterbury the very day that the ministers re-entered the circuit. Hence it was that he was proposed both at the Dover and Canterbury Quarterly Meetings. Of the effect of his preaching, at this time, we may judge from the testimony of Mr. Wakeham, the still-living spiritual guide of his youth:—"From the first, when he began to preach, he was well-received throughout the Dover Circuit. . . . Many would come to hear him who were not members of our congregation. . . . He was always highly respected."

The most interesting feature of this chapter is the early stirring of the missionary spirit within the child. "Even in my infant days, I felt an earnest desire to be employed in the work of the ministry." Who shall say that this was not in answer to the prayers of a godly mother? There is not wanting precedent on which to base such a theory. "O my lord," exclaimed devout Hannah to the venerable Eli, "as thy soul liveth, my lord, I am the woman that stood by thee here, praying unto the Lord. For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of Him: therefore also I have lent him to the Lord." Many well authenticated cases are on record in which poetry, science, philosophy, and literature have dawned upon the unfolding childhood of the princes in the realm of intellect. Is there, then, the slightest degree of fanaticism in suggesting that the

Holy Spirit of God may influence the first impulses of waking reason, and that it may be "perceived" by discerning and experienced thoughtfulness "that the Lord had called the child"? To Jeremiah the "word of the Lord" said, "Before thou camest out of the womb I sanctified thee, and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations." Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles, records of himself that "it pleased God" to separate him from his "mother's womb," to his great work. And to whom but an unconscious infant were the words addressed by Zacharias, "Thou, child, shalt be called the Prophet of the Highest"? Whenever these gracious yearnings after service in the Lord's sanctuary are evidenced in the earliest life of children, it behoves parents, and especially mothers, to fan the sacred fire, and to guard it night and day from adverse influences. And should the first desires of boyhood ripen into the vow of self-devotion in manhood, then, whether that son be the support of lowly life, or the grace and charm of the mansion, let both parents unhesitatingly make the surrender, saying, "Go, and the Lord be with thee;" and "let all the people say, Amen."

CHAPTER III.

DEVOTED.

“But we will give ourselves continually to prayer, and to the ministry of the word.”—Acts vi. 4.

“Freely we serve,
Because we freely love.”—*Milton.*



CHAPTER III.

DEVOTED.

IN a series of letters on Christian Missions, addressed to an intimate friend, who had been a missionary my father has given his views of what the expectant missionary ought to be, and to do. Some of these letters have appeared in the pages of the "Wesleyan Methodist Magazine." As the writer of them unintentionally, but not the less really, portrays himself in these papers, a few extracts may be given, to show "what manner" of person was now approaching the solemn work of an ambassage for the Lord Jesus Christ to the ransomed heathen.

The "Christian Missionary's entrance on the work of the Lord," is thus described:—"Every messenger of God is taken up into the mount with God, and there, 'in the secret place of the Most High,' while 'abiding under the shadow of the Almighty,' receives instructions concerning what God would have him to do. The youthful missionary has been accustomed to prayer from a child; or, at least, from the time of his conversion, and, perhaps, he has gone beyond ordinary Christians in a conscientious attendance to the duties of the closet. 'Thou putttest all my tears in Thy bottle,' saith the Psalmist; and God has not unnoticed *his*, when he hath 'wept, and made supplication' in his wrestlings

with 'the angel.' He has had many a conflict, and won many a victory, on his knees. Knee-work and heart-work have been the main things about which he hath been concerned. And of many a sacred spot memory furnishes the most pleasing recollections, concerning which it may be said, 'And He blessed him there.' And now the time approaching near, when he is to be set apart for that great work to which his Divine Master hath called him, he is driven more frequently than ever into his closet, where he earnestly cries, 'If Thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence;' nor can he be satisfied without a gracious answer. When enabled to lay hold of the blessed promise, 'I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world,' it is enough; all his desires are satisfied; his soul can ask no more." Of the Divine "call" to the work, he thus writes:—"It is impossible to mistake this 'inward moving of the Holy Ghost,' this gracious and authoritative call of God, for there is nothing of nature, or of the natural man in it. The eye being single herein, the whole soul is full of light. They are certain of the rectitude of their motives as they are of their existence, for by a continual heavenly light they discern that the one desire of their pure and simple hearts is to do the will of God on earth, as it is done in heaven. It is true, men may enter the Christian ministry from a variety of motives. Some may consider it as a life of indolence, whereby a subsistence may be obtained without much labour; others may value it as affording leisure for study, and the pursuits of literature; some may regard it because of the honour that is sometimes connected with the office; and others

may have an eye to dignities and emoluments, where a prospect of wealth may be in view ; while others, who have considerable mental powers, may value the pulpit as a theatre favourable for the exhibition of their talents, and attracting the attention, and securing the applause of mankind. But God recognizes not these men, whoever they may be, and whatever their titles ; they are but 'wolves in sheep's clothing,' in whatever church they are found. Such intruders into this holy vocation are the 'enemies of the cross of Christ.' God's ministers have no worldly motives, nor any mixed motives, partly religious, and partly secular ; it is the pure spirituality of their motives which is to them a conviction that their inward moving is from the Holy Ghost ; for that which is spiritual can only come from God. It can neither be feigned, nor purchased, nor taught, nor communicated in any way by man's art or device ; it is a heavenly illapse, a Divine impression, a continued conviction, an inspired persuasion, coming from the Spirit of God, that it is His will they should call sinners to repentance in His name. Such as are designated to this work are commonly chosen from their youth. They who spend their youth in the service of sin, seldom become in this respect vessels unto honour, sanctified, and meet for the Master's use. They are the Timothys, who are the strength and glory of the church, and the publishers and defenders of the Gospel in their riper years."

In the two next extracts, the dogma of "Apostolical Succession" is boldly challenged. "Great as the intolerance of the Jewish church was, they never objected against the ministry of our Divine Lord,

that He was a mere Layman, and no Priest, or Levite, or Doctor of the law. Yet His word was not without effect. Matt. vii. 29. When He set apart the twelve, He 'chose whom He would.' To the Apostles He said, 'Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you.' These holy men were all of the laity: several of them being fishermen. If men will boast of an 'Apostolical Succession,' they can only boast of having sprung from an Apostolical laity. . . . May not the Lord Jesus put pious and holy laymen into the ministry now, as well as in the year 30 of the Christian era?"—"It is enough for a true Minister to know for himself that the Holy Ghost hath moved him to enter on his high vocation; but if he refuse to acknowledge, as a fellow-labourer, any brother blessed with the very same Divine calling, because he is not of the same denomination, or order, does he not most undeniably pour contempt upon the very source and origin from whence his own ministerial authority is derived? Seeing, therefore, that every blow of ecclesiastical censure aimed at Christ's true ministers must recoil on those who would fain smite their brethren, and prove, in the end, to their own wounding and hurt, without harming any besides, it were wisdom to lay aside high prejudices and party strifes, and to acknowledge, at last, that God Almighty may do as He pleaseth in the bestowal of His Holy Spirit, without asking leave of any order of men, because they fondly imagine,—'The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, are these!' That this was not the language of fanaticism, which would ignore the necessity of fitness for his duties in one who avers that he is accredited of God

to proclaim the truth, 'as the truth is in Jesus,' is manifest from the teaching of the following passage, in a paper, "Concerning Gifts :"—"Those high qualifications which fit the missionary for the duties of his calling, are properly denominated *gifts*, for such they are, and as such only can they be received. They cannot be conveyed from man to man, but are immediately bestowed on man by the Lord Jesus Christ, as it is written in Ps. lxxviii. 18. No money can purchase them, no study can produce them, no effort can reach to the attainment of them ; for as the work itself is a spiritual work, so the endowments are spiritual endowments ; and all that man has to do in the business is to induct into the ministry those who are gifted for it by the Holy Spirit of God. The gifts in themselves are various, yet are they all from one and the same Spirit. It is fitting that they should be greatly diversified, in order that the world may be more effectually benefitted thereby." Accompanying these gifts there must be a sincerity of motive beyond suspicion. "The Christian missionary, above all other men, is called to be dead to the world, so that covetousness shall absolutely have no lurking corner in his heart. A rich living, or a poor living ; a good circuit, or a poor circuit ; a wealthy congregation, or a poor congregation, is not the polar star to him : his one object, end, aim, hope, prayer, joy, is just here, and in nothing else, 'Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.' He who cannot fairly give up the world for ever, and all worldly expectations for ever, is not prepared to follow Christ, as any one may see by reading the account of the rich man in the Gospel, and comparing it with the noble conduct of the

Apostles as stated by Peter to his Lord, Matt. xix. 16-30. According to this evidence of Apostolicity, a great many who, in our day, vaunt themselves about their true Apostolical descent, will find it hard to trace the lineaments of a family likeness in their own moral features, for there is no want of charity in concluding that if the ministry, in a worldly point of view, was as profitless to them as it was to St. Peter, and had the same condition appended to an entrance upon it, as our Lord required of the young man in the Gospel, the church would never have had much difficulty in settling their claims to "succession," for they would have never preferred them. He who loves money, and thinks that the ministry will open a door to profit, either by the emoluments of office, or the distant expectation of good fortune in marrying a rich wife, is in the succession of Balaam, not of the Apostles. Let no man of such a spirit ever think of offering himself for missionary service: he will be a worthless drone, and have no heart for the sacred calling, which will prove to him the very drudgery that his soul abhors. The everyday lesson of the true missionary is found in Matt. xvi. 24. Unless a man have such a love for the very fag, and toil, and exhaustion of missionary labour, even in obscurity, and, it may be, in the midst of contempt and disgrace, that he would prefer it before the richest dukedom, or the mightiest monarch's crown, he has not *soul enough* for the work, and should by all means stay at home. True missionaries are 'dead to the world.' To them the words of the Apostle are literally applicable; they want no modification, about being 'in some degree their experience;' it is their habitual experience.

Col. iii. 1-4." The missionary designate will apply his mind to earnest study. In a paper on "A General view of Studies," this passage occurs:—"A missionary who never studies is a reproach to his Maker, and a disgrace to the sacred office he sustains. God made man for thought, and sets before ministers the noblest subjects that can possibly engage the attention of a created mind, that they may occupy their leisure in serious and devout reading and meditation, and thereby be fitted to bring forth out of the treasures they have in store, 'things new and old,' for the edification of the people. Good men in all ages have delighted in sacred meditations, and the Psalmist considers it one of the most striking characteristics of him that is truly good. Ps. i. 2. Inspiration itself was not intended to supersede, but to assist, exalt, and perfect the devoutest exercises of the human understanding. It was while the Prophets were 'musing, the fire burned,' and they 'spake.' It was 'while Peter thought on the vision' that the Spirit directed him. And it is only while the servants of God 'give attendance to reading,' and 'meditate upon these things,' that they can rationally expect the Divine assistance in their ministrations, and success in their labours. It is a sore evil, indeed, when a minister becomes a mere recluse, shut up in his study as in a monastery, and is never to be seen but in the pulpit; for though such an one may be a greatly superior man to a light, flippant, gossiping, chit-chat, parlour-prattler, since he will, once a-week at least, give to the public something that is worth hearing, and so communicate to others the result of his prayers and pains, yet is his

usefulness greatly diminished by the extreme course he has chosen, and his reward will be less in eternity. Important, therefore, as it is for all ministers, whether young or old, to be studious men, their love of retirement must be duly mixed with seasonable intercourse with their flock and the world, so as to produce the greatest amount of good in their power during the short time they have to live on earth. Every moment ought to be filled up with some weighty employment, befitting their office, and tending to the glory of Christ, for they have not a moment to lose, no time to be droned away in idleness, no leisure hours in which they have nothing serious to do."

In a letter "On Reading," such counsels as these are given:—"The primary reading of the Christian missionary throughout life must be the Holy Scriptures. The first book his eyes look upon with the light of the morning dawn should be the Bible. Until he has had his Bible-hour, no thought of other reading or studies should be allowed to occupy his mind. It is good in this way to begin the day with God; to make sure of Scripture reading whatever may be the engagements of the day, and so avoid the risk of partial or entire neglect, which casualties or unforeseen hindrances might occasion. Domestic or pastoral reading must not be substituted for private perusal of the sacred page. The Bible can always be read to greatest advantage when one is quite alone. In closet prayer we speak to God; in the written word, God speaks to us; and by both conjointly communion with God is maintained; so that these two kindred duties do wonderfully help each other. And the early morn-

ing reading should be *chiefly* of a *devotional* kind, intended more immediately to promote spirituality of mind, than a mere critical acquaintance with the word of God. And for this reason it is better to employ a given portion of time in simply reading the authorized version of the Scriptures, without other note or comment than may be obtained from the marginal references, of which an occasional use may be advantageously made. The more scrupulously conscientious a Christian missionary is in securing an early devotional hour before he meddles with any other duties, the more delight will he have in his whole work all the day long; for all labour sits light on the soul when the affections have been raised to things above, and are set on Christ and heaven. A dull and unprofitable day will seldom be experienced by him who has spent an early hour in the mount with God. The morning vigour will last till the eventide, and at night the sleep of a labouring man will be 'sweet.'—"Every minister's reading should be regulated by his providential circumstances, the rule being to consider not what is most agreeable to himself, but what will most conduce to his public usefulness."

In a letter "On the Acquisition of Knowledge," the missionary elect is thus advised:—"A missionary, above all other men, ought to be a wise man, 'wise unto salvation,' wise in the things of God, and able 'to teach every man in all wisdom,' inasmuch as the heathen have every thing to learn, so that the missionary, besides being their minister and pastor, must be their living commentator, to whom they will personally apply for Scripture exposition. . . . It is,

therefore, a great mistake to suppose that a minister of inferior talents,—in fact, almost any one who knows but the first ‘principles of the doctrine of Christ,’ will do for a missionary. The missionary’s mind should be fraught with treasures of Divine knowledge, that he may be able to bring forth, in his ministry, teaching of the most valuable kind, that shall be permanent in its results on the native mind.” After remarking, in a letter “On the Use of Knowledge,” that the missionary must not employ it for mere purposes of self-gratification, still less for ostentation, the writer observes:—“It is the duty, indeed, of a servant of the Lord to communicate knowledge; his ‘lips’ should ‘feed many.’ But he should spiritually feed them, as our Lord literally fed the multitudes in the wilderness, producing the plenty without grandeur, and without any display of the resources He had in store, and afterwards retiring into secret, that He may ‘commune’ with His ‘own heart’ before God, and ‘be still.’ . . . What is not called for, is better kept in reserve. ‘I forbear,’ said the Apostle. 2 Cor. xii. 6. Solomon says more roughly, ‘A fool uttereth all his mind.’ . . . We must suit our doctrine and speech to times and persons, so as to conduce most effectually to their edification, making it our aim to lead them away from themselves, and from ourselves unto Christ, that they may obtain eternal salvation through His name.”

On the subject of “Mental Discipline,” which forms the topic of another paper, these passages occur:—“At the outset of life, especially in the case of a missionary, every means should be used that may conduce to a generally correct acquaintance with the

more prominent features of our constitutional temperament and mental capabilities, that we may at once pursue the right course of thought, study, and labour, and so never lose one single day. . . . Who can be too deeply impressed with a conviction of the unutterable importance of every moment of human life? . . . Mental discipline is the well-regulating and adjusting of thoughts, so as best to suit the performance of each hour's duties, like the arranging in a palace of every precious article of furniture, so as to have it ready for adornment and use, whenever and wherever it is wanted. It is more the attainment of piety than of philosophy, and is one of the blessed results of the indwelling Spirit of God. Indeed, so far as the missionary is concerned, it belongs to piety altogether. For though mere philosophy and study may help to form a contemplative mind, philosophy could not impart *a taste* for those rich and divine thoughts which are the missionary's delight and heaven: the cast of his mind, the tenor of his thoughts, attest that he has been inducted into all his habits, as into all his virtues, by the Holy Spirit, who first sanctifies the soul, and then fills it with His own light and knowledge, that God may be all in all." These quotations may be appropriately followed by two brief extracts from the letter "On the Spirit in which Studies ought to be pursued:"—"Neither reading nor study can profit a Christian minister, and aid him effectually in his ministry, without the life and light Divine, which can only proceed from the Spirit of God. The same Spirit which converted his soul, and called him to the ministry, and qualified him, in the first instance, for the work, must

abide with him day by day. . . . By a continual hallowing power he must cleanse the thoughts of his heart. . . . Then, whether he be favoured with the help of a Gamaliel, or have to make his own way without much of human aid, he will so fulfil his ministry, as that his profiting may appear unto all. . . . It is of primary importance that we consider ourselves only as learners to the very last. We are scholars, and not Rabbis. Christ Jesus is our Master, and we must study in His presence, and at His feet."

Before my father began to preach he was a diligent reader. Ere he was yet fifteen years of age, he had read every line of what had then been published of Wesley's and Fletcher's works. Every work that bore on the Calvinistic controversy he devoured with avidity, being stimulated in this study by the non-admission of his parents to the Independent church at Deal, as already stated. Several volumes were perused while he was rocking the cradle for his mother. When he was thrust forth to preach, he redoubled his application to study, rising between two and three o'clock on the coldest winter mornings, and poring over such works as he could obtain, in his fireless chamber. At these early hours, Dr. Clarke's Commentary was read as it came out in numbers. That he used his pen and mind freely in an independent research into the Holy Scriptures, is manifest from the large number of outlines of sermons, still extant, which were the product of his youth. He sought, by all the means within his reach, to overcome the disadvantages of a most scanty education, and to acquire his own mental capital. On the voyage out, he might be seen, day by day, renewing and enlarging his

acquaintance with English Grammar, which, as he was wont to say, in after life, "if dry work, was solid work." How he studied in subsequent years shall yet be told. Enough has been said here to show that he did most truly "give" himself, in the earnest use of all his mental powers, to the work of God.

The preceding extracts will have supplied incidental evidence of the culture of the heart, as well as of the mind. A few quotations shall be subjoined from other papers, in further proof that heart, as well as mind, had been devoted to the "vocation wherewith" he was "called." In Letter V., "Of the Grace of God, as seen in the Christian Missionary's Character," he observes:—"It is not without reason, that in the trio of ministerial qualifications, grace is placed first. 'Grace, gifts, fruit,'—not fruit, gifts, grace,—nor gifts, fruit, grace,—but grace in all things, and before all things, even as it lies at the foundation of Christianity itself." Meekness is dwelt upon in this letter as an essential qualification of the missionary. All who intimately knew the writer of the two following extracts, will attest how pre-eminent was his own meekness under circumstances of extreme provocation and trial:—"As the precious ointment made, according to the art of the apothecary, to be a holy anointing oil for Aaron and his sons, was a 'composition' of various spices 'tempered together, pure and holy,' causing, by the union of several odours, the most delightful perfume; so meekness, which makes the name of God precious 'as ointment poured forth,' is made up of the union of all that is lovely and kind and winning in Christianity, and is the disposition produced by the combined tempering of every

grace in the heart by the power of faith and love. . . . Meekness, and not majesty, constitutes the true dignity, and invests with proper authority the servant of the living God; or rather, we may say, meekness is majesty, for it is full of what Mr. Wesley calls 'the dignity of love.'

In a paper, "On a Loving Heart," these sentiments are found:—"Perhaps the most exalted proof of the power of Divine love ever given by a Christian missionary is to be found in St. Paul's noble declaration to the Corinthians: 'I will very gladly spend and be spent for you; though the more abundantly I love you, the less I be loved.' This is not human nature; it is Christ in the soul of man, which enables him thus to resolve and speak. It shows the quenchless nature of Divine love. Waters may drown other fires, but they cannot extinguish love. God does more to keep it alive, than man can to put it out. And it is very necessary that a missionary be animated by the very self-same spirit as St. Paul, for there will be many things on a mission station, and connected with missionary work, exceedingly trying to the natural temper, especially if the servant of God be constitutionally irritable. Wherefore, he must always 'watch and pray,' that he may be preserved from his own frailties and sinfulness, and that he may be so sanctified by Divine grace, not only as to be preserved from acting contrary to love, or losing any measure of the enjoyment of love; but that every trial of faith and patience may in truth augment the love that is tried, and make it more perfect, and more abundant, to 'the praise of the glory of' the 'grace of God.' It must be a love that

can pity and stoop to the ignorant, who may seem to be perpetually learning, and yet never know anything. For who knows the result of patient perseverance? Who can tell but that, after years of dulness, some poor soul may catch a sufficient insight into the great leading truth concerning faith in Christ, to make him wise unto salvation, wise unto eternity? A ray of light may end in the effulgence of eternal day. But it is only love that makes such calculations, and that inspires the soul with unwearying diligence, under the most unpromising appearances, hoping against hope, that yet the ignorant wanderer may at last be visited with salvation,—and, if saved, love wants no higher reward. . . . In all things, and above all things, the Christian missionary must take care that he has a loving heart. . . . Let his studies be like opening the well-spring of this loving heart, and let prayer in the closet augment its gushings up within him. Let his preaching be the pouring forth of torrents of love; love will often make him eloquent, without aiming at it, and will make the word irresistible in its energy. Let his family government, his ecclesiastical rule, his social converse, his daily life, his benignant countenance, his sole purpose of promoting ‘glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men,’ and his dying testimony and prayer, all bespeak the super-excellency of his character and mission, inasmuch as it has been his only business on earth to propagate the religion of Jesus Christ, which is the only loving religion in the world, and therefore the only religion that can prepare for the service and enjoyment of the God of love, when those heavens, and this earth shall be no more.”

Letter XX., "On Aiming at Perfection," is filled with admirable instruction, setting before the missionary what it is, how it is to be exemplified, and its immense value amongst a heathen population.

The last extracts to be given are from a letter "On Personal Piety, and Communion with God :"—"No man can be a thorough missionary whose soul is not in love with what would appear to other men like religious drudgery. But the true servant of God, perceiving his danger, and always fearing lest, after he hath preached to others, he himself should be a castaway, will keep short reckonings with himself, and be specially careful that, while he enters on mission ground, the missionary spirit, which is piety towards God, does not evaporate and silently pass away. Every variation of his spiritual state will be noted with accuracy; sins and unfaithfulness will be honestly confessed, and humbly deplored; omissions, or dull and heavy performances, will be the very grief of his heart; and his main cry will still be for deeper religion, more experimental godliness, without which he cannot get on with comfort; and so the end of every day's work will be a consideration of this serious question, 'My soul, how has it been this day between thee and God?' . . . Missionary labour is blessed labour indeed, when God is with us! The smile of Jesus is worth more than a world of gain. One approving word from Him lightens every load, and gives new life and energy to the soul. It is like a pre-signification that He will at the last say to His poor unworthy servant, 'Well done! . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' Who would not go to the ends of the earth, if Jesus only be with him?

Who would not count the wilderness, with 'stones . . . for his pillows,' a very Beth-El, and 'the gate of heaven,' when the good Lord and Master is nigh, mighty and gracious to save? And what missionary ever goes a warfare at his own charge? Though he be the meanest of all the servants of his Lord, he is not forgotten of Him; for Christ feeleth towards him inexpressible tenderness and love, and hath said, 'I will never leave thee.' When Jesus Christ hath established a friendship between the soul of man and Himself, it is His will that it should never be interrupted, or broken off. If there be interruption thereof, it always begins on our part. Nor is there any readier way to bring about that interruption, and even an estrangement, than to begin to doubt and distrust Him. If Christ be a Friend at all, He is a Friend worthy of the most unlimited confidence. Faith in Him should know no bounds. 'Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him.' . . . But whosoever would enjoy heavenly intercourse with God, must be exceedingly conscientious in his obedience to the command in Matt. vi. 6. He who would be favoured with such communion must have a communing-place, whether it be in his habitation, or by the cliffs of a rock, or on a mountain-top, as time and circumstances may render most expedient and suitable. At the appointed hour that place must be regularly visited. . . . The very first thing a missionary should do, on arriving at his station, while briefly surveying what lies before him as to labour, should be to fix, in the fear of God, on times and seasons of private devotion, and never afterwards vary from them, without absolute necessity."

This chapter shall be closed with a continuation of the autobiography, from which portions have already been given. The original document, sere and yellow with half a century's existence, to which allusion is made in the subjoined extract, lies before the writer:—

“Shortly after I received my appointment, I set apart a day for fasting, self-examination, prayer, and renewing of my Covenant with God. The following is a copy of what I wrote on that day.

‘SELF-EXAMINATION.

‘I.—*As a Private Christian.*

‘1.—What is the state of my soul in general? And what my experience?

‘2.—What instances can I remember of my unfaithfulness?

‘3.—What is the prevailing desire of my heart?

‘4.—How do I attend to private duties,—prayer, searching the Scriptures, &c.?

‘5.—What are the principal hindrances to my living more devoted to God?

‘6.—What shall I do to be henceforward more holy and useful?

‘II.—*As a Methodist Preacher.*

‘1.—What were the motives by which I was first induced to preach?

‘2.—What is the motive by which I am led to go out to travel?

‘3.—Is my heart flowing with love to God, and zeal for the salvation of souls?

‘4.—Do I pray much and fervently for the societies and congregations?

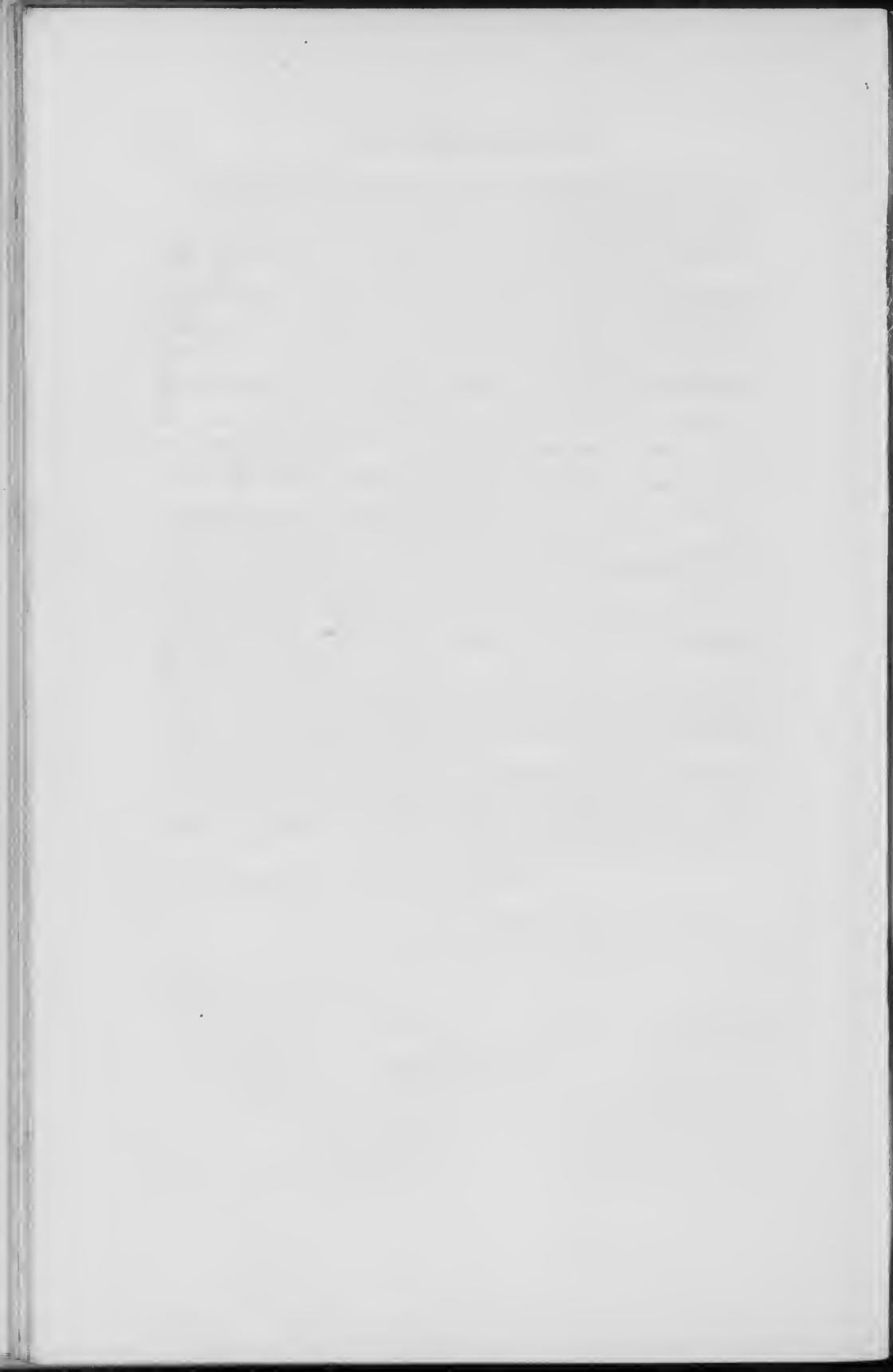
‘5.—Am I resolved to give myself afresh to God?’

Then follows this form of Covenant:—

‘O God, my Creator, my Preserver, and my Redeemer, Thou hast a just right unto me; wherefore, O God, I give myself to Thee. O God, who keepest covenant and mercy; accept, through Jesus Christ, my unworthy offering, and ever incline me to keep this my covenant. O God, I choose Thee for my Portion, and engage to serve none but Thee. O God the Father, O God the Son, O God the Holy Ghost, Three in One; O Triune Deity, I consecrate my time, my talents, my health, my strength, my soul, my body, all, all that I possess to Thee and Thy service. O God, by Thy grace, —O Christ, by Thy aid, and through the influence and assistance of the Holy Spirit, I will live and die in Thy cause, and to Thy glory. O God, fulfil Thy gracious promise, and circumcise my heart, that I may love Thee with all my heart, with all my soul, with all my mind, and with all my strength! So will I live and die for Thee. O God, help me to keep this my Covenant, and accept it through Jesus Christ, Thy Son. Amen! Amen!

‘WILLIAM JAMES SHREWSBURY.

‘*Hythe, Sep. 1st, 1815.*’”

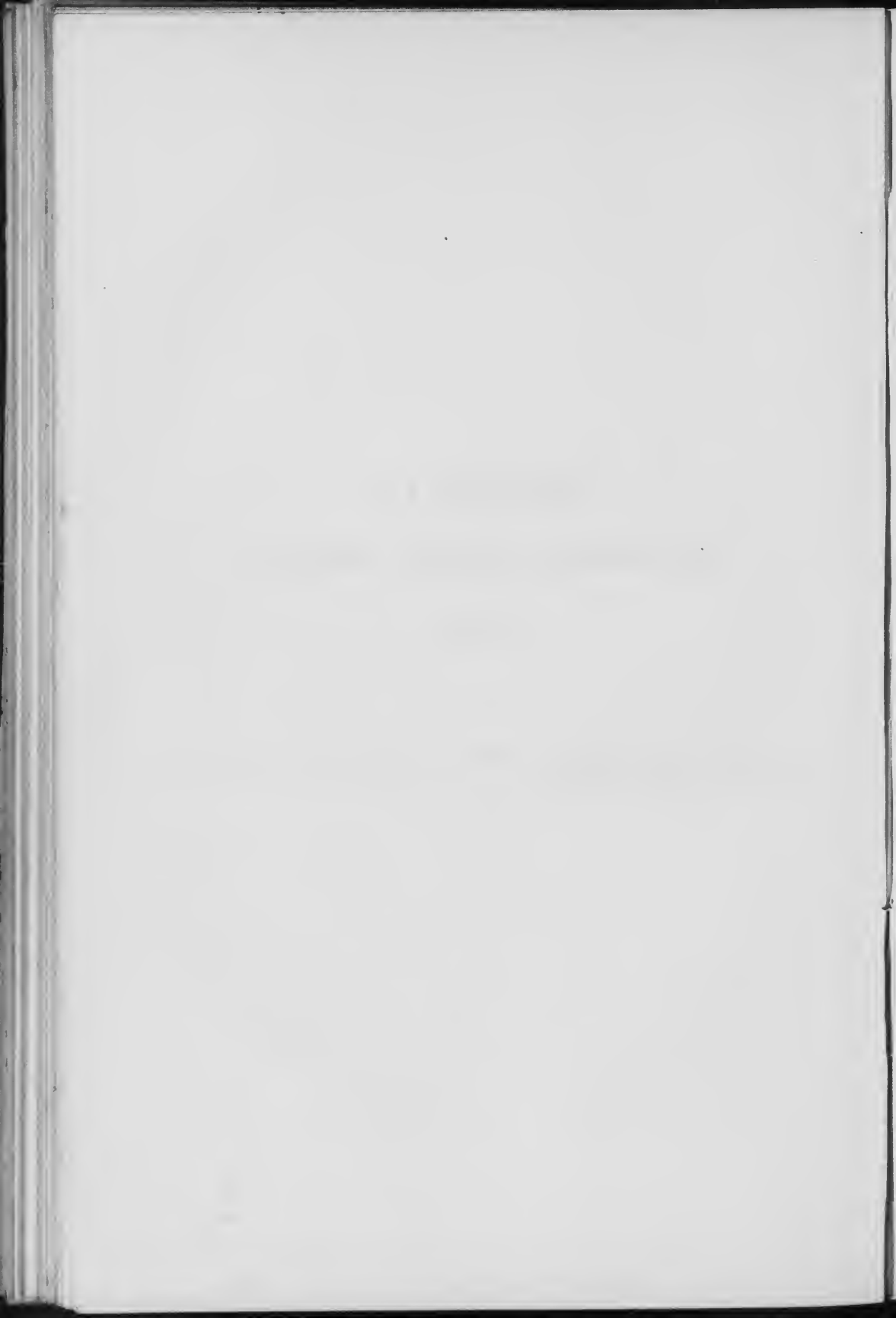


CHAPTER IV.

WEST INDIES.—TORTOLA, GRENADA.

1815-20.

“ I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel.”—1 Samuel xvii. 45.



CHAPTER IV.

WEST INDIES.—TORTOLA, GRENADA.

(1815-1820.)

“THE things which are despised, hath God chosen,” in modern, as in the ancient days, to accomplish His purposes. Critics, lay and cleric, have laughed to scorn the rustic and uncourtly youths who have offered to fight the battles of the Lord, but by these very youths has the Church been frequently redeemed, in the presence of bystanding hosts, both seen and unseen, from the charge of a monotonous and cowardly inaction. The hugest moral evils have succumbed before their calm and pure trust in the “Lord of hosts,” and in His truth. When forced to a “confidence of boasting” by “deceitful workers,” Methodism is able to point to a valiant and godly “succession” of names upon her roll of fame, as “the seal” of “apostleship.”

Much of the usefulness of the young missionary's career may be traced to the influences which have surrounded his rising manhood. The home pastor is a “savour of life unto life,” when by preaching power he stimulates the thought, and by private counsels fortifies the piety of the missionary candidate. It was well for the subject of this biography, that he had kind and judicious ministerial guardians. One of these was the

Rev. James Golding, who is described in the obituary notice of the Minutes of Conference for 1851, as "a man of ardent and cheerful piety," and as having laboured forty-one years, "with a spotless character." Replying to the painful doubts of the struggling youth, Mr. Golding said, "What is a Christian? Is it one who has a broken and contrite heart? Your (tear-) blotted letter says, 'Thou art the man.' Is a Christian one who desires to do the will of God, and whose chief grief is that he cannot do as he would? Thou art the man." In a letter, dated September 12th, 1814, the same spiritual adviser observes, "I was five years exactly in the condition you are in, and not until a few weeks before my coming out was I completely satisfied." From one or two remarks in this letter, it is evident that at that early period the young disciple had yearnings towards Africa; for Mr. Golding reminds him that in "acquiring the African language," he must first determine what part of a continent which was "one quarter of the globe," he "thought of." In another letter, his kind friend says, "If I was nearer to you, you should have my books, my head, my heart, my hand." Further on he adds, "Read much, write much, pray much, watch much, believe much, love much, and then if you do not preach much, it will be much to the purpose." Alluding to the "call" to the work of preaching, while expressing his own opinion that "some very good men have been mistaken in that particular," he says emphatically to his youthful charge, "God has called you to that especial work."

In a letter from another of his early advisers, the Rev. Jonathan Roberts, dated "August 18th, 1815,"

Mr. Shrewsbury's designation is thus announced to him:—"You have an appointment in the printed Minutes, and it appears that you are to tread in the footsteps of the Apostle Paul, whose glorious office was 'an Apostle to the Gentiles.' . . . It has seemed good to the all-wise Disposer of all events, to have you stationed for Tortola and the Virgin Islands, in the West Indies." Just before setting sail, the following letter, glowing with fatherly affection, was received from the Rev. James Mole, who had introduced him to the Methodist Society. It is dated, Cambridge, October 2nd, 1815.—"I do truly love thee: my heart rejoices in thy growing piety and usefulness, and thou hast, my dear brother, my poor, but best prayers and most ardent wishes for thy success in the Lord's blessed work, and thy fidelity to thy trust. Some missionaries have lost their piety in the West. Look well to thyself, my brother. Stand upon thy guard: keep thine own vineyard, and, O, go on to seek the sheep for whom the Shepherd died. Thy country and dearest friends, it seems, thou canst give up for the sake of Christ and precious souls. O blessed spirit of sacrifice! I congratulate and almost envy thee on the ground of thy happiness. Go, go, my dearest brother; I shall rejoice to hear from thee, and, should I be permitted, shall exult to meet thee when our warfare is over. It is late. Adieu! God bless thee." When such blessed men show such an interest in the out-going evangelist, and so earnestly "commend" him "to God," he has an additional cause to "thank God, and take courage."

From Bristol, under date of 16th October, 1815, the Rev. Joseph Taylor, who had watched Mr. Shrewsbury's

career with great interest, from the time of their acquaintance in Canterbury, wrote him a letter of advice, as to the books he should read, and other matters. Towards the close of his letter, he says, "Let your own mind be independent of any man, but learn from all, and improve on the conduct of each. Be guarded at first in speaking your whole mind in the West Indies. Answer no man a question that he has no right, as a man, to ask."

Fortified with these advices, and with loving words, and suitable instructions from the Rev. Messrs. Buckley and Thomas Wood, the joint secretaries of the "Methodist Missions," he "took ship." The leave-taking at home had occurred some little time before. Of that scene he spoke when, exhausted with nearly half a century of labour and suffering, he sat, in devout old age, at the fireside of one of his sons. His mother gave him up with many tears, but bravely. His youngest brother, Samuel, overwhelmed with sorrow a heart more than ordinarily tender, as the innocent child asked, "When will you come back, Willum?" The little flock of his brothers and sisters, with whom he had begun his mission work, pressed around and upon him, who had so often taught them the way of the Lord, and had sung and prayed with them. His father accompanied him to Sandwich on the coach, and, by way of cheating his own heart with the idea that this was only an ordinary separation, said, "Good morning," and waved his hand to the youth, whose industry had furnished him "with corn, and bread, and meat." The same industry was directed on ship-board to the cultivation of his powers, and the amassing of the means of

blessing the heathen, the "inheritance" of Him who was loved more than even "father or mother." English grammar came in for a large share of attention, and never had Murray a more conscientious devotee.

The record of the voyage in the autobiography, already quoted, is very brief. It follows the form of covenant, with which the last chapter concludes:—"Soon after this renewal of my covenant with God, I was called up to London, where I remained for a few weeks, when I set sail for the West Indies, with Messrs. Beacock and Hillier. Our passage was pleasant. I enjoyed many profitable seasons, especially in conversation with Br. ———. We landed in Antigua, December 4th (1815), and were kindly received by Messrs. Morgan, Coultas, and Lewis." In a letter addressed to the Rev. Thomas Wood, and dated, Antigua, January 10th, 1816, an account is given of the voyage. It is therein stated that Divine worship was conducted on the ship once on each Sunday, in turn, by the three missionaries, and that, at half-past nine each evening, family prayer was held, which "in general, the captain and all the passengers attended." As some of the sailors could not read, the missionaries taught such as were "desirous to learn," and embraced the "opportunity of speaking to them on the things of God, to which they paid great attention." Swearing ceased, and the "scholars" essayed the reading of the Bibles given to them. Mr. Shrewsbury warmly commends the captain for his kindness, and after stating how "affecting" it was to hear the "poor blacks" of Antigua "speak at the love-feasts," closes the letter by giving the impression made on his mind by a visit paid to some "long-afflicted" ones among the

negroes,—“Such patience and resignation I never witnessed before.”

In 1736, Wesley pathetically asked concerning the negroes, “When shall the Sun of Righteousness arise on these outcasts of men with healing in His wings?” Twenty years later, Wesley was preaching on Kennington Common. The Speaker of the Antigua House of Assembly, Nathaniel Gilbert, Esq., was among his hearers, and was convinced of sin. In his Journal, January 17th, 1758, Wesley writes, “I preached in Mr. Gilbert’s house. Two negro servants of his, and a mulatto appeared to be much awakened. Shall not His saving health be made known to all nations?” On the 29th of November, of the same year, he “baptised two negroes belonging to Mr. Gilbert.” Mr. Gilbert carried Methodism with him, on his return to Antigua, and by the time of his death, there were two hundred members enrolled in the island. Narrowness should feel rebuked before the thought that a slave-holder was employed by God to introduce “Christianity in earnest” into Antigua. By the time the subject of this memoir arrived in Antigua, “the little one” had “become a thousand.” The register of numbers returns, “whites, 21 : blacks and coloured, 3156.”

From Antigua, Mr. Shrewsbury sailed to Tortola on his birth-day, February 16th, 1816.* Here he laboured two years, first with Messrs. Johnstone and Westerman,

* In the Minutes of Conference for 1816, Mr. Shrewsbury stands for St. Eustatius, and in the report of his speech at the Annual Meeting of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, in 1825, he is made to say, that he laboured in St. Eustatius and St. Martin’s. Breakfasting with the Rev. Richard Watson some time afterwards, Mr. Shrewsbury called his attention to the mistake, and asked what blunderer had drawn up the report. The great theological chieftain modestly replied, “I did !”

and then with Messrs. Raby and Hillier. "Both years," he records, "I saw much of the goodness of God, and was made, in some measure, useful." A month after his arrival in Tortola, he sent a letter to the Rev. William Appleton, then stationed at Deal, dated from Road Town, from which extracts are subjoined:—

"I have been well, in general, ever since I left England; I sometimes feel a considerable degree of weakness in the heat of the day, and when I write my hand shakes exceedingly; otherwise, I am as well as though I were in my native land. The West Indies, in my opinion, is not so unhealthy as is generally supposed, for there are many instances of individuals living to a very advanced age. Intemperance is the cause of numberless diseases in this, as well as other places, while softness and effeminacy injure the constitution of others. The best way for a missionary to preserve his health is, to sleep on a hard bed, rise early, take an easy walk in the morning, just at sun-rise, and a little after five in the evening, and live principally upon rice and arrowroot, which are very plentiful here. The state of religion in the West Indies is, in general, prosperous. In several islands there has been a considerable increase of numbers, and I believe I may add, of experimental religion, without which an increase in number is not worth mentioning. . . . Our enemies themselves can but acknowledge the good that has been done by the instrumentality of the Methodist missionaries."

After noticing the earnestness of the negroes at the various religious ordinances,—as, for instance, at the Covenant Service, where, when asked to hold up a hand

if they were resolved to stand to the engagement between God and the people, they threw up both hands, lifted their eyes to heaven, and cried, "O Jesus, help!"—he proceeds,—“Their feelings are very quick, and soon wrought upon, but their judgments are very shallow. A preacher wants much wisdom and patience, that he may bear with their weakness, and lead them, as they can bear, in the way to endless life. My circuit is, without exception, the most laborious in the West Indies. It is also very healthy. The preachers are much respected on this island, but I doubt whether it does us any good; rather it is a snare; for who is proof against the smiles and approbation of men of dignity and honour? None but those who keep out of their company, unless there is a probability of doing them good. The clergyman who has lately arrived here, is a truly pious man, and very friendly with us. My superintendent (Mr. Johnstone) is a judicious, kind, and pious man, remarkable for his disinterestedness, of which I have seen several instances. I believe he values the good of the Methodist Connexion more than his own life. Mr. Westerman is a studious, thoughtful man, and an agreeable fellow-labourer. We labour together in unity, though discouraged at the small prospect of success. Our societies are not so much alive to God, and their own interests, as they were two or three years ago, and within the last year there have not been wanting those who have professed to know God, while in works they have denied Him. However, we guard against always harping on one string, and crying, ‘Ye are fallen, ye are fallen,’ believing it to be best to encourage them, from the good that is yet remaining, to look for more.

But when a circuit is in this state, must there not be something wanting in the preachers? I often consider this question with regard to myself, and generally answer the question by praying that I may be more devoted to God. O, what faith, what humility, what love, what zeal, ought a preacher of the Gospel to have! I see, I feel it: my soul bows before the Lord, beneath a sense of my numerous defects and wants. Yet I feel my heart, in some measure, engaged in His work, and find my soul blest therein. I endeavour to live by rule, without which no one can live to any considerable advantage, and once in the day do I bring the dear people in Dover circuit before the Lord."

Some idea may be formed of what the word "laborious" means, in this letter, when it is stated that long rides, sometimes extending to fifty-six miles, had to be taken; that great danger was encountered in crossing rivers, and that occasionally the horse would plunge of a sudden into a swamp, from which both rider and ridden were extricated with the utmost difficulty. These journeys were not seldom prolonged by having to ride out some distance sea-ward to secure firm sand. When a distant spot had been reached, and religious services had been held, the jaded missionary's resting-place for the night was a square pew in the chapel, whence, in the stillness of the night, he could hear his horse munching the guinea-grass, or impatiently tugging at the fastening which secured it to an outside corner of the little sanctuary. If these long rides wearied the body, they were utilized for the culture of the mind. The whole of the Hebrew grammar was committed to memory as the missionary rode leisurely along. An

old man, now living in Trinidad, but formerly a servant lad in the mission-yard at Tortola, remembers seeing the young missionary with a book in his hand, walking and leading his horse, that he might read the more leisurely. With him, the improvement of the mind was only second in importance to the improvement of the heart. One of his early mentors, writing to him from Dover, under date of June 25th, 1816, says, "I perceive your studies are rather prolix. Is it a good plan, think you, to have so great a variety?" Good Mr. Roberts, like a thorough Methodist preacher, adds, "Whatever you do, do not omit studying the Minutes. What would a lawyer be thought of if he studied many sciences, but omitted the study of the law? What would a doctor be thought of, if he omitted the study of physic? And a Methodist preacher, if he omit the study of those laws which regulate the body he belongs to, deprives himself of much pleasure, and the church of much benefit." The desire for knowledge was so strong in the Tortola missionary, that he resolved at one time to limit his hours of sleep to two, and, lest he should exceed the allotted hours, he lay down upon the floor instead of the bed. This resolution he practised rigidly for a fortnight, until, finding that his strength was ebbing fast, he recovered himself before it was too late, and learnt, once for all, with Matthew Henry, that "overdoing is undoing." His indiscretion, in the matter of study, is the more to be wondered at, because, while unsparing of his physical energy in his work, he was uniformly cautious and deliberate, eschewing violence, either in preaching, or in exercise, so as to avoid profuse perspiration. It was a

rule with him never to hurry, as it was his belief, a belief repeated again and again in old age, that hurry was often death to Europeans in a tropical climate, and that, in such a climate, vociferous and vehement preaching was almost suicidal. To his extreme caution in these matters, added to unvarying abstemiousness, he attributed it that, though he had the yellow-fever at Tortola, and elsewhere, he never suffered from headache in all his attacks of fever.

The policy of encouraging a return to God, rather than of perpetually reproaching for wandering from Him, was not without good result. In rather more than a year after the date of the letter to Mr. Appleton, Messrs. Raby, Shrewsbury, and Hillier are able to report of the members of their church, "We hope we can say, without the least exaggeration, that most are walking worthy of that venerable name by which they are called, and exemplify the truth of that holy religion which they profess." In October, 1817, these three happy colleagues record a touching incident in their joint letter:—"Some time ago, several slave-ships, destined to foreign ports, fell into the hands of British cruisers, and were ordered for this island. Considerable numbers of those, torn by the hand of violence from their native country, have, since their arrival, been instructed in the principles of Christianity, baptized, are members of society, and, we hope we are not too sanguine when we say, are in possession of that grace which renders them worthy of confidence, and useful members of the community." An old negress, who had preserved her native language, during thirty years of residence in the colony, was the means of their re-

ligious instruction, and of leading twenty of their number to join the church. Three months later, they write of "huge multitudes" assembling at the chapel, and that the "societies in Tortola and the Virgin Islands are much more stable than they were a few years ago," owing, in part, to the "beneficial effects of discipline." They "remind the committee that, with the blessing of God, and the exertions of an affectionate people, they have been enabled to meet all their expenses without drawing upon the mission fund." In February, 1818, a month after the last-named letter was written, Mr. Shrewsbury, in company with his colleagues, proceeded to the district meeting, which was held this year at Antigua. On their way they called at the island of St. Christopher, and took the chairman, the Rev. William Gilgrass, on board. From his high and enthusiastic regard for old Methodism and all its belongings, my father figured, at this time, in the most antiquated style of coat and nether integuments, and was thereupon challenged by the newly-imported chairman, with that good-natured pleasantry, which is never unacceptable among Methodist preachers. The worthy dignitary desired to know whether he was saluting an antediluvian! After spending a happy season with his brethren at Antigua, Mr. Shrewsbury sailed for Grenada, to which island he was now appointed.

During the passage to Grenada, the captain was induced to lie to at Dominica, in order that Mr. Shrewsbury might go ashore and visit the grave of the Rev. Jeremiah Boothby, who, though he was suddenly cut down by fever, after only three years of labour, yet died blessing God that he had ever "set his foot in Domini-

ca.” Referring to this case within a fortnight of his own death, my father remarked that Mr. Boothby was “just the build of man to succumb to fever,” and queried whether men of such a physical type should be sent to such a climate. Grenada was reached on the 8th of March, 1818. A malignant fever had ravaged the island the year before, and carried off, among its numerous victims, the Rev. William Lill. This sad event, and the fear that they should be left another year without a pastor, caused the newly-arrived minister to receive a more than usually cordial welcome. Mr. Shrewsbury opened his commission from the words of the Prophet Isaiah:—“Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.” In the evening the chapel was crowded to excess, and many stood without in the open air. The next day found him by the bedside of the mate of a merchant ship, who was “lying dangerously ill of a fever.” The mate recovered, and retained the salvation God had given to him during his affliction. The following are extracts from the missionary’s journal, at this period:—

“*April 14.*—Waited this morning on the Honourable John Ross, and obtained permission to preach on his estate the next Monday evening.

“*April 19.*—Began my labours in the country at Clark’s Court estate, from those encouraging words of the Apostle, ‘Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.’ I received great kindness both from Mr. and Mrs. Ross, who expressed a great desire that the slaves should be instructed, and a hope that our endeavours would be crowned with success.

“*May 1.*—This day I have been much blessed, par-

ticularly in visiting the people from house to house. I wish never to gossip; never to stay at any one place longer than is strictly necessary; and only to speak to the edification of all. O for more of the love of Jesus, that I may spread abroad in every place the savour of His name!

“*May 4.*—Preached to-night in the country to a very serious and attentive audience, from Luke xiii. 5. I see the necessity of blending the meekness of wisdom with the fervour of zeal in the ministerial character; that we may neither soften the truths of God, either to obtain or retain the esteem of man; nor yet, on the other hand, by an improper harshness, prevent them from producing their desired effect. But is it possible to preach the gospel faithfully without giving offence?

“*May 24.*—After preaching this morning I met the society; and, as the erection of a new and larger chapel has long occupied my attention, I laid before them a plan to accomplish it.

“*June 2.*—Preached my first sermon on Caliving estate, from Acts iv. 33, to a congregation of about two hundred and fifty souls, who came dressed remarkably neat and clean, and listened with deep attention to the truths delivered. My audience presented a very pleasing appearance: they sat on benches placed on a grass-plat, in the open air, and shaded by large trees; while I stood in the open area, and proclaimed the word of life. The stillness of the evening, the light of the moon peeping through the branches, the harmony of their voices in singing the praises of God, and the deep silence that prevailed during the preaching of the word, greatly tended to raise in every breast the spirit of de-

votion; and excited much interest amongst several white gentlemen who were present on the occasion. O that they may not only be pleased, but profited!

June 25.—Preached this evening on Mount Gay estate, under very discouraging circumstances. In the first place, I had but few to hear me, and those few came with great reluctance. These poor creatures are extremely ignorant, and seem to have no desire for anything besides a few lighted candles and wooden gods. In the next place, one half of my congregation was asleep nearly the whole time; and one actually laid himself on the floor to take his nap comfortably; so little idea have they of the nature of that worship which God requires. My soul often sinks under discouragements: however, I must still labour on, while there is only a bare possibility of doing good.”

The work of God spread so greatly, that the arrival of the Rev. W. D. Goy, as an additional minister, on the 16th July, was peculiarly grateful to Mr. Shrewsbury, who wrote concerning his new colleague; “His heart appears to be set on the great work of saving souls from death, and he designs to be, in the fullest sense of the word, a labourer in our Lord’s vineyard. It shall be my care not to damp the fervour of his zeal, but to restrain him from too great exertions, till he has been some little time used to this climate.” The two missionaries were of one heart and mind, and continued so, not only during their fellowship of work in Grenada, but to the end of their lives, and “in their death they were not” long “divided.”* All who were colleagues

* In a letter from the Rev. W. D. Goy, after the death of his Grenada superintendent, he touchingly observes, that it increases his joy in

of Mr. Shrewsbury, whether abroad or at home, became attached and earnest friends. Abundant proof of this assertion is in the possession of the writer. The associated pastors worked together in joyous harmony. "We boarded together," says Mr. Goy, in a letter to the biographer, dated March 20, 1866, "slept in the same room, studied in adjoining rooms, helped one another in everything, visited the prison, and pastored together, were often in counsel, and often in prayer. Yes, they were happy days."

In a joint letter from Messrs. Shrewsbury and Goy, dated October 7, 1818, the result of their diligence in pastoral visitation appears:—"From the distinct and intimate knowledge that we have of every member, it may be affirmed with truth, they 'are growing in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.'" One evidence of this growth was seen in their earnest attendance upon the ordinances of the gospel. "If our members, generally speaking, are remarkable for anything that may be considered as worthy of imitation, it is for their love to the means of grace. Our early meetings every morning are exceedingly well attended: all seem desirous of getting a blessing in the sanctuary, before they engage in the worldly business of the day. There are very few of them who lounge in bed till seven or eight o'clock in the morning. It is also the custom of several of them to meet in class two or even three times in the week: that is, they sit in the chapel while other classes are meeting, besides those to which they belong, that they may have some

looking forward to heaven, to think he shall meet his dear friend there. In less than a month after, they met in a better world.

advice, though not given directly to them." Care was exercised not to overlay the life of the church with a slumbering mass of ignorance and uselessness, for these wise missionaries knew that numbers were not unimpeachable evidence of progress. "Considering the extreme ignorance of the poor slaves in this colony, we should have hardly thought it advisable, had any of them desired it, to have admitted them immediately into society. The most serious of them, who were desirous of saving their souls, and of being farther instructed in the principles of the Christian religion, we have formed into classes of *catechumens*, and each time we visit the estates, after preaching, we instruct them by the means of a short and easy catechism, suited to their capacities." The catechism of which mention is made was written by Mr. Shrewsbury, and a copy of it was forwarded to the Rev. Joseph Taylor, then missionary secretary. The author of this catechism had an impression that his production started the idea of the preparation of "The Catechism of the Wesleyan Methodists," which the Conference of 1820 ordered Messrs. Benson and Watson to prepare.

The mission in Grenada was fostered by persons of considerable social position. One of this number, the Honourable Judge Ottley, met in "weekly band" with the missionaries. Of this weekly meeting Mr. Goy informed the writer that it was "as simple, and searching, and open, and spiritual as such an institution was ever designed to be, or well could be." In a letter to Mr. Shrewsbury, written nearly twenty years afterwards, the judge, then Sir Richard Ottley, spoke gratefully of his participation in the "blessings of Christian

intercourse and love." He "died in the faith," after retirement from public life, at Exeter. The Honourable John Ross, proprietor of a large plantation, and attorney and agent for several others, and a member of council, was another earnest friend of the mission. It was in answer to his request for an additional missionary, accompanied by a handsome promise of support, that Mr. Goy, who had shortly before returned to London, after being shipwrecked on the coast of France, was sent to Grenada. "In Mr. Ross," says Mr. Goy, "we found an intelligent and educated gentleman. He had an excellent library, and was a great reader of first-class works. Mrs. Ross was an accomplished lady, and very affable. They were Scotch Presbyterians." Mrs. Ross daily catechised all the negro children belonging to her husband's estate; and Mr. Ross, far in advance of his own time, and of some men in these days, wrote: "I am quite convinced (indeed it is scarcely possible it should be otherwise) that the more the slaves are instructed in religious truths, the better they will and do behave. I have full experience of this in several of the slaves on my own estate, who have been admitted into the Methodist society; and instances of those on other estates, who have become most exemplary in attending to their duties who were formerly very indifferent characters." By many other persons in a similar rank of life to those named, Mr. Shrewsbury and his colleague were held in great esteem.

The spiritual state of the subject of this Biography at this time, may be judged by the subjoined extracts from his diary.

"Jan. 2, 1819.—My soul has been greatly humbled

and quickened this day while reviewing my past life, and giving my heart afresh to God. In self-examination I enquired (1) into the genuineness of my conversion, comparing my experience when first set at liberty with Romans v. 1, 2. (2) My present state: am I justified now? (3) My general experience, from the time of my finding peace with God unto the present hour. Here I had to mourn over my past unfaithfulness, and was especially convinced of *unbelief*, of *lukewarmness*, and of *unwatchfulness*. . . . I next enquired what ground I had for thinking myself called to the ministry. I thought (1) I have received at least one talent: God hath given me some ability for the work. But then, ought every one to preach that is capable of it? I cannot say: I should not have continued it, had I no other reason but that. But (2) I have often felt a strong and clear conviction that it was my duty. (3) This has been strongest when my soul was most alive to God. (4) It has been attended with an ardent desire for the salvation of souls. (5) My happiest and best seasons have been when engaged in the work of God. (6) I have seen some fruit. (7) In several instances, God has remarkably answered my prayers, and seemed providentially to point out my way before me. (8) But I am deficient in piety; my religion is far too superficial. Is not this an objection? When I review my whole life, I generally come to this conclusion, that if I had been faithful to God's grace, He would have made me eminently useful; but, alas! unbelief of heart and timidity of soul are the most conspicuous traits in my character. My mind so dwells on my unprofitableness that I often lose my comfort when I might go on

my way rejoicing. And, when in that state, I not unfrequently condemn myself when afterwards I see I have no cause for condemnation. I have often seriously thought of giving up my itinerancy, and even now know not but I shall do so when I return to England. Ah! Lord, help Thy poor worm, and in his great weakness show forth Thy saving power! I have also, this day, given myself to God, all my bodily powers, and all the powers of my soul.

"*Jan. 10.*—For some days past I have been much occupied in the temporal affairs of the society, which has prevented me from my studies, and more religious duties. But I think I have not lost ground in my soul. Last night I found great consolation in prayer, and this day was assisted in my work. I felt in my own soul a sense of the Divine favour, a consciousness of being in the place and work to which Providence had called me, and a great desire to spend and be spent in saving immortal souls. Yet do I deeply feel my want of more of the life of God. I want the abiding witness of the Spirit, and the entire sanctification of my nature. My God! supply all my need, according to Thy riches in glory by Christ Jesus. Amen!

"*February 27.*—Since I last wrote, I have been away nearly a month at our district meeting. The general experience of my soul I cannot record without feeling great sorrow of mind, for I do not know when I have been so much under the influence of levity. Generally at home I am grave and serious, but since I have been with my brethren, I have been like a *bow unstrung*,—I have been trifling to an extreme. It is true I felt sensible of it, but a kind of humorous vein

seemed almost immediately after to possess me, which I was not sufficiently careful to restrain within due bounds. Since my return home, it has occasioned me a considerable degree of pain, for I believe I am not the only sufferer ; if I have not been immediately injurious to my brethren, I have by no means added to their piety, or animated their holy zeal. May God pardon and save me, for Jesus' sake ! Amen !

“February 28, Sunday.—I felt condemned for self-indulgence this morning. I lost an hour in bed ; hence followed coldness in private prayer, and but little life in meeting my class at seven o'clock. In the morning service I was blessed, especially at the sacrament, which was an unusually solemn and impressive time to all. This evening I preached from Mark xvi. 15, 16, with neither life nor liberty. I felt a cold heart, and a dull tongue. O God ! what a preacher !—that said so little to purpose, and that little so unfeelingly on such an important subject ! Ah ! send me down the Holy Ghost, without whose constant influence I am *nothing*.

“March 1st.—This morning my mind was rather dull and heavy when I arose, but while considering at the breakfast table how I might most effectually promote the welfare of the society, my soul was quickened, and greatly raised towards God.

“June 17.—Some weeks have elapsed since I last wrote my experience, during which time I have received many blessings, both in my private studies, and in my public ministry ; but as I have been often unfaithful, I seem to be much as I was when I last wrote, without having made any considerable improvement in either knowledge or grace. I feel an unaccountable

backwardness to keeping a regular diary. How is this? Is it not owing to this cause, a fear of seeing my numerous unfaithfulnesses recorded? I feel it to be so. Could I write better things of myself, I think I should do it more cheerfully. Yet I never attend to it without reaping great advantage.

*“June 18, Friday.—*A day of great and severe exercises of mind. Satan thrust hard at me, and my mind was perpetually harassed with his wicked suggestions. Even in prayer I found no relief, for as often as I went to a throne of grace I found that it was while on my knees before God that my temptations were most strong. Blessed be God! The enemy could not prevail. In the evening, when I went to meet the classes, while singing, “Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!” my mind was refreshed and comforted.

*“June 19.—*A calm has succeeded the storm of yesterday; my soul has been blest both in my studies and at other duties. Nevertheless, I found my mind very wandering at the prayer meeting this evening.

*“June 24.—*This morning I felt no life in prayer, no freedom of access to the Divine throne. My preparations for the pulpit led me to study Isaiah lvii. 15, 16, which was made a blessing to me, and a means both of humbling and quickening my soul. I find the thoughts and concerns of the new chapel, which devolve now entirely upon me, steal upon my mind, even in my most important duties, and draw away my attention from them, and sometimes my affections from God. Is not this for want of more grace? Shallow religion and many cares never do together.

*“November 4. Friday.—*I take up my pen this morn-

ing to bear record against myself; for I do feel my heart most awfully inclined to depart from the living God!!! What a strange being I am! Though God is so good to me, and I feel such a blessedness in serving Him, yet, when I am assailed by my easily besetting sin, what a warfare does it occasion in my soul, and sometimes I am shamefully worsted in the conflict. This has been the case to-day. My heart is grieved within me.

"1820. Sunday, January 2, 9-30, p.m.—This solemn and holy day I have once more entered into covenant with God; and though I did not feel the Lord to be very near, yet I think I never felt a more steady and fixed resolution of devoting myself to God. Especially I resolved (1) to flee the sins which most easily beset me; (2) to be more faithful in the duty of self-examination; (3) to be more diligent in my studies, and in redeeming my time in general; and (4) to use more zeal in my endeavours to save my household. I deeply, exceedingly deeply feel my great weakness, but I make these resolutions in humble dependence on the aid of Divine grace. O that each day of this year I may be more like unto God! Amen and amen.

"January 3.—This day I have felt great solemnity on my mind, and in general great watchfulness of spirit. I have watched over every word, and thought, and action. I take this year for my daily motto those words of St. Paul which were rendered so useful to me about the time of my conversion, 'Looking unto Jesus.'

"January 4.—A severe cold has rendered me very dull and inactive to-day: the mortal body has pressed

upon the immortal spirit; but still I have preserved, in a great degree, the spirit of watchfulness.

“*January 8.*—Since I last wrote my experience, I have felt nearly the same, having still my soul depressed by bodily weakness and indisposition. I have endeavoured much this week to attend to the duty of self-examination; but at the season set apart for that purpose, I have found an unusual proneness to wander, so that a thousand different ideas have arisen in my mind. I have attributed this chiefly to my great adversary, who well knows the advantages I am likely to gain by closely attending unto it.

“*January 10.*—A day of great peace of mind, and of joy in the Holy Ghost, and of love unfeigned, especially of love to all the brethren. In visiting our poor and afflicted members, these lines were truly the language of my heart;—

‘O might my lot be cast with these;
The least of Jesu’s witnesses:
O that my Lord would count me meet
To wash His dear disciples’ feet!’

The more I look to Jesus the more humble and happy I am.

“*January 22.*—The last fortnight my soul has been much alive to God; my peace and joy have been uninterrupted, and in all my duties I have enjoyed the presence of God, and freedom of access to His throne.

“*Sunday, January 30.*—Preached this morning from Heb. xii. 2, and in the evening from Hosea xi. 8, but felt very little liberty or power. I attribute it chiefly to my slothfulness in the morning: instead of rising at five, I indulged myself in sleep until six, and when

I arose could not find comfort and enjoyment in secret prayer. Lord! save me from this sluggishness to which I am so prone, and help me to 'deny myself.'"

Mr. Shrewsbury and his beloved colleague Mr. Goy were strengthened and encouraged by the letters they received from the Rev. Joseph Taylor, the resident secretary of the missions. In his correspondence officialty was confined within the narrowest limits, while a fellowship of joy and sorrow were conspicuous in every sentence. The distant labourers, cheered by the "affectionate regard" manifested for their "best interests," are determined to reward this paternal care by increasing fidelity in the discharge of their duties. "Considering," say they, "the numerous temptations we have been exposed to on this mission, we feel unfeignedly grateful to God that He has so graciously preserved us. No man can lay anything to our charge; all know how holily and unblamably we have had our conversation amongst them. We desire that the grace of God may be magnified in us." As to their preaching, they observe, "If we have a favourite theme it is the great doctrine of the atonement. We preach Christ crucified." Such holy living and evangelical preaching bore fruit in the church and congregation. "From an intimate acquaintance with our society, we can affirm with confidence, that the greater part are truly devoted to God, and ornaments to their Christian profession; and that, without an exception, they are free from immorality of conduct. . . . Some who have been accustomed to attend the chapel for ten, fifteen, and even twenty years, have been deeply awakened; and after resisting the Holy Ghost for so many years, have

been brought to the footstool of mercy, and are now earnestly enquiring,—‘What must I do to be saved?’”

In one of the preceding extracts from the diary, reference is made to a new chapel. So early as June, 1818, it was determined to prepare for a more commodious place of worship at the town of St. George’s, as the existing chapel, despite its dilapidation, was overcrowded. Mr. Shrewsbury proposed that the Society should enter into a weekly subscription for this purpose. “Every member agreed to cast in his mite.” By this means, at the end of December, 1819, more than £300 were contributed by these poor people, most of them slaves. An address was now drawn up, and the missionaries waited first upon the Governor, Major-General P. Riall. In a few days his Excellency sent a subscription of £66 currency (rather more than £30 sterling), accompanied with a kind note from Lieut.-Col. Wilson, his private secretary, the closing sentence of which was:—“I am likewise desired to convey to you his Excellency’s approbation of your general conduct during the time you have resided in this Government, and particularly of the mild and temperate manner which has marked the exercise of your religious duties.” The secretary enclosed a handsome subscription on his own account. Encouraged by this success, the inseparable missionaries begged from door to door throughout the town of St. George’s, and then rode together from plantation to plantation throughout the island. Every where they were hospitably entertained by the planters. In this way nearly £1,000 were collected. Returning from this tour, they gathered £150 through the efforts of the leaders. An

extra collection throughout the Society gave £65. "Last of all," say the missionaries, "we emptied our own purses into the general treasury, with a glad heart and free." The chapel, commenced under these auspices, was opened in May, 1820, by which time Mr. Shrewsbury was settled in a new sphere of labour. A member of the Council, writing from Grenada, bears testimony, as we have already seen, to the beneficial effects of the labours of the missionaries. Nor need we wonder at those effects, as we follow the artless records of the heart-life of one of them. When self is honestly renounced, and Christ is magnified, hell is amazed and confounded, and the power of God is made manifest; while, on the other hand, a proud and self-lauding performance of even what is right and good, leads to the ruin of the man, and his cause. "God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble." So long as the servant of the Lord walks humbly with Him, his lowliness is a hidden but unfailing source of courage and joy. However rebuked by man, or taunted by his adversary, the devil, he goes "on his way rejoicing," not because of the patronage of good men, but because of the testimony of his conscience, which in its approval seems to him a presage of the commendation which his Saviour will bestow from the throne of final judgment. Of the new chapel, the councillor already referred to says, "It is very well attended;" and adds, "there is now a much more general disposition to receive the missionaries with favour than formerly; and it cannot be otherwise, when the situation is filled by such men as we have had for some years past in this island." "In Grenada," wrote the late

Rev. W. D. Goy, in a letter dated March 20th, 1866, "your father was much respected. . . . He could be witty and merry, but he was a man of one object. He might relax, but his mind and energies were absorbed in the one idea of advancing the interests of his mission." Mr. Goy remarks further, that the estimation in which his friend was held in Grenada "strikingly contrasts with the calumnies and abuse so shamefully heaped upon him by the *white gentlemen* of Barbados, three years afterwards." This testimony is sustained by the following from the Rev. James Cheeswright, Mr. Shrewsbury's successor in Grenada. In Grenada, "I heard often of the high estimation in which he was held by the pious of our societies, and by gentlemen high in civil offices,—some of whom were led to liberally aid the missions in consequence of their esteem for him." Bearing such evidence in mind, let us pass to the next chapter of this biography.

CHAPTER V.

WEST INDIES.—BARBADOS.

1820-22.

“Personal piety in Ministers is at all times the most eminently essential qualification ; but it is called for in its highest measures when they are placed among a disobedient and gainsaying people. What earnestness of prayer for Divine influence ! What pleading with God for souls ! What dependence upon God in study, that those views of truth may be suggested which shall most powerfully influence the hearers !”—*Rev. R. Watson, to Mr. Shrewsbury, January, 1822.*



CHAPTER V.



BARBADOS.—1820-22.

BARBADOES, or, as it is now more usually written, Barbados, the most eastward of the Caribbean Islands, is supposed to have been first discovered by the Portuguese in their voyages to Brazil. To them the island owes its name, which signifies the "two beards," in allusion to the beautiful, rich, dark green double-bearded fig-trees which are peculiar to this island, and which, though now rarely met with, were once very abundant. The Portuguese found it uninhabited, and did not attempt its occupation. In 1605, a band of Englishmen landed from the "Olive Blossom," erected a cross, and took possession of Barbados in the name of King James. His name was cut on the bark of a tree as "James K. of E. and this island," but found, in subsequent years, a more permanent record in "Jamestown." Noble Earls haggled for the possession of the island, each founding his claim upon a royal patent. The Earl of Carlisle, who had obtained a grant of all the Caribbean Islands from Charles I., induced the Earl of Marlborough, to whom James had granted Barbados in particular, to yield his claim for a money payment. Carlisle Bay, which washes the shores of Bridgeton, derived its name from the illustrious patentee. During the civil wars many Royalists fled to Barbados, which

did not yield to the Commonwealth until 1651. By the time of the Restoration the islanders began to protest stoutly against being fleeced by rival nobles and merchants, and it was decided by the Privy Council at Whitehall that a tax of four and a-half per cent. should be levied on all exports, and that from this sum the rival claims should be met. This odious levy continued to be made until the year 1838, when it was abolished.

Barbados is twenty-one miles long, and its greatest breadth is fourteen and a-half miles. In 1851, the population was 135,939;—the white, coloured, and black races numbered respectively, 13,824, 32,059, and 90,056. Sugar, aloes, and, to a small extent, arrow-root, and cotton are the chief products of the island. Its government consists of a governor appointed by the crown, twelve members of council, recommended by the governor, and holding office during the royal pleasure, and twenty-four members of the House of Assembly, who are elected by the people.

Methodism was introduced to Barbados by Dr. Coke in 1788, and in 1789 the first Methodist chapel was opened. A violent persecution assailed these earliest efforts to evangelize, and Mr. Pearce the missionary, whom Dr. Coke had left behind him, was compelled, for a time, to suspend the evening services. In 1819, through the indefatigable exertions of the Rev. Moses Rayner, a new chapel, with a dwelling-house above it, was built in lieu of the old one, which was greatly dilapidated, at a cost of £987. Of that amount £770 were raised in the island. At this time the members of society numbered forty.

Judging from the publications of that day, there seems to have been a deep-seated conviction throughout the West India Islands that slavery would retire before an earnest Christianity. Hence some of those who "by this craft" had their "wealth," so called, stirred up prejudice from time to time against Methodism. To lay objections, pamphlets were written to show that there was no "danger" in giving Christianity to "our negroes," but that it would both lighten the burden of bondage, and attach the slave to his master. Christianity, it was urged, did not meddle with the civil affairs of life. The planter might, therefore, in comfort and safety allow his hands to be taught that God loved them, and that they should love their neighbours, including the overseers, as themselves. Some planters were noble enough to wish their slaves to be Bible-taught at all hazards, and encouraged and invited missionary enterprise. Those who shrank from such enterprise paid unwittingly a tribute to Christianity, as "the light of the world," which, without noise or strife, should "make manifest the counsels of the hearts," not less than "the hidden things of darkness," and show the oppressed and the oppressor in their true character.

The spirit of insurrection, which ever and anon broke out amongst the slaves, and proved that they were men "of like passions" with their white masters, extended itself to Barbados in 1816. As in the days of ancient Rome, and as in our times, Christian missionaries were charged with being the agents of rebellion. In the year 1816, the House of Assembly of St. Vincent, reciprocates heartily the recommendation of the

Council, and “pledges itself” to “obviate as much as possible the baneful and pestilent doctrines of the Methodist missionaries.” As in St. Vincent, so in Barbados, an attempt was made, immediately after an insurrection among the slaves, to lay the blame upon the missionaries. The investigation of a committee of the House of Assembly completely refuted this slander. Under such circumstances, however, it is no wonder, though repugnant to our modern notions, that the Rev. M. Rayner was necessitated to ask “leave” of the Governor to “commence divine service in the Methodist chapel.” This was in the year 1818.

It was in the beginning of the year 1820 that Mr. Shrewsbury proceeded to Barbados. In March of that year, in connection with his colleague, Mr. Larcum, he sent to England a letter, which, after describing the extent of the new sphere of labour, proceeds to picture the moral condition of the people. As this is the memorable letter which was afterwards declared to have wantonly slandered the character of the Barbadians, and to have excited opposition, the passages which refer to the moral state of the island are given *verbatim*:—“If we now pause, and take a calm review of the moral condition of this populous colony, the sight will be painful and affecting in the extreme. Surely the fear of God is hardly to be seen in this place! The free black people who live in town are, many of them, exceedingly given to profanity,—especially the watermen; for they swear and blaspheme the name of God with almost every breath. Indeed, swearing is the crying sin of the land; for it is no uncommon thing to hear little children, in their first essays

toward speaking, curse the God that made them, although they know not what they do. As it regards the moral condition of the slaves, that is nearly the same: polygamy, adultery, fornication, blasphemies, thefts, lying, quarrelling, and drunkenness,—these are the crimes to which the *generality* of them are, more or less, addicted. They live and die like the beasts of the earth, ‘for no man careth for their souls.’ We are happy, however, to find a few honourable exceptions. On one estate, belonging to a gentleman at home, a place of worship is erected for his slaves, and a clergyman appointed to preach to them every Sabbath-day: besides a school in which the children are placed under the tuition of a governess, and initiated into the first rudiments of learning. The labours of the clergyman have been attended with the divine blessing; some of the most prominent characters have been reformed; and it is worthy of remark, that when the insurrection broke out in the colony, three years ago, not one slave from that estate joined the insurgents’ party. With this exception, the slaves have been most awfully neglected. Hundreds of them never heard a single word of religious instruction in their whole lives; and many of them were never in a place of public worship: they seem to have no thought of God, nor any concern for their salvation. It is true, the island is divided into eleven parishes, and there is a church erected, and a clergyman appointed to each parish; but then it is a rare thing to see a slave within the church walls: they sometimes go to hold their masters’ horses till divine service is concluded. Not that we wish it to be understood that they are *prohibited* from going to church:

on the contrary, we believe the clergymen would all be glad to see them attend: but this is the state of the matter; no man *compels*, no man *invites them to come in*: they are lost, and no man *goes to seek and to save them that are lost*. They are as much *disregarded and neglected* as if they possessed no immortal souls." Towards the close of the letter, grateful mention is made of certain planters who welcomed the missionaries to their estates. The children attending the Sunday-school in Bridgetown, are reported as "the rudest children that were ever seen in any land." In reply to this letter, the Rev. Joseph Taylor informs the writer that it "gave great satisfaction indeed" to the committee, from the particularity of its detail, and, supposing that men would judge Mr. Shrewsbury as he had judged him, he adds,—“In proportion as you are known prejudice will die.”

In what state of heart the missionary had entered upon his labours in Barbados may be inferred from an entry in his diary, under date of May 18th, 1820. "I feel willing rather to die this day, than live to sin against God, and injure His cause in the world." Writing home, June 20th, he remarks, "I do feel love to their precious souls, and could willingly spend and be spent in seeking their salvation."

At that time, only ten, out of all the slaves in the island, were members of the Methodist society. On one estate to which the missionary had access, he has to complain of the "intolerably rude behaviour of a few white persons," who were a stumbling-block to the slaves. To his intimate friend Goy, he writes, July 24, 1820:—"I have, even in Barbados, many a blessing

while dispensing the word of life to the people, so that I am encouraged still to labour on without weariness, or fainting. Peter toiled all the night and caught *nothing*: but before he came to land, he let down the net, and so great was the draught that his nets were broken with it. An instructive and useful incident to me! In my circuit (blessed be the God of my salvation!) some little good is doing: four joined society last week, all of whom are truly in earnest for salvation, and one has found peace with God. These are the first I have added since my coming to Barbados. Although we have no extensive openings in the country, at Mr. Harding's estate, where we preach, there is a fine prospect of doing good; for, besides his own slaves, a great many from the adjoining estates regularly and constantly attend. Mr. Harding intends to build us a chapel on his plantation,—and by Christmas we hope to form a society on his estate. He is particularly favourable to all our views, and has endeavoured to persuade other gentlemen to encourage us, but almost all are rather disposed to persecute us. And yet the good effects of instructing the negroes were evident during the insurrection of 1816,—as the following fact attested by Mr. Harding himself, in my hearing, undoubtedly proves. Mr. H. had had his slaves occasionally instructed by the missionaries previously to 1816. When the revolt of the slaves became universal around him, of his own slaves, not so much as a single one could be induced to join them. He himself saw the insurgents thrice set fire to a field of his canes, and thrice did his own slaves extinguish the fire. At length Mr. Harding and his family removed from the estate,

and, no white person being left on it, he delivered the keys of his boiling-house, &c., to a few of the slaves in whom he could most confide. While he and his family were absent, his people went to their work in a quiet and orderly manner, as though nothing had occurred, and when the insurrection was over, Mr. Harding returned to his estate, and received his keys from the hands of his slaves, without having lost the least article, or having had any of his property injured, except the canes that were burnt as before-mentioned. Surely, if the doctrines of Methodist missionaries were dangerous to civil society, the effects hereof would have appeared in this instance. And yet, it is strange, there are some in this island who still have the effrontery to avow that Methodism was the cause of that insurrection. But, my brother, if we live holily and unblamably in the world, we shall ultimately put to silence the ignorance of foolish men." How strict a scrutiny he made of himself is evident from an entry in his diary for July 26th:—"This being the first day of conference, I have been led to think much about my fathers and brethren who are now convened together, and my own character as a minister in the Methodist connexion. As it regards my appointments, I feel entirely resigned to the will of God: I wish to labour where He pleases, and in the manner His word directs."

During this year (1820) the Rev. J. Nelson arrived as Mr. Shrewsbury's colleague, and rendered most efficient service to the mission. As Mr. Nelson brought a wife with him, his superintendent, being still unmarried, with a generosity which was natural to him, gave up his house to his mated colleague, and went into lodg-

ings himself. With characteristic playfulness, he cautioned Mrs. Nelson against breaking the "beautiful toilet-glass." The caution was duly appreciated when the lady stood before a three-cornered remnant of an ex-looking-glass. The same innocent mirthfulness, which few suspected who only knew his gravity in the pulpit, welled up when, by some, he was thought to be dying of a fever:—"Nelson," he said, addressing his colleague, "I have left you my books: but don't you pray for my death."

As Mr. Shrewsbury's diary for 1821 is copious and full of interest, a few extracts are subjoined, which will show that he was intent upon making "full proof" of his "ministry":—

January 1, 1821.—These four things have I resolved on this day: (1) to be more diligent in prayer; (2) to study more, and labour more faithfully; (3) to talk less; and (4) to be particularly careful in observing the providence of God.

March 12. . . . Resolved to learn Latin, having an opportunity of being instructed by Brother Thomas Exley, just from England. O that I might feel power to act alway with singleness of eye, and may the Lord graciously aid me in this study!

March 19. . . . So powerfully does sin stir in my heart at times, that I am but just saved from actual transgression. I feel my supreme desire to be for entire sanctification.

March 25. Sunday.—I have greatly to mourn my spiritual barrenness, and the deadness of my soul towards God, which has been, in no small degree, increased this day, by the freedom of conversation on

worldly topics, that I have indulged in when with worldly-minded men. O Lord, have mercy upon me, an unprofitable servant !

"*April 6.*—Rose early. . . . Read Liturgy at chapel with fervour. Studied Latin without keeping a particular end in view. Enjoyed a profitable season at noon, in private prayer; at other seasons, barren, cold, and dead. In the morning was assailed with temptations to pride, but the enemy soon vanished. Visited three sick families this evening, where sin and misery may be seen to hold an equal reign. One in particular was so extremely depraved, and lost to every sense of propriety, as to request me to *drink rum with her*, and that seriously, as soon as I had done prayer. Was much grieved at myself for feeling so little concern for their salvation. In the evening read the Life of that man of God, the Rev. Henry Martyn. Was particularly struck with his remark, that the prevalency of sacrifices among heathen nations would probably be a great means in the hand of providence of bringing about their final conversion.

"*April 8. Sunday.*—A day of many painful exercises of mind, and but little enjoyment. Rose early: was particularly dull and wandering in private prayer, and at prayer-meeting. Preached on an animating subject, 1 Cor. xv. 54, 55, without life or vigour. Was particularly tired while preparing for evening service, so that I could not much study my subject. Doubts of my conversion,—of my call to the ministry, and endless reasonings about my unprofitableness continually occurred to mind. Was assisted at chapel more than I expected, though not so much as I am sometimes,

and had a large, but thoughtless, trifling congregation.

"*April 15. Sunday.*—(Speightstown) . . . Particularly blest in visiting a poor, afflicted slave. At church the sound of the organ raised my thoughts heavenward, and led me to contemplate the happiness of those who are now praising God in glory.

"*April 16.*—Was much assisted to speak to one of my fellow-passengers in the boat, on the necessity of inward religion, when he confessed that the word he had lately heard at the chapel, had often made a great impression on his mind.

"*August 18. Saturday.*—Comparing this afternoon the Scripture history, in Genesis xx., of Abraham's going to sojourn in Egypt, with Josephus's narrative of the same event, I could but observe the difference of character which marks their different writings. Moses' style is simple, his story unadorned, his account of Abraham's prevarication faithfully related without extenuation. Josephus writes less simply, and discovers the native pride of his heart in veiling, as much as possible, his great progenitor's failings, and exalting his character, as a teacher of human arts, and of that religion that was divine. . . . Dr. Clarke's notes on Gen. xx. I thought uncommonly excellent, judicious, and instructive. 'Every ray of the light of truth,' says he, 'emanates from the holiness of God, and is awfully sacred in His eyes.' My soul, does truth dwell in thee? Am I all sincerity? Can I say, with a good man of old, 'I wish my breast had a window, that all the world might see what is passing in my heart'? I cannot affirm thus much of my every thought. I could not

affirm it, perhaps, of any one entire day of my whole life. O God! hallow my heart; let all within be pleasing in Thy sight, and then, were all discovered, it would be pleasing to the holiest of thy saints!

“*August 20.*—Yesterday evening I preached with considerable liberty from Ezekiel iii. 17, 18, 19, to a more serious and attentive congregation than I have seen for some months past in Bridge Town.

“*August 21.*—Cold in private prayer, heartless in study, inattentive in self-examination, lifeless in meeting a class,—I may, with sorrow, exclaim, ‘I have lost a day.’ The only part in which I felt the spirit of my work, was the two hours employed in visiting the sick.

“*August 22.*—The Jewish Reader in the synagogue paid me a visit at noon. He had been at chapel the preceding Sabbath evening, and approved what he heard, in the main. ‘Only,’ said he, ‘you won’t allow us to have any sin, but our Scriptures say, ‘For there is not a just man upon earth, that doeth good, and sinneth not.’ He was particular in stating that there was no *keri*, or marginal reading, so that this sentence, which he had taken pains to write out and translate, might be admitted as the only version of which the words were capable. I was about to reply by stating the doctrine of the fall, &c., when he interrupted me, saying he had not time then, but would converse on the subject at a future period. Before he left, I asked him if he often read the Scriptures, for David said, ‘*Ashrey ha-ish,*’ &c. He answered in the affirmative. Do you often pray? ‘Yes; I suppose no man prays more than I do. If I awake at one o’clock, or any hour in the night, I pray.’ Here he muttered ever the

first sentence of a prayer in a low tone. But when your fathers prayed, God gave them an answer. He appeared to Abraham: Moses spake to him, *panim el panim*;—in the temple there was the *cabodh*, but where is your *cabodh* now? Does God answer your prayers? No.' Wherefore? 'It is the will of God, and it must be so.'

"*August 25. Saturday.*—The most memorable occurrence of this day has been my conversation with my friend, A—, on the truth of the Christian religion. I went to his house this evening, according to appointment, and found him in company with four other Jews, and a captain in the mail-boat service. All had been drinking freely of wine, and were unfit for serious conversation. They were pretty free in jesting with the Scriptures, for when I reprov'd the captain for swearing, A— repeated the words of Malachi (iv. 1), in Hebrew, adding, in English, (*ammothem*) 'shall be kneaded as in an oven,' which he facetiously applied to the captain, who swore the 'devil should never knead him,' while the rest could scarcely refrain from immoderate laughter. After a time we all repaired to the synagogue, where the service was closed with singing the 92nd Psalm. Returning home with A—, we were alone, and spent an hour in controversy. I began by observing that I had considered the passage in Ecclesiastes, and thought it must be taken in connection with the preceding verses. This method of explaining the Scriptures, I said, is very necessary, or we may make the word of God to say anything. For David says, '*Omar nabal belibbo ayin Elohim,*'* but if I remove

* "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."

omar nabal belibbo,* I make the Bible to say, *Ayin Elohim*.† He admitted the remark to be correct, but when I began to make use of the last verse of Ecclesiastes, chapter vii., to illustrate verse 20, and to interpret *eth-haodom* of the man, or Adam, he would not allow that that was the true sense, and, therefore, proceeded to give his own exposition of verse 20,—‘For there is not a just man upon earth that doeth good and sinneth not,’—‘that is,’ he continued, ‘when a man does a charitable action, and feels pride in his heart, though he does good to others, he sins by the pride he has within.’ I was pleased with the observation, though not with the comment, which, if correct, would go to prove the impossibility of performing a charitable action from a pure motive. At length we came to the grand question concerning the Messiah. ‘Why does your Saviour Himself teach,’ said he, ‘in the words of Moses, Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord? And how could He Himself teach His disciples to say in prayer, *Our Father*?’ Because, said I, He came not to destroy the law, but to fulfil. Every word of the law is true, and shall never pass away. But our Messiah had two natures: He was the *Immanuel*. Do not your own prophets sometimes speak of the Messiah in very exalted strains, calling Him *Pele*, *Youaits*, *El-gibbor*, *Abee-adh*, *Sar-shalom*,‡ while, at other times, they speak of Him as undergoing infinite sufferings? Now, how can you reconcile these Scriptures without allowing Him to be Immanuel,—God and man in one

* “The fool hath said in his heart.” † “There is no God.”

‡ “Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of peace.”

nature? And though God is one, yet your own Rabbis allow there is a mystery in the name *Elohim*; hence one hath said, there are three degrees signified by it. He replied, 'I know it: but,'—varying the subject, 'there are none of the commandments found in the New Testament.' That is a mistake; it is written, Thou shalt love, &c., which is the sum of the ten words. Besides, we have these commandments,—Do not kill, Do not steal, Do not commit adultery, and Honour thy father and mother. 'But there is nothing about doing no work on the Sabbath-day, nor employing your cattle; hence, you see how you ride your horse on the Sabbath.' Is that worse than drinking wine, and being merry on the Sabbath, as you were to-day? 'O, that is only *ouneq*.*' Well, I have always thought the lives of professed Christians a stumbling-block to the Jews. But did any of your fathers who came out of Egypt enter the promised land, save Joshua and Caleb? Did not all the rest perish through disobedience? But are their unbelief and disobedience any proof that the law of Moses is not true? Even so, the general conduct of Christians is no proof against the truth of the religion of Christ. 'I trust,' said he, 'my conversation with you will not be offensive, for I should be very sorry to displease you. Although we may be of different opinions, that shall never destroy my friendship, nor regard for you.' O no, said I, I am glad to converse with you; for, to tell you the truth, I think you are in a truly awful condition, for if the Messiah be come, and you do not believe in Him, all your praying cannot be acceptable to God. How is it

* "Delight."

now that you continue in such a condition, and that your nation hath been in such a state, without sacrifices and the chief ordinances enjoined by Moses so long? 'We are in *goluth*.'* But why does it continue so long? Was there ever such a thing heard of, for a people to remain thus for 1800 years? He rejoined, '*Hannistoroth la Yehovah Eloheenu : vehannigloth lanu vulebaneenu ad-olom.*†' Ah! but this is not a secret thing. Which of the prophets did not your fathers persecute? And the same disposition led them to crucify the Saviour, and to cry, 'His blood be on us, and on our children.' I believe that blood is upon you to this day. But that word is fulfilled to the Gentiles, 'The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light;' for see how the nations of Europe have been turned from idolatry, and ancient superstition, solely by the Gospel of Christ. Here our conversation closed, my friend observing that he would, at some future period, enter expressly on the subject again, although he wished the matter to be concealed from the rest of his brethren."

It may here be observed that Mr. Shrewsbury was a frequent attendant upon the synagogue service on the Saturday, chiefly with the view of increasing his acquaintance with the sacred tongue. Many of the Jews were in the habit of attending Mr. Shrewsbury's ministry, on Sunday evenings, and cherished a sincere respect for him.

"*September 4.*—O this ungodly land! To what temptations am I exposed! How often does Satan

* "Separation."

† "Mysteries (belong) to Jehovah, our Elohim : revelations to us and to our children for evermore."

assail, as Bunyan remarks, eye-gate and ear-gate, and, unless a vigorous watch be kept, almost carry those important posts, and force his passage even to the citadel, the heart. . . . The good Lord keep me in the evil day!

“*September 14.*—In the present week I have been called to suffer much reproach for the sake of Christ Jesus. Tuesday evening, while preaching at Searle’s, Mr. ——— behaved so indecorously that I thought it my duty to reprove him, at which he was highly offended, and, after uttering the most awful imprecations, and calling me a ‘d—d Methodist son of a wh—,’ he declared again and again, some scores of times, his wish that I was ‘lying and ——— in the flames of hell.’ I thought it useless to argue with a raving madman, and therefore suffered him quietly to spend his fury. Retiring to rest, I besought the Lord not to lay his sins to his charge, grieving because I was not more grieved with the views I had of his misery and danger. The next morning he talked more calmly, and wondered that I should speak to him *so violently*. I told him the violent speaking lay with him, not with me. ‘Well, I shall never go again to trouble you: I attended as a *compliment* to you.’ Why, sir, I thought you went to worship God. ‘No, I did not; it was purely out of compliment to you, but I will not go any more.’ I have no desire, sir, that you should, I said. Here we parted. Thursday afternoon I rode to Kendall. No one being in the room where I sat, I took from my pocket a volume of Wesley’s ‘Library,’ and for some time read quietly. Presently, a young spark came stamping through the room I was in, swearing and blustering

without any provocation, purely to annoy me, at which gentlemanly conduct those in the next room burst into laughter. I answered not the fool according to his folly, lest I should be like unto him. At dinner the same young man (Mr. —), with his merry companion (Mr —), engrossed the whole of the conversation, which was the most frothy, silly, nonsensical stuff ever uttered by man, attended with perpetual tittering and laughing. Observing that I ate my morsel in silence, at length Mr. —, the manager, addressed me :—‘You see, sir, these young men will enjoy themselves.’ Laughter, said I, is not enjoyment. ‘Why,’ said one, ‘it is better to laugh than cry.’ I am, said I, for avoiding both, I wish to be cheerful, not melancholy, but I have no wish to laugh,—at any rate, not unless I have something worth laughing at. B. R.—‘I have known many of these fellows, that seem to be so strict and religious, but always found them to be hypocrites.’ You may have thought so, but you could not see the heart. ‘But I have observed them, and seen them to act contrary to their profession, but I am sure I never saw a true Christian.’ Pray, sir, what is it to be a Christian? Pausing a moment, ‘Why, I suppose, to do no harm, and be good to our fellow-creatures.’ That is only to be a good heathen. ‘Ah, well, we all have our different opinions: what you think wrong, I perhaps don’t.’ True; but if there were no standard of truth, there would be nothing certain in the world, for the opinions of men are diverse: we must, therefore, recur to the word of God. He granted this for a moment, but when I began to shew what it is to be a Christian in the Scriptural sense, he interrupted me, saying :—‘But I

do not believe *all* that is in the Scripture.' What then, sir, do you believe? Do you reject what you please, and receive what you please? 'Yes.' What do you object to in the Scripture? 'O, there are some things impossible to have been.' Can you name any? 'Yes; I cannot believe that place where it says that Samson *knocked down a house* with the jaw-bone of an ass.' Here I was troubled to keep *my* jaw-bones in their natural situation. I could not refrain from some degree of laughter, which afforded a lady at the table an opportunity of correcting this witty youth, by informing him that it was a thousand men Samson slew, but not a house he knocked down. 'O, was it,' said he, 'I knew it was something about it; but I have not read the Bible since I left school.' Then, sir, said I, you have never read it since you have been able to judge concerning its truth. Here our argumentation closed: I retired from table, when they immediately poured out wine, and began to curse the 'd—d Methodist parson,' whom they heartily abhorred.

"*October 2.*—The last few days the terms of the Gospel covenant have been much on my mind, particularly at the season of prayer:—'I will be your God, and ye shall be my people.' My employment has been chiefly that of self-dedication to God, and His work, and a receiving Him for my only portion. I was much satisfied with my class this evening. A poor African, in relating his temptations from the wicked one, made a significant addition to Peter's words, and styled the devil, the lion roaring *in the bush*.

"*October 3.*—I have felt my soul very barren and unfruitful since I last wrote: I am greatly wanting in

spiritual-mindedness, in watchfulness, and in diligence, particularly in the duty of self-examination. Once more I renew my determination of living nearer to God."

On the 8th November, 1821, Mr. Shrewsbury and his colleague, Mr. Nelson, conjointly wrote a letter, detailing their work at Bridge Town, Speight's Town, and Carlton, Buttall, Kendall, and Searle's estates. Of the slaves at Speight's Town the report is, 'The oaths they utter are horrible; they are not *common oaths*; nor do they use their dreadful imprecations sparingly. . . . As often as the Sabbath evening arrives there are two or three public dances in the open air, to which they flock, in great numbers." But, despite all such discouragements, the mission was prospering, especially among the young, and "much prejudice" was "removed from the public mind."

Just as this letter was being closed, intelligence reached Barbados that the Wesleyan Methodist missionaries at Demerara had both of them fallen victims to the feyer that was then desolating that colony. In this emergency the people in Demerara sent to Barbados for help. The case was urgent, but which of the two missionaries in Barbados should go? Mr. Shrewsbury had a severe wound in one of his knees, which required dressing several times a day. Despite pain and inconvenience, however, he resolved to venture, refusing to risk his junior colleague's possibly falling a victim to yellow fever, and leaving a youthful widow in a strange land. Making a plaister of Barbados tar,* he

* Called also *green oil*, a mineral oil, exuding from the base of the clay hills, possessing excellent medicinal qualities.

stuck it upon his knee just before going on ship-board, and, by the time he was able to release the leg from the tar, the wound was gone. On his arrival at Demerara, he found that Mr. Smith, the missionary of the London Society, who was afterwards "imprisoned, and suffered death for the sake of Christ," had opened his house to the destitute, and taken the widows under his roof. Mr. Shrewsbury wrote home a letter, dated, "George Town, Demerara, Nov. 30, 1821," giving particulars of the sickness and death of the Rev. Messrs. Bellamy and Ames. Mr. Ames was the first to succumb. He died protesting that the gospel was the truth, and that he was clear of the blood of the people. His last effort was an attempt to sing the praises of God. While devoted friends were watching about Mr. Bellamy's bed, he suddenly exclaimed, though no intimation of the fact had been given to him:—"Ames is gone! Ames is gone! I'll go, too! I'll go; yes, I'll go, too!" Soon after he changed for death, and passed away. Three days before, he had said, upon his bed, "O, how happy I am, that I can preach the gospel on a sick bed, as well as in the house of God!" A faithful negress, not demoralized and panic-struck by the presence of an awful plague, after the fashion of some who boast their superiority of race, while bathing the fevered temples, soothingly remarked, "Massa, no 'fraid, dis sickness not unto death, but for de glory of God." And so it was, but not as she, dear, constant soul, hoped it would be. Of the conduct of Mr. Shrewsbury in hasting to Demerara, the Rev. James Cheeswright has written:—"By the wise arrangement of God's providence, he was rendered the

instrument of preserving the societies in Demerara from being scattered as sheep without a shepherd, in consequence of the contemporaneous deaths of Messrs. Bellamy and Ames, by yellow fever: Mr. Shrewsbury nobly braved the danger of that fatal disease, and thereby rendered plain and easy the paths of us who were appointed to succeed those lamented missionaries." The committee expressed their entire approval of the temporary absence from his own mission, under the peculiar circumstances of this case. The following extracts from his diary embrace the period of his sojourn in Demerara:—

"1822. January 1. Tuesday.—I desire to record, with unfeigned gratitude to God, the goodness manifested to me on the evening of December 17th, while reading a part of 'Bunyan's Holy War,' and engaged in private prayer. O, how abundantly my soul was blest! What a view I had of my own sinfulness, the value of a Saviour, and the riches of divine grace! My heart was ready to burst, rivers of waters ran down mine eyes, while I felt great and solemn delight in repeating over and over the names, 'Jesus, Emmanuel, Emmanuel—God with us.' At length I dropped to sleep with those precious names sounding, as it were, in my ears."

It was evidently a remarkable visitation of the Spirit of grace with which he was favoured on this occasion. For, shortly before his decease, he referred most gratefully to it at the fireside of his son. He then stated that this blessing was bestowed upon him while at Mahaica.

"January 4.—Much blest to-day in studying a sermon from 1 Cor. vi. 20. The latter part [of the day]

felt a want of spiritual-mindedness, I believe through accepting an invitation to dine where it was not likely I should either communicate or receive good.

“January 5. This day I set apart for fasting and prayer, preparatory to renewing my covenant with God, but never felt less of the spirit of devotion. From fasting I was so enfeebled as to be incapable of engaging heartily in religious exercises.

“January 6. Sunday. A blessed day to my soul, and a profitable one to the people. I felt a solemn sense of the divine presence as I arose from my bed, which has remained with me throughout the day. Had tolerable liberty in preaching this morning from 1 Cor. vi. 20, and this evening from Deut. xxxiii. 26, 29. My chief fault to-day was a rapidity of delivery, which partly prevented the word from having its full effect, so far as it relates to conveying clear views to the minds of my hearers. I preached myself out of breath, and gave the truth no time to fasten in their memories.

“January 7-12.—Chiefly employed in the temporal affairs of the society. Finished reading Bogue and Bennett’s History of Dissenters, a work which contains much that is useful mingled with much that is objectionable to every candid and liberal mind. It refers too often to politics for a religious history.

“January 13. Sunday.—Preached from Matt. xiii. 24-30, and Acts xvi. 30, 31, my favourite text, with much energy and power.

“January 16.—Finished reading Buck’s Theological Dictionary, a work which shows the author to have been a man of considerable reading, and of a clear discerning mind. . . . His style is correct and perspicuous;

his definitions generally very just; his remarks plain and useful; his historic narrations evince a sacred regard to truth, unbiassed by any peculiar opinions, and uninfluenced by improper feelings; his extracts are of the choicest kind, and greatly enrich the work, and enhance its value. Perhaps several minor articles might have been omitted, as they belong rather to a common than to a theological dictionary.

“January 17-21.—Employed in preparing for, and returning to Barbados. On board the vessel I said but little for God.”

Having fulfilled his mission to Demerara, and returned to his loved toil in Barbados, Mr. Shrewsbury was still intent upon increasing both his knowledge and usefulness, as further extracts from the diary will show:—

“January 25th.—Finished Dr. Clarke’s edition of Fleury’s Manners and Customs of the Ancient Israelites. . . . A very valuable work. There is a remarkably pleasing simplicity in the author’s style.

“January 26.—Have felt to-day an ardent thirst for knowledge, and an earnest desire to be saved from all sin. . . . Conversed with a friend this evening on the character of the Earl of Rochester.

“January 27. Sunday.—This has been one of the best Sabbaths I ever spent on earth. My soul has been satisfied as with manna and fatness. In my public ministry I felt much of the divine presence, great enlargement of heart, and an ability to deliver my message to the people with clearness, distinctness, energy, and power. My morning’s discourse was from James v. 11. O how abundantly my soul was watered! And in

prayer I could do little else but praise the God of all grace, who hath called me unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus. I was lost in wonder at the mercy which had preserved me in the midst of so many and so great temptations as I have been exposed unto. This evening I preached, with not quite so much liberty, to a very large congregation, from 1 Kings xviii. 21. Bless the Lord, O my soul! O ye angels of light, help me to praise Him who hath loved me, and given Himself for me, even for me!

February 25.—Since I last wrote I have been to the district meeting in St. Vincent, and having now returned, and become settled in my circuit, I desire, as in the presence of God, deliberately to pen down my experience for the last few weeks, and my present state of mind. Leaving this island (Barbados) Tuesday evening, January 29th, nothing material occurred until Wednesday 30th, when we landed in St. Vincent. Throughout the rest of the week I felt a want of much more spirituality of mind. This was particularly the case on Sunday, the 3rd of February, when I rode to Biabou with Brother Mortier. During the district I generally was not sufficiently serious; that was my chief deficiency. Some days I was very much tempted; at other times, I could greatly rejoice in God my Saviour. We met and parted in much love. Never did the hearts of the brethren appear to be more strongly united in the bonds unknown. On my return to my circuit my mind was very low, occasioned partly by excessive sickness at sea. Since my return, till to-day, the brethren Mortier and Cheeswright, and their families, have remained with me. Our love to each other

seemed to be still more increased by this providential delay of theirs. They are now gone to their station at Demerara, and I am left alone, desolate and solitary."

There is a depth of feeling in the closing words of the last extract which will not be discovered unless a word of explanation be added. In giving the explanation, I will run the risk of provoking the sneers of such clerical biographers as have held up to derision the great Morrison of China, for example, because he frankly disclosed that he was no stranger to the tender passion. Let the Romish clergy of the papacy and of protestantism preach celibacy as essential to "holy orders," we believe 'marriage is honourable in all,'

"Whatever hypocrites austere talk
Of purity, and place, and innocence;
Defaming as impure what God declares
Pure, and commands to some, leaves free to all."

In brief, then, Mr. Shrewsbury had formed an early attachment before he left England. Like many early and pre-ministerial engagements it was hasty and injudicious, and it was well for the missionary that the young lady, by refusing to cross the Atlantic and to submit to the hardships of missionary life, left him free to find a more suitable companion. It was while stung with this desertion, however, that he wrote, "I am left alone," as a subsequent entry in his diary shows.

"*March 8, Friday.*—Since Monday I have been very unwell, having been visited with those symptoms which indicate the approach of fever; but, by timely precaution, I hope the danger is now past. I have had many powerful temptations, and by partially

yielding thereto, I have grieved the Spirit of God, and made work for repentance and humiliation of soul. Yet have I been much quickened and profited by reading Mr. Morgan's Life of Thomas Walsh. What a flame of fire was he !

"*March 9.*—Partly through weariness, partly through slothfulness, I rose late this morning ; felt only a little moved in private prayer, and then applied myself to my studies till breakfast. In family devotion I was more formal than devout ; but during the morning I was quickened and profited while studying a discourse from Gen. xviii. 23-33, and felt more enlargement of heart in private prayer at noon. The rest of the day I have returned to the same dull state I was in before. O, how far I come short of what a Christian ought to be, more especially a Christian minister. 'Cast me not away from Thy presence ; and take not Thy holy Spirit from me.'

"*March 10, Lord's Day.*—I have felt throughout this day an uncommonly great depression of mind ; everything wears so discouraging an aspect on this mission, and my own unfitness for the work is so great, that I sometimes wish myself any thing but a missionary. When I arose this morning, and during the prayer meeting, I had no power to plead with God ; and as to the exercise of my public ministry, preacher and people seemed alike lifeless and unfeeling as inanimate clay. O my soul ! O Barbados ! Will such a preacher ever do good in thee ?

"*March 14. Thursday.*—For the last four days my experience has been as follows :—All day on *Monday*, I felt an uncommon oppression of soul,—such a painful

sense of my manifold sins, my ignorance and unworthiness, as sunk me to the earth; nor could I find any ease, save in mourning over my state before the Lord. In the evening, I went to Oistin's Town, and preached in an old store-room to a large, rude, ignorant, and inattentive congregation of slaves, from Luke xiii. 5. *Tuesday*, as I returned home, my burden was less heavy; my heart was engaged with God in prayer and meditation,—and in visiting the sick on the way, I found it my meat and drink to do the will of God, and was enabled, by the grace of God, contrary to my natural inclination, to prefer public duty to private studies; the seeking of immortal souls to the adding to my knowledge, by giving attention to reading. 'Every thing is beautiful in his time.' In meeting classes, I had to lament over my want of more holiness, wisdom, and discernment. *Wednesday*, I experienced considerable assistance in preparing for the pulpit, and tolerable liberty in speaking; but saw, throughout the day, a great need of a deeper work of grace in my soul. After retiring to rest I was aroused with the cry of 'Fire! fire!' and arose with more perturbation and fear than a Christian ought to have felt. O, how the people fly from a temporary fire; but who is concerned to fly from the everlasting fire of hell! *Thursday*. To-day I have been much profited by reading the general prefaces in Clarke's and Benson's Commentaries. The former displays the scholar most; the latter, most the divine. Benson's especially shows that eminent ministers, like Paul, have a *treasure* in earthen vessels. In prayer I have found coldness and estrangement, as it were, from God. O that I had more of the spirit of prayer!

' " *March 17.*—I felt a great deadness of soul, chiefly occasioned by too much *common kind* of conversation in a family I visited the preceding evening. O, where conversation is not spiritual it is ruinous to the interests of the soul!

" *March 17.*—Attended this morning a member of society to the grave; at which place there lay on the earth many bones, and a human skull. One of the followers of the deceased manifested his graceless state, by remarking concerning it, that it would make a good punch-bowl. I felt much solemnity and comfort in visiting the sick to-day."

It may be observed, in passing, that Mr. Shrewsbury was exemplary in the duty of the visitation of the sick, throughout his whole ministry. Great was the good he thus effected. A Cambridge graduate has stated upon the missionary platform, in the West Indies, that he was persuaded he was raised from the margin of the grave in answer to the prayers of Mr. Shrewsbury, who visited him when a young man, and when very ill with yellow fever.

" *March 22.*—I found great delight in God's holy word; in private prayer my soul was much drawn out to plead with God for the prosperity of His cause. Once, for a few moments, my soul was much impressed with the thought that holy spirits were near to me; particularly my late companions in tribulation, Bellamy and Ames: I really felt as though they were with me, and experienced much pleasure thereby."

Of Mr. Shrewsbury's love to the word of God, a passage from a letter he wrote, during this month, to the Rev. W. D. Goy, gives evidence:—"O, how I love

my Bible ! I would fain be like Walsh, have my every moment employed in meditating on the Scriptures, or something immediately relating thereto. A minister of Jesus Christ can never take too much pains to understand the sacred oracles, nor can he ever too plainly and clearly expound them to others." How he delighted in secret prayer may be seen in the following extract from a letter to the same friend, June 7th, 1822 : "What an unspeakable privilege it is, my brother, to be permitted to draw nigh unto God ! Yet this is not only permitted : it is *commanded* ;—to enjoy this high privilege we are *invited*, and the most gracious and encouraging promises are given,—promises which have been often manifested in your experience and mine. The throne of grace is the Christian's sanctuary ; there he finds refuge in every storm, a sure protection under the shadow of the Almighty's wings. It is his *heaven* : there God wipes away all tears from his eyes, and leads him, even now, to the living fountains of water. It is his *home* : concerning it he is led to say, 'Here will I dwell for ever, this shall be my rest.' The high priest, under the law of Moses, could only enter the holy of holies *once* a year, and then only for a *limited* time, perhaps only for a *few moments* ; but it is our exalted privilege, and distinguishing favour, not only to gain access to the holiest of all, but there to *remain for ever*,—and unceasingly, in shouts, or silent awe to adore His miracles of grace.

"To attain this intimate, this deep, this familiar, this constant, this *awfully delightful* communion with God, can anything be more desirable, whether we regard our happiness as Christians, or our usefulness as ministers

of the glorious gospel of the blessed God? O, it is this which exalts the man, and elevates the Christian, and dignifies the minister: it is this alone which makes us *great and good*. The greatest prophet, the most evangelical was he who had the brightest manifestation of the King, the Lord of hosts, whose glory he beheld high and lifted up, while His train filled the temple. The most humble, and zealous, and loving apostles,—James, who presided in the church with so much meekness (Acts xv.); Peter, who preached on the day of Pentecost with so much success; John, who was *all love*, were those who had been *on the mount*, and seen ‘the excellent glory.’ And the man whose high office was that of messenger to the Gentiles, was the same Paul who had seen glory unutterable, and yet esteemed himself ‘less than the least of all saints.’ Thus does deep communion with God make the useful minister; God honouring those with *fruit*, who honour Him by sowing, *at His feet*, in tears. The minister’s tears are the showers to his labours. As that seed is most productive which is most frequently watered, so that ministry is the most owned which finds the instrument oftenest mingling his tears of sorrow and joy before God, and His holy angels. Come, then, my brother, let us day by day, and month by month, at the *appointed* season, meet in spirit: at the same hour let rivers of tears run down our eyes, not only because of transgressors, but because we have exerted ourselves with such a *languishing* zeal in promoting their salvation: let our hearts be *completely broken in pieces*, and our groans express our penitence, and our sighs the ardour of our desire to be more faithful in the work of God. If we thus give

ourselves continually to prayer, as well as the ministry of the word, God, even our own God, will give us His blessing, and establish the work of our hearts."

Labouring to the utmost of his power, and with such entire dependance upon God, it is not surprising that Mr. Shrewsbury should be able to write to England, under date of July 31st, 1822:—"I have never enjoyed greater satisfaction in corresponding with you from this station, than at the present hour. The wilderness begins to blossom as the rose, and streams to flow in the desert. Generally, the society was never in a better state. From an accurate knowledge of every individual, I can, with truth, testify that the work of God is becoming deeper in almost every heart: the classes and prayer-meetings are well attended, while the spirit of grace and supplication rests upon us, enabling us to plead with God for the salvation of others. This is especially the case with those who have been recently brought to the knowledge of the truth." Writing, on August 2nd, 1822, to Mr. Goy, he says:—"Several very wicked young men have been truly converted to God. Since the district meeting, twenty-four have been added to our number. The finances also of the mission are increasing." Instead of drawing upon the missionary committee for the year, he anticipates making a remittance of £50 sterling. Always humble, he adds:—"Yet I cannot but abase my soul as in the dust, because, if I were more holy, where *one* soul is given me, might I not have ten, or a hundred? True, it is not 'by might, or power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts;' but this is the very thing, were I *filled with the Holy Ghost, His* power, and not

mine would be manifested still more abundantly." Turning from himself, he thus encourages his former colleague:—"I feel a good deal for you in Grenada, as I consider your lot to windward to be not the most desirable, only so far as we ought to desire what God wills concerning us. Yet, do not despair. Remember Hiram's labourers were a long time *felling trees* before the temple of Solomon was built, and the columns of stately cedar ranged row by row; nevertheless, the *preparatory work* was necessary. . . . Never sink under discouragement, my brother, but when everything else fails you, call to mind these three words, 'The Lord reigneth.' . . . When from your elevated dwelling you look toward the sea, recollect Elijah, and Elijah's God." To the same dear friend he writes, October 4th, 1822, informing him of the chapel being "too strait" for the crowded congregations, especially on the Sabbath evenings. Of the fate of an application for aid "in high places," he gives this account:—"Two of the committee of our [branch] missionary society waited on his Excellency, the Governor, last Monday, to solicit his countenance and support; but his Excellency declined supporting what he denominated 'a schism (or, as one of the gentry called it, a *skism*) in the church;' or encouraging men who, he said, 'only wanted to get into the pulpits of the clergy.' He held a learned conference with them about 'faith and works,' and 'works and faith;' but seemed somewhat more favourable at the close than at the beginning. I was very much against an application to the Governor, but *all* the rest of the committee were for it, so that I was left in the minority. Several of the clergy, however, have ex-

pressed their approbation ; one of them, in the highest terms, calling the Wesleyan missionaries 'truly laborious men,' and offering to become a subscriber."

Adverting to the diary once more, the following entries may be noted :—

"*October 14.*—I preached, with some degree of liberty, to a small, but attentive congregation of slaves, from 1 Corinthians, xvi. 22. After service, one present sought to entertain me with remarks on the improper conduct of a clergyman who dined at his table a few days before. I said, Sir, did you tell the clergyman himself of these things ? 'O no ! that would not answer.' I replied, it would have been far better to have told him, than relate them unto me. He was abashed, and silenced, but did not like the reproof ; for I heard him grumbling much about it, after I had retired to bed.

"*October 18.*—I attended a poor slave to the gallows ; having visited him several times previous to the last day of his life. He never manifested much concern about his state till this morning. When I entered the cell, he took no notice, but lay with his head reclined upon his knee, so that I thought him to be asleep. I called him by his name, but he seemed not to observe. I then gently shook him ; he raised his head, and looked at me in an uncommonly sad and pensive manner, while his eyes were filled with tears. I talked with him, and exhorted him : he wept still more and more. I read to him the account of the penitent thief on the cross, and applied the passage to his state, and, after prayer, left him. He wished me to go with him to the place of execution ; accordingly, I soon returned. He

said he had been praying much to the Lord during the night, 'to have mercy upon him, and receive his soul.' Just before we left the cell I said, Joe, shall we pray together once more? He replied, 'If you please, sir; and I will thank you to pray again when we come to the place.' Many persons were then in the cell. After prayer, a white man stepped up to the prisoner, and said,—'Well, Joe, good bye! There is something for you outside: the woman will give you *some gin*.' I told him to taste no liquor. The poor fellow, however, wanted no dissuading from it. As we talked together along the street, he told me his mind was unhappy. I continually exhorted him to look to Jesus Christ. At the place of execution, I prayed with him once more; though much interrupted by several gentlemen who got close to me, and were talking to each other aloud nearly the whole time I was in prayer. A moment or two before the drop fell, I departed, and trust, in this instance, my endeavours to save a soul from death were not wholly vain.

"*October 31.*—I have lately been quickened to greater diligence in the duties of the pastoral office, by reading the extract from Baxter's writings in the Minutes of Conference, 1766. O what have I been doing hitherto? What a poor, dronish life I lead! When shall I be all activity, and zeal, and love?

"*November 7.*—Visited Captain S——, just recovering from fever. He wept when I spoke to him of eternal realities, and seemed desirous of saving his soul.

"*November 24. Sunday.*—This was in general a dull and unprofitable day to my soul; yet the people seemed to receive considerable profit, both in the morning, while

I was preaching from Deuteronomy xxxiii. 26-29, and in the evening from Matt. v. 48. I read large extracts from the homilies, and many of the collects, in proof of the doctrine of Christian perfection.

*“December 2.—*I found it good to be employed visiting from house to house, particularly while administering the sacrament to a poor, afflicted, and aged member of society. Her heart was like melting wax, and at the close she affectionately took my hand, and with tears said, ‘I bless the Lord that ever I saw your face.’

*“December 4.—*The anniversary of my landing in the West Indies. Seven years have I now spent in this mission; not wholly in vain, but my usefulness would doubtless have been greater had I been more holy, and more in earnest. O may I live more to God!”

The following extract, from a letter to the Rev. W. D. Goy, perfectly harmonizes with the selections from the diary, just given, and strikingly enforces the duties of pastoral visitation, and ministerial zeal. The letter is dated, Barbados, December 6th, 1822. “For a few weeks past, I have been much quickened to a more diligent performance of that part of the pastoral office, visiting from house to house, by reading the extract from Baxter’s writings on that subject, in the minutes of 1766, and, I may say, increased diligence therein has brought an increase of spiritual life to my own soul, as well as increased my usefulness to the people. My manner is much the same as when we travelled together in Grenada, and has been, generally, since I have been in Barbados: only longer experience teaches me, more than ever, the importance of the duty, and the difficulty of performing it aright. It is comparatively

easy to sit down a few minutes, and talk in a general way on religious subjects; but to perceive exactly the state of each individual's mind, to feel our whole heart bent on the salvation of each soul, to be able to speak 'a word *in season*,' and so to speak as to convey at once light to the understanding, and power to the heart, requires an equal mixture of wisdom and fervency of spirit,—requires both wisdom and fervour in no ordinary degree. In short, though I am often blessed in this work, and, by taking up my cross herein, find a present reward, yet am I never satisfied with myself, because there is so much imperfection in the manner of doing it. I doubt whether I have ever yet visited one family, or spoken to one individual, exactly as I ought; consequently, for all I have need to abase myself before the Lord.

“I hope, my brother, when in town, you are as diligent in this duty as when we were together. O, let us never grow faint or weary in our work, but rather love it more, every part of it, as we approach nearer that hour when all our toils will end! We do nothing aright, unless we do it with all our might. And who have so much cause to be in earnest as the ministers of the gospel? The worth of souls requires us to be in earnest; our awful responsibility requires us to be in earnest; the witnesses of our conduct,—God, the angels, the church, the world, the powers of darkness,—require that we should be in earnest. The uncertainty of life cries also,—‘Be in earnest; what thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.’ O, why do we not stir up the gift of God that is in us? Why do we not live, study, pray, preach, meet classes, visit the sick, think,

speak, act, under a deep, and constant, and overwhelming sense of the value of souls, and the importance of eternal concerns. For my part, I know not how to reproach myself sufficiently for being so dull and sluggish. I see it: I am sorry for it; I resolve against it, and yet am but a *poor drone still*. When have I preached as I ought to preach, or lived as I ought to live? Where is love? And where is zeal? Can this *spark* deserve the name? What is zeal, but a *burning desire* for the salvation of men?—or love, but a *hallowed flame*, melting the heart into tenderness, and sending gushing torrents to the eyes? *This* love will constrain: like a powerful stream, it will bear its possessor irresistibly along; it will render him fruitful, yea, endless in devising plans of usefulness, and unwearyed in effort to bring them to a successful issue. It will make a man speak *living words*, and perform actions that angels themselves must behold with admiration. Yet what ought ministers to be but seraphim ('burners,' for so the word signifies; therefore David saith, 'who maketh His ministers a *flaming fire*')? They ought to *fly* as on wings in executing the divine pleasure, and yet with twain to cover their feet,—*i.e.*, hide, as much as possible, both from themselves and others, their actions, and their readiness to act; and when they return in secret, to give an account to Him who sent them, with twain they should cover their face, acknowledging that they are not worthy or fit to look on the divine glory."

CHAPTER VI.

WEST INDIES.—BARBADOS.

1823-24.

“Persecuted, but not forsaken.”—2 Corinthians iv. 9.



CHAPTER VI.



BARBADOS.—1823-24.

THE year 1823 was one of the most eventful periods of Mr. Shrewsbury's history. It was the year of his marriage to one of the noblest of women that have ever adorned our world, and of a remarkable persecution, the details of which shall be given impartially, as a matter of history, not at all of revenge.

Mr. Shrewsbury was married to Miss Hilaria King on the first day of the new year. Miss King was born at Demerara, May 10th, 1802, but was early removed to Barbados, after her father had finished the business which took him to Demerara. Mr. and Mrs. King were highly respected. Although members of the Established church, they were generous and hospitable to missionaries of other denominations. Dr. King, the brother of Miss King, and his excellent wife, while some scorned the Methodist missionaries, accorded them honour as servants of the living God. The doctor subsequently rose to a position of commanding influence in the island, as the foremost man in his profession, and in every philanthropic movement. He sacrificed his valuable life when at its zenith, through hasting at midnight to give medical aid in a case of accident, when he was

himself barely in a convalescent state.* The family of which Miss King was a member occasionally attended the Methodist ministry. In the year 1820, while Mr. Shrewsbury was improving the death of an aged Methodist, the sermon was made the means of leading Miss King to seek the salvation of her soul. Against the kind remonstrance of constant friends, and the persecution of alienated friends, she immediately united herself with a "sect" commonly "spoken against," and not the less so, because so-called "persons of colour" and slaves were enrolled in its muster. Miss King took two females in particular as the guides of her youth,—Mrs. Gill, and Miss Christian Gill, and these "coloured females" engaged her in earnest work for the benefit of the outcasts of society. Before this chapter closes some letters, particularly of Mrs. Gill, Miss King's "leader," shall be given as facts for the study of modern

* This excellent and generous physician, to whom the biographer owes more than he can ever repay, died at Barbados, April 4, 1851. Throughout his life he attended the poor gratuitously, keeping an additional horse for their sole benefit. Referring to his death, one of the island newspapers, in a leading article, wrote:—"A great man is dead. . . . Of the religious institutions of the land he was the chief promoter. A more thoroughly unsectarian Christian never existed. . . . As President of the Scripture Readers' Association, and of the Bible Society, his diligence, his liberality, and his punctuality were beyond praise. As a philanthropist he was not excelled. . . . As a professional man, he was looked up to by his contemporaries with the most profound respect, and by his numerous patients with confidence and affectionate regard. . . . The needy, the poor, and the dying man did, indeed, like music, hear his feet approaching." He was interred at the cathedral, the funeral service being performed by the Bishop of the diocese, assisted by three clergymen, and a weeping multitude of rich and poor were the mourners. His widow, distinguished alike for amiability, intelligence, generosity, and godliness, died in great peace at Glasgow, November 19th, 1866. Her dying looks were often fixed upon the portrait of her husband, whose memory had been cherished with profound esteem and love throughout the fifteen years of their separation by death.

anthropologists, or, to speak more exactly, misanthropologists. Some considerable time after her union with the people of God, while engaged in secret devotion, the future wife of the missionary found peace with God. More than two years later, as already recorded, she became one in marriage with the man who had led her to the cross before he brought her to the altar. As a proof of the esteem in which Mr. Shrewsbury was held, not only by many churchmen who attended his ministry, but also by some of the established clergy, it may be mentioned that the rector who officiated at the marriage refused the accustomed fee, although it was well-known that he was somewhat addicted to numismatics.

Labouring with growing zeal, a most encouraging prospect was before the devoted missionary. The last farthing of the debt on the chapel was paid six weeks before its dedication. Writing on the 3rd of July, he is able to report:—"The mission here is still rising, and friends to the missionary cause are gained in the midst of opposition. This was strikingly manifest at the anniversary of our missionary society, held on the 25th June. The chapel was excessively crowded, and whole families were constrained to go away for want of room: the collection doubled that of the preceding year. It was a blessed and interesting season; nor was it rendered less so by the presence and serious attention of several of the most respectable of the Jews, who gave, at the conclusion, their silver, and gold also, for the furtherance of the Messiah's kingdom." The word "opposition" will be noticed in this extract. The "anti-slavery," or, as it was sometimes called, the

"African society," led on by Wilberforce, Clarkson, and Buxton was making its voice to be heard, not only in England, but throughout the West Indian Colonies. Those who quailed at the cry for justice, as if foreboding that their time was short, and that their monstrous tyranny was doomed, in their savage dismay and terror, avowed their hasty belief that missionaries, and notably the Methodist missionaries, were agents of the abolitionists. Had they not been reckless and infatuated, they might have informed themselves of the admirable "instructions" furnished to Methodist missionaries, which disallowed "meddling with political parties, or secular disputes," and which cautioned West Indian missionaries, in particular, "against engaging in any of the merely civil disputes, or local politics of the colony to which" they were "appointed, either verbally, or by correspondence, with any person at home, or the colonies." But injustice is always ignorant, petulant, and cruel. Moreover, the "instructions" were regarded by some as a piece of policy meant to cover sinister designs.

We have already seen that Mr. Shrewsbury was, from time to time, grossly insulted, even by some to whom he had preached the gospel. There was a force and pungency about his reproof of sin which such men could not endure. Mr. Austin, a gentleman of great intelligence, who had received good under Mr. Shrewsbury's ministry, states it as his opinion, that whereas before Mr. Shrewsbury's arrival in Barbados, Methodism had been treated with indifference and contempt, an easy rector having intimated it "could not do much harm," the bold and withering denunciations of vice

which Mr. Shrewsbury's conscience compelled him to utter, accumulated wrath for the coming storm. "I was present," Mr. Austin writes, "at a private meeting over which your father presided. Shortly after the meeting had commenced, a loud rapping was heard at the door, and repeated calls for 'Shrewsbury.' Your father attempted to go out, but was prevented by the persons present. After some time, the man was induced to leave, and, after going a short distance, he discharged a pistol, and was heard to say, 'I had this for Shrewsbury; but he would not come out.' As this individual was mad with strong drink, if the Lord had not mercifully preserved your father, he might have gone out, and fallen a victim to this man's madness. Perhaps the same pistol ended his own wretched life, for he afterwards committed suicide." One effect following Mr. Shrewsbury's ministry was, that the coloured women refused any longer to live in concubinage with white men. This greatly enraged the licentious class among the whites. They commonly said, "Shrewsbury has done this." When the bitterness of the carnal mind was intensified by the rumour that the missionary was in league with the anti-slavery society, opposition waxed louder, and at length broke out into lawless violence. The details of that violence are thus given in a letter of Mr. Shrewsbury to the Rev. W. D. Goy:—

St. Vincent, November 11th, 1823.

MY DEAR GOY,

You rightly judged the cause of my not entering more into detail when I wrote you last; for I had been so much occupied in sending a large account of the whole event to the committee, and in copying the circulars, &c.,

that when I sat down to write you I was completely weary of the subject itself, as well as of writing. But the friendship which has subsisted between us from the day we became first acquainted unto the present time, demands that I should conceal nothing from you ; I will, therefore, now make amends for former brevity.

You know that the Methodists have ever been a poor and afflicted people in Barbados,—“a proverb of reproach and shame.” Hence, I have often been scoffed at, I may say daily, ever since I first went to that island. But no sooner did the insurrection at Demerara break out, than a more angry feeling began to manifest itself. If I passed in the streets, indignant eyes met me in every direction ; gentlemen in stores would come to the door, and stand gaping at me as at a monster, till I was out of sight ; and sometimes they would utter such sayings as these : “That fellow ought to have a rope tied round his neck ; hang him.” Or, more elegantly,—“D—d rascal of a Methodist parson, he ought to be kicked into h—ll.” In the mean time it was stuck up in the commercial rooms, “that the Methodist preachers in Demerara were imprisoned, they being *deeply implicated* in the insurrection,” &c. It was useless to contradict it; for I was generally considered *a hypocrite*, and whatever I said was at once set down for *a lie*. One of the newspapers inserted a piece somewhat in favour of the Wesleyan missions, but the editor had his windows broken at night ; hence *the Barbadian papers have all been silent* about the destruction of our chapel ; the fear of the populace has deterred them from making a single remark on the subject. At the same time the above-named falsehood was put up in the commercial rooms, another was asserted personally concerning me, which was to this effect,—that in the missionary notice of October, 1820, I had published a letter containing this sentence :—“If the slaves cannot

otherwise obtain their freedom, they ought to rise and take it by force." To meet this calumny I instantly produced the missionary notice itself, and left it a fortnight on the table of the commercial rooms, for public inspection; the letter was evidently much read, for the notice was nearly worn out. Some were well satisfied; and said there was nothing objectionable in it; others said I had no business to represent their moral character in so unfavourable a light; but the *more wise* and *penetrating* said, "That is not the true letter, it is all a *sham*; he has got that from England to impose upon us, and blind our eyes; but, in reality, he has written dreadful things against us." Yea, some boldly affirmed that *they had seen* some of my letters which I was afraid to make public; that in all my correspondence I used both black and red ink; that I drew *red ink lines* under those words or sentences which were for the use of *secret societies*, and let the rest stand for publication. One man declared *he had seen* a letter of mine, in which I had said, "The planters are so horribly cruel, that sometimes *they bore out the negroes' eyes*." Now, Goy, you see that I was *deluged with lies*; and when the multitude gave credit to every story, however silly, which operated to the injury of my character, and would believe nothing that I could say on my own behalf, how could I possibly avoid being overwhelmed? Besides these assertions about my letters, there were others no less false concerning my sermons. After the Sabbath was past, the stores and the vendue offices resounded with the *dangerous expressions* I had used in my public ministry. The following incident will serve as a specimen. Having preached from the following text, 'Is any thing too hard for the Lord?' one declared, "*I heard him say myself* that, as nothing was too hard for God, God *could easily make all the slaves free*." This foolish saying was not *too hard* for the people to believe, and a fresh out-

cry was raised against me as a dangerous character to the community. Fresh reports were also almost daily brought from Demerara concerning the missionary Smith (by the by, I fully believe his innocence will be clear as the noon-day) ; for, after they had hung the man a dozen times, it was *reported* that he “had turned king’s evidence, and given in *the names of fifty persons* in the West Indian colonies, who were in the pay of the African institution.” Of course, I was considered as one of the number.

By all these various means the public mind had been inflamed against us to *a pitch of madness* ; but nothing beyond contemptuous sneers, and angry words *indirectly* spoken, as I passed in the town, was manifested till Sunday, *October 5th*. The evening of that day, *without any suspicion on our part*, we were violently molested in our public worship. A company of white young men (for persons of colour had nothing to do with the late proceedings) had prepared a mixture of lamp-oil and assafœtida, which was put in thin glass bottles,—one or two of them had aquafortis,—and just as we rose from prayer, they came to the chapel door, and throwing the bottles with great force amongst the congregation, instantly made off in different directions. One bottle was aimed at my face, and came just above my head, between the pulpit lamps, when it shivered to pieces ; a second cut a young man slightly in the head, who was sitting just before the pulpit ; a third cut a black man in the jaw ; and a fourth burnt a black young woman sitting on the benches. The necks of eight bottles were picked up in the chapel the next day. The crash was great, as they were thrown all at once ; and the confusion that ensued was universal. [A lawyer, Mr. N——, chose his decorous station on the railing of the communion table, and cheered and encouraged the rioters.] My wife was in the chapel, and fearing from her state that she

would get injured, I left the pulpit to get her into the vestry; my leaving the pulpit gave rise to this *witty* expression, which was bandied about the next day:—"He ran out of the pulpit *like a horse!*" When I had put my wife into a place of *comparative* safety, and found that her mind was perfectly calm, I returned to the pulpit, and found that one-third of my large congregation was dispersed, and that there was a complete uproar amongst those who remained. I tried to quiet them in vain; at length I gave out a hymn, and began to sing, when the murmur gradually subsided, and I preached, in tolerable peace, from Psalm xxxvi. 9, though the stones were rattling against the chapel from all quarters. After the service I offered £30 for the apprehension of the offenders, and £10 for the apprehension and conviction of any who might attempt to disturb us in future. The next day I carried an advertisement to that effect, to be inserted in one of the colony papers; but the insulting shouts of laughter which assailed my ears convinced me that *the deed* met with *almost* universal approbation. In fact, the common remark made was,—“It served the fellow right; they ought to have dragged him out of the pulpit. [A magistrate, who was also senior member of the council, told a person of credit, that “if a sufficient number would join him, he would go and pull down the chapel at noon-day.”]

Thus circumstanced, I considered of the best means to ensure protection for the future. I despaired of finding out the past offenders. In Barbados there is *no police*. Some of the magistrates I knew to be enemies; I could *depend on none of them for effectual protection*. In fact, there is scarcely a magistrate in town at night, as they have their country residences, so that if I had applied to them they probably would only have sent a few constables to keep the door. But the constables of Barbados are the very refuse

of society ; and for a little rum would have joined with the mob, especially when they knew that their superiors did not care to exert themselves on our behalf. It seemed, therefore, the best plan we could devise, to station about twelve young men, members of society, near the chapel door and gate, on whose exertions to detect offenders I could depend ; it being my design to prosecute them at the coming sessions. Accordingly I did so, on the Wednesday evening ; but, in spite of their vigilance, we were much annoyed by stones. [On the Friday, which is kept in Barbados as a fast-day, in commemoration of the great storm of 1780, it was a joke, heard from all quarters, " While you are preaching of the storm within doors, you shall have a storm without." And so there was ; but not a severe one.]

The next Sabbath, October 12, as it was moonlight, we hoped to have worshipped God in peace. But when I went down to chapel, besides the pews being crammed, there was a large body of white gentlemen stationed round the pulpit, and about the pulpit-stairs, apparently waiting to do me some personal injury ; while there was an immense mob lining the street, some " breathing out threatenings and slaughter," and some, I hope, merely lookers-on. The whole scene was intimidating, but I looked up to God for succour, and resolved to prosecute my work without dismay. Having placed Mrs. S. in the vestry, I ascended the pulpit, and gave out the 404th hymn, with some degree of fear and trembling ; but in prayer my heart was enlarged, and my fear was gone. As we rose from our knees, two men, wearing masks, and armed with swords and pistols, came galloping down the street, and as they got opposite the chapel door, presented to fire. One pistol only snapped ; the other went off, but, providentially, its contents did not enter the chapel, but fell against the window. We saw a momentary blaze, and some voices without cried, " Fire !

fire!" But a member of society, who was standing at the gate, ran into the chapel, and, with great presence of mind, cried out:—"Don't be alarmed; it is only a cracker;" and the ferment soon subsided. The providence of God so ordered it, that that evening there were two military officers at the chapel; their servants were on their horses under a balcony, and as the masked gentlemen fired, *they pursued them*. The first one who presented was laid hold of almost instantly by one of the servants; but he put his pistol to the unarmed man's breast, saying,—“You are a dead man this moment, if you do not let me go;” and, as the mob joined to rescue him, he was suffered to escape. The second one, who actually fired, was pursued by the other servant, and chased through the town. Turning a corner, he laid hold of the masked gentleman's horse's bridle, when man and horse fell, the horse rolling over the offender, and severely bruising his side. His hat fell off at the same time. The brave officer's servant was about to secure him, when the one who had been first seized came to the other's assistance, and made three blows at him with his sword, so that the unarmed man was glad himself to flee: however, he secured the hat, and brought it to me the next morning. This spirited and unexpected pursuit deterred those gentlemen from returning again; or they would have returned and fired repeatedly till they had accomplished their design. It appears their design was to have shot the crackers amongst the females, in hope of setting their clothes on fire; when those who were stationed around the pulpit would have taken advantage of the confusion to have wreaked their vengeance on me. But God was our merciful deliverer. Our enemies were confounded in their well-laid scheme, and ready to gnash their teeth with rage.

Persecution having come to such a height, I was advised to have our evening service at 5, to which I reluctantly

consented. We hoped, therefore, though the congregation would have been smaller, to have had no interruption at that early hour on Wednesday. But about four that afternoon I received a confidential letter, advising me not to open the chapel, *as there certainly would be murder committed if I did*; and by no means to suffer Mrs. S. to remain at the chapel-house in her present condition. I was preparing for the pulpit when the intelligence was received. Before I decided, my wife and I knelt down to prayer. *Considering her state, and the quarter from whence the advice came*, I saw it was my duty to act according to it. Accordingly we hastened to the house of *her brother*, Dr. William King, *to whom I owe my life*, and were there sheltered that night. An immense mob assembled before six o'clock about the chapel, but they did no further mischief that night, than to throw a few stones at the windows. But when they found I was not there, the expression of their malice could not be restrained.

I forgot to observe, that on Monday, 13th, after the two persecuting Sabbaths, the constable was sent to me with a summons from the magistrate, to answer for not having enrolled myself in the colony militia; I was to have appeared on Thursday, the 23rd instant, but before that day I made my escape.

When things had come to such a crisis, that I could not remain in my own dwelling in safety, I thought it my duty to apply to the governor for protection. But, perhaps, you will say, "Why did you not make an earlier application?" I answer, because there were, just then, some serious differences between the governor and the colonists, and as mine was an unpopular cause, I was unwilling to be, although innocently, the means of increasing their differences, or of adding to the irritation of mind the public had already evinced with regard to some of his proceedings. I,

therefore, bore my sufferings, till I could bear them no longer,—perhaps longer than I ought to have done ; but if I erred, I erred from principle, and from a regard to what appeared to me to be right. However, on Thursday, October 15, I waited on his excellency, and, after a little urging the matter, obtained permission to speak to him personally. Having stated to his excellency that I was the Wesleyan missionary resident in that colony, and the particulars of my case, he said that I ought to apply to the magistrates in the first place, and that he should be the *dernier ressort*. I replied that the magistrates were personally incensed against me ; that his excellency knew that, in fact, there was no effective magistracy, every magistrate, almost, living in the country, and that there was no police established. I could assure his excellency, that when Sir George Beckwith was governor of Barbados, no sooner did he hear of disturbances at the Wesleyan chapel, than *he sent for* the missionary, and enquired into the particulars of it, without waiting for an application from the missionary. His excellency replied, that mine was an *ex-parte* statement ; that what I had to lay before him, should be presented before him in council, in writing ; that he was very sorry for me, and wished me well ; that no man could have been more abused than himself had been ;* and, that he was afraid the arm of protection would be represented as the arm of tyranny. I replied, that it had caused me much grief to find that his excellency had been calumniated ;

* A planter, named Best, had, a short time previously, flogged a negro to death. He absconded, and a reward was offered for his apprehension. Another planter, seeing a woman plucking a few handfulls of guinea-grass, fired at her. The ball lodged in her back, and she died. He left the island, and a reward was offered for his apprehension. A white man was found dead in a wood. He was a man of dissolute and drunken habits; and the governor, thinking he had fallen a victim to his own intemperance, offered no reward for the apprehension of the murderers, upon the very intelligible ground, that

that, for that reason I had deferred so long troubling him with my case ; but that the disposition of the magistracy might be sufficiently discovered from this fact : I had been three years and a-half in the colony without being troubled in reference to the militia, but that, now the populace was bearing me down, instead of being protected by the magistracy, one of them had summoned me to answer for not having enrolled myself in the island militia. Here I produced my license ; and pointed out to his excellency, that I was exempted, by the Toleration Act, from all civil and military services. His excellency replied, "It is a matter of law ; and, unfortunately, I am no lawyer, I do not understand the law." I then ventured to suggest, that by virtue of his excellency's prerogative he could exempt me, independently of every other consideration ; but he declined doing so, and recommended that I should get *legal* advice, and petition him in council. I concluded, "Sir, I am an oppressed, friendless, unprotected individual ; in applying to your excellency for protection, I have done my duty, and can do no more."

You will observe, Goy, that in this conversation I said nothing about *a design to destroy the chapel*, because I had not then heard of that design. I was first informed of it, I think, on Friday evening, the 17th ; and was told that *anonymous* circulars had been cautiously issued, inviting the assistance, or countenance of the individuals to whom they were addressed. But I could not get a sight of one of them ; nor could I fully rely on the word of the individual who told it, to the man who named it to me. However, Sunday

he did not think a murder had been committed. This gave great offence. It was said, "Here is notorious partiality. A slave or two are unfortunately killed, and a reward is offered ; but now one of our own body, a white man, is found dead, and no reward is offered for the perpetrators of his death ;"—the perpetrator being, in all probability, the rum-bottle. Hence, in part, the unpopularity of the governor.—*Sir F. Buxton's speech in the House of Commons.*

the 19th came. We had no service in the chapel that day ; herein I followed the advice of a reverend clergyman, who has always shown himself my friend. For as the council were to meet the following Tuesday, he thought it would be best to wait the result of my petition to them, before we again held public service. The chapel doors were, therefore, that day kept closed : in the course of the week, the gate and doors had been *privately* strengthened by additional bars. But soon after six in the evening, the "lovers of religion," and of the fourth commandment, as I was told by eye-witnesses, began to assemble with hammers, saws, axes, crows, ladders, and every necessary implement ; while a part were armed, to protect their pious companions in their "truly laudable exertions." Before seven they broke open the chapel gate and doors, and entered the chapel, when they demolished pews, benches, lamps, and in particular the offending pulpit, which was chopped to splinters. They next ascended the stairs of the dwelling house ; destroyed chairs, tables, bed, and every article of furniture ; tore up my library, consisting of more than three hundred volumes, and threw them out of the windows, and began to unroof the house. When they had partly broken up the roof, they made flags of some linen found in the house, and gave three cheers. They also brake down part of the wall, and left about one in the morning ; for that night the moon was full, and remarkably clear and bright. The rest of the morning, till day-light, the negroes were employed in plundering and carrying away the wood, and whatever they could lay their hands upon. The next evening, "the lovers of religion" assembled and finished their work of demolition, *carrying the very stones and rubbish, and throwing them into the sea*, so that hardly a fragment of the chapel is to be found.

On Sunday, the 19th, I was at my brother-in-law's house ;

and about 9 o'clock a coloured young man, who was in the crowd, came with haste, and intreated us to remove, as several of the demolition-men were declaring that when they had finished the chapel, they would come up there after me. You may partially conceive of the distress of that hour. I disguised myself, and retired a mile and a half in the country: my wife being unable to travel, was placed for the night in a little hut that was near, where it was thought she would not be suspected. About three in the morning, four men rode by my brother-in-law's house, crying out,—“Down with all the Methodists! Down with all the Methodists!”—but his house was not molested. Very early in the morning, we all met together, and our first act was that of praise to God, for His preserving goodness. I had determined, in the night, to quit the island without delay; for had I stayed to appear before the magistrate on the following Thursday, the mob would have torn me from his hands, and killed me on the spot. All my friends, and all my kindred urged me to depart; and so did my wife, who insisted on departing with me; nor was I unwilling that she should. Every one's opinion was the same:—“Never was any man's life in such imminent danger as yours is.” Besides, every one was afraid of the consequences of sheltering me; and I did not think it right to expose my friends to danger. Captain Dodd's vessel was, therefore, chartered, and about three on Monday afternoon he sent his boat on shore, and took us off, with the wreck of our goods that we could muster together, about two miles below Bridge Town, on the lee-ward coast. Several remarkable providences attended our removal, which I will tell you all about some future day.

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There,—I have now given you a tolerably full account of particulars. Barbados has secured for ever an interest in

my prayers! And let all who hear, or read thereof, say, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

And now, dear Goy, the Lord bless thee and thine! The Lord bless thy colleagues, and the people; and may He prosper abundantly from day to day the work of your hands. Amen!

Yours affectionately,

W. J. SHREWSBURY.

A few additional particulars are gathered from letters sent to the missionary committee, and published by them. Referring to the reproach cast upon him, Mr. Shrewsbury wrote,—“But I was as a deaf man who heard not. I determined to regard the apostle’s words, ‘By well doing, to put to silence the ignorance of foolish men.’” One of the most affecting incidents that occurred on the second of the riot-Sundays (October 12th), is not mentioned in the letter to Mr. Goy. Mrs. Shrewsbury came from the vestry, where her husband had placed her, as he thought, for safety, and planted herself at the foot of the pulpit-stairs, between her husband and the insolent and infuriated men that surrounded the pulpit, ready for any mischief. She resolved that no one should touch the preacher without first trampling her under foot. The high position her family held in the island, her present condition, and her calm daring, combined to check the ruffians, who were plotting the assassination of Mr. Shrewsbury. The hymn sung in the hearing of foes within the chapel, and an excited mob without, was strikingly appropriate to the occasion. The second verse is subjoined:—

“A faithful witness of Thy grace,
Well may I fill the allotted space,
And answer all Thy great design;

Walk in the works by Thee prepared ;
 And find annex'd the vast reward,
 The crown of righteousness divine.
 When I have lived to Thee alone,
 Pronounce the welcome word, 'Well done !'
 And let me take my place above,
 Enter into my Master's joy,
 And all eternity employ
 In praise, and ecstasy, and love."

The text selected on the occasion was, "For the Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom : but we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness ; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God." The reason why the persecuted missionary selected this text, he has recorded, was, that as he had a foreboding that his ministry would be cut short, he "would make the great doctrine of the Cross his most frequent theme." He needed the support of this doctrine, especially when he and his noble wife were fleeing from Barbados. "We were in a small vessel," he says, in a letter, dated St. Vincent, Oct. 29th, 1823, "manned by the captain and three black sailors, when, about half our passage being over, my wife complained of the pains of labour, which, with sea-sickness, rendered her case one of deep distress. I could do nothing but cry to God, for no human help could possibly be obtained. Blessed be the Lord, he heard our cry, for though the sea-sickness continued, her pains were considerably lessened till we landed in St. Vincent, when they returned, and, a few hours after our landing, she was delivered of a fine boy. . . . In remembrance of my sorrows, we design to name

him Jeremiah. . . . My heart felt most deeply the observation which a pious old leader in St. Vincent made, when looking on Mrs. S. and the child: 'Ah! sir,' said she, 'the people that say God does not hear prayer, do not know what it is to pray.'

The *Times* newspaper, in its report of the riot, admitted inaccuracies then, as it has sometimes done since. According to a "correspondent," Mr. Shrewsbury is represented as having calumniated all the Barbadians, but such as "permitted him to preach to their negroes," and that "he did not attempt to refute" the calumny. The letter upon which this charge is based has been already given, and the preceding narrative shows that Mr. Shrewsbury strove to "refute" the slander of others, and to abate their prejudice. His recorded opinion of the planters of Barbados was that they were "generally humane men." The *Times* further stated that the chapel was demolished by a "lawless rabble." Be it so; the offenders, in their bulletin, described themselves as persons of the "first respectability," and "true lovers of religion." It seems, moreover, they were lovers of literature. Mrs. Dr. King, writing to Mr. Shrewsbury, says, "They were not all Goths who pulled down the chapel. They showed their taste by adding some of your books to their libraries." All the demolitionists were whites, save one person of colour, who had been educated in England. With this man the people of colour would not afterwards associate.

The missionary driven from his flock and home, and his house and God's house destroyed, the governor, Sir Henry Warde, issued a timid and supplicating pro-

clamation on the 22nd October, offering a reward of one hundred pounds to any person who should give such information as should lead to the conviction of any person concerned in the riot. The day before the governor's proclamation, the rioters had issued the following manifesto :—

“GREAT AND SIGNAL TRIUMPH OVER METHODISM, AND
“TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF THE CHAPEL!!!

“Bridgetown, Tuesday, 21st Oct., 1823.

“The inhabitants of this island are respectfully informed that, in consequence of the unmerited and unprovoked attacks which have repeatedly been made upon the community by the Methodist missionaries (otherwise known as agents to the villanous African society), a party of respectable gentlemen formed the resolution of closing the Methodist concern altogether : with this view they commenced their labours on Sunday evening ; and they have the greatest satisfaction in announcing, that by twelve o'clock they effected the
TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF THE CHAPEL.

“To this information they have to add, that the missionary made his escape yesterday afternoon, in a small vessel, for St. Vincent ; thereby avoiding that expression of the public feeling towards him, personally, which he had so richly deserved.

“It is hoped that, as this information will be circulated throughout the different islands and colonies, all persons who consider themselves true lovers of religion will follow the example of the BARBADIANS, in putting an end to Methodism, and Methodist Chapels throughout the West Indies.”

The day after the governor's proclamation, the demolitionists thus delivered themselves, in a proclamation :—

Bridgetown, Barbados, Thursday, Oct. 23, 1823.

“Whereas, a proclamation having appeared in the Barbadian newspaper of yesterday, issued by order of his Excellency, the Governor, offering a reward of one hundred pounds for the *conviction* of any person or persons concerned in the said-to-be riotous proceedings of the 19th and 20th instant; *public notice is hereby given* to such person or persons who may feel inclined, either from pecuniary temptation or vindictive feeling, that should they attempt to come forward to injure, in any shape, any individual, they shall RECEIVE THAT PUNISHMENT which their crimes will justly deserve. They are to understand that to *impeach* is not to *convict*, and that the reward offered will only be given upon *conviction*, which cannot be effected whilst the people are true to themselves.

“And whereas it may appear to those persons who are unacquainted with the circumstances which occasioned the said proclamation, that the demolition of the chapel was effected by the rabble of this community, in order to create anarchy, riot, and insubordination, to trample upon the laws of the country, and to subvert good order: it is considered an imperative duty to repel the charge, and to state, *firstly*, that the majority of the persons were of the first respectability, and were supported by the concurrence of nine-tenths of the community; *secondly*, that their motives were patriotic and loyal,—namely, to eradicate from this soil the germ of Methodism, which was spreading its bane-

ful influence over a certain class, and which ultimately would have injured both church and state. *With this view* the chapel was demolished, and the villanous preacher who headed it, and belied us, was compelled, by a speedy flight, to remove himself from the island.

“With a fixed determination, therefore, to put an end to Methodism in this island, all Methodist preachers are warned not to approach these shores ; *as, if they do, it will be at their own peril.*”

“GOD SAVE THE KING AND THE PEOPLE.”

When the governor saw this proclamation, he asked the council what he should do ? And they answered, “Nothing at all.” And nothing was done.

These two extraordinary documents prefer two indictments against the “villanous preacher.” He, in common with others, had made “unmerited attacks” “repeatedly” upon the Barbadians. This accusation resolves itself into the sending of a single letter, in which the moral state of an ungodly community is depicted. But for a Methodist missionary, at that time of day, to presume to say that sin had found its way to Barbados, was a capital offence. A Barbados gentleman, who called upon the Rev. Richard Watson at the mission house, to express his regret at his countrymen’s conduct, added, “But, sir, Mr. Shrewsbury ought not to have given them a bad character, for I do assure you, sir, they are a very *godly* people.” After expatiating on their virtues, he added, “And, sir, as to *honour*, they are very high : for if you do but offend one of them, he is *sure to call you out, sir!*” The Barbados of more than half a century ago was very different to the

well-ordered, intelligent, and Christian island of the present day. Sixty years ago, clergymen were known to drink and carouse with their parishioners. "Will you have a sermon?" said one of these clergy, in one of the country parish churches, when prayers were over. His congregation were worshipping with their guns at hand, awaiting the arrival of an expected flight of plovers. A black boy, standing at the church door, exclaimed, "Massa! Massa! de plovers are coming;" when the speedy exit of the congregation responded to the question of the reverend functionary. Ladies would commonly go to church in full dress an hour before the service, for gossip. When to these facts is added the consideration, that not a few of the Barbadians were descendants of the cavaliers, it may readily be conceived that a faithful description of things as they were would excite their ire, and engender persecution. But that persecution was maddened and hastened by the ill-founded suspicion that the missionary was an agent of the "African," or anti-slavery society. "This was altogether a mistaken opinion (to quote the published words of the missionary himself), for I never wrote a single line to any public political man on any subject." He adds, "That we were enemies to slavery, I will not deny. And as my father-in-law's property had been accumulated, though not by slave-dealing, yet by slave-labour, my wife agreed with me, after our marriage, to renounce our expectation of 'our share in it; and, accordingly, we expressed our desire to be excluded altogether from his will."

From St. Vincent, the exiled missionary wrote the subjoined pastoral letter to his flock. The original

document, the property of a lady in Barbados, who prizes it greatly, is before the biographer. It is dated, October 24th, 1823 :—

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE WESLEYAN METHODIST SOCIETY,
BARBADOS.

DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD,

It was a cause of grief to my soul that I was obliged to leave you, without so much as bidding you farewell ; and I doubt not of your sorrow on this account also. But we must resign our all to God, submit to every event of providence with cheerfulness, and receive the cup of affliction with praise. O let us remember the extent of this Christian precept :—“In every thing give thanks.” Though I am separated from you, I still consider you as my flock, and I beseech you, if ever you loved the Redeemer, or me for the Redeemer’s sake, attend to the few advices I would now give, as standing regulations for your conduct, until it shall please God, in His all-wise providence, to furnish you with a pastor, whose living exhortations may render what I now write no longer necessary for you. I advise you :—

1. Love one another. Let the opposition you may meet with bind each to each in indissoluble bonds. Beware of anything that would occasion contentions ; let there be no shyness, no evil speaking, no evil surmising, no unkindness in word or deed ; and if any ill thought of a brother or sister arises in the mind, banish it instantly, give it no place in the heart for a moment : for evil-speaking [qu., thinking] is the cankerworm which silently consumes brotherly love and charity. O, keep united ! Let the leaders act in concert for the good of the society, without envying one another, or seeking any kind of pre-eminence, and let the members submit themselves unto the leaders in the fear of God. You all have the rules of society ; walk

according to them ; in everything keep the rules, and the rules will keep you.

2. Be patient towards all men. Never speak disrespectfully of any in authority, nor willingly of any who injure you. "Marvel not, my brethren, if the world hate you." It has been so from the beginning ; it will be so to the end. St. Paul speaks of it as a privilege :—"Unto you," says he, "it is GIVEN in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on Him, but also to suffer for His sake." And our Saviour bids us "rejoice when men say all manner of evil of us falsely for the Lord's sake." But whatever ye are called to suffer, I beseech you, take it patiently. In general it will be best for you to be wholly silent. "I kept my mouth as with a bridle," says David, "while the ungodly were in my sight." From the affection you have towards me, you will, perhaps, find it difficult to refrain when you hear me spoken against ; but your wisest plan will be to hold your peace, for you would be in great danger of speaking with undue warmth, when you undertake to defend my character. No man can convince me of sin ; no man can attempt it without having a witness in his own breast that he is either asserting a falsehood, or at least talking at random from mere hearsay. But they who hear not the thunder of conscience will not regard the whispers of reason. Be ye therefore generally silent, unless when ye speak to God in prayer.

3. Be circumspect in all your conduct. Be honest ; owe no man anything but love. Go in debt for nothing. If any of you owe a farthing, rest not until that farthing is paid, and suffer any want rather than get involved in your circumstances. Be saving ; waste not the smallest thing ; but only save to give, that economy may be a constant spring to charity. You are a poor and despised people ; your means are exceedingly scanty, but many little rills

united may become a considerable stream to refresh many a weary soul. Be industrious. Always be employed, for daily experience confirms the truth of Dr. Watts's lines, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." Be always clean and neat in your persons, and in your houses. I hope the poorest of you will never be seen in rags. A mended garment is no disgrace ; it speaks much in favour of the industry of the poor ; but a torn, tattered garment is a sure sign that the wearer is of little worth. And in regard to the houses of the poor, I would impress on your minds the saying of a good and great man, "Cleanliness is next to godliness."

4. Attend conscientiously to every relative duty. "Husbands love your wives." They will do anything if you love them with a truly Christian affection. Sharp, rough, austere, commanding words will provoke resistance, or a constrained obedience ; but love is irresistible, and engages the heart to obey. Wives, obey "your own husbands" in everything, "as it is fit in the Lord." Parents, keep your children from evil company, pray with them in the family daily, catechise them at stated times, converse with them on religious subjects frequently, and so secure a respect to your authority, that the parent's frown may in general be sufficient punishment to a disobedient child. Children, remember what you have learned in the Sunday-school, be obedient both to your father and mother, loving to one another, and kind and respectful in your behaviour towards all men. Young men, I feel a peculiar concern for your welfare ; you have been raised up under my ministry (to God be the glory !) ; I have marked the commencement and progress of a work of grace in your heart, and have often rejoiced in your steady and increasing piety. O let me have the joy of hearing that you stand fast in the Lord ! Never turn back to the world ; flee every youthful snare, and God will make

you the future pillars of His house, when the few aged members that are left are mouldering in the grave. Finally, you that are slaves will, I hope, be exceedingly careful to "adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things." Let no slave, who is a Methodist, be dishonest, or lazy, or impertinent, either in speech, or behaviour, but honest, sober, industrious, and useful to his owner, even as we have taught you, both in public and private, from day to day. And as to political matters, whether ye be bond or free, never meddle with them, but mind higher and better things,—the things relating to God and eternity.

5. Attend the means of grace. Private prayer every one should observe, at least thrice a day; and in private you should never forget to pray for your enemies; but it would not be judicious ever to pray for them in public, since that conduct would raise their resentment against you, as it would be a public confession of their guilty conduct towards you. As much as possible attend your class-meetings. This is a matter of vast importance. You will also regularly attend the service of the established church, and never speak slightly of the clergy. Remember Mr. Wesley was a clergyman; Dr. Coke, the father of the West India mission, was a clergyman, and the Methodists, properly speaking, are a part of the church of England. Dissenters are slips cut off from the church flourishing around her in a separate state, but the Methodists are her natural branches, spreading far and wide, inviting nations to her shade, and displaying to the world her grandeur and her beauty. Therefore, though you are called Methodists, remember, you belong to the church; and, not for form's sake, but for conscience sake, you ought, as much as possible, to attend all her ordinances, and conform to all her laws. In this respect, imitate the example I set you while I dwelt among you. You will also read the Bible daily, and let it

be your delight to meditate on the law of the Lord both day and night.

6. Be humbled and encouraged. Be humbled because of your unprofitableness under the means of grace which you are deprived of. Is not God just in suffering His house to be destroyed when you so often went to that house in vain? "I will bear the indignation of the Lord," saith the prophet, "because I have sinned against Him." But be also encouraged; for God will surely yet visit you; He will make "the wrath of man" to "praise" Him, and the "remainder of wrath" He will "restrain." Read the second Psalm, and look forward to better days; for though you "sow in tears," you "shall reap in joy." And now, beloved friends, farewell! May the God of peace "give you peace always by all means," and after you "have suffered awhile," may He "make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you!" And may He give you the "crown of righteousness" which "fadeth not away." Amen! Amen! So prays your unworthy pastor,

W. J. SHREWSBURY.

It should be observed, in justice to the writer of this letter, that his views about the relation of Methodism to the Established church were considerably modified in after life. He lived to pronounce Methodism as true a church, and its ministry as valid an appointment of the Head of the church, as the church and ministry which rejoice in episcopacy. Yet, to the end of his life, he was a warm advocate of church and state union.

To Mr. Shrewsbury's pastoral letter a reply was sent "in the name of the society," by Mr. Thomas Exley, a nephew of the Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke. For the comfort of the persecuted pastor, he assures him that he

is not, and cannot be forgotten by "the little flock," and that his late charge were bearing up under the severe trial of their faith. Writing to the committee in England, the same gentleman says, "I scarcely need say anything in vindication of Mr. Shrewsbury; in him, the committee have a most valuable missionary. His ministerial labours in this island have been attended with marked success, and he is universally beloved by his flock." The flock had been well tended. "What do you for a church now?" was asked defiantly of one of the simplest members of the Methodist church in Barbados. His reply was, "You pulled down the chapel, but my church is in my heart, and you can't get easily at that."

The following letters of people of colour (so called) to their late pastor, will prove them to be as free from *gorillaism* as their white brethren. The first is from Mrs. Ann Gill. This noble woman, to whom frequent reference will yet be made, was truly a "mother in Israel." The mob threatened the demolition of her house if she would persist in her Christian labours. But she calmly pursued her way. Forbidden by the magistracy to hold religious services in her house, she met the members under her care by twos and threes; and when constables, who were listening for the Methodist melody, that they might have whereof to accuse her, were baffled, and inquisitorially asked if she held her meetings, "because they never heard singing," she frankly said, "O, yes! Do you think we can't meet without singing?" Brought before the magistrates, and required to renounce her evangelizing work, under threatened penalty, she meekly but firmly responded,

"Sirs, I have learnt from my Bible, that in matters of conscience I ought to obey God rather than man." Under date November 11th, 1823, Mrs. Ann Gill writes to Mr. Shrewsbury:—

"No words can express the feelings of our society when you were so shockingly driven from us. We are as sheep without a shepherd; but that great Shepherd of Israel will, I know, never leave us, nor forsake us, so long as we abide by Him, and I pray we may all continue faithful to the end. The society (I am sure you will be glad to hear) are driven closer to each other than ever. O, may we so continue. We cannot meet at present, from the fierceness of the persecution, as we wish, but we do so as well as we can. Your affectionate and timely letter has been read to many of the society; I have it in my keeping at present, for the purpose of reading it to them, as this is the only place they can come to, and from this cause the enemies of my Lord are mad against me, but the Lord has given me grace and faith according to my day. I give offence to none, but I go on the way, I trust, I am directed in by the blessed Spirit; and, although my gate was surrounded with about two hundred (it is said), for the purpose of pulling down this place, yet I felt no fear, and, glory be to my God, no anger nor revenge whatever. My Master kept, and still keeps me in perfect peace; for of this I am assured, that He whose I am is never ignorant of the enemy's devices, and they can do nothing more to me than what *He* will permit; and I know all that He suffers to assail His children is for good. O, pray much for us here; and pray for unworthy me, that the Lord will give me grace not to

fear man, but to endeavour to keep His little flock here together, and leave the decision of all things to Him."

On December 30th, she writes:—"Could we but have a public prayer-meeting only once a fortnight, I should be glad, and rejoice in the Lord. Even now, blessed be my God, I can say, I rejoice in tribulation. . . . The lion is a little at ease just now, but quite on the watch. My family prayed and sang together on Christmas morning, and it so alarmed him, that his emissaries were quickly on the alert, to know if it was a public prayer-meeting. Glory to my God! I am a stranger to fear."

January 5th, 1824, Mrs. Gill sends an account of the state of the members of the society. Their numbers she gives as 90; *viz.*, whites, 15; coloured, 25; blacks, 50. Her letter contains the following generous offers:—

"I am about making an offer, through you, sir, to the district, which, if you think advisable and desirable, you can name for me. I look to the time when we shall once more have a temple to worship our Master in; and as our society is getting larger, and a chapel erected on the same spot would be rather small to hold the number the Lord will raise up for Himself, it is my wish of offering this place to our committee for a chapel, if you think it will meet their approbation. It cost me seventeen hundred pounds; I would part with it to them for the same, and would require only a part of the money. One thousand pounds currency I would wish to leave in their hands until Edward (her son) is twenty-one years old, and the land the late chapel stood on I would take in part of payment of the seven

hundred pounds, that would be to be paid. You will consider on it, sir; present it by yourself and brethren before the Lord, and the decision I leave to Him. I would rejoice to see this place a place of worship. Another offer I have, to make is this, that if you all think me worthy of the honour, in even a little measure (in a great I can never be *here*), that you would make an offer of rooms in my house, where I may dwell in this town, for the residence of any missionary that the committee may think of sending to poor Barbados, before building the chapel, so as to save that rent to them, as their expenses will be great; and all I can do I will to lessen the same. No thanks to me for anything; *all I have is my Lord's*, I call nothing mine."

From Miss Christian Gill, sister-in-law of the lady whose letters have just been quoted, words of cheer were sent to the sorrowing pastor. Captain Samuel Darrell, described on the back of the letter as "a worthy member of the Presbyterian church in Bermuda," wrote sympathizingly to the banished missionary. After a detail of personal experience, in which he says that though "Satan sometimes raised a fog around him," yet he "got a sight of the Sun of righteousness when on the watch, which, though he was afraid to call it a good observation, yet sufficed to enable him to keep his reckoning,"—he informs Mr. Shrewsbury that he was in the United States when he heard of the "triumph of the devil." He is persuaded that his friend is suffering through no fault of his own, but for the truth's sake, and is sure that good will be the result of the persecution. He holds out for encouragement the hope that God will raise up, out of the pastor's chil-

dren, preachers of the gospel. "Here," he observes, "in my own native isle, we have a pious, exemplary character, a mulatto, a slave, a local preacher, a native of Barbados, Edward Frazer by name, a young man, about twenty years old, whom I would not be ashamed to own as my brother before a host of haughty old fellows." Mr. Henry Frazer, a worthy member of the church of England, writing to Mr. Shrewsbury, expresses the wish that he could "erase from his memory the late unhappy and violent events." He adds, "It is to the immortal praise of your little flock, that amidst so many and sharp persecutions, I did not hear of a single instance of revenge which was fairly proved; there were reports, but, as usual, entirely false. . . . This must be a satisfactory evidence to every unprejudiced mind, that your doctrine was pure." Mr. Benjamin Cockerell, a member of the society, expresses joy at the safe arrival of the missionary and his wife at St. Vincent, the more so, "because we had heard so many distressing reports concerning you, one of which was that the captain had been bribed to take you to the Spanish Main, and that the governor of St. Vincent had refused to let you land." He assures his late pastor that "many respectable natives abhor the late proceedings." This letter is endorsed, "From my dear, *dear* friend. He is now, I trust, in glory; but my soul is still united to him in indissoluble bonds. I *now* love him as my own soul." The next letter shall be given entire. It is thus endorsed:—"From my dear and faithful servant, Mary Roach, an aged black woman. She was my servant three years, and in all that time I never saw anything to reprove in her,—never saw an unchris-

tian temper, nor heard an unkind word. O, that Mary may die as she has lived !”

Barbados, December 29th, 1823.

REVEREND SIR,

I now embrace the opportunity of answering your esteemed and fatherly letter of the 2nd inst. I can assure you it afforded me extreme consolation, especially now in the season of our general calamity. I am extremely happy to hear that yourself, Mrs. Shrewsbury, and the young Jeremiah enjoy good health, and sincerely hope that the Lord may continue His manifold blessings on you, and all around you. I am sorry that I am debarred the happiness of being a nurse to the little stranger ; but hope that my prayer for his prosperity may be acceptable as my actual service. Concerning the little flock over which I am placed, I can say that they hold fast, especially the younger ones, for they seem full bent for salvation. They all join me in love towards you, and love and harmony dwell still among us, and we endeavour to be of one heart and one mind. I sincerely hope that the young Jeremiah, like young Timothy of old, may “know the Scriptures even from a child.” May he be an olive branch in the house of the Lord never to depart, should it please the Lord to spare him.

As to persecution, I have met enough of it, but, blessed be almighty God, not a hair of my head has been hurt ; I have been obliged, for four nights running, to escape from my home, but the Lord was with me, so that I could not greatly fall. I know that it is through much tribulation that we must enter the kingdom of God ; but I also know that He that keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps. I thank you for your exhortation to Hester ; and she promises me, but I have not yet got her to the touchstone of truth.

Make my kind love to Mrs. S., and I wish every prosperity, in body as well as soul. I have preserved a Hebrew Bible of yours, which Miss Thomas will forward; likewise some other books, which I will forward by the first favourable opportunity.

I hope this may meet you all in the full enjoyment of your much-valued health, as it leaves me at present; and should we not meet again on earth, I beseech you to pray that we may meet at the right hand of the majesty on high. All friends join me in love towards you; and I must subscribe myself,

Your ever dutiful and striving sister in the Lord,

MARY ROACH.

Jane McCarty, "an aged maiden lady, a woman of very deep experience in the things of God, and long a mother in Israel," writes to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Shrewsbury on "the gift of a son," and prays that the Lord may "raise him up to preach that crucified Jesus," for whose sake the missionary "was obliged to quit this isle." She informs her "dear and reverend brother" that the "rebels still are threatening" his "friends," and that her "dwelling has been surrounded by day, and disturbed by night," and that "Mrs. H. has had her share of persecution. Five figures were burnt on the 5th of the month (November), one a female in black." This letter was written nearly a month after the demolition of the chapel, and shows the persistent violence of the persecutors. The Mrs. Humpleby of the preceding extract was a member of the established church. Mr. Shrewsbury's eldest son has supplied the biographer with the following account of her:—

"Mrs. Humpleby was a regular attendant on father's

ministry on Sabbath evenings, and ascribed her conversion to his instrumentality. She was a person of respectability, influence, and property, and took a decided stand in religious matters. When any person called upon her on the Sabbath afternoons, instead of allowing their company to be a hindrance to her going to the house of God, she boldly declared to them that she was going to chapel, and asked them to accompany her. Such was her known attachment to the persecuted Methodist preacher, that when he fled the island, the poor, foolish people concerned in those violent proceedings, burnt her in effigy, along with father, and Mr. Wilberforce. Mrs. H. established—for she was a woman of great firmness, energy, and activity—a daily soup dispensary, which is still kept up in Barbados, and from which great numbers of poor people are supplied daily with excellent soup. In connection with the dispensary there are about six rooms, provided for widows who have been in respectable circumstances.”

In a letter, dated January 10, 1824, Miss McCarty informs Mr. Shrewsbury that Mrs. Humpleby has had a “bullet fired through her dining-room door, and that she is compelled, for safety, to keep in-doors of an evening;” and assigns as a reason for the spite against her, that the persecutors “are afraid the time may come when she may be called as a witness against them.” Miss E. S. Thomas, described in the endorsement of her letter as “a gracious, trembling soul,” after congratulating the missionary and his wife on their escape to St. Vincent, and the “birth of the little stranger,” writes, “We sincerely lament the loss of our dear pastor and friend. We are deprived of our accustomed

means of grace, and are daily had in contempt and derision by our foes. . . . My feelings are keen. I pray the Lord not to enter into judgment, but to turn the hearts, and give repentance and pardon to our persecutors, that, like you, I may follow the pattern of our divine Master, by overcoming evil with good. . . . My tears will flow." A month later, the same lady writes: "I am still looking to Jesus, the sinner's Friend, amidst all discouragements. Our loss is great indeed. No chapel, no sweet sound of His dear servant's voice to remind us of our duty, and stir us up to zeal and diligence. On Sabbath, especially, I feel much." The last letter of sympathy to be quoted, is from John Isaac Bovell, described as "leader of the young men." "We have heard," he says, "that you were sent off for preaching false doctrine. But we are witnesses both of your preaching and living. Fear them not; God is with you; your work is in His hand, and He will reward you. The promises concerning you are many and great. Isaiah xli. 8-15; xlii. 6-8; xliii. 1-3; lxiii. 5: concerning thy children whom thou hast begotten in the Lord, Isaiah xxvii. 3; liv. 13; concerning us, Jer. iii. 15; all these shall be fulfilled." The letter is subscribed, "Your unworthy son in the gospel." In a subsequent letter, after stating that some who were not Methodists, but evinced sympathy for them in their affliction, were severely persecuted, he expresses the thanks of himself and his class-members, for Mr. Shrewsbury's pastoral letter, "which they felt bound to obey, as he was not only their pastor, but their father in Christ."

Commingled with the condolences of his flock was

the sympathy of the missionary committee in England, as conveyed by the Rev. Messrs. Joseph Taylor and Richard Watson. They assure Mr. Shrewsbury, moreover, that "it is the determination of the committee to shew the inhabitants of Barbados that they are not to be intimidated by a lawless rabble, and driven from the ground which God has called them to work upon."

To resume the narrative. When Mr. Shrewsbury had reached the island of St. Vincent, the governor was naturally anxious to be satisfied about the character of the refugee, before allowing him to preach. The Rev. Moses Rayner, therefore, kindly crossed to Barbados in quest of testimonials. Mr. Rayner, however, did not venture to land, as it was perilous to do so. The published "proclamations," and other documents of the opponents were forwarded to Mr. Rayner, while in the ship, and enclosed in the following anonymous communication :—

"MR. MOSES RAYNER.

"The enclosed documents will explain to you the motives of the people in this island for destroying the Methodist chapel.

"Whether you disapprove of the proceedings or not, is a matter of no consequence to them.

"We want no Methodists amongst us, and our determination was not to allow any of you to land upon our island ; but as we understand that your object for coming here is to make inquiry into Shrewsbury's conduct, we will allow you to land and remain FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, at the expiration of which time you must depart.

“During your stay we recommend you to be very circumspect in your conduct, as we shall have a very strict watch upon your proceedings.

“After this warning, should you attempt to remain in the island ONE HOUR longer than the time allowed you, we shall expel you from it *by force*.

“*Bridgetown, November 8th, 1823.*”

A magistrate* came off with two boat-loads of constables, by order of the governor; but the magistrate said to Mr. Rayner, “Sir, I can protect you till you get ashore, but I cannot assure you of any protection afterwards.” Mr. Rayner, therefore, kept alongside Her Majesty’s ship *Forte*, the commander and officers of which were extremely kind to him, and showed him every attention. In this emergency, three of the young midshipmen went on shore, and, at their own expense, rode off in different directions, and obtained such testimonials as led the governor of St. Vincent freely to accord to Mr. Shrewsbury the privilege of exercising his ministry in the island. These testimonials were of great service subsequently, when the destruction of the Barbados chapel was brought under the special notice of the House of Commons. The principal gentry of St. Vincent evinced their regard for the persecuted stranger who had fled to their shores, and their sympathy with Methodism.

A digression may here be permitted, to record the subsequent history of the three generous midshipmen who befriended the missionary. The story shall be

* This magistrate (Mr. W. Jun.) was afterwards caught breaking the windows of the house of one of the Methodist congregation, and deprived of his commission.

given in Mr. Shrewsbury's own words:—"One morning, while sitting in my study at Brompton, I was called down stairs. On entering the parlour, a gentleman, dressed in plain clothes, arose to salute me. I looked at the stranger, who offered me his hand, but could not recognize him. 'What!' said he, 'do you not remember the three midshipmen who were your friends in Barbados?' O, yes, I perfectly well remember that I had such friends. 'Well,' continued he, '*I am one of them.* I was passing through Rochester last evening; but, on learning that you were in the neighbourhood, I determined to stay all night, that I might have the pleasure of seeing you, before I prosecuted my journey.' How grateful such an interview was, after the lapse of more than thirteen years, may be more easily imagined than described. The issue of it was, that on enquiry, it was ascertained that all three of these noble youths had been savingly converted to God. They rose to promotion and eminence in their profession; two of them, after exemplary Christian lives, had died in foreign service, in the faith and hope of the gospel; and the third, the visitor and narrator, declared, that as for himself, he was 'with purpose of heart cleaving unto the Lord.' The names of these Christian gentlemen and officers were, Allen, Slade, and Skyst; and the last of these three was the communicator of the particulars here briefly recorded. 'He that receiveth a prophet, in the name of a prophet, shall receive a prophet's reward.'"*

Meanwhile the demolitionists were actively employed in endeavouring to carry the fires of persecution to the

* Memoirs of Joseph B. Shrewsbury.

other islands. "Accordingly, they sent a deputation, consisting of from eight to ten persons, to the neighbouring islands, in order to induce them to follow the laudable example of Barbados, and pull down the chapels. This commission landed at Tobago, stated their object, and the governor ordered them to be gone in an hour. They landed at Trinidad, but the governor ordered them off in five minutes. And at Grenada they met with a still more inhospitable reception. The governor sent a body of soldiers to take them into custody, if they landed. They returned, therefore, to Barbados, from a very unsuccessful embassy." *

In Barbados, strenuous efforts were made by the friends of Methodism to appease the ire of the persecutors. An "Appeal of the Wesleyan Methodists of this Island to the Public," was circulated. The appeal consisted of a series of questions, eleven in number. It was asked whether there was any evidence of malice on the part of the persecuted missionary; whether his censures were so universal as to allow no honourable exceptions; whether, even if they were, he should be banished as a public enemy; whether his character and conduct ought not to be considered; whether it was not wisdom to consider the warnings of such a man? Even if the unmentioned man had done wrong, ought all the Methodists to suffer? Would they like, as islanders, to be so treated? Is not a minister's office sacred? What good could arise from these hard measures? Did such conduct show cause for exultation, or prove courage? Was not liberty of conscience in religion every man's right? "Why then should a few, peace-

* Sir T. F. Buxton's Speech in the House of Commons.

able, quiet people, who desire to save their souls, be deprived of the privilege of worshipping the Almighty according to the dictates of their own consciences?" To these queries were added statements to the effect that the Wesleyans, throughout the world, were not the despicable people some imagined; that they were a "sixtieth part of all Christendom;" that the missionaries had nothing to do with the "African Institution;" that they were specially instructed to avoid meddling with political affairs; that for a period of forty years, during which Methodist missions had been established in the West Indies, no Methodist missionary had ever been disloyal or seditious, and that it was the resolve of the Methodists in Barbados to tread in their steps. The document naively concluded with the advice of Gamaliel:—"Refrain from these men, and let them alone: for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought: but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

At about the same time, the Rev. J. Nelson, formerly co-pastor with Mr. Shrewsbury at Barbados, wrote a very edifying and encouraging letter to the suffering society. Judging from the similarity in the hand-writing, it might be concluded that the appeal and this letter had one paternity. For their comfort, Mr. Nelson reminds them of the character and attributes of God as their Saviour, quotes most appropriate and inspiring promises from the word of God, and says that their trial is neither new nor singular. Under the last head he mentions, in connection with the sufferings of the ancient martyrs, "the present fiery trial of their fellow-

saints in St. Domingo," how they are persecuted, stoned, deprived of their pastors, and without the ordinances of religion. To encouragement he adds exhortations to meekness, patience, fidelity, courage, even cheerfulness, and praying trust in God. These kindly counsels of an ex-pastorate were greatly needed, for the sorrowing flock had yet to endure a protracted fight of afflictions, and for more than two years from the razing of their sanctuary, to be without a pastor. Seventy miles from them their banished missionary was mourning, like secluded Philip Henry, that though he had the pastor's heart, he was driven from the pastor's charge. "The destruction of our chapel, the destitute state of the society, and the apparent ruin of our mission in Barbados, so exceedingly distressed me, that sleep departed from my eyes." Such is the record he has left. It was a solace to him at such a time to receive a letter from his old friend, and the secretary of the missionary committee, the Rev. Joseph Taylor, full of sympathy, and expressing the committee's commendation of Mr. Shrewsbury's conduct. Permission is given to him, if he thinks proper, to return home to England; but the wish of the committee is delicately hinted that he should continue still in the West Indies. It is further intimated that the committee hope shortly to send him to fill an important position in Jamaica. Mr. Shrewsbury loyally resolved to remain in the mission field, at the wish of the committee, and the committee, with considerate kindness, re-appointed him to Grenada. Under date of February 12th, 1824, he apprizes Mrs. Gill of his designation to Grenada, and informs her that she may expect Messrs. Woolley and Goy as mis-

sionaries to Barbados in about three weeks. On the 13th of the following month, Mrs. Shrewsbury writes to Mrs. Gill, her former leader, from St. George's, Grenada, and says, "The friends were very glad to have their old pastor again. They do sincerely love him, and were waiting with open arms to receive him. . . . The Lord forgive and turn them (the persecutors) to Himself." On the 15th of March, Mrs. Gill reports to Mr. Shrewsbury, that meetings for prayer are held regularly at her house, and that one of the young men reads a sermon. On the 24th of April, dear Mrs. Gill, the Deborah of Barbados, receives the sad tidings from Mr. Shrewsbury, that Mr. Woolley is very ill, and is ordered home, that Mr. Goy cannot be sent to Barbados, and that he himself is obliged to return to England. "Remember Israel in Egypt," he writes; "the more the Israelites were afflicted, the more they multiplied and grew." The reason of the abrupt termination of Mr. Shrewsbury's labours in the West Indies, is best given in his own words:—"Being one day in the house of a manager of an estate, to which we had access, through the kindness of the attorney who directed its concerns, for the purpose of instructing the negroes, the manager expressed himself in a very violent and bitter manner against the Rev. John Smith, a Missionary of the London society, who had recently died in prison in Demerara. As I personally knew that excellent man, I could not hear the character of a Christian brother vilely traduced without attempting to vindicate it, by making honourable mention of his name and memory. This gave great offence, not only to the manager, but also to his employer, to whom the conversation was reported ;

for it was conceived that any defence of Mr. Smith, indirectly at least, reflected dishonour upon the conduct of his accusers and judges, some of whom he reckoned amongst his friends. Finding, therefore, that my continuance would probably cause the door to be shut against us on some of the estates where we exercised our ministry, when my brethren were consulted, it was judged best for me quietly to retire from the gathering storm. To my dear wife this proved a new and unexpected trial; but she submitted without a moment's hesitation, when it appeared to be the path of duty; and accordingly . . . we sailed from Grenada in May, 1824.*

Mrs. Gill, in a letter, dated May 5, 1824, after informing Mr. Shrewsbury that the persecutors have vowed there shall not be another Methodist chapel erected in the island, alludes in touching terms to his removal to England. "Adieu, my dear and reverend friend. . . . Farewell! a heart-felt word it is to us all." She closes the letter with prayer for her late pastor's comfort and prosperity, and for the salvation of his and her persecutors. On the 29th of September, 1824, the brave widow's heart was cheered with the information that Mr. Rayner was now appointed to labour in Barbados, and with a letter from Mr. Rayner, stating his willingness to come. Alas! this hope also was doomed, for the present, to disappointment.

Nearly a year had now elapsed since the overthrow of the chapel. The enemies of the Lord were still active and bitter in their hostility. As the anniversary of the remorseless sacrilege drew on, they issued the following notice:—

* Memorial of Mrs. Shrewsbury.

“The committee of public safety, understanding that opposition will be given them, and from high authority, to the decree so unanimously resolved at their late meeting, whereby it was notified to the Worthy their intention of dining together, and spending the remainder of the day in love and harmony, and then proceed to the business of the night. In consequence, it is hereby made known to all whom it may concern, that for the avowed purpose of rooting *eternally* from their shores the damned doctrine, and public exhibition of Methodistical hypocrisy now again rearing its baneful head, and spreading its blasted and pestilential principles amongst us, we have decreed that from and after the said memorable, the blessed 21st October, more dear to firm and true Barbadians than Trafalgar to Britons, that we will, with fire and sword, root out and destroy, all and every the abettors of Methodism and Methodists. So help us our God!

“(Signed) ROCK.”

This diabolical “decree” was aimed notably at Mrs. Gill. Accordingly, the intrepid widow promptly addressed the following petition to the governor:

*Cabbage Tree House, Bridgetown,
October 15th, 1824.*

HONOURED SIR,

Having been instructed by friends of reputable quality, that my dwelling-house, which of late has been frequently occupied (without respect of persons) for the worship of God, is to be destroyed on, or about the twenty-first of this month, when the celebration of the demolition of the Wesleyan chapel shall have been accomplished. . . . I deem it the most prudent means, to place your excel-

lency in possession of the said intended proceeding, and more so, since on consideration of the present perilous season, when such an attempt, contrary to my desire, may be opposed, and the result thereof be truly serious.

Under existing circumstances, I experience it a duty to wait on your excellency, but indisposition interposes and checks the performance of the same. Nevertheless, I humbly trust your excellency will adopt such means as will render my home unmolested, and keep in perfect quiet the populace.

I am,

Your excellency's most obedient,

And humble servant,

ANN GILL.

SIR HENRY WARDE, K.C.M., &c.

Five days after, she received a reply from the governor's private secretary, acknowledging her letter, and stating that "the reply had been delayed until his excellency had adopted every measure which human foresight could devise for the preservation of the public peace." The governor ordered the military to be under arms on the day proclaimed, and the magistrates to assemble near the spot before dark, and so overawed the "worthy." The following day, Mrs. Gill forwarded to the governor a courteous tender of her thanks, and on the very same day received the subjoined notification, signed by four magistrates:—

Bridgetown, 21st October, 1824.

MADAM,

We, the undersigned acting magistrates of Bridge Town, having been credibly informed that you have admitted in your house a deposit of arms and ammunition, feel it

our duty to give you this public notice and warning, that we shall hold you individually responsible for any tumult or riot that may happen in consequence of such an unwise and illegal measure, and that should any blood be spilled from such a proceeding, we cannot be answerable for results, which may perhaps be injuriously fatal to you. The civil powers are fully adequate to the protection of your property, and every exertion will be made by the public authorities to afford you prompt and sufficient aid in case of necessity.

Her prompt reply was as follows:—

21st October, 1824.

HONOURED SIRS,

Your letter I have received, and am sorry that ever such an idea as it contains should enter in the mind of any concerning me. Your honours may remember that when you were here yesterday, and mentioned your having information that firearms, &c., were in my house, I requested you to search, and I feel regret that you did not. The Lord, I trust, will always keep me from wishing, especially designing, evil against any. I can in any place attest, no part of my dwelling has, or has had since I inhabited it, even to this moment, any arms and ammunition, as the letter you have sent me signifies. No, sirs, I can affirm, to the best of my knowledge and belief, no more than a single musket, the arm my nephew Bovell uses in the militia, can, at any time past, have been found in my dwelling.

I am,

Your honour's obedient, but injured servant,
ANN GILL.

TO THE MAGISTRATES, &c.

With the exception of personal violence to some of the members, and burning Mrs. Gill and some others

in effigy, the anniversary of the demolition passed over without any serious outbreak. Sympathy with the oppressed flock, and words of advice were forwarded by the Rev. F. Payne, from Grenada, on the 26th of October. On the 8th of December, the same kind friend writes to inform Mrs. Gill that a missionary is to be sent after the district meeting in February;” but, once again, “hope” was to be “deferred.”

The year 1825 found Mrs. Gill nobly struggling on in the path of duty. Writing to Mr. Shrewsbury, now in England, on the 3rd of March, she reports the state of affairs. There was a clear increase of fourteen members since the destruction of the chapel, after putting away two who had been guilty of immoral conduct. “We are as cautious about admitting new members,” she says, “as you used to be.” Her letter expresses yearning love and pity for the persecutors, and the hope that they may become worshippers in the new chapel, which she is anticipating will be built. Incidentally, she very modestly raises a favourite question with her, whether the “ministers should not wear the gown.” In her opinion, this would tend to increase respect for their office, and might be somewhat of a barrier between them and popular rudeness. This true “mother in Israel,” was meanwhile expecting the arrival of the Rev. Moses Rayner, to superintend the mission, as he had been designated thereto. On the 1st of April, Mr. Rayner wrote to inform her why he had not already proceeded to Barbados, and expressed his accord with the sentiments of the missionary committee, as contained in the following extract from their letter to him; “We are grieved and ashamed before God and the

public at the thought of these poor, persecuted people being left as sheep without a shepherd." The district meeting is instructed at once to send forward to Barbados the most suitable man, and the committee express their opinion in favour of Mr. Rayner. He adds that the effect of Earl Bathurst's letter to the governor of St. Vincent had somewhat surprised him, for his excellency had waited upon him (Mr. Rayner), and had stated his intention of attending service in his official capacity at the Methodist chapel, had asked the benefit of Mr. Rayner's prayers, and promised him a letter of commendation to the governor of Barbados. In the course of the month, Mr. Rayner made an attempt to reach Barbados, having anchored in Carlisle Bay, but having been warned from the shore, under penalty of death, returned to St. Vincent without landing. On the 28th of April, in a letter to Mrs. Gill, he states his reasons for not having landed, to which Mrs. Gill replies, that she does not "like to advise, but the Lord does, on peculiar occasions, use the weak to help the strong. I don't advise you to come; but I say, was it me, *I* would come." This was brave language, truly, and came from an unquestionably brave heart. But a consideration of the circumstances of the case amply vindicates Mr. Rayner's temporary retirement. The press was loud in its abuse of Lord Bathurst, for ordering the protection of the Methodists, and bitterly censured the governor, for stirring in this direction. The following paper, duly signed, was put in circulation, and a copy was forwarded to Mr. Rayner:—

"Barbados. TO ALL TRUE LOVERS OF THEIR COUNTRY.

"The moment has arrived, and with it Rayner, the

Methodist parson, and let those sounds reverberate through our isle, that its remotest inhabitants may assemble to hurl the thunder of their excited fury at the daring miscreant's head, and prove that the proud blood of Englishmen yet flows uncontaminated in the remains of their West India progeny; I call on you, by the sacred character you have assigned me as your delegate, to aid and abet me in expelling from our shores this incendiary, and whose fall, with your assistance, shall be like that fabric whose immediate walls crumbled into atoms under our united power, and became what it now is,

“A RECKLESS RUIN.

“This done upon the chapel ruins, this 21st day of April, 1825, and in the third year of the anihilation [annihilation] of Methodism.

“(Signed) _____

“*Exterminator of Methodism, and sworn Delegate.*”

Other documents, of similar ferocity, were sent to Mr. Rayner. Some of his own people forwarded a petition, entreating him not to land, while others wrote privately to the same effect. That the Methodist mission had no favour to expect from the House of Assembly, is evident from the subjoined address to the Governor:—

“MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY.

“The Representatives of the people of this island in general assembly, this day assembled, take leave most respectfully to state to your excellency, that in consequence of its being mentioned by several members of the House in their places this morning, that a

strong sensation is excited in the public mind, from the expected arrival of certain Methodist missionaries, for the purpose of re-establishing a chapel, or conventicle in Bridgetown, the House was induced to enter into an investigation of the subject, and they perceive, with regret, that there is reason to apprehend the most serious consequences if this unpopular measure be persisted in,—that however anxious this House may be to support the executive, yet, for the maintenance of public tranquillity, they feel it their duty most respectfully to call the attention of your excellency to the policy of admitting these obnoxious persons into this, at present, peaceable colony.

“The House of Assembly presume that your excellency is well aware of the existence of the act, number two, in Hall’s laws, which strictly enjoins all persons in this island ‘to give due obedience, and conform themselves unto the government and discipline of the church of England,’ which law was passed by our ancestors in the calamitous times of Charles the First, against the dissenters and puritans of that period, and has received the royal sanction. This law has never been altered or repealed, as the people of this island have always been firmly attached to the present happy establishment in church and state.

“It further appears extraordinary to this House that immediately after his majesty’s gracious appointment of a bishop, and the numerous additions made to the ministers of the true church of England, fully sufficient for the religious instruction of all classes in this island, an attempt should be made to introduce doctrines hostile to our interests, subversive of all order and subor-

dination, and repugnant to the principles of the national church. Under these circumstances, this House entreats your excellency to adopt such measures as, in your judgment may seem best calculated to avert the impending evil.

“By order of the House,

“(Signed) _____

“Speaker.”

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY,
5th of April, 1825.

Upon the receipt of this address, the governor “called a council, and requested their opinion and advice, as to what reply they might deem proper to be returned to it, and as to any measures they might consider right” to be adopted. A prompt answer was sent, dated, “Council-chamber, April 8th,” and signed by seven members. “We have heard such alarming accounts of the highly exasperated state of the public feeling, that we deem it proper . . . to recommend, that should a Wesleyan missionary arrive at the island, at this crisis, you would immediately make him acquainted with the state of the popular feeling, and earnestly request him for the sake of humanity not to expose Bridgetown to the calamities which are likely to result from such a commotion, as an attempt to land will, in all probability, occasion.”

Copies of these documents were courteously enclosed by the governor to Mr. Rayner, and explanations in reference to them. His excellency added: “I have now to inform you that a strong, regular military guard has been prepared, and will be in readiness on your land-

ing ; that the militia forces in the town are also ordered to be held in readiness to turn out at a moment's warning, and that the whole of this force has been put at the disposal of the magistrates, who have strict and positive instructions to protect you on your landing, and in all your legal proceedings, and I may, I believe, conscientiously assure you, that every step which human foresight could devise has been resorted to for your protection ; yet the violent excitement and angry feelings of the people of this island are such as to make me dread the consequences which may ensue,—that, without considering the causes which may have produced this effect, such are the feelings now existing, that, called on as I have been by both branches of the legislature, I trust that you, as a Christian pastor, will do me the justice only to impute the best and kindest motives in every respect, when I point out to you the real situation of affairs, should you land in this island at such a most critical and awful juncture.”

The style of this communication is very different from some others that have been perused by the biographer, and this is addressed, “The Rev.,” whereas the preceding letters are inscribed “Mr.” When it is remembered that the governor had declined to respond favourably to an application for a donation to the Methodist mission, and had informed the deputation that the Methodists were schismatics,—and when his bearing and answer to the persecuted missionary are recalled to mind, it is not impossible that “a letter from Earl Bathurst,” to which his excellency alludes in the commencement of his despatch, may have had some influence over him.

Mr. Rayner was unwilling to be forced upon the people at the point of the bayonet, and, therefore, declined to land. Shortly after, as we shall see, he set sail for England. His ministerial brethren, in the colonies and at home, commended his refusal to proceed to his mission under a military escort. In a courteous, but manly and outspoken letter, he announced his decision to the governor.

On the 4th of May, a letter was written to Mrs. Gill by the missionary secretaries in London, the Rev. Messrs. R. Watson and J. Mason, in which they inform her that the government has sent out instructions for the protection of the persecuted Methodists, and that the committee have ordered a missionary to proceed to Barbados. Suitable advices then follow, and Mrs. Gill is thanked, in the name of the committee, for having opened her house for public worship, so long as there was permission to assemble.

The trials of the Christian heroine of Barbados were not yet abating. Miss Thomas writes from Bridgetown to Mr. Shrewsbury on the 11th of May, and after stating how pitiable was the condition of the society without a shepherd, says, "Four days ago, our dear and faithful sister Gill was summoned before the justices of the peace, and some of the members were summoned as witnesses against her. She was bound to appear at the ensuing court of grand sessions, on a charge of holding illegal meetings." We are not surprised to find it added that the suffering widow was "firmly fixed on the rock," and "unmoved." She needed more than human succour, for on the day on which her friend wrote to their former pastor, a letter was forwarded from Mr.

Rayner, dated from St. Vincent, in which he announces that for prudential reasons he has abandoned the idea of going to Barbados for the present. Eight days later, he states his intention of returning to England. In a letter, dated, "Bridgetown, Barbados, 16th May, 1825," Mrs. Gill gives an account of her appearance before the magistrates. The following extract will show that she was "not afraid with any amazement:"—

"The order of the assembly is just in execution, and I am bound to appear at the court of grand sessions, which holds in the next month, for having kept a conventicle. I, of course, when tried for the accusation before the magistrates, denied having done so, as what I understood of a conventicle is foreign to our meetings, that used to be held at my house, for the glory of my heavenly Father. And, besides that, those meetings I held by the sanction of two of the magistrates, and as soon as they were forbidden me, though so painful to my feelings, I desisted from so doing. I appeared before the council on the 26th of March last, when I should suppose, had I been guilty of a *crime*, I should have been reprimanded, but that honourable board behaved with much respect to me; they doubtless felt for the state of a poor unprotected female. I was summoned to appear at the town hall on Monday, the 2nd inst., to be tried for a complaint laid before the magistrates (when I say the magistrates, I mean those of this town), by an officer of the house of assembly. I obeyed the summons; several witnesses appeared against me, but none could witness my having held public meetings, since my having been forbid them. The trial was adjourned to the 9th inst.; and, notwithstanding

the same witness was received on that day, as I had myself testified to the council and the magistrates, namely, my having held those meetings as extensively as my room would afford, before I was forbidden them, and that since that period I had, according to the magistrates' orders, held no public meeting. Still, the sitting magistrates pronounced me guilty of having held a conventicle, and indicted me by the order of the assembly to the court of sessions. Reports say great vengeance is denounced against me; it is thought I shall be imprisoned; but, *glory be to God*, none of these things move me; while these commotions are without, there is a settled peace within, which I know the world can neither give nor take away. My Saviour is with me; it is for His cause I suffer persecution, and I do rejoice, and will rejoice. O! pray for me; and make the same request of the dear society in your part of my Lord's fold; pray that my faith may not fail, but that I might glorify my God in the fire. I see good hanging over our cause (and that is the cause of God) in this land; and if *I*, the most unworthy of my Father's children, be the instrument He chooses to work by, *His will be done*.

"I have to make a call on the benevolence of my friends in England, through you. I have it not in my power to pay the expense of a law suit, without serious injury to my confused circumstances; I therefore request my friends will help me, by their contributions, to meet the expenses, which, from the prevailing prejudice, it is thought will be great. O that, like Paul and Silas, if imprisoned, I may be enabled to do good to my fellow-prisoners. I think it is likely three or

four of our young brothers may be in a little trouble for exhorting now and then, as need was; but they, thank our heavenly Father, are ready to bear all, and suffer all things for the Lord's sake. May they keep so to the end! Amen.

"Two of our young brothers, and one sister, were cited as witnesses against me also.

"O! how I feel that religion should be so persecuted! but I trust Satan is now at the utmost of his power,—his kingdom, I trust, will soon fall in this land, and the kingdom of our blessed Redeemer be erected on the ruins of his fall, a sure, a steadfast kingdom, that shall never fade away."

In what light the press viewed the prosecution of Mrs. Gill may be judged from the following paragraph: "The House of Assembly have ordered a prosecution to be instituted against a mulatto woman, for holding public religious meetings; whilst his excellency, the governor, in compliance with Earl Bathurst's instructions, has issued a second circular to the magistrates, calling upon them to afford every protection in their power, even aided by the military, to the reverend vagabonds above alluded to, which, to us, has a very portentous meaning, and which may God, in His infinite mercy, avert!"

At the same date, Mrs. Gill gave an account of her trial, in a letter to Mrs. Shrewsbury. She prefaces her statement with an ascription of praise to God, which reminds us of the manner in which the holy apostles of our Lord were wont to "joy in tribulation:"—"Blessed be my Father! I am happy in spirit, endeavouring to serve the Lord. The Lord has surely a favour to-

wards me, my dear ; He has chosen me as a vessel by which to manifest His power. I trust, in His mercy, that I shall prove a faithful witness for my Lord and Master." The following extract will supply additional particulars about her trial, and will show the bond of attachment which subsisted between the "coloured" leader and her "fair" sister :—"There is a report that I complained to the noble secretary of state for the colonies, in regard to the meetings being stopped, and it is so well believed, that nothing would convince them to the contrary. But with whom I correspond, they cannot know from me, unless there was a law, or act to compel me. The law by which I am to be tried, has been enacted since the reign of Charles II., it is said. Our little society is, glory to God, on the increase in numbers, and, I trust, in grace also. God is with us ; the shout of a King is in our midst, and, therefore, we need not fear. If the Lord be on our side, we need not fear what man can do to us.

"I hope, my dear Hilly, the many mercies you have experienced from our Heavenly Father will lead you to devote your every moment more and more to Him. Surely you can say, when passing through the furnace of affliction, the form of the Son of God was with you ; for truly none could deliver you and your beloved partner, as you have been delivered, but God only."

While Mrs. Gill was casting about for the best manner in which to meet the charges hanging over her, one of her kind friends, Mr. Harding, suggested an ingenious mode of defeating the magistrates. He informs her that the act against conventicles was ordered to be "carefully and distinctly read over by the ministers,

in order that all persons may know their duty," and advises that "a challenge should be given as to whether this had been done in her parish church." But while, from sundry advisers near her, the Christian widow was receiving suggestions concerning the best course to be pursued, the whole matter of the Barbados outrage was being brought under the notice of the most famous legislative assembly in the world, by one of the most illustrious men of his age, from his own sense of justice, and respect to religious liberty, and unsolicited by the missionary committee. On the 23rd of June, 1825, Sir T. Fowell Buxton rose, in his place in the House of Commons, and moved,—“That an humble address be presented to his Majesty, that this House, having taken into their most serious consideration the papers laid before them relating to the demolition of the Methodist chapel in Barbados, and the expulsion of Mr. Shrewsbury, a licensed teacher of religion, deem it their duty to declare that they view, with the utmost amazement and detestation, that scandalous and daring violation of law; and to beseech his Majesty to take such steps as shall secure the rebuilding of the chapel, at the expense of the colony of Barbados; and, also, to assure his Majesty, that this House will afford him every assistance which may be required, in order to prevent the recurrence of such outrages, and in order to secure ample protection, and religious toleration to all his Majesty's subjects in that part of his dominions.” Mr. Buxton proposed to give “a plain, dry, abstemious narrative of the events, in the order in which they occurred, leaving these events to speak for themselves,—as they did, indeed, pretty loudly.” He commenced

by quoting a series of testimonials in favour of the persecuted missionary, and by a summary statement of the beneficial effect of Mr. Shrewsbury's labours in Grenada. Referring to certain papers laid on the table of the house in 1802 and 1805, to prove that a spirit of fierce religious persecution had long prevailed in the island, he sketched the kind of man whom it was necessary to send to Barbados under such circumstances. "It required a man possessing great, but opposite qualities,—great prudence, or he would do too much in the eyes of the planters,—great zeal, or he would do too little for the slaves,—great fortitude, a deep impression in his own heart of the paramount importance of the duties he had to discharge. Withal, he must be a man of a meek, quiet, uncontentious spirit, calculated, by his gentleness, to subdue and soften unfortunate jealousies and prejudices." Clearing Mr. Shrewsbury, and the missionary societies in general, from the charge of having corresponded with himself, or having been abettors of the abolitionists, he gave a succinct narrative of the persecution. In passing, Mr. Buxton took occasion to vindicate Mr. Shrewsbury from censure for the letter in which he had described the moral state of Barbados, and which was alleged to have been the first cause of the persecution, by showing that the whole body of the established clergy in the West Indies, at the instigation of Lord Bathurst, had given information "infinitely more affronting to the planters, and more mournful to every friend of humanity," and that it was published by the House of Commons. After detailing the events that had occurred, he urged that the riot had grown into an insurrection, into "unbridled, unveiled

contumacy." Before closing his speech, he contrasted the conduct of the Rev. Mr. Smith, of Demerara, and the utterly unjust sentence pronounced against him, with the conduct of the magistrates of Barbados, and the mild censure conveyed to them by the governor's clerk. He concluded with these words of burning indignation:—"But, there is another comparison, infinitely more revolting to my mind, and which I cannot think of without horror and poignant commiseration, and without sickening at the idea of West India justice. The rioters were white men, and not the hair of the head of one of them has been touched. Had men with black skins committed such, one half, one hundredth part of such enormities,—had they attended one lawless meeting, had they fired one house, had they sent forth one emissary, had they issued one proclamation of defiance, had they armed to resist the military, or had a negro whispered (I speak not of an imaginary, but of an actual case, detailed in the papers laid before the House), had a negro whispered in the secret ear of his son, one sentence of dissatisfaction with his condition, or one natural sigh for liberty, what a massacre, what lashings, what gibbeting would have followed! How would the Mac Turks have rioted in the blood of the slaves, how would the halberds have streamed with the blood of men sentenced, 'for mercy's sake,' as it was impudently called, to a thousand lashes, which were inflicted! But, being white men, and not blacks; civilized men, and not savages; 'gentlemen,' forsooth, of 'respectability,' which aggravates their guilt a thousand fold, their riot is patriotic, their proclamation is loyal; because they are 'true lovers of religion,' they pull down

a chapel, and persecute their neighbour, out of love and harmony! The black insurgents have quivered under the halberds, and are rotting on the gibbets of Demerara; the white insurgents hold the king's commission, administer the laws, are the senators and magistrates of Barbados! 'Equal-handed justice' is the boast and glory of the British constitution." Mr. Wilmot Horton, the under secretary for the colonies, rose after Mr. Buxton. Admitting the substantial accuracy of Mr. Buxton's statement of facts, and, without justifying the destruction of the chapel, he pleaded in extenuation of the outrage, that it was thought by the West India planters, that the doctrines of the Wesleyan missionaries were subversive of slavery, and, therefore, of their property; that, however respectable a man Mr. Shrewsbury was, his letter of the 28th March, 1820, had excited great disapprobation, and that the placing of the letter in the public commercial rooms was considered as defiant, and aggravated the existing excitement. He attributed the continuity of the opposition to a jealousy of the supposed tendency of the Wesleyan doctrines to diminish the obedience of the slave, especially as the Wesleyan missionary committee, in protesting against a resolution of some of their own missionaries in Jamaica, which countenanced slavery in the British West Indies, had not only declared that it was the duty of every Christian government to bring the state of slavery to an end prudently,—which accorded with the resolutions of the House of Commons,—but had gone so far as to say that "the degradation of men merely on account of their colour, and the holding of human beings in interminable bondage, are wholly inconsistent with

Christianity." He defended the governor of Barbados for referring Mr. Shrewsbury to the magistrates, and blamed Mr. Shrewsbury for not having done so. It was not hostility to religion, as set forth in the Wesleyan missionary report, which incited opposition in Barbados, for the legislature was highly favourable to the established church. He concluded by recommending a policy of conciliation. Mr. William Smith replied to the insinuations of the preceding speaker, and characterized his speech as "an attempt to excuse outrages, which had gone the length of defying all legal authority, and even threatening murder."—Mr. Butterworth claimed to speak, as being connected with the Wesleyan missionary society. He assured the honourable colonial secretary that conciliation had been the uniform policy of that society, and of its persecuted agent. The motion before the house was not instigated by the Wesleyan mission committee. The preaching of these missionaries had produced beneficial results. In proof of this he could produce letters from governors, members of council, judges, barristers, physicians, planters and proprietors of estates, and merchants. The Wesleyan missionary society were bound to notice the flagrant outrage committed in their annual Report, and they had done so in temperate language. He challenged proof of the insinuation that the doctrines of the missionaries inculcated insubordination. They had undertaken the work of instructing the slaves, when the established clergy had confessed themselves as unequal to the task. The honourable colonial secretary had charged Mr. Shrewsbury with exciting violence by exhibiting his letter, as if by way of defiance. The very

reverse was the fact. It was done in defence, and not in defiance. He had received the most ample testimonials in favour of Mr. Shrewsbury. Mr. Secretary Canning, after a few words in defence of his friend the colonial secretary, characterized the outrage which had occasioned the motion before the house as "unjustifiable, indefensible, a violation of law and justice, a defiance of all legal authority, a flying in the face of parliament, and of the country." In the conduct of Mr. Shrewsbury, he must be allowed to say, that there did not appear the slightest ground of blame or suspicion. [Cheers, from both sides the House, greeted these statements.] While acquitting Mr. Shrewsbury from blame for the letter he had sent to the committee, he censured the committee for having published it. Pointing out certain difficulties to the acceptance of the terms of the motion before the House, he moved an amendment:—"That an humble address be presented to his Majesty, to represent to his Majesty that this House, having taken into their most serious consideration the papers laid before them, relating to the demolition of the Methodist chapel in Barbados, deem it their duty to declare, that they view with the utmost indignation that scandalous and daring violation of the law, and having seen, with great satisfaction, the instructions which have been sent out by his Majesty's secretary of state to the governor of Barbados, to prevent a recurrence of similar outrages, they humbly assure his Majesty of their readiness to concur in every measure which his Majesty may deem necessary for securing ample protection and religious toleration to all his Majesty's subjects in that part of his Majesty's do-

minions." Mr. Butterworth remarked that this amendment would afford ample satisfaction to the Wesleyan mission committee, which had no feelings of resentment to gratify. He further observed, that the publication of Mr. Shrewsbury's letter was due to those who supported the missions, and that, if as alleged, it had been like a "firebrand," it certainly was a "very cold one," for it had kindled no flame during the three years it had been in the colony. Mr. Brougham highly approved of the amendment. He thought the language of the under secretary for the colonies, in the subject before the House, "rather mealy-mouthed." In an amiable excess of sensibility, the offending parties had only burnt down a chapel, only made a great riot, only levied war against the king, and committed high treason! This amiable indiscretion, it seemed, was occasioned by a wish to preserve their property, on the part of those who committed it. And all this in the name of religion, whose name, even in the most barbarous times, had never been more prostituted than in this outrage. The missionaries assailed had done unmixed good, and were peculiarly adapted to the work of instructing the negroes. Mr. Brougham then proceeded, in a vein of sarcasm, to criticise a recent communication from the newly-appointed bishop of Jamaica. As to the letter which Mr. Shrewsbury had written, he could not believe that it was the cause of the ill-treatment which that excellent man had received. The outrage was directed against him not as a libeller, but as a missionary. Complaining of the obstructive policy of the planters, as evidenced by the all but unanimous rejection of a bill providing for the competency of negro evidence,

within very limited bounds, by one House of Assembly, and the refusal to consider the measure by other colonial Houses of Assembly, he gave notice, that unless the colonial assemblies would themselves, within a given time, seek to better the condition of their fellow-subjects, the negroes, he should propose a measure embracing the following objects :—

First ; to make negro evidence admissible in all cases, in all courts.

“ Secondly ; to prevent the use of the whip, as applied to women, entirely ; and, as a stimulus to labour, to men.

“ Thirdly ; to attach all slaves to the soil, rendering them inseparable from it, in any circumstances.

“ Fourthly ; to prohibit persons holding West India property, or any mortgage upon such property, filling any office, civil, or military (except regimental), in the West Indies.

“ And, lastly ; to secure, by such means as may be safe, at once to the owner and the slave, the gradual, but, ultimately, the complete admission of slaves to the blessings of personal liberty.”

Mr. Bernal complained that the preceding speaker had excursed into a wide and sweeping field of invective, which was calculated to create irritation throughout the whole of the West Indies. He defended West India proprietors from the charges just preferred against them. As to the subject before the House, he expressed his belief of the good results of the labours of Wesleyan and other missionaries, and his regret for what occurred at Barbados.

Mr. Manning joined in reprobating the outrage, but reminded the House, that as in the Lord George Gordon

riots, in 1780, it would have been unjust to censure the inhabitants of London and Westminster in general, so would it be unjust to censure indiscriminately the Barbadians, who, on the whole, were a most honourable people, and wholly incapable of sanctioning what had been done. In reply to Mr. Brougham, he observed that though not so rapidly as he might desire, in many of the colonies, such measures were being adopted as would gradually and safely bring about such an improvement in the condition of the slave population, as all reasonable persons could desire.

Mr. Secretary Canning said, by way of explanation, that it appeared to him that the honourable gentleman who had just addressed the House, considered the amendment as comprehending the whole of the population of Barbados. This was not the case. It reflected upon nothing but the act. He must, however, point out a distinction between the riots of 1780, in London, and the present case. The law, for a time, had certainly been defied; but every exertion had afterwards been made, by the community, to bring the offenders to justice; and many of them had been so brought to justice. Such had not been the case at Barbados; a great outrage had been there perpetrated; and, although it must have been committed within the knowledge of half the population of the island, not a single individual had been brought to account. He did not, therefore, intend in moving the amendment, that all Barbados should be censured for it; but, as that society could not be in a sound and healthy state in which such outrages could be perpetrated with impunity, and not only perpetrated with impunity, but threatened to be repeated, he con-

sidered an expression of the sense of the House upon so scandalous and daring a violation of the law, was absolutely called for.

Dr. Lushington considered the supineness of the white population, under what had occurred, as placing them in a position very little better than that of accessories, after the fact, and that the magistracy had no just feeling of the atrocity of the transactions, and thus their errors were wilful. He commended the Wesleyan missionary committee for their disclaimer of the unauthorized acts of a few of their missionaries in Jamaica, and for their bold and uncompromising avowal of the true principles of religion, justice, and humanity.

Mr. Fowell Buxton, in reply, spoke as follows:—"I hardly know that it is necessary for me to make any reply. No defence of the conduct of the rioters has been offered. The honourable under secretary has borne testimony to the accuracy of my statement; and the right honourable secretary of state for foreign affairs has, with his usual manliness, given vent to feelings of indignation, in language at least as strong as any that I used. Upon what, then, have we now to dispute? The facts are confessedly true, the inference is undeniable. The right honourable gentleman alters a phrase or two of my resolution. With this I am abundantly contented: for he has left me, and that is all I care for, the declaration of the Commons of England, that we will have religious toleration in the West Indies." Commending Mr. Brougham for the course he had promised to pursue, he concluded; "If I were merely an enemy of slavery,—if its extinction were the single, as I admit it to be the chief object of my life, I

should say to the slaveholders,—Proceed ; open the eyes of the people of England. You have had your triumphs. The missionary Smith sleeps in his grave, branded as a traitor ; the missionary Shrewsbury is an exile ; his persecutors keep the anniversary of his sufferings as a festival ; the gallant Austin, because he acted with more true heroism than the conquerors of Austerlitz or Waterloo, because he singly stemmed the torrent of persecution, is at this moment earning the scanty bread of a stipendiary curate in an English village. Proceed, then, faster and faster ; you are doing our work ; you are accelerating the downfall of slavery. A few more such triumphs, a few more such speaking testimonies to the merits of your system, and the people of England, with one heart, will abhor it, and with one voice will dissolve it.”

The original motion being withdrawn, Mr. Canning's amendment was passed as a substantive resolution, *nemine contradicente*.

In the month following this debate in the House of Commons, the Barbados case was considered in the Wesleyan conference. Mr. Bunting urged that “as God had given us a hundred souls in Barbados, we ought not tamely and quietly to give them up.” Mr. Watson replied that there was no intention to abandon Barbados, but the reverse. Accordingly, on the 17th of August, the Rev. George Morley wrote to Mrs. Gill that the missionary committee had resolved she should not be involved in pecuniary difficulties in consequence of the prosecution which was pending. On the 8th of November following, Mrs. Gill wrote to the Rev. G. Morley a long and deeply-interesting letter. She was

glad to learn that a missionary has been appointed, and that he was willing to go. She hoped that all needful instruction and encouragement would be given to him, especially that he may be advised "whether that dreadful conventicle act will affect his ministry." She asked pardon, that a "poor, weak woman" should venture to tender advice, but she thought it would "compose the mind" of the expected missionary if he was made acquainted with his difficulties, and advised how to act. She expected a great ingathering of souls so soon as the mission was re-established, as there were many inquirers. If they had the privilege of prayer meetings, they would abundantly prosper. She hoped to live to see "that dreadful act" abolished. It grieved her that the site of the demolished chapel was "fast being made a dunghill." It was truly afflicting to see the state of that place, wherein they had received so much good. She supposed the pious Hebrews felt thus for Jerusalem. She had heard from her late pastor, who had done much good in Barbados, the fruit of which was appearing. The "resolutions of Parliament" had abated the "dreadful threats" of her "poor countrymen." Her law expenses would be trifling. She had employed no counsellor, and did not consider that she needs one, as she only acted with the sanction of the magistrates, which circumstance, she trusted, He who never deserts His people and cause, would give her power to express, at the day of trial, and that He would teach her all else she was to say or do. Three friends had forced her to accept their help, and had paid the expenses thus far.

Such friends did the Lord raise up for a poor widow who trusted in Him. On Christmas eve, Mrs. Gill once

again writes to Mr. Morley, that her trial, after having been postponed until the end of the year, at length came on. But there was not a tongue to condemn her, and she was discharged, thanks to Him who is "Lord of all." The people at length began to see their folly, and desired to retrieve their lost character. Prayer meetings were again held, to which strangers were not expressly invited, nor yet were they excluded. The society continued uniformly to attend the established church, and to partake there of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. She concludes her letter thus:—"I hail the advent of our Lord and Saviour, without whose birth, death, and glorious resurrection, we had been for ever lost."

In the course of the following year, after having been deprived of a pastorate for more than two years, the mission was resumed by Mr. Rayner, on his return from England. Some, in the meantime, had passed beyond the reach of persecution, to that happy land which knows no frown of anger, and no wrinkle of grief. Among the number was the "much-beloved Cockerill." A letter to Mr. Shrewsbury is before the biographer, which is endorsed,—“From my worthy brother-in-law, Dr. William King, who sheltered me in the day of calamity. Remember him, O my God, for good.” It is chiefly occupied with an account of Mr. Cockerill's sickness and death. “His grief, poor fellow,” wrote the excellent and generous doctor, “was frequent and great after the ever-memorable riot of October 23. He paid me regularly, every week after your departure, two or three evening visits, and would frequently sit till eleven o'clock. His constant theme was the demolished chapel

and its persecuted minister, and, on some occasions, his feelings were truly acute. His sickness was sudden and short. . . . He laboured under a suspicion that the persons about him were enemies, and made all the resistance he could when we forced him to bed. He maintained almost an unbroken silence. The day before his death he left his bed, and paced his room for a long time. He could scarcely be induced to eat during his short affliction. Though silent, he joined devoutly in prayer, and died sad, but peaceful. . . . His funeral was attended by his old masters, and by his friend Frazer and myself. Many were there, also, who, report says, were enemies of the chapel, but openly bore testimony to his worth." And there were other deaths. A sailor, who had been hired to break open the door of the chapel, died in the street; a shopkeeper, who carried away the pulpit, died in a state of despair; a gentleman, who had cursed the missionary openly, and wished his neck broken, was thrown from his horse, and had his own neck broken. Names and details are with the biographer, to show that most of the ringleaders of the unhappy persecution came to an untimely end. "Verily He is a God that judgeth in the earth." Let not the biographer be supposed to cherish the thought, that the untimely end of ignorant persecutors was dissociated from the mercy of God,—for they were the subjects of many loving and believing prayers. The persecuted flock prayed for them, and so did the banished missionary. "If," says the latter, in a letter to Mrs. Gill, "I never see that island more, *I shall never cease to pray for it*; and, if my senses fail not, *whenever* I die, and *wherever* I die, one of my last petitions shall be,—O

Lord, bless Barbados, and make the inhabitants of that island holy and happy in the knowledge of Thy Son, and in the enjoyment of Thy salvation."

Methodism in Barbados has been steadily progressing, ever since the days of its persecution. It had then only one chapel; it has now fifteen, and four other preaching-places. The largest of these chapels, that in James-street, is the second that has been built upon the site offered by Mrs. Gill, the former having been erected by Mr. Rayner, through the generosity of friends in England, in lieu of the one that was demolished. In the parish of St. Philip, a neat stone structure, capable of accommodating four hundred people, has been built. It bears the name of Shrewsbury chapel. It is not far from "Providence" chapel, in a district where Mr. Shrewsbury's labours were much owned of God. Here his fast friend, Mr. Reece,* resided, from whose estates of *Pilgrim* and *Gibbons* the Wesleyan missionary society derives a considerable sum annually. In striking contrast with this outgrowth of new chapels, the site of the demolished chapel continues a desolate spot for stones and rubbish, known as the "burnt-district;" so called because of a fire which desolated it, subsequently to the demolition. Instead of one missionary,

*The acquaintance of Mr. Shrewsbury and Mr. Reece commenced early in 1822, immediately after Mr. Reece's return from England. In a letter to a friend, he speaks of Mr. Shrewsbury as preaching "clear, sound doctrine," commends his great charity, and particularly notices that he would never allow evil to be spoken of the absent. He adds that, having known what had made him a happier man, he "eagerly accepted Mr. Shrewsbury's services to instruct his negroes." The yield of the two estates named to the Wesleyan missionary society for 1865, was about £337.

Barbados has now five Wesleyan Methodist missionaries, labouring in two circuits, and assisted by twenty-three local-preachers, besides other fellow-labourers. Where there was no Methodist day-school teacher, there are now ten. The ninety members of the church, reported by Mrs. Gill, have become two thousand; while the attendants upon public worship, inclusive of these members, are nearly ten thousand. The child born at St. Vincent, just after the escape from Barbados, and named Jeremiah by the exiled missionary, in remembrance of his sorrows, after having filled, in Barbados, the offices of leader, local-preacher, and missionary secretary,—in which latter capacity he has had the pleasure of addressing the governor, as the chairman of missionary meetings in the Methodist chapel,—is now a missionary in the island of his birth. “Who knoweth not in all these that the hand of the Lord hath wrought this?”

It has been the study of the biographer, in giving this narrative of persecution, to present such a statement as, while faithful, might not wound any surviving friends of those who were directly or indirectly involved in this unhappy affair. Those were days of ignorance, when the principles of religious liberty, and the tenets of Methodism were little studied by the multitudes. Within the last half-century, many educating forces have been abroad. Methodism is now generally understood to be peace, truth, and love, and its emissaries, whether in this or in foreign lands, as a rule, are admitted to be the friends of all, and the enemies of none. However a few intolerant men of divers religious de-

nominations may rail at those who do not glory in their peculiarities, the great body of the people indicate by their conduct, more significantly even than by their words, that they think much less of the circumstantial, and much more of the essentials of religion, than those who would dictate a narrow line of conduct to them. Every year, for instance, may be seen in sea-side places of worship the commingling of the representatives of different denominations, in whatever building may be opened for casual worshippers. An acute observer may discern, by certain outward and visible signs, the ordinary religious haunts of the members of these fluctuating congregations; but in the recognition of the claims of religion upon public homage, and in earnest love for gospel truth, there is no apparent difference. Though some of the would-be leaders of public opinion may desire, in their bigotry, to abridge religious liberty, —denouncing sectarianism with a personality which shows that they are themselves the veriest sectaries,—the bulk of the people are prepared to recognise each other, and each other's churches. If we were asked to name a place in which both religious liberty and Methodism were preëminently appreciated, we should not hesitate to point at once to modern Barbados.

CHAPTER VII.

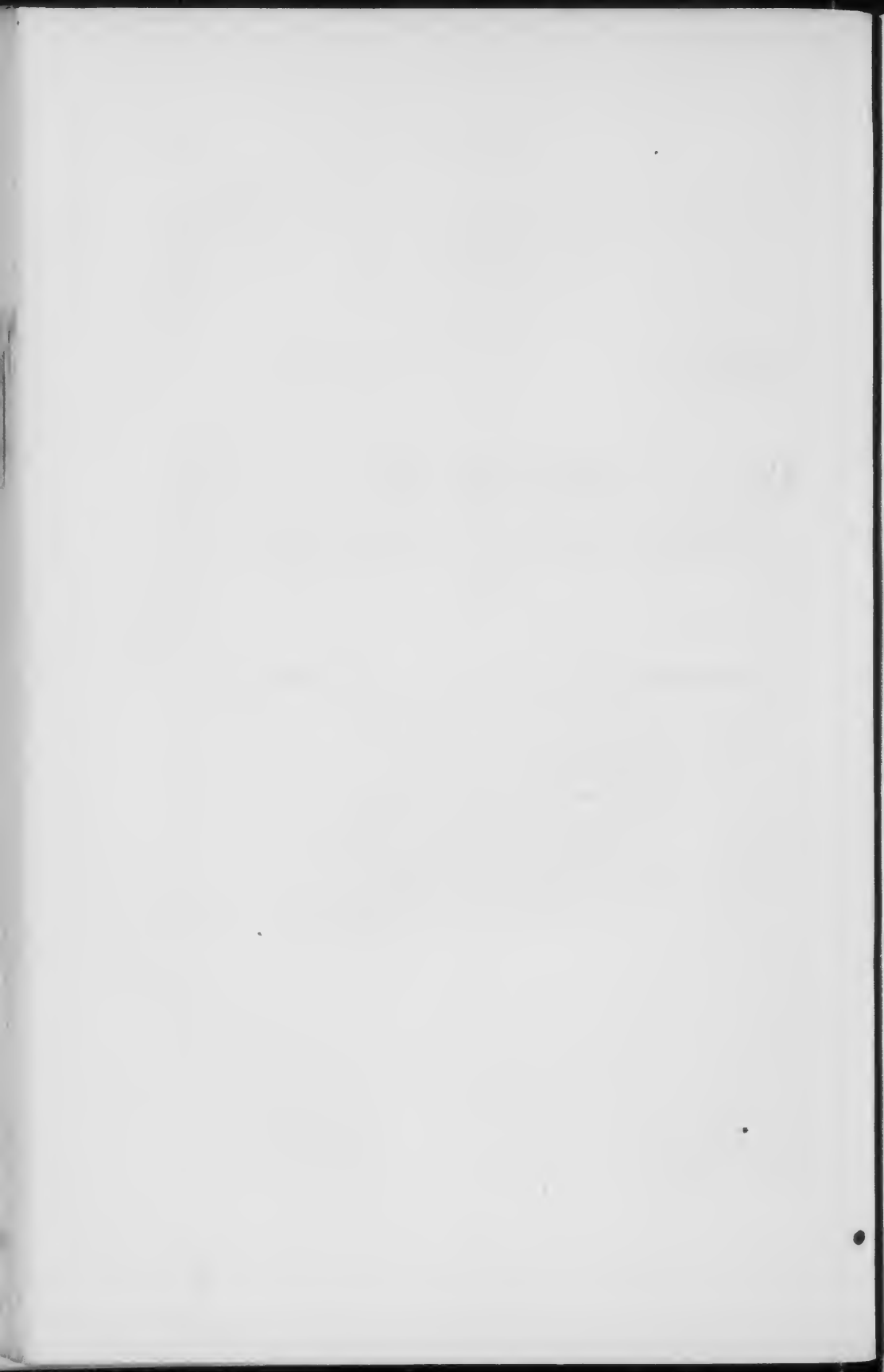
AFRICA.—CAPETOWN, WESLEYVILLE.

1826.

“A teacher of the Gentiles in faith and verity.”—1 Timothy ii. 7.

“Not all the hands of all mankind
Can constitute one overseer ;
But spirited with Jesu’s mind,
The heavenly messengers appear,—
They follow close with zeal divine,
The Bishop great, the Shepherd good,
And cheerfully their lives resign,
To save the purchase of His blood.”

Rev. Charles Wesley.



CHAPTER VII.



AFRICA.—CAPE TOWN.—WESLEYVILLE.

MR. SHREWSBURY reached England, on his return from the West Indies, on the twenty-seventh of June, 1824. In a letter to the Rev. William D. Goy, he gives an account of his voyage. His natural cheerfulness crops out here and there, as when he says, "Jerry all life and good humour. Wife continued sick all the passage. After three days I became hearty; had a plenty of nursing during the six weeks,—enough to last for six years." The interview at home is thus narrated:—"At landing I went to my brother's house. When he came home, after church, I said,—Well, James, how do you do? He looked eagerly, and replied,—'I have not the pleasure of knowing you, sir!' What? not know your own brother? Astonished, he exclaimed,—'Bless me! William, is it you?' . . . My brother went and gradually made known to my parents that I had come home. It was agreed that our meeting should be at my brother's house. After dinner, my father and mother came in, with my youngest brother. The sight of mother quite unmanned me. We wept till we could weep no more. Afterwards, so soon as I could look up, I saw a lad, about eleven years old, standing beside me. I knew him not, but from conjecture said,—Is this my

youngest brother Sammy? This touched every tender string anew. So soon as mother could speak, she said, —‘It is like Joseph’s meeting with his brethren: so sudden, and so unexpected.’ In about half an hour more, another sister, whom I left single, came in, and her husband and three children, and afterwards two other sisters. When we had comforted ourselves, my family and I returned home to my father’s house, and that Sabbath evening, after an absence of nearly nine years, I had the unspeakable joy of worshipping God in my father’s habitation. Some days after, I went to Rochester, and saw the rest of my kindred, and my grandfather living among them, and healthy, in the eighty-second year of his age.”

Having preached at Deal, from Phil. iv. 11, on the second of July, he proceeded to London, where he was cordially and affectionately welcomed by the Rev. Richard Watson. He left with Mr. Butterworth, after dining with him, the poem of the Barbados Milton,—“The Junto; or, The Devil in Wilberforce.” On the fifth of July, he spoke at the Rochester missionary meeting. He felt it to be his duty to vindicate the lamented Mr. Smith, of Demerara, but said scarcely a word about his own persecution in Barbados, which, though disappointing to some, was commended by others. The Rev. Dr. Osborn, in a recent letter observes,—“The meek and quiet spirit which he displayed when, on his return from Barbados, he became, for a time, the object of much public attention, and had many temptations, both to pride and revenge, has always appeared to me a signal instance of the power of divine grace.” Mr. Shrewsbury’s library, and the other losses

he sustained, were made good by the government, and the committee of the Wesleyan missionary society showed him the greatest liberality, granting, without hesitation, all that he asked for.

After spending three weeks at home, he went to the conference, which was held this year at Leeds. His first impression of this assemblage of divines is thus given: "The conference is a most respectable body of men: they looked and acted like men of God." The following extracts are from his conference jottings: "William Bunting, eighteen years of age, son of Jabez, mentioned. A most charming young man; talents equal, if not superior to his father's. . . . Daniel Isaac in trouble about a letter he had written. On one point, he defended himself well. Mr. Bunting argued that no one ought to entitle a work, 'The Wesleyan,' but the conference,—that whoever used it without their consent invaded their right, &c. Daniel Isaac maintained the contrary, and said that any man who wrote a work containing Wesleyan principles, had a right to give his work a title that was expressive of those principles. 'The word Wesleyan,' said he, 'is comparatively modern; we used to say,—The Methodist, and then we had the Methodist Memorial, and Methodist Chronology, and no fuss was made about it.' After arguing some time, he drew up his nose in a most significant and sarcastic manner, and asked, 'And pray what right had Mr. Wesley to use the title Arminian? Did not he plunder it from the Arminians?' The conference burst into laughter, and Bunting joined. It was such a home-stroke, and came out so pat, that the question seemed to be decided at once in Isaac's favour, no man

answering a word.' . . . *Sunday, August 1st*, I heard Henry Moore: Psalm cxxii. 1, 2,—a blessed old man; Newstead: 2 Corinthians iii. 16; and Newton: Romans viii. 32. Twenty preachers employed in Leeds on this high day,—the day of our Pentecost. . . . Bunting's prayer was agony: I never heard a man plead so fervently with God. Take him all in all, there is not his equal in the connexion. . . . I offered to go abroad next April or May. Ceylon, Madagascar, and Sierra Leone have all been proposed to me. At the conference, the last place was mentioned as my destination. But the committee have given me a home circuit, and wish me to remain until next conference, if my services are not pressingly required."

The home circuit alluded to in the last extract was Brighton, where he remained a year. That he was meanwhile burning with desire for missionary work, is manifest from the following extract from a letter addressed to Mrs. Gill, of Barbados, and dated Brighton, September 11th, 1824: "Separated from you in the flesh, and no longer able to speak to you all face to face, in imagination I bring you all into my study at this hour, while I write down my conversation with you. Each of you eagerly inquires, in the first place, of your old pastor,—How do you do? Thank God! I am well, and my Hilly and Jerry are well. The Lord hath dealt graciously with us, and brought us home to see our friends and kindred in peace, and, by His good providence, appointed us to a comfortable circuit, amongst a very kind and loving people. Praised be the name of the Lord! But we design to remain only a short time in England. Per-

haps not so long as a year,—not more, for we long to go to the perishing heathen. Missionary sufferings have not made us weary of missionary work. On the contrary, we love it more than ever. And, considering what the Lord has brought us through, we should be ungrateful indeed were we to fear any future danger, or be unwilling to face any future difficulties. Only let 'the presence of the Lord go with us, and give us rest,' and we desire nothing more. My heart is set on Africa, and my soul rejoices in the hope of the more glorious accomplishment of this promise,—I may call it Africa's peculiar promise,—'Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands unto God;' 'stretch out' in supplication, earnestly longing for teachers, and instruction, and the knowledge of salvation. And, should the Lord spare my life, and should the hearts of the people, in some future years, be turned so as to receive me, I shall rejoice to visit Barbados yet before I die, and in that island once more preach the Lord Jesus, and Him crucified."

By the conference of 1825, Mr. Shrewsbury was appointed to Madagascar. That he had made preparation to fulfil this appointment, is evident from his papers of that date. Among the rest, there is a letter of introduction to Mr. Verkey, of Madagascar, from Mr. Carr, Sewardstown Mill, near to Waltham Abbey. A variety of circumstances led, however, to a change of destination.

On the second of January, 1826, Mr. Shrewsbury left the Downs, and, after a tempestuous and dangerous voyage, arrived at the Cape of Good Hope on the fourth of April. He was detained at Cape Town, by family

circumstances, for six months. The record of his journal on the first of May closes with these words:—"I believe God will be with me, and that His presence will give me rest. I love His service more and more, and hope to be faithful unto death.

‘O that I might now decrease!
O that all I am might cease!
Let me into nothing fall,
Let my Lord be all in all!’”

Mr. Shrewsbury’s movements throughout the rest of this year shall be given in the words of his journal:—

May 9th.—Brother Schmelen called at the mission house this evening. He had been two months journeying from his station, in Great Namaqualand, a distance of about six hundred miles. He gave us distressing intelligence of the death of Brother Threlfall, and of two native teachers, Jacob and Joannes. Mr. Threlfall had taken them with himself into Great Namaqualand, from the mission station at Khamies’ Berg; and, near the Great Orange River, while they were sleeping at night, a party of wild bushmen attacked them. They shot Jacob Links and Joannes, when Brother Threlfall awaking, fled for his life to the bushes. Here they came up with him, but while he was discoursing with them, one of the party, notorious for previous murders, came behind Brother T. and thrust an assagai through his back to the heart, when he fell and instantly expired. Mysterious providence! This holy, zealous, and devoted young man was preserved from a natural death at Delagoa Bay, where he was brought to the borders of the grave, and yet, after returning to the Cape, and recovering, and going full of vigour to

Khamies' Berg, he was permitted to fall by the hands of a heathen murderer, and two native teachers with him! Mr. Threlfall is the first Wesleyan missionary who has died in South Africa, and those who died with him were the first of our native teachers raised up on an African mission: now they are gone, we have no native teacher remaining.

May 10th.—The following memorial to government contains a few additional particulars, and a more correct and connected view of this melancholy subject:—

Wesleyan Mission House,

Cape Town, May 22nd, 1826.

To his Honour Major-General Richard Bourke, C.B.,
Lieutenant-Governor, &c., Cape of Good Hope.

The humble memorial of the Wesleyan missionaries sheweth,—That the Rev. William Threlfall, a Wesleyan missionary, was sometime residing at Lillie Fontaine, Khamies' Berg, a missionary station on the Western Coast of this colony. That in the month of June last, he left Khamies' Berg in company with Jacob Links, and Joannes, two converted natives and catechists, with the intention of travelling into Great Namacqualand, to see what facilities might present themselves for the commencement of a missionary station there. That when he arrived at Kammanoup, near the Great Orange River, the chief, Tsammaup, supplied him with necessaries, and that his brother, Nauwgap, became Mr. Threlfall's guide. That on leaving Kammanoup, his guide was heard to say in the morning that Mr. Threlfall's clothes, and all he had, should be his that night. That in the course of the night, while they slept, Nauwgap approached, and shot first Joannes, and then Jacob Links. That Mr. Threlfall, perceiving his danger,

fled to the bush, when Nauwgap, pursuing, fired, and wounded him, and afterwards compelled a bushman to kill him, by plunging an assagai into his heart. That a bushman, who was with the party on the night the murders were committed, fled, and gave the information to the people belonging to the Rev. Mr. Schmelen's station. That Nauwgap, the guide, was afterwards seen wearing the clothes of Mr. Threlfall, and that the place in the garment where the assagai entered the body was distinctly visible. That Nauwgap is known and feared through the whole of that country as a murderer. That after he had perpetrated those murders, he and his party proceeded to the Rev. Mr. Schmelen's station; but not finding Mr. Schmelen, and being disappointed in their object, they spared his wife, and departed. That though successive reports had reached us of the deplorable fate of our valued friend, Mr. Threlfall, and his companions, we were reluctant to believe them, and avoided giving publicity to them, till the arrival of Mr. Schmelen from the same country a few days ago, by whose statements all our fears have been confirmed. That your memorialists, in laying this case before your honour for official investigation, are influenced by a sense of the duty they owe to the friends of Mr. Threlfall in England, and to the Wesleyan missionary committee by whom he was employed.

Your memorialists, therefore, humbly pray that your honour will be pleased to adopt such measures as in your wisdom and justice may seem meet, to cause to be apprehended, and brought to legal punishment, those who have been guilty of wantonly shedding innocent blood in the land.

Your memorialists, as in duty bound, will ever pray, &c.

JAMES WHITWORTH, }
 ROBERT SNOWDALL, } Wesleyan Missionaries.
 W. J. SHREWSBURY, }

May 16th.—Received my first letter from the Rev. Wm. Shaw, who wished to be informed whether I would prefer a station in Albany, or in Kaffir-land. Having expressed a predilection for the latter, I left the decision to the united judgment of my brethren.

June 5th.—Br. Barnabas Shaw came from Khamies' Berg, to take the superintendency of Cape Town circuit:—several of the Namacquas came down with him. It was very delightful to hear them singing the praises of God with holy fervour in family worship. The gospel has been indeed a blessing to that people, and in temporal, as well as in spiritual things, their worthy pastor has been to them a father. The mutual affection appears to be indissoluble.

June 20th.—On the 14th instant, I received a second letter from Rev. Wm. Shaw. My appointment appears fixed amongst the people of which Hintza is the chief, about eighty or a hundred miles from Wesleyville and Mount Coke, in a direct line northwards, towards Port Natal. May all my "goings be ordered by the Lord!"

July 23rd.—Heard Brother Barnabas Shaw from "We all do fade as a leaf." He considered the text as an emblem of the frailty, &c., of human life. The sermon was exceedingly instructive. Brother S. has quite an original method,—he generally confines his discourse to *one* leading topic, and has a peculiar and pleasing facility of illustrating his subject by frequently introducing appropriate anecdotes. In this respect he is not a model for others to imitate, though in his sermons they are so apt and striking, one cannot wish them to be omitted. His sermons are all original, good, and useful.

August 15th.—To-day we received from the lieutenant-governor a reply to our memorial of May 22nd, and a copy of the correspondence it had occasioned with the several subordinate magistrates and officers on the frontier of the colony. The conclusion is, that it is impossible, from the nature of the country, to pursue after or to apprehend the murderer or murderers of our late Brother Threlfall.

September 16th.—Letters from Br. Haddy state that he had received intelligence from some natives near the Warm Bath, who affirm that the murderers of Br. Threlfall and his companions are known in Great Namaqualand, and universally execrated by the people. One of them visiting a kraal was knocked down with the butt-end of a musket, and narrowly escaped being killed.*

September 17th. Lord's-day.—My dear infant was solemnly dedicated to God in baptism, by the ministry of the Rev. Barnabas Shaw, in the Wesleyan Chapel, Cape Town. He was called John Vincent Brainerd. May he be like the holy men after whom he is named. Under the ministry of the former, the Rev. John Vincent, Independent minister of Deal, I sat, and received many of my earliest religious impressions in my childhood; the latter is well-known as a devoted missionary to the North American Indians for several years. Among the blessings implored for him by Mr. Shaw were the following,—that he might be *baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire*, that he may be converted to God *in early life*, that he may be *a pillar in the church*

* They were subsequently executed.

of Christ, and “a partaker of His heavenly kingdom.” Amen! Lord Jesus, Amen! Brother Shaw preached from Philip and the eunuch, remarking that ministers are under divine direction, that God is no respecter of persons, that it is good to be found in the way of duty, and that religion is a source of the truest joy. The first particular he illustrated by several striking anecdotes, and particularly by his own providential direction to Namacqualand, as seen *in the conclusion* of a variety of concurring circumstances. I felt encouraged to hope that the change of my appointment from Madagascar to Kaffraria would ultimately appear to have been from the Lord.

September 30th.—Read in a public journal an account of the death and burial of Joseph Butterworth, Esq., who had lived for years as becometh *a Christian*. To-morrow being the first Sabbath in the month, we hope to hold communion with him by faith, and with all the hosts of heaven, as well as with the church universal upon earth, while we commemorate His death, who is Head over all, and who liveth for ever more. In this view of the communion of saints, how affecting and impressive is this passage of the appointed service of the Church of England,—“And we also bless Thy holy name for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear; beseeching Thee to give *us* grace, so to follow their good examples, *that with them we may be partakers* of Thy heavenly kingdom.” Having “served his own generation by the will of God, he hath fallen asleep,” and his “remains,” as we appropriately say, “are laid” in the dust to “see corruption,” until “the trumpet shall sound, and the dead

be raised incorruptible." Blessed be God for Jesus Christ!

October 15th—This morning, from Rev. xiv. 13, improved the decease of Mr. Butterworth, and our West India brethren, wrecked in the *Maria* mail boat; of Mr. Threlfall and his companions; of Messrs. Lawson, Chambers, and Warden, of the Baptist and London missionary societies; and of Bishop Heber, of Calcutta. When the choicest labourers of all denominations in the missionary department, and their most influential friends amongst the laity, are removed, how loudly does the Head of the church proclaim unto all who love Him,—“Let no man glory in men.” In the afternoon I preached to a company of seamen on board the brig *Emulous*, lying in Table Bay.

Of Mr. Shrewsbury's labours at Cape Town, the Rev. Barnabas Shaw has left this record:—“He took a full share in our English services, and his eloquent and impressive sermons will long continue to be remembered.”

October 27th. Friday.—At 10, a.m., sailed out of Table Bay, in the brig *Mary*, and having a fair wind, our passage was made in three days; on Monday the 30th, at 10, a.m., we cast anchor in Algoa Bay.

November 5th.—I preached at Algoa Bay in the evening, and had an attentive congregation of about forty adults, besides children. The Brethren Davis and Young were present, who had come from Graham's Town to meet us on our arrival. Port Elizabeth, as the town is called,—after the name of the lady of Sir Rufane Donkin, a few years since lieutenant-governor at the Cape,—consists of about fifty houses, and

contains from two to three hundred inhabitants, chiefly English, who employ Hottentots as their domestic servants. I met with two of my townsmen in the place, and, with the wonted expertness of Deal boatmen, they conveyed us to the shore. The bay is exceedingly capacious; there would be sufficient room for the whole of the British navy, and all our merchant vessels of every description, to ride at anchor together: but it lies open and exposed to the south-east winds which blow all along the Eastern Coast of Africa with great violence, and roll a heavy, swelling sea upon the shore. Notwithstanding this disadvantage, the sandy bottom anchorage is so good, that a vessel is never known to drag her anchor, and if well found with cables might be certain of riding out the heaviest gale in safety. The mode of landing is peculiar. Boats of a singular construction are provided, capacious and flat-bottomed, without any beak or prow, having at each end two strong pieces of timber rising up from nearly the centre of the sterns, for the guidance of the tow-lines by which the boat is warped from the vessel through the heavy surf that beats over the reefs strewed along almost every part of the shore. The town has rather a miserable appearance. There is a resident clergyman, and a new church is building; and the missionaries of the London Society at Bethelsdorp, which is only nine miles distant from the Bay, are building a neat chapel. I waited on the clergyman, and was received with courtesy and kindness, and the brethren of the London Society lent me the room for service on the Sabbath evening, in which they at present have their Sunday-school. I found in the town

two members of society, one of whom, in his more prosperous days, had been an extensive stock broker in London, and they resolved immediately to commence a class-meeting, and endeavour to be useful to the community with whom they are called to dwell. The inhabitants of Port Elizabeth are chiefly dependent upon commerce for their livelihood. It being the nearest bay to Graham's Town, Uitenhage, Bathurst, Salem, Cradock's Town, Somerset, and every other settlement on the eastern side of the colony, all the business of shipping and re-shipping every article of barter or commerce is here transacted; and as it has recently been made a free port, it is probable that it will become a place of considerable importance.

November 7th.—Brother William Shaw having sent us waggons and oxen from Wesleyville, with six Kafirs to assist us in our journey, we departed from Algoa Bay, accompanied by the Brethren Davis and Young, and chose that road which runs through Bethelsdorp, where we rested that and the following days. The London Society's missionaries have been settled here about thirty years, and there can be no doubt but that considerable good has been done. The church consists of about one hundred members, and on the tract of ground belonging to the Society there are erected perhaps one hundred and fifty houses, most of them miserable places, and scarcely equal in point of appearance and comfort to the negroes' huts in the West Indies. Methodist discipline appears suited to the moral condition of all nations, when any begin to inquire the way to the kingdom, because ours is, from first to last, a training and preparing system, gradually fitting the

subjects of it to every good word and work. This *peculiar*ity shows it to be naturally adapted to the state of man, whose life is probationary, and whose business on earth it is to advance in knowledge and holiness, till he is "made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light." Good government is no less necessary than sound doctrine, to secure the lasting peace and prosperity of the Church of God. I twice attended public worship at Bethelsdorp; the Hottentots were attentive and devout. Their singing quite charmed my ear; the female voices have a softness and sweetness beyond any I ever heard before; and some of the men sung bass with judgment and effect, though uninstructed in the art of music.

November 9th.—Left Bethelsdorp, and on the 13th arrived at Graham's Town, a distance of ninety miles. The journey is usually performed in four days; but we tarried at Assagai Bush on the Sabbath-day, and under the tent of our waggon we worshipped God morning and evening. Besides our own people, a few Hottentots on the road joined us, so that the morning congregation amounted to sixteen souls. I observed one of the Kaffirs, whom Brother Shaw has lately baptized, considerably affected while the Hottentots were singing a Dutch hymn, concerning the love of God in sending Jesus Christ to die for sinners. The first night while on our journey, when we had retired to rest in our waggon, we were surprised at hearing the Kaffirs singing a hymn of praise to God. I watched them, and saw that, when they had ended, they arose and bowed around the fire they had kindled, and placed their foreheads upon the earth, when Jan Jacobs, an aged

man whom Mr. Shaw had sent to be my driver, offered aloud a fervent prayer to God. This was their daily practice: I saw, I heard, and I wondered and adored. On the way we crossed three rivers: Zwaart-kops, or Black-head River, which is clear and deep, but has a good, solid bottom; Zomdag River, and Bushman's River, the bottom of which is exceedingly rugged. In heavy rains these rivers swell very high, and run with a rapid and powerful stream; when we passed them the waters were low, so that we met with neither difficulty nor danger.

November 13th.—At three p.m., arrived at Graham's Town, a beautiful and delightful English town, in the interior of Africa, six hundred miles or more from the Cape of Good Hope. The houses, the farm-yards, the cross-barred gates, the inhabitants, in manners, dress, and appearance, are thoroughly English; and while looking at every object I met,—the fields of oats and barley, and the gardens with abundance of vegetables of the same kind as are met with in my native country,—it almost seemed a reverie to conclude that I was in Africa. It certainly is pleasing to think that, from my circuit in the heart of Kaffraria, I can at any time ride on horseback in the short space of five days to Graham's Town, and behold England in miniature.

November 14th.—Br. Davis and I waited on Lieut.-colonel Somerset, commandant of the Albany district. When informed of my destination for Kaffir-land, he expressed, in an obliging manner, his readiness to do anything that lay in his power that might be desired to advance the great object which Christian missionaries have in view.

November 15th.—Spent the evening with a few Christian friends; two of them had been members of society for upwards of thirty years, having formerly belonged to the Great Queen-street society, London. Our conversation turned on the character of the late Joseph Butterworth, Esq., when one of them observed,—“I recollect perfectly well the first evening that Mr. Butterworth met in class, and the first words he uttered, for I was a member of the same class. The leader having spoken to him in a suitable and affectionate manner, proceeded to inquire the state of his mind, when, with many tears of contrition, he replied—‘I want a stay for my soul.’”

November 20th.—Returned to Graham’s Town from an excursion round the circuit, having visited every place in it, save Wesley Mount. On the 17th, I preached at Salem, where the party of settlers who came out with the Rev. W. Shaw are located. They have endured great trials, but now they begin to see prosperity in their temporal concerns; and the same remarks may be applied to all the parties that, within the last few years, have come to Albany. A few idle, dissolute characters are in extreme poverty and indigence; but the sober and industrious, and these are the great majority of the settlers, are in comfortable circumstances, and every year their prospects brighten, as the soil is found greatly to improve by tillage and culture. On the 19th, we rode to Clumber, so named after the seat of the Duke of Newcastle, who, a few years since, sent out a party of settlers from Nottingham. Only one individual was then a member of society, and there were but few amongst them who feared God. We

have had preaching amongst them eighteen months, and now we have a society of forty members, a neat country chapel free from debt, and a flourishing Sunday-school, which is the only place of education for the children of the settlers. Having received the grace of God, and felt the power of His gospel, their temporal condition is greatly improved, so that the people are comfortable and happy, nor do they at all regret that by the providence of God they have been led from their native land, to form an infant colony in a distant part of this district. After preaching on Sunday morning, the 19th, at Clumber, we rode to Bathurst and dined. Bathurst is a pretty village, containing nearly thirty houses, and is pleasantly situated on the sides of a fruitful hill, from whence the sea may be almost daily seen, at the distance of ten or twelve miles. It is three miles from Clumber, and many of the inhabitants attend Clumber chapel. Bathurst is about to be taken on the plan of the circuit. From Bathurst we rode to James' Party, where Brother Davis preached in a country cottage, to a crowded congregation. Here we have a society eighteen in number, most of whom have been brought to God during the last twelve months. Some of them, before their conversion, were brawlers, and unholy, and profane; but now they "follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." From visiting this little society and congregation, we went to Port Frances,—so named after a daughter of his excellency Lord Charles Somerset,—where we have a small society, that has increased from four to twenty, and a congregation of about one hundred hearers. I

preached in the evening. This place is forty miles from Graham's Town, and forms at present an extreme end of the circuit. On Monday the 20th, we rode to Graham's Town. Our Brethren Davis and Young are laborious men; the journeys they undertake, and the duties they perform, fully occupy their time in the best manner; while the esteem of the people, and the success of their ministry, bring them a present reward. Their last year has been a prosperous one, and, judging from the eagerness with which the people in every place flock to hear the word, we may hope that their usefulness will continue and increase.

November 22nd.—At three p.m., left Graham's Town, Brother Kay having sent his waggon from Mount Coke, to assist us in conveying our luggage to Wesleyville.

November 23rd.—Travelled on pleasantly through a beautiful country of mountains, hills, and dales. At four p.m., we crossed the Great Fish River. The rivers of South Africa so greatly resemble each other, that when a traveller has seen one of the principal ones, he may form a tolerably correct idea of all the rest. This serpentine river was now very low,—it was no where more than three feet in depth,—its bottom was solid, and covered with uneven and rugged stones. We descended a tremendous hill before reaching its banks, the slope of which must have been nearly three quarters of a mile in length from top to bottom. When we had crossed the river, we had to ascend an opposite hill, that was as steep as the one just descended, but less stony and rugged. For more than a mile it lay through a jungle that abounds with elephants; we saw traces of their having been in the path a short

time before, but passed on to the utmost extent of the wood without meeting with one. The top of the mountain brought us to a large and extended plain, covered with the richest verdure, where we rested for the night. We were now in a neutral territory. The Great Fish River forms the boundary of the colony; and the tract of country that lies between it and a running water called the Bekah, about twenty miles in extent, is considered as neutral ground. Formerly the Kaffirs possessed it, but at the close of the late Kaffir war, they were forbidden to come even within several miles of the Bekah, as it was found that when they dwelt near the Fish River they greatly annoyed the colonists by plundering their cattle. Through the indulgence of the late governor, the natives have been allowed to graze their cattle, and to dwell on that part of the neutral territory that reaches to the Bekah stream, on the condition of their remaining quiet; and as they have never since that indulgence was shown them stolen from the colonists, they cherish a hope that the *whole* of the neutral country will be restored to them. Parties of Kaffirs have, indeed, lately made irruptions into the colony, but they lie far to the north-west; in *this part* of Kaffir-land, since the commencement of the mission, there has not been a single instance of injustice or wrong on the part of the Kaffirs towards those who dwell within the colony.*

November 24th. Friday. At three a.m., left the mountain plain, and, after resting the oxen two hours at noon, we crossed the Keiskama, a large and rapid

* Mr. Shrewsbury adds, under date of April 4th, 1854, "There have been wars enough since this was written."

river, but at this time of no great depth. Three hours from the Keiskama brought us to Wesleyville, when we found it wanted exactly one week of being three years since our excellent Brother William Shaw had arrived here to form the first circuit in Kaffraria. Wesleyville is situated in a delightful spot, on the side of a pleasant little ridge, at the bottom of which runs a stream of water, that is never entirely dry, and is always completely shadowed over by the branches of the trees growing on the banks. Under a canopy formed by these trees, in a spot that now makes a part of the mission garden, the people were assembled to worship God, until a house of prayer was builded. There are several comfortable little dwellings on this station, but most of the natives still reside in their little smoky habitations, and without much clothing. Their appearance, except on the Sabbath-day, is in no sense consistent with decency, nor do they seem to have any sense of shame. It is much to be desired that the natives would barter for clothing instead of beads and brass-wire, which are of no real value.

November 26th. Lord's-day. A day of much rain, yet the chapel was tolerably well attended. Fourteen are members of society at this place: they had a prayer-meeting at day-break. At nine, the Sunday-school; at eleven, public worship, when Brother Shaw preached in Dutch, which his interpreter rendered into Kaffir. In the afternoon at two, recommenced the Sunday-school; at four, I preached in English, from 1 Tim. i. 15, which was first translated into Dutch by Brother Shepstone, and then into Kaffir by the interpreter. At seven, the three English families met in Brother Shaw's

house, and a discourse of Evans on the temper of prudence was read, by which all were instructed and edified. Thus passed my first Sabbath in Kaffir-land. Three places are visited regularly, besides preaching at the chapel at Wesleyville; and at one of the country kraals, three miles distant, a school is formed consisting of sixty children. For the time, great things have been done here by the well-directed zeal of Brother Shaw, and the valuable assistance of Brother Shepstone. It would be difficult to find two more effective missionaries.

November 27th.—This afternoon a conference was held with Pato, and the two inferior chiefs, Kobus and Kama, who are the “powers that be” of this station. Though they were ill-clothed, and had nothing of external dignity, yet, on Christian principles, we considered it a duty to treat them with sincere respect. When thanked for the protection they had hitherto afforded missionaries, one of them promptly replied that it belonged to *them*, and not to us, to return thanks, for bringing to their people the word of God, and drawing them out of the power of sin and Satan to that which is right and good. When they had received a present of beads and brass-wire, they were not sparing in flattering compliments. They said that we were their fathers and they were our children, and that all the tribes beyond them began to see that missionaries were their true friends. To this it was replied, that now the children should try to imitate their fathers; we showed them our wrists that were unadorned with wire or beads, while we valued clothing much more. But they still had the upper hand,—“That word,” said they, “is

good; we thank you for your present, and should *now be glad of some clothing also.*" This ingenious mode of begging was amusing, but we told them that it would be more honourable to encourage labour and barter, that they might *purchase* clothing, than *ask* for it, or receive it *as a gift.* They left us highly satisfied, and were not a little pleased with the confidence we placed in them, by telling them that we should leave our wives and children here under their protection, while we first paid a visit to Hintsá, preparatory to the commencement of a mission amongst his people.

November 29th.—Employed chiefly in writing out the vocabulary Brother Wm. Shaw has made of Kaffir words. He has also translated the first chapter of Genesis. We now greatly want a press for Kaffir-land.

December 4th.—Left Wesleyville in company with Brother William Shaw for Mount Coke, the residence of Brother Kay, who is to join us on our intended visit to Hintsá, preparatory to my settling with that chief. Mount Coke stands on a most delightful, pleasant, and fertile spot, and is admirably adapted for the laying out of a neat Kaffir village: a fair view of it may be had from one part of the country, at the distance of six or seven miles. So far were we from this beautiful mountain, when, on our return from Hintsá's, we distinctly saw the few whitewashed cottages that are erected upon it. On the rising ground opposite to Mount Coke, are a few patches of ploughed land, which some of the people connected with the mission have prepared for their own use. The plough takes wonderfully with the Kaffirs, wherever it is introduced,

especially with the women, for as the men do nothing but attend their cattle, while it falls to the hard lot of the native females to cultivate the ground, they are clamorous for so useful an invention in agriculture, which much lightens their labour and toil. In the evening I preached, through the medium of interpreters, to a congregation of about fifty persons, from Ps. lxxv. 2. Several questions were afterwards proposed to the hearers, and from the answers returned it was evident they clearly understood the subject, and had a good general idea of the truths that had been delivered.

December 5th.—The Brethren Shaw, Kay, and myself have this day visited the Rev. Mr. Brownlee, one of the London Society's missionaries, who has just commenced a new mission on the banks of the Buffalo River, about twelve miles distant from Mount Coke, and twenty-seven from Wesleyville. The contiguity of these three stations is a very agreeable circumstance in this distant country, where there is an almost entire exclusion from European society. Mr. Brownlee appears to be a very worthy, laborious missionary. Although he has been at this place only a few months, he has built a temporary house and chapel, enclosed a large piece of ground and prepared it for ploughing, and collected a congregation of one hundred hearers, who attend his ministry on the Sabbath. There seems to be an extraordinary influence from God on the minds of all the tribes of Kaffirs, by which, notwithstanding jealousies occasionally arise, they are disposed to receive missionaries without distrust, or fearing that religious instruction will hereafter be made subservient to political interests, so as to deprive them of their country. Un-

questionably the honourable and uniformly humane conduct of the British government in the colony towards these poor pagans has much contributed to the producing and maintaining of that friendly feeling, and almost unlimited confidence the chiefs and their people have in all our plans and proceedings. As a specimen, however, of latent jealousy, I subjoin the following anecdote, related by Brother William Shaw. Some time since it was rumoured at the kraals near Wesleyville, that the ultimate design of the missionaries was to seize the Kaffirs and make soldiers of them, in the same manner as the Hottentots had been served by the Dutch boors. This groundless fear was happily removed by the following circumstance. There is in the society at Wesleyville, and in the adult school, a poor cripple, named Bato. Brother Shepstone, touching at once the point about which suspicions had unaccountably arisen, in his sermon thus addressed the congregation,—“You fear that we shall hereafter assist our countrymen to take away your cattle, and carry you to Graham’s Town to make you soldiers. Look at Bato. Do you not see that we take as much pains in teaching that poor cripple as the healthiest and strongest man amongst you? And what sort of a soldier do you think Bato would make?” The people were at once convinced by the forcible appeal, connected as it was with the fact that much pains had been taken with one who was but little regarded by his own countrymen, so that they could scarcely forbear smiling at their own folly in yielding to such unreasonable fears.

December 6th.—At noon we departed from Mount Coke, and having crossed the Buffalo River at Kay’s

Ford, we travelled pleasantly along, till we reached an extensive plain, where we rested for the night. A kraal of natives was close by, but they refused to sell milk, or any other article, from certain superstitions that every thing about them was for a season unclean, and that consequently during its continuance trading in any way would be unlawful.

December 7th.—Arrived about two p.m., at the residence of the old chief, Tslambi, with whom were his two principal sons, Dooshani and Kye. The old man has long been ill, the infirmities of age bowing him down to the earth. The native doctors consulted on the nature of his affliction having affirmed that it is owing to witchcraft, Dooshani, the intended successor of Tslambi, was very busy in council with the leading men of the tribe, to discover the person guilty of his father's affliction. In the evening we had a long conversation with the people who crowded round our waggon. On this occasion, as on all others, we found the Kaffirs to be an acute and inquisitive people, and peculiarly evidencing a natural tendency to scepticism, since they are much more ready at raising objections against divine truth, than at receiving it with a meek and lowly mind. Much care and wisdom are required in conveying instruction to the Kaffir tribes, or they will become mere smatterers in science and a nation of infidels. While the evidences of the truth of revelation are laid before them, so far as they can be made to understand them without a knowledge of history and nations, that they may have rational ground for faith in the holy scriptures, it will be of all things important to *their* salvation, to insist on the absolute necessity of making

the reasonings of a carnal mind bow to the high and holy authority of the unerring word of God. Among the difficulties started this evening was one touching the reality of an invisible world. While speaking on the happiness of those who turned to God, in that at death they were received to His kingdom, one said, "How can that be?" As the Kaffirs never bury their dead, he continued, "We see and know that the wolf eats him up, and how then can he go to God?" We pointed out the distinction between the body and the soul, of which the objector had no previous conception. The explanation appeared to give him satisfaction. He then asked a variety of frivolous questions concerning God, as—"What sort of a being He was? whether He had a wife? whether He had cattle? how many, and of what kind they were?" When we reproved him for such idle questions, he replied that he had too much wisdom to ask idly, but being ignorant, he wished to learn. In conclusion, they did not forget the common request of Kaffirs,—tobacco. I had none, having never defiled my mouth with a pipe; nor do I think it right to sell or give tobacco to a people who are completely enslaved to smoking, which tends to strengthen their habits of indolence, and the love they have to spirituous liquors, whenever they can be obtained.

December 8th.—At day-break departed from Tslambi's, and at nine crossed the river Gunoobie, where, after we had breakfasted, Mr. Shaw preached, under some shady trees, to a congregation of about forty persons. Both here and at Tslambi's, the behaviour of several young women was extremely indecent, and

their conversation intolerable. Indeed, the nudity of the men, and the disgusting conduct of the women, do not give a very favourable idea of heathen morality; and yet it is possible for a man destitute of spiritual discernment, to draw a tolerably fine picture of it, by fixing on one or two particulars, which, when the grace of God renews the heart, may give a greatness and nobleness to the character of the people.

December 9th.—Before we journeyed this morning, a company of Kaffirs assembled around us, with whom we entered into conversation on the things of God. They expressed great thankfulness for what they heard, and especially for the information that the light of God's word was about to be more extensively diffused over Kaffir-land. One of them, in particular, observed that the old men say that their forefathers prayed to God more than they now do; that they themselves did not wholly neglect prayer to Him, and that whenever, in a scarcity of food, they were directed by the note of the honey-bird to a collection of honey in the trees, they never partake of it without thanking God for His goodness, and intreating Him to be mindful of them in future. It is a remarkable fact that amongst this people there is not a single vestige of idolatry,—no idol temple, no sacred stones or groves, nor any recollections of idolatry having ever been known amongst them, so far as historical facts are preserved in their traditions; yet, while free from idolatry, they are slaves to the most debasing fears and superstitions. They are not, as many other heathens, demon-worshippers, or under any peculiar dread of the prince of darkness; but they are held in perpetual terror by a fear of witch-

craft, firmly believing, as they universally do, that individuals of both sexes amongst themselves have the power of exercising a secret and invisible evil influence upon their persons and property, to whose malignity they invariably ascribe all the ills they meet with throughout life. If it must be admitted that in a majority of instances they are imposed upon by crafty men, to whom fear renders them an easy prey, while it allows them not to exercise their understanding, there is, on the other hand, rational ground to suppose it probable, if not to believe it as fact, that God judicially punishes this ignorant people, for their wilful and habitual practice of theft, lying, covetousness, and lasciviousness—the prevailing sins of the country—by occasionally permitting Satan to exercise, by the means of wicked men, greater power in inflicting, or causing evil, than he ordinarily is allowed to exercise in regions where the name of Christ is known; while that great adversary also is permitted to tyrannize in the minds of the people, and keep them in bondage and fear.

December 10th. Lord's-day.—We rested from travelling, being the Lord's-day, and had a public service in the forenoon with our people, when Brother Kay expounded part of the sixth of Matthew. The Brethren also made a small addition to that part of the Church Liturgy they have translated, by rendering into Kaffir that prayer which follows at the end of each commandment,—“Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.” Far north of Kaffir-land, resides a powerful African prince, named Tshaka, or Chaka. He is the terror of the northern tribes, having subdued and slain multitudes. Many have fled at

his approach, and many fragments of tribes, called Fingoes, have been scattered and have migrated in the most wretched and distressed state into Kaffir-land. Though these people were unknown to the Kaffirs before, they found no difficulty in communicating to them the tale of their woes and sufferings. The several Kaffir chiefs, ever anxious to increase their power and influence by an increase of dependents, gave them a favourable reception, so that, in fact, in another generation they will be incorporated with the Kaffirs, and scarcely distinguishable from them.* Besides finding some throughout the whole country, mixed with the Kaffirs, we passed through two large kraals entirely peopled with Fingoes, dwelling on grants of land given by the chiefs, and enriched with cattle that were lent them when they first arrived. One kraal is not more than seven or eight miles distant from Hintsa's residence. As we rode through it, I could not help anticipating the time when I should take it on my circuit plan. A people so humbled and depressed by war and its attendant calamities, will probably receive the word with gladness of heart, and who can tell how far they may hereafter be instrumental in the conversion of their enemies and conquerors, and in carrying the word of life to the distant tribes from whence they came? It is certainly a singular providence which has brought them in such numbers into Kaffir-land at the very time increased efforts are being made to spread the gospel of Christ throughout its whole breadth and length.

December 11th.—Crossed the broad and noble river

* Subsequently they were no better than slaves to the Kaffirs.

Gnee [Kye]; afterwards travelled five hours, and rested for the night in our waggon under a lofty tree. This night, as usual during our journey, when laid down on our karosses, we closed the day by singing a verse of a hymn, frequently the unequalled doxology,—“Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.” Solemn psalmody, in a vale, or on a mountain top, in a heathen land, during the stillness of night, much interested and affected the natives who travelled with us, while our own souls were edified and comforted by ending every day with songs of praise to that Saviour, whose gospel we live to proclaim.

December 12th.—At noon we came to Hintsa's abode, which lies in a singular hollow, of a circular form, nearly surrounded with hills of an equal height, so that his kraal cannot be seen till you are within a few yards of it. Having completed our journey, we considered it as being nearly equi-distant from Wesleyville and Mount Coke, that is, about from one hundred and five to one hundred and ten miles from each place. There is no mission station between, though *two* eligible spots might be chosen, in the midst of a numerous population. As it is proposed that the brethren in Kaffirland meet with each other once a quarter, we shall endeavour to supply the deficiency of labourers, by preaching through the whole of this tract of country, in going to and returning from our quarterly visitations, until more help can be obtained. We shall thus secure the ground for ourselves, and keep the ——— out, for whom, indeed, we have a sincere Christian affection, upon Methodist principles, being happy to find that they are successful, where, for want of labourers, our

better system and sounder doctrine cannot be introduced. We arrived at Hintsá's on a remarkable day. He was celebrating the marriage of his *eighth* wife. A vast concourse of people—certainly not fewer than a thousand—were assembled together. A company of men and women, in three or four lines, the former entirely naked, were dancing and leaping a considerable height from the ground, and occasionally many more joined them. When wearied with leaping, they moved out of the line, with various antic motions, that required less violent exertion. It was a complete spectacle of the joy of savage nations. Every man was armed with his knobbed stick and assagais; and the sweat pouring down their bodies, that were smeared over with red clay, left little of *human* appearance, besides the form. One old man, in particular, brought to my recollection Milton's words,—“First Moloch, horrid king.” At the close of the day, four oxen were slaughtered in the following barbarous way. In a dexterous manner a noose was put round the legs of the animal, by which they were drawn close together, till he fell on his side. He was then held down by main force, and the fore-legs loosed. A Kaffir next came and made an incision in the skin and belly of the beast, sufficiently large to admit a man's arm. Another followed this butcher, who thrust his arm into the incision, and felt for the heart, when he tugged and snatched it with all his might, till the heart-strings were broken, when he departed reeking with blood, and the poor animal was left to expire. Sometimes they take a part of the trailing entrails and, while yet warm, devour them. It is impossible to describe the convulsive agonies of the

dying beasts. Two of them endeavoured to arise, and one of them actually stood up for a short time. Every part of the flesh appeared to quiver, and the rolling of the eye-balls especially marked the sincerity of their bellowings. Counting the time by my watch, I found that, from the time of the incision, one lived seven minutes, and the most vigorous animal struggled against death for ten minutes before he expired. Some of the natives inquiring why we looked so eagerly at those beasts, our interpreter informed them that we were shocked at the cruel manner of putting them to death. They replied that they slaughtered them in this manner to preserve the skins entire for their karosses. This is probably the fact, but that does not prevent the bad moral influence which every cruel practice must have on the general temper of an uncivilized people. Looking at the armed multitude, we could not but contrast our defenceless state with theirs; we were completely in their power, and they were evidently filled with demons, yet no man offered to injure a hair of our heads. On our first arrival we rode up to Hintsas's kraal, and alighted. We did not enter in, but, while standing at a distance, a messenger came and said,—“The Great Bull” (that was one of the highest titles of a great Kaffir chief) was not at home, but at the river Bashee. The brethren immediately concluded that this was a falsehood, in which they were soon confirmed by one of our people whispering that he saw him in his hut. Brother Shaw replied, with the adroitness of a Carthaginian,—“Very well; you will send the strangers some food, and we will go and pitch our tents under yonder tree till he come home.” Accordingly we re-

moved to a shady tree in the centre of that circular plain. The reply sent by the messenger soon brought the chief out; for when we had been seated about an hour, we saw his majesty, the Great Bull, advancing towards us, attended by four of his councillors. Though clothed in nothing but a kaross, he assumed an air of much importance, and it was easy to see that he was rather vain than wise. The interview was friendly, but he declined entering into the great question—relative to the establishment of a mission—as that was a day of mirth, but promised that night to put an end to the dancing, and consider our business to-morrow. Anticipating a favourable result, we walked about the adjoining land, and looked at two or three spots as a site for our future station. In honour of that great and good man, lately called to his reward, whose memory can never be forgotten, we unanimously agreed to call it Butterworth.

December 13th.—About ten this morning, Hintsá and his principal attendants came, and for four or five hours we continued in conversation relative to the establishment of a mission. One old man, with the sagacity of an experienced politician, asked several questions as to the tendency of the Christian religion to support or weaken the authority of the chief, and those who held subordinate authority under him. The answer given was, that it not only allowed, but *required* obedience to authorities in everything not sinful; that this obedience was not a mere appendage to Christianity, but was interwoven with its spirit and laws; as, for instance, it commanded those who received it to reverence rulers, for the Lord's sake, and to pay with cheerfulness all

tribute; so that in hunting the elephant it would not be allowable for a Christian Kaffir, by lying, to withhold from his chief that portion of the tusk which custom made his due. The result of the entire discussion was, an avowed approval of the spirit of the Christian religion, an acknowledgment that God's word was a good thing, which they would never refuse; but—and here was the hinge on which the whole turned—it was the custom of the great chiefs of the Kaffir nation to do nothing of importance without consultation. Hintsä said, it was a great business, a very weighty matter: that if he received a missionary he should consider himself responsible for his protection and safety; and that, therefore, the chiefs Gaika, Tslambi, and his own brother, Boko, must be advised with before he could say, Come; but he repeated again and again, that the word should never proceed out of his mouth to prohibit so good a thing as the establishment of God's word in the land. In this answer he seems to have been principally influenced by three motives,—first, a desire to maintain what he truly stated to be the custom of the nation; secondly, an intention of conveying a reproof to the chiefs Gaika and Tslambi, who have been, though of inferior power, his rivals, and who received missionaries without consulting him. Hence, to our remark that the views of those chiefs might be known from the fact of their having missionaries amongst them, he replied what in European language amounts to a want of official notification of that fact, on which account he could not act on our report. Thirdly, he evidently wished to lay hold of the present as a seasonable time of recovering from the other

chiefs an acknowledgment of his superiority, by laying us under the necessity of asking them to send ambassadors to Hintsá, with a favourable report as to the nature and tendency of our proceedings. We felt ourselves involved, from this sort of worldly ambition, connecting itself with the introduction of the gospel amongst Hintsá's people, in perplexing difficulties. It was easy to foresee that those jealous chiefs would penetrate Hintsá's designs, however he might pretend that his only object was to pay deference to them by asking information; and that should they, as probably they would, devise some artful excuse, whereby they would avoid sending any messengers to him, Hintsá then would have placed himself in such circumstances as would render it impossible to give sanction to the mission, without avowing his independence of those chiefs in such a manner as would strengthen their determinations to act independently of him. Or, if those chiefs should send messengers, since they know that the gospel is a means of elevating their own people to a superiority they could not obtain without it, we had reason to fear that from motives of jealousy they would send such an answer as would probably be unfavourable, purely to keep him from enjoying its advantages. The only expedient we could think of, to counteract any bad insinuations that might in this latter case be made, was that of associating two or three of the interpreters from Wesleyville and Mount Coke with this embassy, who should observe all that might transpire, and leave everything to take its own course, without interfering, unless any incorrect or partial statement should be made, when it would become their duty to

give more correct information, in the fear of God. I felt much discouraged at the delay that must ensue before I can commence my mission, if it be not ultimately prevented; yet, on the other hand, if it can be brought about for the chiefs, in such a solemn and public manner, unanimously to concur in their sanction of the preaching of the gospel, the issue will be of the greatest importance, and nothing more will be wanting to place all our present and all our future missions, throughout the whole country, in a legal point of view, on the best footing possible. The cause is God's; we must use the means, the result belongs to Him, and not to man. Before the assembly broke up, Hintsä intimated a wish that we ourselves should visit Gaika, as a more likely means of inducing him to send the desired embassy. He also gave us an ox to slaughter for our people. Thus ended, for the present, the object we had in view in undertaking this long and fatiguing journey; we must now return home, and go in quest of Gaika, sixty miles in an opposite direction from our stations.

December 14th.—At day-break prepared to return, and at six o'clock began our departure. Hintsä and his people assembled around us, and, as we left them, it was evident from their countenances that some regret was felt by them. Hintsä and his councillors had been up in his hut nearly the whole night, debating the matter, and the majority expressed an earnest wish that everything may turn out favourable to the establishment of the mission. The rains which set in soon after we commenced our journey, made it both difficult and dangerous; our waggon was twice

turned over, but neither man nor beast suffered any injury.

December 15th.—Anxious to reach home by the Sabbath, we this morning left our people with the oxen and waggon, and rode forward on horseback. At sunset we arrived at a kraal, where it was necessary to tarry for the night. For the first time I slept in a Kaffir hut. There was no lack of company, for we found plenty of vermin in every direction. My brethren snored away on each side of me, but I slept nothing till after midnight, when “sleep,” though not “balmy,” closed my eyes also.

December 16th.—At dawn of day pursued our journey, and at eight o'clock reached Tslambi's, where we breakfasted. Here we found Gaika. One of Tslambi's sons had been brought in as guilty of bewitching his old father, and causing his illness; that son was sentenced to pay a forfeiture of everything that he possessed, and Gaika was called in to assist in taking away his cattle. We heard much about the process of the trial, and such a shocking mixture of lies and gross absurdities were scarcely ever before invented; but all was received as truth, and an innocent man, after being ruined in his character by notorious falsehoods, was this very morning *legally robbed* of all his property, and reduced to ruin. Two other persons of inferior note were likewise implicated; one of them being a poor Fingo, we thought it probable that he was intended as a victim, for on these occasions it is common for one or more persons to be put to death by the assagais of the enraged multitude. It is remarkable, however, that a belief has become current amongst the Kaffirs

that no witchcraft can be practised where a mission village is established. Brother Shaw requested that no one might die. At ten o'clock we had a meeting with Gaika, and Tslambi, and his two sons, Dooshani and Kye. We mentioned Hintsas's proposal, but Gaika declined entering into the business without his councillors, and was so inclined to dissemble, that it was impossible to ascertain how he would act. It therefore only remains that we visit his kraal when he shall have returned home. At four, reached Mount Coke, and, after spending an hour there, Brother Shaw and I departed, and arrived at Wesleyville about eight in the evening, when we found our families in tolerable health and peace.

December 21st.—This evening made my first attempt at preaching in Dutch.

December 28th.—Brother Shaw's youngest child was interred by me.

December 31st.—This day was one of much interest at Wesleyville. Five natives, who had been on trial, were received by baptism into the Christian church. Brother Shaw had rendered part of the baptismal service into Kaffir. They were named Thomas, Mephibosheth, Mary, Lydia, and Beki. The whole service was conducted in a solemn manner, and the congregation was much affected. When the congregation was dismissed the society received the Lord's Supper. Sixteen Kaffirs commemorated the sufferings and death of our common Saviour with the mission family.

On the same day on which the last entry was made in the journal for this year, Mr. Shrewsbury wrote to

his friend Goy a long letter, from which the following extract is given :—“At present there are some obstacles in the way of beginning our mission, but I trust it will be found they are not insurmountable. The work in this country is widely different from that to which I have been accustomed in the West Indies, and the state of society exactly the reverse. There white men bear the rule, here black men have the authority and power, and I must say they are far less disposed to be tyrannical towards us, than we are towards them in the West Indies. It would be very instructive for a high-handed planter—I speak not of moderate and honourable men, such as we have sometimes met with in the colonies—to be necessitated to live in the heart of Kaffir-land for one year. If it did not cure him of that supercilious scorn he feels towards every man whose skin is black, it would at least humble him, by constraining him to feel his dependence on men of the same shade of colour with those who have been taught to own his lordly sway. Any man, yea, any missionary, in the least tinctured with West India prejudices, would be completely miserable if sent to this land. Thank God for His grace which has delivered me, and my wife too, though of Barbadian lineage, from so great a curse.

“The moral state of the people amongst whom I dwell it is difficult to describe. Theirs is a very mixed character. They are an easy, good-natured people, and will laugh sometimes immoderately at little things. My wife, having weak eyes soon after we came to Wesleyville, wore a green shade. This brought crowds of Kaffirs about our door and windows, who repeatedly

burst out into fits of laughter, especially as often as she raised the head to look at any object. They are greatly given to dissimulation. Yet, when a chief does plainly pass his word, as for instance to protect a missionary, nothing human could induce him to violate his engagement. A rude hospitality towards each other prevails, so that when a Kaffir travels he never thinks about provisions, but eats and drinks as one of the family, wherever he chooses to stop upon the road. Towards strangers they are generous, not from principle, but from the expectation of presents as a reward. They are wary and cautious, but when a missionary gains their confidence, that confidence is unbounded. Yet they are often surprised at our wishing to live among them, and appear utterly unable to comprehend the motives by which we are actuated."

In a letter to the committee, of the same date, further information is given of the religious condition of the people:—"As to religion, the state of this people differs from that of all others that I have known. They may be said to be without any religion, true or false. Idolatry is wholly unknown amongst them. There is no idol, nor any worshipper of idols or of demons throughout the whole country,—no sacred groves, nor venerated rivers, nor consecrated stones. But they are also without any knowledge of the Supreme Being, nor do they in any way worship Him. It is true, some of the people sing a native hymn to the praise of Utixo, or God; but this they have learned from an extraordinary man, named Links, who died a few years ago, and was considered by the Kaffirs as a prophet. From living with the Dutch in the colony, he gathered some no-

tions concerning God and Jesus Christ, which he propagated throughout the whole land; in particular he contrived to compose a native hymn, which in the main contains sound divinity, and having himself set it to a plaintive and very affecting air, he sung and taught it to the people. Wherever we have travelled, we have found a knowledge of Links' hymn and tune has been preserved. Yet Links himself was a polygamist, and otherwise an immoral man. In the opinion, however, of our brethren, that man was the means of scattering some rays of light in this land of darkness."

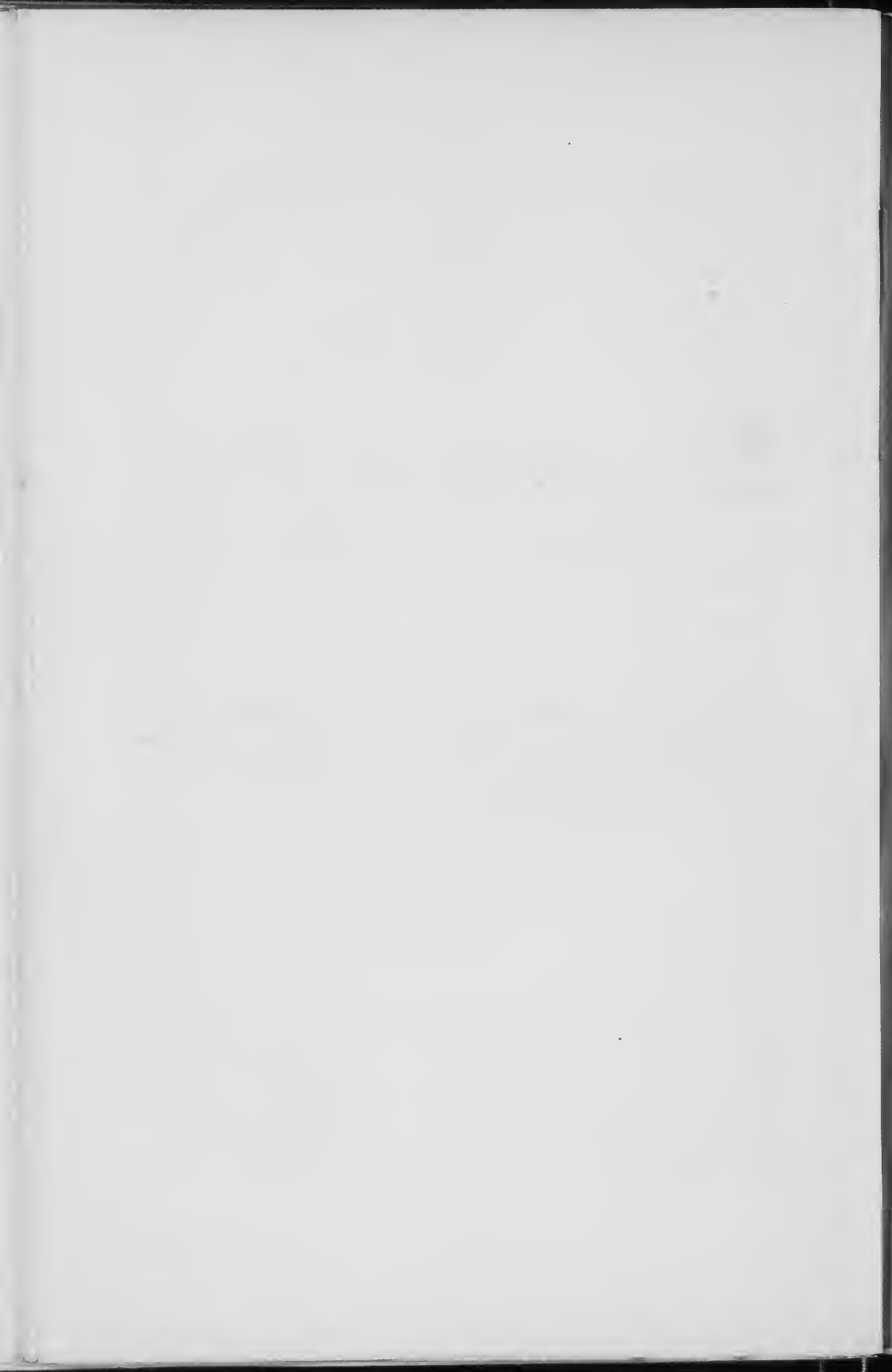
Of his own spiritual state Mr. Shrewsbury writes:—
"Now that I am in a heathen land, I find God is with me for good; my mind is calmly stayed upon Him, and the one desire of my heart is 'to labour on at His command, and offer all my works to Him.' No doubt I have received many blessings in answer to the prayers of some in England and the West Indies, by whom I am not forgotten. Glory be to God for the communion of saints, and, above all, for the intercession of the King of saints, Jesus, who is God over all, blessed for evermore."

CHAPTER VIII.

AFRICA.—BUTTERWORTH.

1827-29.

“ So have I strived to preach the gospel, not where Christ was named, lest I should build upon another man’s foundation : but as it is written, To whom He was not spoken of, they shall see : and they that have not heard, shall understand.”—Rom. xv. 20, 21.



CHAPTER VIII.



AFRICA—BUTTERWORTH.—1827.

MORE truly heroes than the brothers in arms who proceeded to the same Trojan war, were the two Methodist Ajaces of South Africa, Barnabas and William Shaw. Clad with "the armour of light," they advanced calmly and meekly to invade the domains of darkness, and to recover them to their rightful sovereign. They "fought a good fight;" the one has passed hence to his reward; the other, having deservedly attained the highest honour his ministerial brethren could bestow, watches with the loyal veterans of all the churches,

"The growing empire of their King."

It was Mr. Shrewsbury's happy lot to enter upon the work of pioneering in South Africa under the conduct of "Captain" William Shaw, to give him a title by which he was designated by one of the Kaffir chiefs. We have on record the opinion of the newly-arrived missionary concerning his ecclesiastical chief:—"Of William Shaw I cannot write in too high terms. I thought him a prudent and judicious man before I knew him personally; but in witnessing his daily conduct in the superintendence of this mission, and his acquaintance with the work at large, I see him to be the very man for the station he fills, as though he had

been born in Kaffir-land. It is indeed a high honour for me to be associated with such a brother in the work of the Lord." Four years before this period, Mr. Shaw had carried into effect his cherished project of preparing "the way of the Lord" in Kaffraria, being nobly supported by his wife. Wesleyville was the first mission settlement formed, and was followed by the establishment of Mount Coke, in 1825. On the top of the mount a flagstaff was erected, upon which each Sabbath the British flag was hoisted, as a holy remembrancer to a people who as yet "took no note of time." Butterworth was the third Wesleyan Methodist station commenced in Kaffraria.

Mr. Shrewsbury had made such progress in the study of the Dutch language, that on the 27th of Jan., 1827, scarcely three-quarters of a year from his landing on the shores of Africa, he made his first attempt at extempore preaching in Dutch. Immediately thereafter he commenced the study of the Kaffir, a language as yet unreduced by art. It was a favourite opinion with him, that a missionary should make as early attempts as possible at speaking the tongue of his adopted people; and that translating for himself, where necessary, or availing himself of existing translations, when practicable, he should commit to memory such a sentence as "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and go to and fro among the people repeating it, thus preaching Christ without delay, and adding to his stock a fresh scripture or two each day, until he had mastered the language.

We shall best trace the rise and progress of the Butterworth mission by resorting again to Mr. Shrews-

bury's journal, premising that Mr. Shaw had surveyed the land, and gained the ear of Hintsa, the year before Mr. Shrewsbury's arrival.

February 3rd.—Preached at the Chalumna again in Dutch, from the parable of the prodigal son, and was favoured with a considerable degree of liberty and readiness of utterance. Through the gracious aid of the Holy Spirit, I believe I have at length obtained a sufficient acquaintance with that language for the principal purposes of this mission; but when shall I be able to declare to the Kaffirs, 'in their own tongue, the wonderful works of God'? Lord, give me more abundantly the help of Thy Spirit, and 'open my lips, that I may show forth Thy praise.'

February 9th.—This evening two men from Hintsa's place called upon me. It seems the matter is still disputed whether a missionary shall be received, but the majority are favourable.

February 12th.—This morning at work, reflected that though *not one* heathen should be converted by my ministry, to labour incessantly for their conversion would be as much my duty as if three thousand were pricked to the heart by one single discourse I might deliver. Nor would the trial of my faith prove a nullifying of the promise of God, for the promise cannot fail,—'As I live, saith the Lord, the earth shall be filled with my glory.'

March 19th. Monday.—Returned this morning from a visit to Gaika, accompanied by Br. Shaw. Not finding him at home, we visited the stations occupied by the brethren of the Scotch missionary society,—Chumie and Love Dale,—by whom we were affectionately received,

and with whom our time was not employed in an unprofitable manner. On our return we found Gaika at his kraal. He entered very freely into conversation with us relative to missions, and owned that some years ago he was deeply convinced of sin, and wept much before God in secret; but his great men observing it, they remonstrated with him on the folly of a great chief's mourning and sorrowing like a common man. Unhappily he listened to their advice, and resisted the influence of the Holy Spirit; since which time, though not without frequent struggles, he has 'walked after the imaginations of his own heart.' He promised to favour us in sending a message to Hintsá, if his subordinate captains consented, but we must visit him again to know the result of their deliberations. 'My soul, wait thou *only* upon *God*, for my expectation is *from Him*.'

On our journey we were much interested in riding over what may be called the Waterloo of Kaffir-land,— a large plain full of holes, or small pits, where a pitched battle was fought, seven years ago, between Hintsá, and the subordinate chiefs Tslambi, Dooshani, and Pato, on the one side, and Gaika, and his subordinate chiefs on the other side. Hintsá was victorious, and some hundreds of slain were left upon the field. The Kaffirs make no prisoners, unless it be a chief. The two men who accompanied us were both in the battle, and pointed out to us exactly the order in which the chiefs were arranged; the heights above on which Gaika was posted, and the manner in which Hintsá in person conducted the attack, up a very steep ascent, through a thick wood, while the main body on both

sides fought in the plain below. When Gaika saw that he was utterly defeated, he fled with the utmost expedition to the English at Fort Wiltshire, who, as Hintsä and Tslambi's people had recently committed depredations on the colony, espoused his cause, and sent out British troops, which drove Gaika's opponents one hundred miles from the field of battle to the other side of the majestic river Kei. But for British interference, Gaika had not been a chief at this day. It was singular that both our men had fought against Gaika, under their chief Pato, and yet that they were now with us on a visit to Gaika, to request him to send an embassy to his old enemy and rival, Hintsä, to persuade him to receive the gospel of Jesus Christ. May the land know war no more!

“March 23rd.—The Landdrost of Albany, a few days ago, called at Wesleyville, on his way to the chief Hintsä, to whom he was going on a visit of an official kind, as we suppose, from the colonial government. That gentleman informed us that he had made a favourable mention of us to Hintsä, and that Hintsä had replied, ‘he was now ready to receive a missionary as soon as he might come.’ The Landdrost, however, expressed his opinion in strong terms as to the improbability of converting those heathen to the faith of Christ,—‘Sir,’ said he, ‘I look upon your going to attempt it as a work of desperation.’ All things are possible with God.

“March 25th. Sabbath.—To-day, as on the preceding Sabbath, I supplied Mount Coke, Brother Young not yet being removed from Albany to this station. In the afternoon I employed, for the first time, my own

interpreter. He spake in Kaffir with great readiness and considerable feeling. I felt thankful that God had directed me to one who, I think, will be very useful in that office he is engaged to fill.

“*April 13th.*—We returned from our second visit to Gaika. We left him much displeased with us, because we refused to give him brandy, which he had requested. We hope everything is now in a fair train for sending messengers to Hintsä from the several chiefs, in favour of missionary exertions.

“*June 16th.*—On the 14th of May, after experiencing a variety of disappointments, and finding it impossible to bring all the chiefs to agree in sending the required embassy to Hintsä, I removed from Wesleyville with my whole family and servants, accompanied by Brother William Shaw, that we might bring the matter, so long in agitation, to a final decision. After meeting with several accidents and hindrances, at the end of a fortnight we arrived at the river, near which Hintsä dwells. The chief was absent from the great place. We tarried several days, learning all the news we could incidentally gather, as to the probable result of our journey. The sum of all we heard was to this effect:—‘That the chief’s heart was inclined to favour us, but that he would make a *show* of opposition, which we must not regard, in order that he might more effectually ascertain the inclinations of his councillors, and leave *with them* the responsibility of receiving or rejecting the word of God.’ Amongst others, whose advice was requested on this occasion, was a very aged man, who had been a councillor to Hintsä’s father. To sound his views, Hintsä sent a message like this;—‘That a

teacher with his family were now actually come to dwell with him; that he intended to send them back again; but that before he took such a step, he desired to know his opinion.' To which message the old man made this remarkable reply,—'The word of God brings happiness, and shall Hintsä be an enemy to his own felicity? Besides, to what distance would Hintsä banish that word from him? What *could* he do? Did he not know that it was coming to all the other Kaffir chiefs; to Vossani; to Hintsä's brother, Boco; that it would go to the Bushmen, their enemies, and even to Chaca himself? Yea, and to all the world! Let Hintsä take heed that the word of God remain with him.' It is a singular fact that numerous tribes, beyond the present range of missionary exertions, have a very general expectation that the gospel of Christ will shortly universally prevail. The notion may be in part owing to information primarily gathered from those who have heard missionaries dwell upon those glorious promises which relate to the conversion of the world, and a measure of divine light may accompany the information which the heathen thus gain. And by this expectation there is a preparation to receive, with some degree of reverence, the word of truth, by the time it reaches them, according to the wisdom and goodness of God. Encouraged by these representations, without waiting for a more decisive answer from the great chief, we thought it would be advisable, without losing more time, at once to erect a temporary cottage, upon a spot that we had chosen. On the 4th of June this building was begun, and on the 12th we entered it,—a mean dwelling, but sufficient to shelter us from the rains of

winter. Thank God for this beginning of so important a mission. To Brother Shaw I am greatly indebted. Without the benefit of his counsel and experience, I much doubt whether our affairs would have been brought to a favourable conclusion. With Brother Shepstone's help, I trust we shall now go on and prosper.

“June 21st.—We began ploughing a piece of land this morning, that lies in front of the village; not without hope that, in this respect also, God will bless our substance, and the work of our hands. One of Hintsá's great men enquired why we began ploughing, since that chief would not permit us to remain. Such reports we frequently hear; yet, though we know the habitual dissimulation that is practised, we cannot help feeling occasional concern, while anything remains to render doubtful the future establishment of the mission. One thing is certain, that a general fear of countenancing us prevails amongst the people; hence, all our workmen have forsaken us: it is, however, a gracious providence that they were not seized with this panic before our temporary dwelling was finished.

“June 23rd.—Spent half an hour in conversing with two great men of the chiefs, on the subject of the mission. This time was principally employed in imitation of the apostle Paul, in relating my own calling to the work of preaching the gospel amongst the Gentiles. The men heard with attention, and my interpreter was affected, and wept abundantly.

“June 24th.—A comfortable Sabbath, though in a heathen wilderness. About twenty were assembled for public worship. In the morning I expounded the

1st chapter of Genesis, and in the afternoon the 1st chapter of Matthew.

“June 25th.—Commenced a school, for two hours a-day, for the instruction of my own children, and the three children of my interpreter. This is all that can be done at present.

“July 1st. Lord’s-day.—Continued the practice of reading and expounding a chapter, in each service, with better success than on the preceding Sabbath. Only Peter was so deeply affected, and wept so abundantly, that he could scarcely interpret what I delivered. God was with the few assembled in His name. To me it was very pleasing to hear my interpreter, while praying in Kaffir at the close of the sermon, in connection with the several chiefs of Kaffraria, whom he mentioned by name, implore a blessing on the king of England, and on the English nation. Several people brought wood and other articles for sale, but nothing was bought by any individual on the mission: nor were the people permitted to let their goods remain on the station till the next day, as they had been admonished the previous Sabbath, to bring nothing for sale on the Lord’s-day, without effect. One of Hints’a’s wives brought a present of milk for my youngest child: but we respectfully declined accepting it, lest the people should think we would receive presents, though we would not purchase necessaries, on the day of the Lord.

“July 2nd.—This evening we had our first class-meeting, consisting of myself, my wife, and my interpreter. At the close, each contributed, in beads or buttons, the circulating medium of this land, what he could afford.

"*July 10th.*—Brother Shepstone and his family arrived in health and safety. We were not a little comforted by reading in the missionary notices an account of the liberal contributions offered in England towards the re-building of the Wesleyan chapel in Barbados, and the pleasing intelligence received from that island."

The following is an extract from a letter sent to the committee two days after the last entry in the journal: "Before we left Mount Coke, the post arrived, bringing the first missionary intelligence I received in Kaffir-land. It brought the monthly notices, which contained an account of Mr. Rayner's landing in Barbados. O, how did my heart rejoice all that journey, whenever I thought of Barbados! When I had been nearly two months at Butterworth, secluded from all civilized society, Brother Shepstone arrived, and brought the notices for February, the first missionary news I had at Butterworth. They stated that two chapels were built (in Barbados) in the country, on estates where I used to preach, and that liberal subscriptions had been received to rebuild the chapel in Bridge Town, and that a second missionary had been appointed to that island. Glory be to Thee, O Lord! Nothing now is wanting to make my joy full, but the intelligence that *all, all* my enemies have found forgiveness at the feet of Jesus Christ. O, my Lord! let me live to hear the news, and I will praise Thee to all eternity."

"*July 22nd. Lord's-day.*—To-day, as on the preceding Sabbath, we have had a small increase in our congregation. Nothing remarkable has occurred, but we have not been without encouragements, since that promise has been verified in our experience,—'Where

two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.'

"*July 29th. Lord's-day.*—Congregations about the same as on the preceding Sabbath. But just as I was pronouncing the benediction at the close of our evening service, there was a great bustle in the congregation, the people fleeing in all directions. The great chief Hintsá, who has always avoided us hitherto, was seen passing by the mission village; and, as it was supposed that he was coming hither, those who were present feared incurring his displeasure, for having come to hear the word of God, before he had given us his sanction, and them thereby permission. The terror and consternation of my audience was to me very surprising. Thank God, English Christians know not what it is to tremble at the approach of the king of Great Britain. And for our freedom we are indebted mainly to the Christian religion.

"*July 31st.*—We had our first interview with Hintsá, and that was brought about in quite an unexpected manner. The government interpreter was sent hither with a letter, to inform the great chief that, in future, the signal for opening trade between the colonists and the Kaffirs, at the several military posts, would be made, not by firing a cannon, but by the sound of a bugle. It seems to be the wish of the British authorities to lay aside everything that is calculated to remind the natives of war, and to carry on all trade in the most peaceable and amicable manner. And it is owing to the influence of such principles that the colonial government is so very lenient and forbearing towards the Kaffirs, who still continue their depredations, in stealing horses and

cattle, at every opportunity. No evil of this kind, however, exists in the vicinity of mission stations. We accompanied the government interpreter, who is himself a Kaffir, when Hintsä asked him, in a very formal manner, who we were, and where we came from, and what was our business, and pretended that *he had not heard a word concerning our mission up to that hour*; but he observed that he would talk about our business another day. The interpreter also brought with him an enclosed letter, directed to Lieutenant Farewell, who is at the head of a small company of British traders, settled at Port Natal, and Hintsä was requested to forward it to the next chief, Vossani, and Vossani was to forward it onwards to the British settlement. It was probably designed as an experiment, to open an intercourse *by land*, through all the intervening tribes, from one British colony to the other. Hintsä was astonished, and said he had never seen such a thing as a letter before, but refused to forward it, on the *pretended* ground of ignorance of all the people that lay beyond him, although some of his people carry on trade at Port Natal. He remarked, however, that the British were a wise people, and took care to know of tribes and people beyond them, by which means they were kept in peace; whereas, for his part, war sometimes came within his territory before he had heard that an enemy was at hand. When we withdrew, he privately, though cautiously, spake in favour of the mission, and said that we were *the right sort* of men, and should do no harm in the land.

“*August 3rd.*—Hintsä, with a train of thirty of his great men, came this day to Butterworth. We con-

tinued with them more than four hours in conversation, which was partly employed in recounting all the previous steps that had been taken, prior to the commencement of the mission, from the time that our brethren, Messrs. Shaw and Whitworth, had visited him, up to that day. Though Hintsä did not give us decidedly a verbal permission to proceed, and establish our work, we had reason to conclude, upon reflecting on all that transpired, that such was his intention.

“*August 4th.*—We had a second meeting with the great chief, and his principal men: they were more friendly and communicative than on the preceding day; and concluded by asking presents, with which, when bestowed in the name of the committee, they were well satisfied, and every necessary arrangement to the final and permanent establishment of our mission was brought to a successful and happy termination. Amongst other events, one of much importance was mentioned. Last evening, when Hintsä and his councillors arrived at home, they found messengers from Boko, sixty miles distant, who informed Hintsä that some unknown warlike people [the Fitcanis] were making inroads upon him, and had already begun their depredations. Hintsä immediately dispatched one of his own brothers to see and ascertain exactly who, and what sort of people they were, and what was the strength of their forces. We expressed our sorrow to hear of war, especially so nigh at hand; and our wish to promote to the utmost peace among all nations; and, at the same time, advised the chief to be vigorous and active, that he might not be surprised; and suffer loss by the incursions of enemies before he was aware of their approach. Truly we are come

hither at a very eventful period ; but we know that Jesus, who sent us to preach the gospel, hath all power in heaven and in earth, and will make every event, from day to day, subservient to His pleasure, and to the spread of divine truth in the earth.

“ *August 5th. Lord's-day.*—A day of much rain, so that, having no place to assemble in, we have had no public worship. I endeavoured to encourage myself by regarding the descending showers as emblematical of the showers of divine grace, that we hope to see accompanying the preaching of the word of the Lord.

“ *August 9th. Thursday.*—An important day. Hintsá has given the most solemn and formal establishment possible to the mission, so that, so far as human acts go, nothing more can be desired to render it permanent. To explain the nature of this recognition, it is necessary to observe, that the Kaffir nation is divided into tribes, and those tribes are again subdivided into houses and families, in a manner very much resembling that of the Jewish nation in the time of Moses. To-day, then, Hintsá sent the councillors, or great men, of his deceased father, saying, ‘That he adopted us into that house or family; yea, and constituted us the head of it: and these councillors were appointed to be our guardians, and from them we were to seek redress for every wrong.’ Such a message exceeds our most sanguine expectations, and it will have a most important influence in the further establishing of all missions already begun, and in making the way plain for a further enlargement of the work of God. ‘It is the Lord’s doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.’

“ *August 12th. Lord's-day.*—The congregations ra-

ther on the increase, but of the natives who heard, not more than one or two came expressly for that purpose,—the rest were passing by, and tarried at our request. The people have a superstitious notion that death, or some calamity, will attend them if they come to hear the word, and this groundless fear operates in preventing their attendance on the Sabbath-day.

“*August 16th. Thursday.*—Hintsä came to us in trouble. In dividing the presents we gave him, he had found it impossible to please his wives, and two of them, in consequence of not receiving so much as they considered their right, had eloped from him. To induce them to return, he was laid under the disagreeable necessity of asking for an additional present. This afforded us a fair opportunity of setting before him the evils of polygamy, to which he listened with attention.

“*August 19th. Lord's-day.*—A comfortable Sabbath. The largest congregations we have yet had, and I was favoured with considerable liberty in preaching the word of God. I have generally arranged matters so as that my *herders* may have the opportunity of once attending divine service. This afternoon the sheep-herder brought the sheep to graze within sight, and requested that he might stand near enough to hear the word a second time, while he attended to them. This is the first instance I have seen on this station of a Kaffir's expressing a love for the gospel, and it is further remarkable that he brought his brother with him to attend each service.

“*August 20th. Monday.*—This day we commenced digging the foundation of our chapel, and collecting

stone. We had previously explained the necessity and the duty of the natives in contributing towards the erection of God's house, and that as they had not money we should receive voluntary contributions in labour. This morning, sixteen men offered their services, and the first ground was broken up by Piet, Hintsá's younger brother. The work was begun and carried on with the greatest cheerfulness and readiness of mind. At the close of the day, Brother Shepstone read and commented on Psalm cxxvii, the interpreter prayed, and I dismissed the people with the usual benediction. The chapel, within the walls, will be fifty feet by eighteen.

—“*August 21st to 29th.*—This time has been employed in accomplishing a journey to Dapa, a chief of the Mambookies, and a descendant of one of the unhappy females wrecked in the Grosvenor, East India-man, on the Eastern coast of Africa. On Tuesday the 21st, at one o'clock, left Butterworth, and slept that night in a Kaffir's hut. Wednesday, 22nd, rose early and departed. A short distance on the road, a Kaffir from another kraal ran to salute us, and asked why we did not sleep at his place the preceding night. At twelve o'clock, a.m., came to Mynheer Lochenberg's, a Dutchman, who has lived many years in Kaffir-land, and is now residing by the sea coast. Thursday, 23rd, crossed the rivers Ikora, Imbozi, Bogotana, Yuyuka, Umgathla, Sicani, Nabarana, Nabarakulu, Umandu, and the Bashee. This last river properly forms the eastern boundary of Kaffraria, and divides that land from the Mambookies' country, but we found Hintsá's people occupying a part of the country

twenty miles beyond the Bashee. We travelled nine hours, and slept at Dolosa's kraal, where we were entertained with hospitality, according to the prevailing customs of the people. A hut was given us to lodge in, a mat to sleep on, corn and milk for our refreshment, and sufficient fuel for the night. A pleasing testimony was borne by old Dolosa to the honest character of my countrymen. When informed that some of the Kaffirs had recently plundered the colonists, he expressed his regret, and observed that the Kaffirs had *no ground* for such proceeding, as he had never known the English to come and steal their cattle. Friday, 24th, at eight o'clock, departed. Crossed the Ubanyana, Thloyani, Sondani, Kora, Umbalungula, where a sea-cow was shot, and the Urami. Slept at Nogayusa's kraal. Saturday, 25th, departed at eight. Crossed the Umcasi, Umlambunyante, Umpako, Nenga, Mappuze, Umtati, and the Umdumbi. Of these rivers the Umpako is remarkable for a singular mountain* at its mouth, which looks as though it had been perforated by the waves of the sea, a passage being made in its centre sufficiently large to admit a vessel drawing ten feet of water. This mountain contains saltpetre and iron stone, the latter is also found in abundance at its base upon the shore. The Umtati, or Sneeze Wood River, is the largest we crossed to-day, and is but little inferior to the Bashee. Two hours from the Umtati brought us to Dapa's abode, which is at least one hun-

* There is a very interesting description of this mountain at pp. 492-3 of Shaw's "Story of My Mission." I have preserved the orthography of the proper names as given in the Journal, as specimens of first attempts to reduce the language to writing.

dred and twenty miles from Butterworth. No European traveller had penetrated the country on this side so far, but we found that one of the English residents from Port Natal had descended to this place. It was a melancholy introduction that I had to Dapá. I thought on his mother's unhappy lot, and on the little advantage he derived from the mere circumstance of having an English woman for his mother. His features are European, his colour nearly as dark as the rest of the natives, and not the slightest difference in his habits and manners. His age I judge to be about seventy. He was exceedingly glad to see me, but could give no information concerning his mother, save that she had by the chief, her husband, three sons and one daughter; that she died higher up the country; that, her two other sons being dead, Dapa alone exercised his father's authority, and that his sister, who lived at some distance, was married to a chief, was of a lighter complexion, and had long hair like European females. But I could not learn so much as his mother's name. Lord's-day, 26th, spent at Dapa's residence. In the forenoon, his son Umbashela, who is designed to succeed him, being present, every previous arrangement was made that might lead to the establishment of a mission with the chief. This was followed by the first sermon that was ever preached in the Mambookies' land, from Acts xvii. 26. Monday, 27th, at six in the morning left Dapa. On the road, Umakunza, one of his principal men, asked for a missionary also. At sun-set slept at Kubulana's place. Tuesday, 28th, travelled from sun-rise to sun-set, but being unable to reach home, we slept at a Fingoe's

kraal. Wednesday, 29th, at nine in the morning reached home in health, and found that my daughter had been extremely ill during my absence, but was now recovering.

"*September 2nd. Lord's-day.*—We had our first sacramental service this morning, and our first public collection, which amounted to one hundred strings of beads, thirteen ear-beads, and two buttons, or about six shillings and four pence. The sum, indeed, was not great, but it is the beginning of the operation of Christian principles. The two buttons were given by two Kaffirs who, having nothing else to give, each one cut a button off from his kaross. This was literally bringing their ornaments an offering to the Lord.

"*September 9th. Lord's-day.*—Congregation this afternoon exceedingly small.

"*September 16th. Lord's-day.*—While preaching this morning, Hintsä came, but having heard a few words, he retired. One of his great men was present at the afternoon service. With him I had a long conversation on divine things. He acknowledged their excellence and importance, and lamented his own deep ignorance, as well as the ignorance of the nation. This indeed is a remarkable fact, that *universally* (for I have not found an exception), when we speak to the people on the things of God, both small and great will reply, —'We are in darkness and ignorance, and understand not how we are to serve God.' Surely it is a ray of light divine which makes a whole nation so universally sensible of their need of being taught in the things of God.

"*September 23rd. Lord's-day.*—Our congregations

have not been large, but three men from Hintsas's great place have been amongst the number of hearers. This evening Brother Shepstone and I had a long and profitable conversation on the work of God in which we have the happiness to be engaged. During the week I have had heavy trials with my hired servants on this station; but when it seemed that, till the cloud of ignorance and prejudice on their minds, through the imperfection of their understanding, should be removed, I could do their souls but little further good, I resolved, by divine grace, to endeavour to make the trials with which I was exercised contribute to the advancement of personal holiness. I thank God that I see this to be my privilege, under all circumstances, and at all times, and that I am enabled to pursue it day by day.

"*October 7th. Lord's-day.*—Congregations as usual. Thoughts on the importance of a Christian school for the heathen at Graham's Town to-day, as on former occasions, were much in my mind. It would have advantages beyond schools on a mission station; it would cut off, in a great measure, intercourse with heathen parents, and, by constant intercourse with the English, would facilitate the acquirement of the English language and general literature. It should be established on liberal and Christian principles; a certain number of youths should be *boarded, clothed, and educated* for a term of years; its advantages to be extended to all chiefs willing to embrace them; and any that they might send to inquire of the children's welfare, as well as their kindred, should never be prohibited. The governor, president; the clergymen and landdrost, vice-presidents; other ministers, secretaries. To have quar-

terly examinations of scholars. A branch school, say at Somerset. Subscriptions extensively to be raised—in the district of Albany, at the Cape, and in England. The mode of instruction to be according to the British system. The master, on Sabbath-days, to take the youths to the Established church; but any who might be disposed not to be prohibited from attending any other place of worship, when there is no service at the Establishment. Donations could be received in building materials, in produce of lands, &c. A committee to be formed under certain regulations, and a public meeting held once a year.

“*October 21st to 28th.*—Having frequently thought on the importance of extensively itinerating amongst this people, to-day we commenced a week’s tour. At ten preached at the great place. 22nd.—The most important event of to-day was an accidental meeting with a poor Kaffir, who had been three years ill. He looked at me most piteously, and pointed to the seat of his inveterate disease. I felt great compassion for him, and spoke of the moral disease of sin, and its cure through faith in Jesus Christ. An old woman, at the same kraal, when reminded that her death could not be far distant, replied that she knew that; every one had died before her, and she must die too; that there was no help for it, and therefore she must submit. But when exhorted to seek God, she but little regarded it. Presently she began a relation of her calamities; all her children were dead, and she was left alone upon the earth. I told her the souls of her children yet lived in another world, and that probably she would meet them there. This awakened her attention, and

moved her feelings, so that she listened while I spake of an eternal world, and of the judgment to come. On leaving them, I urged the sick man to pray to God, but he replied,—‘*How* must I pray?’—a question that has been put to me by Kaffirs scores of times. I instructed him, for which he was thankful, but on departing he requested that I would pray for him also. We travelled on, till we came to the kraal of the chief Yalusa, where we tarried for the night. In the course of the day we met three of Yalusa’s men going to a certain rain-maker. Yalusa had given him two beasts to procure rain, but the rain-maker’s skill had failed, and now these men were going to take the beasts away from him. Not long since, the Bushmen having plundered a part of Yalusa’s people of their cattle, he made up a commando, came suddenly upon them, murdered some, and took some prisoners. Of the latter a considerable number remain, scattered amongst this tribe of Kaffirs, and living like them in huts, in a much more civilized condition than when they had their liberty. In going through Yalusa’s people, I had several opportunities of preaching to the Bushmen the word of life. In one important matter they are decidedly superior to the Kaffir. Amongst Bushmen polygamy is unknown, and the sanctity of marriage is maintained in a degree that is extraordinary for a heathen people. They are sagacious and acute; their eye is extremely penetrating, and their look betrays suspicion of some evil intention while conversing with them. Their motions are very nimble. They are great gluttons, and their depredations, no doubt, have arisen from a longing for flesh, joined, however, with a great

scarcity of food in their native wilds. The Kaffirs treat them in general with much kindness; but if a chief makes a Bushman a present of cattle, he will not take care of them in order to increase,—he thinks of nothing but slaughtering and eating till the last beast is devoured. 23rd.—Journeyed from Yalusa's, and preached through his tribe, till, in the evening, we reached nearly the extremity of the people. Old Gula-wella, at whose kraal we slept, heard with attention; and he and his people made several inquiries concerning divine things. 24th.—At ten we reached the last Kaffir kraal, and from that time to the 27th we were journeying homewards. 28th. Lord's-day.—Our congregations were larger than usual. In the morning, while studying in the fields, I was much affected with a company of Fingoes, eight in number, journeying to the preaching place, and who, seeing me at a distance, came and saluted me with the title of *umfundis*, *i.e.*, teacher. I thought of the prophet's words,—‘Who are these that fly as a cloud?’ &c.

“*October 29th.*—To-day one from the great place came to ask me why the rain was withheld from them at the season of planting the corn. I told him one reason might be the sins of the people. He expressly renounced all faith in rain-makers, and intimated that numbers were becoming more and more convinced that those men are nothing more than liars and deceivers of the people.

“*November 4th to 9th.*—Spent in itinerating chiefly along the sea coast. Nothing remarkable occurred in the journey, save that at one place inquiry was made if I had not power to give rain, and relieve the coun-

try from excessive drought. I inquired,—‘Are there no rain-makers living in this part of the country?’—to which it was replied,—‘There are two; but they say the rain they had to give is *all done.*’ Wise men!—they see that all faith in their craft is rapidly declining, and so they quietly retire rather than contend about the matter.

“*November 18th. Lord’s-day.*—Yesterday and to-day God has graciously visited the land with the most reviving and refreshing rain, in a time of great extremity, when the seed was likely to perish in the earth, through continued drought. So God hath confounded the rain-makers, who charged us with the crime of hindering the rain, and who confidently assured Hintsá that no more would descend while missionaries were permitted to remain in this place. Br. Shepstone delivered this morning a very suitable discourse from Acts xiv. 14-17. In the afternoon I preached from Psalm lxxv. 9-13. While illustrating the expression, ‘Thy paths *drop* fatness,’ a curious thought shot into my mind, and one that did not lose its effect upon the people. ‘If I were to give one of your rain-makers a bucket of water, that he might dispose of it at his pleasure, were he to lift it up, that he might pour it forth on the thirsty land, would it not all *fall out at once, in a stream, in one place?* But see these descending showers, how drop succeeds to drop, and waters all the land! If the rain-maker could not manage, before our eyes, to disperse and scatter the drops out of a single bucket, how can you believe that he has power thus to act in the clouds of heaven?’

“*November 19th.*—Six families who had previously

collected together, have begun to cultivate land, which indicates their intention of settling on this station. As there is not a polygamist amongst them, and their moral deportment has been generally correct, since their removal hither, I trust their good example will be influential amongst the surrounding heathen. We have frequently prayed that God would bring unto us suitable individuals, with whom to begin a Christian village, and now we receive these people as answers to our supplications.

“*November 20th.*—Hintsa being about to marry one of his daughters, and wishing to give her a good marriage portion, he came, and with many apologies for what he considered boldness, requested a present of beads. I informed him in what manner missionaries received their supplies from England, that they were men without property of their own, and that as stewards they were entrusted with the disposal of what was sent to them by the great men over the sea water; but that on such an occasion, if the man to whom he was about to marry his daughter *had no other wife*, I would, in the name of the missionary committee, make him a moderate present, as the chief of the land. He assured me that the chieftain had as yet no wife. When he had received the present, he indulged in very laudatory expressions, extolling my greatness, and calling himself my *hound*. This phrase is constantly in the mouths of the Kaffirs, who generally style themselves *the dogs* of their chief; and the chief himself applies that term, not only to the commonalty, but to the whole of his captains and councillors. Hence, on a former occasion, Hintsa having come to Butterworth without an attend-

ant, and seeing sometime afterwards a party of his *amapakati*, or noblemen, coming along the path, exclaimed,—‘Here come my *dogs* running after me.’ I always felt disgusted and pained at hearing the phrase, and now that Hintsá was pleased, by way of compliment, to style himself my hound, I had a fair opportunity of speaking on the subject. I told him that if he would hear my words, I had two observations to make on his last expression. Having obtained audience, I remarked, first,—that I was grieved to hear such a word out of his mouth, and hoped never to hear it repeated to me, since he was my chief, while I lived in the country, as well as the ruler of his own people; that I did not come into the land as his superior, nor yet as his equal, my sole object being to teach his people the religion of Jesus Christ; while in all temporal things, so far as the laws and customs of the country were not contrary to that religion, or inimical to the true interests of my own rightful sovereign, I was as much bound to obey, or in prudence to conform, as the meanest subject of the land. On these grounds it was unsuitable to that proper dignity which belonged to him as *our* chief, to call himself my dog. But, secondly, I endeavoured to convince him that, all considerations of relative dignity apart, the expression was too degrading to be used on any occasion, or in reference to any human being; that the poorest Fingoe or meanest slave was a man, equal *in his nature*, and *in his natural rights*, to Hintsá, or the greatest prince upon the earth. I told him that the king of England was truly a great and noble prince, but that he never called the poorest peasant in his dominions *one of his dogs*.

To these remarks Hintsá listened with attention. He made but little reply. I have *only once* since heard the phrase on this mission station.

“*November 23rd.*—Xonxa, a great man of this tribe, called to see me. While conversing with him on prayer, he informed me that from the day I preached at his kraal, he had begun, morning and evening, to call upon the name of God; and not only so, his wives and children had been all required to engage in the same duty.

“*December 4th.*—We laid the foundation stone of our chapel,—much preparatory work having been previously done by voluntary contributions in labour on the Mondays of several preceding weeks. To help as much as in us lies to abolish from the face of the earth those vile distinctions arising from caste, or the colour of the skin, and which ought to have no existence in the church of Christ, we selected from the congregation to unite in laying the foundation stone, one man out of every tribe or nation then present, as a representative of the rest. It was singular to find in this retired part of the world a union of *eight* nations or tribes. The following are the names of the individuals and of their countries:—William Shepstone, an Englishman; Nicholas Lochenberg, a Dutchman; Peter, my interpreter, a Bushman, by the mother’s side; Jacobus, a Hottentot; Ubuso, a Kaffir; Mapula, a Fingoe; Xila, an East Indian, born in Batavia; and Mert, a native of Mozambique. We sung a hymn; I preached a short sermon from the words of Isaiah,—‘Mine house shall be called an house of prayer for all people;’ and Peter concluded with prayer.

December 11th.—Our first public prayer meeting was held this evening. Three natives, none of whom are yet baptized, besides Peter, engaged in prayer, in a very simple, fervent, and satisfactory manner.

December 12th.—Preaching at a kraal to-day. The master of it wished to ask one question when we had done,—‘Why God permitted us to die? Why, if He loved us, He did not exempt us from what every one dreaded?’ I left my interpreter to answer. The old man having complained that all his children had been taken away from him by death, the interpreter began, in an animated manner, to speak of the immortality of the soul, and to assure him that their spirits yet lived in the invisible world, where all would one day meet. ‘O,’ said the old man, ‘you must not tell me so. Why, if that were true, it would make me weep for joy.’

December 16th. Lord’s-day.—Congregations the largest we have yet seen. The house was too small for the people; several stood on the outside.

February 2nd, 1828. Saturday.—We this morning returned home from the district-meeting, all in health and safety, through the gracious providence of God. The day we left Butterworth my waggon was twice overturned,—the first time my wife and children were in it. Her arm was severely bruised, and at first we feared it was broken; but, on examination at Graham’s Town, it was found that the bone was not fractured, though the cartilage of the elbow joint, and the sinews of the arm were much injured. Medical aid was blessed to her healing. The district-meeting was the most profitable of any that I have known. It was truly animating to witness the extensive and growing zeal of

our societies in the colony for the conversion of the heathen, and their liberal contributions in aid of our mission funds. How wonderful that providence which has brought so many Christians to live on the very confines of the heathen tribes of Southern Africa.

February 3rd.—A messenger from Dapa stated the extreme anxiety of that chief to receive a missionary without further delay. Hintsä, in conversation with Brother Shepstone, publicly avowed his conviction that the rain-makers were nothing better than liars and deceivers of the people.

February 16th. Saturday.—This day I am thirty-three years of age. I have now nearly reached the age our Lord is supposed to have attained when He offered Himself a sacrifice for the sins of the world. O that I may now indeed be dead unto sin and alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord!

February 17th. Lord's-day.—Began one of my country rounds. After preaching in the morning, we inquired about the master of a kraal opposite us, to whom I had spoken the word of life about four months before, and were informed that a chieftain having sickness amongst his beasts, had accused him of being guilty of witchcraft, and had in consequence put him to death, and taken possession of his cattle. Journeying three miles further on, we came to a long-deserted kraal. 'Here,' said my interpreter, 'fourteen years ago, resided a Hottentot, rich in cattle. A wolf had once or twice seized on some of Hintsä's oxen, and, as a pretext, the Hottentot was accused of the crime of sending the wolf by means of witchcraft, for which his whole property was forfeited, and his life sacrificed

also.' Is there no need of sending to such a people the holy gospel, which both cures the heart of its native savage brutality, and creates within it new and unknown sympathies, on viewing the sufferings of mankind ?

February 19th. Tuesday.—Met this evening with a young man, a Kaffir, about twenty-five years of age, who is evidently enlightened by the Spirit of God, without having ever heard the gospel. His account of himself is as follows:—Two years since he had a divine dream. In his sleep he thought God appeared to him, and was close beside him, and that He admonished him to be careful not to neglect prayer, and He would give him the knowledge of what is good. But this appearance of God greatly distressed him, so that he wept, and weeping he awoke ; but still, when awake, though he saw nothing with his bodily eyes, the same appearance seemed to be just before him. He was not forgetful of the admonition to pray. He began to call on the name of the Lord ; but soon all the sins he had ever committed came to his recollection, and were made so clearly manifest to his conscience, that he could find no rest to his soul. But he continued to pray, and now he was no longer afraid to die, because he believed he should go to God. From the first shining of light in his heart, he had felt a desire for the salvation of his chief, and had not ceased to pray for Hintsá, that God would give him to see, if it were only a little of what had been revealed to his own heart. He had likewise exhorted his countrymen to forsake all sin, especially polygamy and witchcraft, but that they all cried out,—‘He is mad, and his words are the

words of a madman.' This extraordinary account, from a man who now for the first time saw a missionary, and before I had spoken a sentence on divine things, exceedingly astonished me; and I thought those friends who prayed for and with me, on my leaving England, did not pray in vain. God answered their request, and began to work by His Holy Spirit, before I entered on my labours amongst this people. He has not shorn his hair since he had that singular dream. I am likewise informed that at another kraal there are four young men, and one middle-aged man, who have lately begun to inquire after God. I reminded this youth of Jacob Links [see page 247]. This evening Brother Shepstone met a class of catechumens.

February 20th. Wednesday.—After preaching this evening, as usual, I requested the people to converse on what they had heard, and to ask me any questions they pleased. The subject discussed having been death as the wages of sin, one young man ingenuously inquired whether, if he left off sinning, he should never die, and why God could not take him up to heaven without dying. Living near the distant river Bashee, he had never heard a sermon; I was, therefore, not a little surprised to find the idea of a translation springing up in a purely heathen mind.

February 22nd. Friday.—Had a long conversation with Hintsá on the subject of witchcraft, and pointed out to him his great guilt before God, if he permitted that evil system to be still continued in the land.

March 2nd. Lord's-day.—A gracious influence was felt in our morning service; several were affected to

tears, and soon as the text was read, 'God so loved the world,' &c., two persons wept aloud. In the afternoon I went to preach at a kraal, distant about five miles from Butterworth, but was grieved to find Hintsä, with several of his chief men, employed in transacting ordinary matters of business."

Referring to this visitation of grace, Mr. Shrewsbury remarks, in a letter to England,—“The effect could not be attributed to any human art exciting the passions of the people, for as yet not one word had been uttered; the Holy Ghost touched the hearts of the hearers by the bare reading of the text, and the preacher was obliged to pause before he could begin his discourse. One native Kaffir, whose silent tears often express his penitential sorrow for sin, wonders at himself. ‘I never wept,’ says he, ‘in my life before; whatever troubles befel me, I never could shed a tear; now my heart is tender, and like a little child.’”

“*March 3rd. Monday.*—Early this morning I went to Hintsä’s kraal, and remonstrated with him on the sinfulness of profaning, as he had done the preceding day, the Sabbath which God has instituted for His own more immediate worship and service. He heard with attention, and listened to the remonstrance without displeasure.

“*March 6th. Thursday.*—Early this morning I had a long conversation with a great man of this tribe, on the things of God,—the same man who questioned me so closely, as mentioned in my journal, Dec. 13th, 1826. Amongst other remarks, he made the following, which particularly struck my mind, as it shows the views and reasonings that formerly existed concerning our

object and design. 'These words,' said he, 'are similar to those you spoke the first day we saw you. We then thought those were your *first words*, and knew not what would come after, when you should be settled in the land, but now we see that you are constantly teaching the same truths.'

"*March 8th. Saturday.*—This evening, when quite dusk, I was walking in my garden, and felt not a little comforted on hearing a native by the side of the fence engaged in prayer unto God. Surely this people shall know the truth of that scripture,—'And it shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.'

"*March 16th to 22nd. Lord's-day to Saturday.*—Employed in itinerating among the people dwelling along the rivers Xore and Kobaquaba. I have been favoured in this journey with much encouragement; which is, however, rather derived from *general* facts, than any special instance of thorough conversion to God. There is evidently a gradual change in progress in the minds of the people that is favourable to their ultimate reception of the gospel, and to the enjoyment of all its saving benefits. Some of the remarks made on hearing the word are very striking. At one kraal, to which we had descended down a long and deep hill with considerable difficulty, it was said,—'Though we live far from you, and our place is not easy of access, we hope you will come again, and repeat that word which we are so thankful to hear.' At another place,—'We thank you for the word which makes our hearts glad.' At a third kraal one remarked,—'That must be great and important news which makes you travel about

amongst us, so far from home, while we have nothing to give for your labour.' And at a fourth kraal, an old man, after hearing, remarked,—‘ We hear with our ears, but the word cannot get down to our hearts. We are all *like so many dead men*, and our souls know nothing about these things.’ I replied,—‘ True, but our hope is in God, who quickeneth the dead, and who calleth the things that are not, as though they were.’ Few have been the instances of individuals contending against the word of God, but almost all, as with one consent, have acknowledged that it is *great*, and *good*, and *true*. Frequently, when reflecting on this preparatory state of the human mind for the further influences of the Holy Spirit, have I been led to breathe forth the wishes of my soul in the very words of the prophet,—‘ Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe on these slain that they may live.’

“ On the Sabbath-day, Hintsä, for the first time, publicly attended divine worship, and behaved in the most devout and reverent manner. Observing that some did not join in the responses and in singing, he publicly reprovèd them, saying,—‘ You have been accustomed to shout and make noise enough at the dances, why cannot you all join in prayer and in singing the praises of God?’ ”

Alluding to this visit of Hintsä to the chapel, Mr. Shrewsbury has said elsewhere,—“ But his own demoralizing practices, and those of his great men, which at once proceed from, and also tend to uphold, many shocking sinful customs, bring us into frequent collision with him, and with the rulers of the people. Hitherto the manifestation of the truth has given no

serious offence: remonstrance and reproof have been received with, at least, verbal thankfulness, and truth has gained almost uncontested victories over error. But this calm cannot last always without a special providence. Either 'Satan will be bound,' that the Lord Jesus alone may reign, or he will be permitted to bruise the Redeemer's heel, that the Redeemer may with more signal triumph bruise the destroyer's head. The future we leave to God, while we labour for the salvation of souls to-day."

Of his mode in the itinerating, mentioned once and again in these extracts, Mr. Shrewsbury has given this account:—"One week in a month is employed in itinerating, from early dawn till late at night, amongst the more distant parts of this tribe. The duties I owe my children, whose education chiefly devolves on me, will not allow me to spend a greater portion of time from home. In these extensive and laborious journeys, I am thankful to find a growing attention to divine things. I go from kraal to kraal, and preach to six, or twelve, or twenty individuals, just as I can collect them together. I go without purse or scrip, and live on milk and corn, as the people live. I pay for nothing, telling them, I bring you the word of God, and, while travelling amongst you, I look to you for daily bread when I am hungry, and a place to sleep in, wherever I chance to come when it is night; and generally I receive from them evidences of kindness and hospitality which are grateful to my feelings, and afford me encouragement and delight. My sermons seldom exceed ten minutes, and I then invite, not disputation concerning the truth, but inqui-

ries after it, from any one who chooses to propose a question."

"*March 30th. Lord's-day.*—Spent in itinerating in this land of the shadow of death. O how dismal the gloom that hangs around! How painfully does my soul feel the loss of Christian communion, and how distressing is it to compare the privileges of Sabbaths in England, with the manner in which they are employed in this heathen country. I go and preach to companies of four, six, or twelve *naked* men, without the smallest sense of decency or shame, and half-naked women, after I have with difficulty got them together. The scattered state of the population, and their roving habits, with their national and individual sins, seem to oppose *insurmountable* obstacles to a general spread of the gospel amongst the people. 'My soul, wait thou *only* upon God! Trust in God *at all* times; and O ye His people, pour out your hearts before Him.'

"*April 6th. Lord's-day.*—A gracious and refreshing season at the table of the Lord. Our congregations also have afforded some encouragement, both as to number, attention, and, with regard to some individuals feeling under the word. This morning, at prayer, I thought of Abraham, who received, by promise, the land of Canaan for an inheritance, and yet never himself actually possessed it; and desired to have that faith, in reference to my work, which he exercised in the divine promises, that I may labour without fainting, *and without doubting*, although I should not see *one* heathen converted unto God. But, O! my soul longs for the salvation of the people. Still I remember, 'the times and the seasons are with the Father,'

and He knows best when, and by whose ministry, to make the gospel eminently successful in turning sinners unto Himself. Lord use me, *if it seemeth good in Thy sight.*

"*April 27th. Lord's-day.*—This Sabbath I have spent at Butterworth. Nothing remarkable has occurred in our assembling together. The people received the word with seriousness and attention. Last Sabbath-day I preached at Wesleyville, and God evidently made the word a blessing, for a gracious and melting influence descended from on high on many of the hearers.

"*May 4th. Lord's-day.*—Our congregations on this holy Sabbath have been small, but in the forenoon service God was pleased to bless the word. I had the happiness this day of celebrating *the first Christian marriage* on my station, between a young couple named Cupid and Gritta, both of them Kaffirs.

"*May 13th. Tuesday.*—This evening I had great comfort in meeting our class of catechumens. Two more met for the first time, and each of them manifested genuine contrition of heart, and a sincere desire to flee from the wrath to come.

"*May 20th. Tuesday.*—This evening I formed a *second* class of catechumens, consisting of five females, each of whom is willing to renounce sin, and truly turn to God. This afternoon, April, one of our candidates for baptism, fell from the roof of the chapel, which he was thatching, and fractured three of his ribs. When raised from the ground, and seated in a chair, the first words he uttered were,—'God hath chastened me,' which he soon after repeated; and ob-

-serving his daughter weeping, he said,—‘ Don’t weep, child. God is punishing me for my sins.’ Throughout the whole of the day, and subsequently, he has suffered with a calmness, and patience, and resignation that would adorn the character of a Christian. ‘ Can any man, then, forbid water, that he should not be baptized?’ It is remarkable that, not a moment before, he had a sharp knife in his hand, with which the binding of the thatch was cut when laid on, but it occurred to his mind,—‘ Put the knife down; what if you should fall with it in your hand?’ and the instant he laid it down, the scaffolding gave way, and he fell to the ground.

“*May 25th. Lord’s-day.*—My first congregation consisted of upwards of forty persons; but they were assembled in a kraal where a beast had been slaughtered. Such is the custom of the nation. The people heard with attention. One young man observed,—‘ Some of us, since we heard the word of God, have conversed together, and wish to forsake our sins; but we are like men sunk in a miry place up to the chin, having part of the head just above the slough, and crying out,—What must we do?—how can we get out?—and yet no one knows how to escape.’ I need not say that no Kaffir has ever read Bunyan’s Pilgrim, or heard of the Slough of Despond, yet I trust many will experience what that beautiful allegorist has, under a figure, so naturally and exactly described. The Kaffirs abound in figurative language. A curious illustration of this occurred last night. One of the workmen wanted clothing as payment for his labour, and he asked for *a garment sprinkled with stars*. Neither Mr. Shepstone nor myself could at first conceive what he meant; but at last

we discovered that the starry robe was a *Guernsey frock*, which, having several black spots upon it, and he, not knowing what to call it, had given it a denomination which, to him, appeared natural, and which he thought we should readily understand.

“June 1st. Lord’s-day.—Our congregations have been good, and the word has not been unattended with the divine influence. We are at present in great straits from a scarcity of food. To help our people in the present dearth, I proposed to my wife that we should deny ourselves of our meal at tea, and give it in turn to those who are on the station, in which proposal she acquiesced with pleasure. This morning, two baskets of corn were brought on the place for sale, but, though the necessities of the people were great, no one offered to purchase it on the day of the Lord.

“June 8th. Lord’s-day.—In the course of this day’s itinerancy I have preached to about ninety souls,—a large congregation for the country parts of this circuit. Where I preached this morning, the people had assembled for the purpose of dancing; but I believe they gave up the idea of indulging in that pleasure on God’s holy day before I left. At another kraal I spoke to a very old man, who had been sadly mangled and beaten when young in some of their native wars, and to the word he listened with much attention; and so did his aged wife, who was quite blind. I was pleased to witness the care of the old man towards his wife. He led her out of the hut, and removed with his hand every stick and thorn that lay in the path. Before morning service, conversing with the Kaffirs about the cannibals of New Zealand, they were struck with as-

tonishment, and received the information with horror; and one, with great concern, inquired how far distant that part of the world was from Kaffir-land, and whether those savages were likely to come amongst them?"

On the 22nd of June, the Butterworth chapel was opened by the Rev. W. Shaw, with a sermon in the Kaffir language. At this service four persons, the first fruits of the mission, were baptized in the name of the Holy Trinity. Mr. Shrewsbury supplied an interesting notice of each of them. One of these sketches is subjoined, and may serve to show that Methodist missionaries are more anxious about the quality than the quantity of candidates for baptism:—

“John Patross, a man about forty years of age. His life has been very eventful, and marked by several distinguishing instances of the divine goodness and care. In the memorable battle fought between the chiefs Gaika and Hintsá, he was lying wounded with his face towards the earth, when one of Gaika’s Kaffirs, discovering that he was not dead, resolved to despatch him, and for that purpose fell flat upon him. While pressing him to the earth, he several times attempted to thrust an assagai into him. John felt it pass along his ribs, but without piercing him. In this extremity, crying out, ‘God help me!’ he seemed to be endowed with more than natural strength, for he was enabled to spring up, throw his adversary to the ground, and escape. When Tslambi and Hintsá made a united attack on the colonists and Graham’s Town, about eight years since, he was one of the foremost in the battle. The infantry being commanded to retire within the

trenches, that the cannon might play upon the enemy, so furious were the Kaffirs that they rushed into the trenches with the British soldiers, and ran up to the very mouth of the cannon. Just then the cannon opened fire upon them, and such as were not slain fled in consternation. John retreated with some others, and stooped down behind an ant-heap, where several times the shot fell so near him that the dust raised was blown in his face. God, however, mercifully preserved him, and now He has graciously converted his soul. On the day of baptism his heart was broken, and his tears flowed plentifully, while he was consecrated to the service of the Lord. John is quite a new creature; he is industrious, steady, and upright; and no arguments could induce him either to steal, or to fight against us any more."

In the evening the Lord's Supper was administered to the newly-baptized converts. Upon this Mr. Shrewsbury remarks,—“That awful neglect of the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, which prevails to such an extent in some professedly Christian societies, we hope will never be permitted to gain a footing among us in this country. For a baptized person, who is conscientiously serving God, to abstain from the Lord's supper, is but little better than a renunciation of his baptism, and an ignorant casting away of his Christian profession. To guard against so great an evil, we wish all whom we baptize to understand the communion of the blood and of the body of Christ to be a daily obligation upon them in consequence of that baptism.”

During the rest of the month of June, Mr. Shrewsbury, accompanied by the Rev. Wm. Shaw and two

other friends, paid a visit to Dapa, with a view to the establishment of a mission among the Amampondi. It was a time of great excitement, owing to the threatened invasion of Hintsa's territory by the bloodthirsty chief Chaka. On the day of the opening of the Butterworth chapel, Hintsa's warriors were passing the house of prayer and peace in companies, armed for defence. The whole land was dreading the irruption of the Fitcani. Faku, a chief of the Tambookies, had already been worsted in battle, while the savage Chaka was in pursuit, asking,—“Where is Faku's gall?—Where is his mother? Bring her, that I may cut off her hands and feet, for bearing so worthless a son?” Advancing on his victims, he said, “I seek the head of Hintsa, and the horses of the white people.” “Some of the councillors of Hintsa came to us,” Mr. Shrewsbury wrote to the committee in England, “a few days ago, and asked if I would accompany them to the field of battle, if the enemy advanced towards them. I replied that I must first provide for the safety of my family, but that I myself would stand by the chief to the very last extremity. That I could not fight, for a missionary's hands must not be stained with blood; but if the enemy would listen to arguments, and my interpreter would accompany me, I would do all in my power to prevent the miseries of war, and to promote, on both sides, the blessing of peace.” Just before Mr. Shrewsbury and his party set out on their expedition, Chaka, having advanced within seventy miles of Butterworth, suddenly retreated, admonishing Hintsa to have his cattle in good condition against his return, which would be in three months. They found poor

Dapa wandering without a home, and offering to fix his residence in any spot that a missionary might choose. After a service in the woods with the chief and his people, the explorers returned to Butterworth, "wondering what the end of the war and of their visit would be."

Further notices of the war will be found as we continue our extracts from the journal.

"*July 18th.*—Returned from the Umtata, whither I had accompanied Major Dundas, who had been sent by the British government, to promise the Kaffirs assistance against their common enemy, Chaka."

Major Dundas, it should be observed, was sent by the authorities at the Cape in consequence of the conduct of Chaka, who, having humbled and despoiled Faku, demanded that Hintsa should own his sway by sending a present of oxen. Hintsa's reply to the haughty demand was,—“I am a king as well as you; if you want my cattle, come and take them. We are cutting our shields and sharpening our assagais, and are ready to meet you in the field of battle.” Enraged at this answer, he craftily planned Hintsa's overthrow. Sending two ambassadors in a vessel from Natal to the Cape, he offered to form an alliance with the British, if they would allow him to extend his conquests until he became sole monarch of Kaffir-land. The response of the British governor was, that he desired all the tribes of Africa to live in peace, and that if Chaka persisted in his work of destruction, the British would be his enemies. Major Dundas was sent with a detachment of fifty men to watch events.

"*July 23rd.*—Received a letter from Major Dundas,

who recommended me to remove my family towards the colony, as the enemy was advancing, and 'the events of war are uncertain.'

"*July 28th. Monday.*—This evening some of Hintsa's people returned from the war, and gave us the intelligence that on Saturday last a battle was fought between the Fitcani and Vossani, aided by the Kaffirs of Hintsa's tribe, and the little company of the British with Major Dundas. The Fitcani were totally routed. Chaka had vainly boasted to Faku, who had made peace with him, that he was going to hunt Vossani and Hintsa, and that he would make him a present of beasts on his return. This common mode of speech amongst this people, is a very natural description of the object and nature of their warlike depredations; they consider it like going out to the chase, which may afford us an illustration of Gen. x. 8, 9. In the same manner Chaka has begun to be a mighty one in this land,—a mighty *hunter* before the Lord,—wherefore it is said, his deeds have acquired him a proverbial name, as we have heard it remarked ourselves by some that he had conquered,—'Chaka is the only great man in the earth.'"

It appeared afterwards that these routed Kaffirs were not the subjects of Chaka, but of another chief named Matiwana, who, ignorant of Chaka's intentions, was advancing from the interior, where he had been long roving, with hostile designs against Hintsa and the British colony, when he was thus interrupted by the providence of God. Matiwana afterwards sought to effect a peaceable settlement on a vacant tract of country above Hintsa's territory.

"*August 2nd. Saturday.*—Late this evening two officers arrived from the British camp. It seems the colonial government have thought proper to send out a strong force of military, with about eight hundred Boors, under Lieut-col. Somerset, to check the Fitcani. This may end well, for Hintsa received certain information to-day that Major Dundas had only routed those of the enemy who were in advance; but that the main body had since come up, under one of their chief warriors, with a full resolution to conquer and take full possession of all Kaffir-land. My present duty clearly is to 'stand still and see the salvation of God.'

"*August 9th. Saturday.*—There having been a great scarcity of food on this station, I have been led for several days past to pray for a supply of the necessities of the people. This morning, while returning from my place of prayer in the open field, the servant met me, and requested that I would hasten home, as there was a great abundance of corn brought for sale. O how many answers to prayer have I seen at Butterworth!

"*August 10th. Sabbath.*—Congregations rather small, but a gracious influence descended upon us, both in the morning, when I spoke from Ezek. xxxvii. 1-10, and in the afternoon, from Matt. v. 1-12. Two individuals were very much affected, whom I never observed to feel particularly on any former occasion. One of them was an old woman, past seventy years of age. In the morning, while singing our first hymn, she could not restrain herself, but burst out into loud weeping before all the congregation.

"*August 11th. Monday.*—This morning I began to

assemble all the children on the station, to question them on what they had heard during the Sabbath,—a practice which I purpose to continue. There are twelve children on the station, besides those of our own families. This morning Hintsä sent to inform us that Chaka is still bent on war, and bringing on a vast body of people; that he is rather exasperated than intimidated by his late defeat, and resolved to put forth his utmost power to drive all before him. Glory be to God! we feel a calm and firm reliance upon His fatherly care and goodness,—a strong persuasion and full assurance that every day's events shall tend to the furtherance of the gospel, because the government is laid upon His shoulder, to whom the Father hath said, 'I will give Thee the heathen for Thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for Thy possession.' We cannot *see* how war should promote the spread of the gospel of peace, but *for that very reason we believe it shall*. If we could *see* results, there would be little room for the exercise of faith. Faith *glories* in putting forth her strength, and crying,—'Let every valley be exalted, and every mountain levelled, and crooked places made straight, and rough places smooth, that the glory of the Lord may be revealed, and all flesh may see it together.'

"*August 14th.*—Lieut.-col. Somerset arrived this morning with a party of troops, and more came in the following days, besides a considerable number of the Dutch farmers, to oppose Chaka's people, who are still advancing on the Kaffirs.

"*August 17th. Sabbath.*—Congregation this afternoon was very large,—the chapel not being able to

contain the mingled assembly of English, Dutch, and Kaffirs,—to whom I preached from Matt. vii. 21-23, and all heard with deep and serious attention. The Sabbath has been sanctified by the British beyond what I had expected to have seen, under their circumstances.

“*August 18th.*—Having been requested to preach again this evening, an English sermon, before the troops marched, a good congregation of officers and men was collected, on whom I enforced the important words of St. Paul,—‘Circumcision is nothing, and uncircumcision is nothing, but the keeping of the commandments of God.’—1 Cor. vii. 29.

“*August 21st.*—One of our catechumens, the wife of Peter, my interpreter, being sick, and apparently nigh unto death, we judged it proper, as she was a sincere inquirer after salvation, to baptize her, that she might die within the pale of the Christian church. Besides, baptism being an ordinance of divine appointment, and one which was signally owned of God in the earliest ages of the church,—the very water itself being called ‘the washing of regeneration,’ because it was so generally attended with ‘the renewing of the Holy Ghost,’ as is evident from the Acts of the Apostles,—we were encouraged to hope that the sick person would receive thereby a larger measure of divine influence; and as the name that a dying person should receive is of little moment in itself, we selected a name that might be a spiritual help to her, and a memorial of what she needed, and therefore called her Grace. The poor woman could say but little; she fully expressed a sense of her sinfulness and unworthiness; but in

prayer every heart felt a peculiar sense of the divine presence, and when we arose, Peter, her husband, who has nursed her with much tenderness, said,—‘I feel just as if God had answered all our supplications.’ The desire of my heart is that no one shall die on this mission station without being prepared for the kingdom of God.

“*August 23rd.*—Visited Grace this evening, and found her in a very hopeful state of soul. She expressed her religious feelings in this manner:—‘I hardly dare, and yet I almost dare to say, that God hath pardoned my sins. I feel so much comfort in my heart.’ Early on the morning of the 25th she died, and was buried on the same day. The last words she was heard to utter were,—‘Lord help me,’ and ‘I thank thee, Lord.’ She expired while Esther, our baptized Namacqua, was commending her to God in prayer.

“*August 24th. Sabbath.*—A comfortable day, though my journeys were unpleasant on account of the wet and rain. This seemed a light matter, when considering the nature of my work. The words, ‘blessed service,’ frequently ran through my mind, and made my heart delight in everything connected with my calling. I first preached to three young women. My next congregation consisted of three persons, two of whom were a very old man and his wife, who is quite blind. They repeated much of what I had said when last with them, and had from that time begun regularly to call upon the name of God. The old woman confidently affirmed that now ‘she *knew* there was God, *because* she felt He answered her prayers; but,’ she added,

'the people tell me I am going mad.' I was much encouraged to hope that this old couple would 'sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of God.' From thence I rode on to another kraal, and preached to twelve persons. On the way we passed a woman who was cultivating her land. We spoke to her on the things of God. She acknowledged His goodness;—'But for God,' said she—and here she crumbled the earth—'my bones had now been crumbled into dust. We have been almost dead with hunger, and yet we are not quite dead. The insects destroyed all our corn last year.' I reminded her of what I had told them last season,—'Rest on the Sabbath-day, but they would not hearken; and that she could see the people round about the missions who heard and disobeyed that word had all lost their corn, while those Kaffirs, who lived at a distance, and knew but little of the Sabbath, had all reaped a most abundant harvest, and yet she was still planting on the Sabbath-day.' She listened, and, immediately leaving the field, retired to her habitation.

"*August 31st. Sabbath.*—Col. Somerset returned from the field of battle. An engagement took place on the 27th inst., and several hundreds of the Fitcani were slain. They showed a most determined courage, and not a man was taken prisoner. To the captive women and children the Kaffirs behaved with great cruelty, which led col. Somerset, who had given orders that the women should be treated with humanity, to suspend the action, and punish the Kaffirs themselves, six of whom were shot before they ceased their barbarities. One poor child was brought to me with two

severe wounds in the head; and a woman, big with child, I ransomed for two cows, and gave her liberty immediately. It is impossible to say what will be the result of all these wars."

In one of Mr. Shrewsbury's letters we have a further record of the conduct of the British troops and their commander:—"When they came near the field of battle, the evening before the engagement, Colonel Somerset called Hintsá and Vossani, and requested that they would give orders to their people not to kill any prisoners that might be taken, but to treat them with humanity, especially women and children. Each chief was silent. At length they replied, 'Chaka kills our women and our children, and we must kill theirs also.' The British commander replied, 'Then you must fight the enemy yourselves. If you will not show mercy to the vanquished, I will march my troops back again, and you shall have no help from me.' This constrained compliance, and saved the lives of some, but not of all the vanquished." The Kaffirs were astonished to find that the British plundered nothing, but paid for all they had. A subordinate chief remarked, "I have never seen such a righteous nation." It is the more pleasing to make this record of the beneficial moral influence of British soldiery, because, alas! it is sometimes the case that our countrymen cause the name of Christian to be blasphemed. "For they are not all Israel which are of Israel."

The poor woman referred to in the last extract, was ransomed from a Kaffir, who was driving her, as if an animal, before him, and who dared not kill her, because "Somerset gave out his word" against such barbarity.

When the missionary had ransomed her, he said to the trembling creature, "Britons don't keep slaves. Tell me whence you come, and I will send you back." "You are my father; I will never leave you," was her embarrassing reply. Mr. Shrewsbury took her home to his wife, who attended her until she became a mother, and after her recovery had her located near the mission house. The son, born under such painful circumstances, was trained and died in the Christian faith. His death occurred when he had reached his nineteenth year. Just before he expired he said, "Put me upon my knees; I should like to die praying." The last that the writer heard of the ransomed mother was from the late Rev. Calvert Spensley, who informed him that he had left her pursuing a consistent Christian career at Natal.

September 7th.—Married Joseph and Netuma, Jantze and Sarah, Jahn and Senna.

September 14th. Sabbath.—By preaching to six different congregations, and speaking here and there to an individual whom I met in the road, I have made the gospel of Christ known to about forty persons. How different the labours of a missionary to those of a minister in England, where the multitudes go up to the house of God in company! Who can save this people but God alone?

September 17th.—An instance of justice took place to-day, attended with circumstances which call forth gratitude, because they show that the heathen observe our conduct, and that God is thereby glorified. A fortnight ago a hatchet was stolen from this station. We detected the thief; he was the son-in-law of an

old chief, about three miles distant. We sent for him, and charged him with the crime. He stoutly denied it, and pretended to be in a very ill humour because of the accusation. When the old man, who was at a distance, accidentally heard of the matter, he hastened home, and, seizing the son, bound him fast, and examined into it; and at last searching his house, the hatchet was found concealed therein. Filled with indignation, the father severely reprov'd him, and said to all his vassals,—‘The people of our teacher steal from no one; they live amongst us without doing us wrong; I will not allow that any of you should injure them by taking away what belongs unto them.’ The chief brought me the hatchet himself, and apologized by saying, that the thief was not his own son, though he was married to the mother of such a base and dishonourable being.

“*September 25th. Thursday.*—Our waggon returned with a load of corn, Mr. Shepstone having been absent eight days to procure it. This seasonable supply excited feelings of thankfulness to God, which our people expressed by songs of praise, as they were suffering extreme hunger; and indeed my own family would have been shortly in the same circumstances, but for the goodness of God, seen in this as well as in various other instances every day. The people connected with the station are planting this year very extensively, in hopes to be preserved from similar distresses another year, if—as one of them expressed himself while in his ground—it please Christ to give us His blessing. In the evening our Fitceni prayer-meeting was held.”

The Fitceni prayer-meeting, mentioned in the last

extract, was a weekly meeting established by the Christian Kaffirs, for the purpose of intercessory prayer for the conversion of Chaka and his people. A common petition with them was,—“O God, send our enemies the gospel of Jesus Christ, Thy Son.”

“*October 6th. Monday.*—Left with my family for Graham’s Town, whither we arrived safely on the 16th inst. On the 14th of November my dear wife was safely delivered of a son, who, on the 23rd of that month, was baptized Joseph Butterworth. Lord! make him like the dear saint whose name he bears. The following day I left for my circuit, whither I arrived on the 2nd of December. I have seen much of the goodness of God during my absence, and have some reason to hope that my visit to Albany, rendered necessary by circumstances, has not been unattended with good. God very much blesses the labours of my brethren there, which fills my heart with joy and gladness.

“*December 7th. Sabbath.*—We have had the largest congregation of natives I have yet seen in the chapel; they amounted to about eighty souls. The word has been with power; several of the people on the station are very penitent for sin, and evidently prepared to be received by baptism into the church of Jesus Christ. Brother Shepstone’s ministry is made a great blessing to the people.

“*December 9th. Tuesday.*—This evening three individuals were added to the number of our catechumens, all of whom are sincerely desirous of fleeing from the wrath to come.

“*December 14th. Sabbath.*—Br. Shepstone preached

this afternoon from Psalm lxvii. 5, 6, and mentioned the Hottentot's prayer,—‘Though I be so severely afflicted, what thou doest, O Lord, that is well done.’ Married this evening Tonis and Esther, and Simon Xelu and Mina, one of Matiwana's people.

“*December 25th.*—Received the stations.

“*December 31st.*—Heard of the death of Chaka.

“*January 4th, 1829. Sabbath.*—I preached this morning with liberty and comfort from Acts x. 43,—a subject which God generally owns with His blessing, when preached amongst the heathen. Afterwards I baptized two of our candidates,—John Burton and Elizabeth Xakala, wife of Joseph, and their only child, James, a boy of eight years of age.

“*January 7th.*—Several people were on the station to-day, contending about the government of God in the world. One said,—‘We are not to blame for our sins; God never gave us the book he sent to the white people; we have been left to go on in our blindness and ignorance from generation to generation.’ Joseph Xakala, one of the society, contested the matter well, and justified the ways of God to man. But the other replied with warmth,—‘A few months ago you were one of our great dancers, and were confirming us in all our old customs; and do you now set about teaching us this new religion: what is come to you?’

“*January 9th.*—From Hintsas's mouth I received a confirmation of the truth of two shocking murders recently committed in this country. One was that of a respected young Kaffir chief, who was charged with the crime of bewitching *a wolf* to eat up his neighbour's cattle, in consequence of which his more wealthy

neighbour put him to death, and seized all his property. The other murder was more shocking. Two brothers had contended about the right of succession to their father's herd. One of these drove the cattle away, and got actual possession. The other complained to the chief, and having been declared the rightful owner, went to his brother's kraal to receive them. His brother went up to him, and knocked him down with a heavy stick; and then, kneeling on his breast, cut his throat with an assagai, saying,—‘There, the cattle will be taken away, but you will never inherit them.’ I read to Hintsu the law of God,—Gen. ix. 5, 6,—and showed him that *fine* was no just punishment for murder, and that life ought to go for life. He acknowledged the equity of the principle, but stated, as an excuse, that it was contrary to the customs of the Kaffir nation. With such a people, were they not overawed by a fear of the power of the British government, a missionary would never know, when he slept at night, whither he should not be suddenly cut off before the morning light.

“*January 12th.*—Great distress is coming upon the land. For a long season the rain has been withheld from heaven, and now swarms of locusts, in the short space of two hours, have completely destroyed much of the corn that was growing in the country, and what is not destroyed is much injured. In my garden the very corn stalks were eaten down to the ground. One swarm, in the course of a day or two, is succeeded by another, and the second by a third, and the third by a fourth, and so on. If we are again visited by these armies, a want of the necessaries of life, approaching

to famine, will be the consequence. O that the people would consider, and turn unto the Lord!

“January 13th.—Brother Shepstone left this morning, with his family, for Graham’s Town, to attend our approaching district-meeting, and make preparations for commencing the new mission amongst the Mambookies. It was pleasing to hear our own people at day-break assembled for the purposes of prayer and praise. This is their invariable practice before they separate from each other, to undertake any considerable journey. Much prayer has been offered up by them for the permanent establishment and extensive success of the mission to Dapa’s tribe.

“January 18th.—Mr. Lochenberg mentioned in conversation a remarkable anecdote of the late celebrated free-booter, Africaner. The facts occurred many years ago, when Mr. L. was a young man. Between Africaner’s people and the Boors there were constant mutual wars and depredations. Africaner knew that he was likely to be suddenly attacked by a commando, and took measures for his own security. He chose a spot on the Great Orange river that was almost inaccessible, and yet it contained a sufficient space of ground for all under his control to dwell in, with their cattle at night. It could only be approached from one quarter. Here he dug a deep ditch, and drove in sharp stakes, with their points upwards, and covered the whole over very slightly with earth. Towards the evening of a certain day the commando came, and the unsuspecting Boors advanced eagerly towards this accessible quarter, when suddenly the greater part fell in upon the sharp-pointed stakes, and, before they could

extricate themselves, were shot by the poisoned arrows of the Bushmen, who were dispersed amongst the rocks, waiting for so favourable an opportunity to destroy the objects of their implacable hatred and resentment. Very few of the Boors returned to their families. Mr. L. further observed, that when Africaner became converted to Christianity, by the labourers of the London missionary society, he frequently heard those good men pointing to him as a proof of the utility of missions, in answer to the prejudices of his countrymen; nor could they themselves do otherwise than admit that the change was most extraordinary, which had been wrought in a man who was the terror and scourge of all who lived in that part of Southern Africa, as well Europeans as natives of different tribes.

February 27th.—Returned in safety from our district-meeting, in which many affairs of great importance were seriously considered. On my way to the colony, I stopped one night at Fort Wiltshire, and attended four Kaffirs, who were executed the next morning for having committed murder. They had assailed and killed two English soldiers. The past district-meeting was very unprofitable to my own soul, on which account I desire to humble myself before God, from a consciousness of having sustained spiritual loss. And I do resolve, at every future visit to the colony, on three things,—1st, to spend more time in early morning devotion; 2nd, to retire for prayer more frequently in the day; 3rd, to suffer neither company nor visiting to prevent my usual season of retirement for self-examination. Omission of this last duty is

the principal cause of that barrenness which has come upon my soul. 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'

"*March 15th. Lord's-day.*—Some of the people wept this morning, while listening to an illustration of John v. 1-14; and this afternoon several strangers were present, when I preached from Psalm lxvi. 18-20. O when shall the power of God convert the people of this land!

"*March 31st.*—Wrote the committee,—No. XIV."

This deeply interesting letter is subjoined:—

"God is still with us; and He will be with us, as with you, throughout all generations, until the whole earth is filled with His glory. We have not, indeed, to record any extraordinary outpouring of the Holy Spirit, but He descends upon us like the dew upon the hill of Hermon, and causes us to inherit His blessing, even life for evermore. If we cannot rejoice in the salvation of multitudes, we are not without that pure joy which springs up within the heart, when of Zion it is said, 'This and that man is born in her.'

"Since I wrote last from this station, another Kaffir has been brought to seek, and, I trust, to obtain the favour of God. He is a young man of an exceedingly tender and contrite spirit; and his experience is so sound and scriptural, as to afford me much comfort, whenever I speak to him in the class. I baptized him last January, and afterwards took him to accompany me on my journey to Graham's Town. This incidental circumstance afforded me an opportunity of discovering further proofs of his sincerity and devotedness to God.

"On the evening of the second day of our journey, we arrived late at Fort Wiltshire, having travelled one hundred and fifty miles in the two days. Here we were surprised

to find, besides the ordinary troops of the garrison, an encampment of the military from Graham's Town, assembled to witness the execution of four Kaffirs, who were to undergo the sentence of death the next morning. They had been guilty of the murder of two English soldiers. The British officers had retired to rest. I immediately, however, sent to request from Lieut.-col. Somerset permission to visit the prisoners, which was readily granted ; and John (for so this young man was named) and I passed the night with these wretched men, in the guard-room. When we entered they were all in a sound sleep, fastened to each other by fetters. We awoke them, and they sat up while we spoke to them on the things of God, this young convert being employed as interpreter. At first the unhappy criminals seemed to be wholly stupid and unconcerned, and paid but little attention to our exhortation. I read and expounded Gen. ix. 5, 6, and insisted on the heinousness of their crime, and the justness of that punishment which was about to be inflicted upon them. When I had ended, I requested John to pray with them, as I could not pray myself in Kaffir ; and now, for the first time, I heard him call upon the name of the Lord, and, truly, he prayed with the spirit and with the understanding also. We arose from our knees, and sat a few minutes in silence. I then said,—‘ John, are you not weary with the long ride of yesterday and to-day ?’ He replied,—‘ Although, sir, I am weary, I have no wish for rest or sleep, on such an occasion as this.’ I then bade him address the prisoners individually, and inquire of them whether they wished to lie down again, or would continue to sit and hear what might be further spoken to them. Each one replied for himself,—‘ I will sit and hear.’ We then renewed the word of instruction and exhortation, opening and applying various portions of holy writ, such as the story of the thief

on the cross, the parable of the prodigal son, &c., and specially urging the necessity of an immediate application to Jesus Christ for pardon and salvation. At intervals we ceased, and requested them to bow their heads upon their knees, while both they and we continued in silent prayer to God. It was deeply solemn, at the midnight hour, to hear whispers for mercy from the lips of murderers, who were so near eternity. In this manner nearly the whole night was employed. They became increasingly serious, attentive, and devout. On one occasion, towards morning, I asked them, after our silent supplications had been offered up, for what they prayed. One said, 'I beseech God to forgive me all my sins ;' a second, 'I ask God to give me His grace ;' a third, 'I pray that God would take me to heaven ;' and the fourth made a similar reply. At dawn of day the bugle sounded for the military to assemble under arms, and an escort came to carry the prisoners to the fatal spot. And now the terrors of death fell upon them. The young man who threw the first assagai shook in every joint, and all their countenances were strongly marked with fear. We walked with them, exhorting them to think of nothing but Christ, and His sacrifice for sin. When they came to the ford of the Keiskama, a river which divides Albany from Kaffraria, the military were drawn up on the colonial side, and a small party only conveyed the prisoners to the opposite side, where the Kaffir chiefs were assembled to receive them. Here they underwent a short trial, in the presence of the British officers ; and after the confirmation of the sentence, preparations were made for putting them to death. Having obtained permission to address the chiefs, I explained to them also Gen. ix. 5, 6, and showed that what they had been required to do, should not be by them considered as the demand of English justice and English law, but as imperatively commanded in the holy word of

God ; and that the same principle of justice ought to be adopted by them in the government of their people, since their own method of punishing murderers, by fine, was not equitable, but suffered the guilt of unavenged blood to pollute the land. We then fully exhorted the murderers to die with the name of Jesus on their lips, and having prayed with them once more, we departed ; when they were all immediately executed by Kaffirs, at the orders of the principal chief, Gaika. The elderly man, who was a petty captain, was first hanged on a tree, and the other three were strangled, and the Kaffirs severally returned to their different places of abode.

“ On the evening of the same day we reached Graham’s Town, and found my wife and family in the enjoyment of health and peace. When the business of our district-meeting had ended, we returned to this circuit ; and since we have been here, and entered on the labours of another year, the Lord hath given us many tokens for good. We had a remarkable and general blessing last Sabbath morning. During the whole service, silent weeping was on every side ; and in particular during prayer, both before and after the sermon, the ground and benches where some of our baptized people knelt were sprinkled plentifully with their tears. Two individuals, who never before manifested any concern about their souls, were deeply affected. One of these was a giddy, heedless young woman, the wife of one of our candidates for baptism. In spite of all her efforts to stifle and conceal her feelings, she burst out into loud cries before all the congregation, nor am I without hope that the convictions of guilt which then seized her soul will remain, and issue in her genuine conversion. Amongst the individuals affected was a stranger who had never been in the chapel, nor heard a sermon before. No one knew who she was, nor have we seen her since ; perhaps

the fruit of the word, in her case, may be seen after many days. In regard to my own family, it seems as though God would save all my household. A good work is going on amongst them; nor is it among the least of my mercies that the poor woman I ransomed from slavery, mentioned in a former letter, has not only chosen to continue with us as a free servant, but she has chosen Christ for her portion, and is, with great sincerity of heart, seeking His salvation.

“It is with great pleasure that I am able to mention another fact, which demands our warmest gratitude and praise. In the course of the past month, three more Christian marriages have been celebrated, so that now every head of a family on the station has publicly and expressly renounced the sin of polygamy, and the members of our little community will be, I trust, as lights shining in a dark place. The case of two of these families is somewhat remarkable. In one instance, the man came on the station as a polygamist, about nine months ago. I told him he could not come here to reside with two wives. He sent off the young woman he had recently taken, and occasionally visited her at the kraal where she dwelt. In process of time the man became concerned about his soul, but still he could not renounce his bosom sin. At length he gave himself up to the temptations of the devil, abandoned the wife of his youth, with her three children, whom he left quite destitute, and was fleeing away with the younger woman to a distant part of Kaffir-land. But the hand of God was upon him,—he could not rest. The Kaffirs got about him, and asked what was the matter, and thought that he would be bereft of his senses; till at last he told them he was so miserable, with sinning against God, that he could hold out no longer, but must go back to his wife and family at Butterworth. Accordingly, when we had given him up for lost, he came back, and has since been married to his proper

wife; and, as he is admirably fitted for an interpreter, he is going with Brother Shepstone to Morley. It is not a little singular that he came back, after his sinful wanderings, the very week that we received the stations; as though God had sent him to us for that new mission, thus preparing the way before the face of His servant. The second case to which I refer is that of a man and his wife, who had entered into the service of two gentlemen, who are now travelling in Southern Africa. Shortly after they had arrived hither the woman fell sick and was nigh unto death. Then it was that she found trouble and sorrow, and began to seek the Lord. Having since recovered, both she and her husband had agreed, henceforward, to give their hearts to God; and as the man is a good waggon-driver, it is probable he will be engaged for Dapa's mission, and thus Brother Shepstone will have four individuals with whom he can form a class of catechumens, immediately that he enters upon his work. Our waggons are now in Graham's Town, for my assistant, who is to supply Brother Shepstone's place at Butterworth; and we expect Brother Shepstone, accompanied by our worthy Chairman, about the 16th of April at Butterworth; and by the time you hold your missionary festival, in May, the work of saving souls in Dapa's tribe will be actually begun. But still there is much land to be possessed. I hope our Calebs will say, 'Let us go up and possess it, for we are well able.' 'The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof;' our gold and silver will never fail."

"*April 10th. Friday.*—The present week I have been much employed with Peter in translating the 5th of Matthew. This employment has been exceedingly blest to his spiritual edification; the good he has received has been evident in the peculiar evenness, and

peace, and spirituality of his mind. This morning, when we sat down to recommence the good work, he burst into tears, and on my inquiring what ailed him, as soon as he recovered himself, replied,—‘ Sir, my soul is so happy and full of love, that all day long I can think of nothing but God and heaven.’ On Saturday evening, though he cannot read, he requested that he might be allowed to possess that portion which contains the beatitudes, that portion especially being very comfortable to his heart.

“ *April 14th. Tuesday.*—Gritta, a young woman who has, till lately, been very negligent about her soul, being now truly in earnest, was added to the number of our catechumens.

“ *April 17th.*—This day, at noon, eight seamen arrived at this station, saved from the wreck of a French vessel, that ran ashore on Sunday morning, a little before break of day, about forty miles distant from Butterworth. From one of them, who could speak English, I learned that the name of the ship was the *Eole*, of three hundred tons burthen, from Calcutta and the Isle of Bourbon, bound for the city of Bourdeaux. For three days they had had bad weather, and were unable to take an observation, so that when the vessel struck they were ignorant of their position. The crew consisted of fifteen persons, and five passengers;—twelve of whom perished, and the remaining eight escaped to shore. Here they found themselves amongst a race of savages, but knew not who they were. Some of the Kaffirs were for putting them to death, but others, supposing them to be Englishmen, and that the colonists would revenge their death, opposed it; merciful

counsels prevailed, and they were saved alive, and withal treated with a degree of kindness. There chanced to be an English trader near the place, who came the next day to their assistance, and behaved towards them with the utmost kindness and humanity. He buried three of the bodies that the surf washed on shore, and directed them to this mission station, that I might forward them through the country to the colony. The poor men were in a very sad, dejected state, and some of them had their hands and feet miserably bruised and torn with the pieces of plank and nails, in their endeavours to escape to land. However, under all the circumstances which have befallen them, it is a mercy that their lives have been given them for a prey. Hintsá called this evening, when I showed him the men, and requested him to order all his people that were living on the sea coast, from the Buffalo to Umtata, invariably to treat shipwrecked mariners with kindness, and convey them to this place. He said that his people all knew that it was his desire that no person in such circumstances should be injured, but that some of them were abandoned, and if he were not on the spot, would not much regard anything that he should say.

“*April 21st. Tuesday.*—This morning the poor, unfortunate Frenchmen left this station for Mount Coke, from whence they will be forwarded to the colony. They departed with tolerable cheerfulness, accompanied by Peter, my interpreter, and another of our people, who went with them as guides.

“*May 27th. Wednesday.*—Returned home after an absence of three weeks, in company with Brother Shaw,

who went to assist Brother Shepstone in the commencement of his mission.* We likewise visited Faku, chief of the Amapondis, who is extremely anxious to receive a missionary. All Africa is stretching out her hands unto God. It was in no small degree interesting to hear some of our people tell of their former marauding depredations upon the Boors, and of the many hair-breadth escapes they had had, when pursued while in the act of plundering the colonists. Without any reserve those events were frequently narrated before us, while the people were cooking their suppers around the fire, before they lay down under the bush to sleep at night."

John, the interpreter and guide of Mr. Shrewsbury, gave some of his former exploits on this occasion. Once, when he and a party of Kaffirs were on a thieving expedition, John was set to watch the farmers, who were gathered with loaded muskets around a fire by the sheep kraal, awaiting any marauders that might lift their cattle. Crawling cautiously to a spot whence, unseen, he could observe the enraged Boors, he heard them curse and dare the Kaffirs. Meanwhile John's comrades were quietly operating upon an opposite side of the kraal, and having secured their object, John rejoined them. When they had gone some distance from the deluded watch of farmers, John, who had lived in a Boor's family, and occasionally been "in to prayers," bade the thieves kneel, while he thus prayed,—“O God, Thou seest we have got these cattle; keep it dark until we are safely away with them.” These, how-

* A most interesting account of this visit is given in Mr. Shaw's "Story of my Mission," pp. 500-4, and pp. 509-14.

ever, were days when John's "visual nerve" was not "purged." He was an enlightened man when telling his tale by the waggon fire, and had learned to "steal no more."

"*May 31st. Lord's-day.*—John Tshatshu, a converted Kaffir, employed as a native assistant by the London society, preached a suitable discourse against polygamy in our chapel this afternoon, in his native tongue, to an attentive congregation. He first read his text, Matt. xix. 1-8, with fluency, from the Dutch Bible, and afterwards, with great care and exactness, gave a verbal translation thereof, sentence by sentence, before he proceeded to expound the passage. He is one of the fruits of the London society's missionaries at Bethelsdorp, where he was educated and baptized, and prepared for the very important station he now fills in the church of God. Without doubt he ranks first in point of qualifications for translating the scriptures into the Kaffir language.

"*June 8th.*—A poor Fingoe was dragged past our station, well secured and guarded, to undergo a trial before Hintsä for having murdered his own brother. A few days since the Fingoe's brother charged him with keeping a *baboon* for the purpose of bewitching certain individuals by some kind of power which, according to their superstitious ideas, the baboon conveyed unto him. This charge was denied, and provoked a quarrel. The man followed his brother, influenced by revenge, and first set fire to his house while he slept, and then stood before the door and killed him with his assagai, as he attempted to escape from the flames. For such a crime we could not plead that his

life might be spared, and could only exhort the murderer to implore mercy and forgiveness from the hands of God. The man was put to death; but afterwards it was reported that he had only severely wounded, without killing his brother.

“*June 21st. Lord's-day.*—Our hearts have been afflicted to-day with distressing tidings, communicated by Brother Shepstone in the following note:—

‘*Morley, Thursday, noon.*

‘Dear Brother,

‘How mysterious are the ways of God. This morning Brother Robinson and myself went to the forest with our men to hew timber, and the first tree that was felled launched him into an eternal world, so that I hope he is now with God in glory.’

“This is a severe stroke indeed. Brother Shepstone is now left, for the present year at least, in the very commencement of his mission, without an assistant. This young man had been married about three months, and promised to be very useful in the station he was called to fill. The last hymn we sang together before Brother Shaw and myself returned from Morley was,—‘God moves in a mysterious way,’ in which we all united with peculiar delight; little, however, did we conceive that, in so short a time, the truths we were singing would be so mournfully exemplified, near the spot where we then joined in prayer and praise to God.

“*June 30th.*—Wrote the committee No. XV.”

In the letter just named, Mr. Shrewsbury writes in a strain of praise for good accomplished, rejoices that they are reaping, “not the gleanings of a wasted vint-

age, but the first-fruits of a plenteous harvest." He propounds a favourite theory of his, which was that the English language should be taught throughout all the tribes, so as to supersede the native tongues. Among other reasons assigned for this course, he says that it would save time in effecting the conversion of Africa. He narrates the visit of himself, with Messrs. Shaw and Shepstone, for the formation of the Morley station, and ends with a pathetic appeal for an additional missionary. "I now become a suitor for this nation, consisting of at least twenty thousand souls. If God sent us here; if God inspired the ardent desire for the gospel which they have communicated to us; then God, through us, now asks you also to enter the open door. . . . I conclude with one thought that overpowered my mind while at Faku's kraal.

"This is the 10th of May, 1829. The world has been created nearly six thousand years. This is the first Sabbath that has been celebrated in this part of the creation. Eighteen centuries have passed away since Jesus Christ appeared on earth, and this is the first day that the name of a Redeemer has been proclaimed in the land. Where are all the successive generations of men? How unsearchable are Thy judgments, O God!

"O sirs, help!—I beseech you, help!—and let not this generation also die, before the gospel is sent unto them; but give us a man, and the heathen he shall teach to pray will fill your treasury with the silver and the gold which are at the disposal of the Lord."

This appeal made a deep impression upon the com-

mittee at home, as is evident from a letter of the Rev. George Morley to Mr. Shrewsbury. But the committee's means were not proportioned to their desire,—they were “deeply involved in debt.” Alas! then, as now, the church prayed for the outpouring of the Spirit, and for open doors; but when God answered their prayers, and the “Son of man” came in His providence and grace, they were not “ready.”

“*July 18th. Saturday.*—Early this morning I returned home from a visit to Morley. Everything appeared gloomy on the station. The hurdle on which the young man was brought up from the wood was still lying before the door of his house, and within stood the table from which he ate his breakfast the morning of that sad catastrophe, and on which his lifeless corpse was laid out before noon. Brother Shepstone having accompanied the young widow, not yet nineteen years of age, to Wesleyville, this mournful habitation served me for a study, while I tarried at Morley. Here I was employed chiefly in reading the New Testament, with Mr. Wesley's notes, much to the edification of my own soul. In every respect, ‘it is better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting;’ and, as it regards Brother Robinson, melancholy as his end may appear to have been to those who have not faith, ‘the day of his death was,’ no doubt, ‘better than the day of his birth.’”

This visit of condolence was undertaken at the urgent request of Mrs. Shrewsbury, who nobly expressed her willingness to be left for three weeks when rumours of war were rife, that others might be solaced. The visit extended to three weeks.

*“ July 19th. Sabbath.—*I have been sorely tried by the conduct of two gentlemen, styling themselves African travellers. On Friday they reached Hintsa’s kraal, and rested on Saturday; but on the Sabbath, these infidels, bearing the Christian name, spanned in their waggons and departed, by which means they threw amazing difficulties in our way, since the Kaffirs think all white men are Christians; and that as travellers, and most of the traders, too, violate the rest of the Sabbath, they conceive that missionaries attach more importance to the sanctification of that day than is really necessary. And yet those gentlemen called upon me on the Saturday, and, with much politeness, wished me success in my missionary labours. Alas! what is all the politeness of the fashionable world, when the love of God is not in the heart? It is a despicable thing; love only ‘doth not behave itself unseemly.’ I felt deep regret at not knowing their purpose before their departure; I would assuredly have admonished them so as to be clear of their blood.

*“ July 25th.—*Occasionally I hear of a covert opposition that is made to the progress of divine truth in this land. When individuals, who hear the word preached, begin to manifest the smallest concern for salvation, their friends and kindred cry out against them with much bitterness of spirit. A chieftain, not far from us, is convinced, in a great measure, of the truth and importance of the Christian religion, but his fellow-chieftains reproach him with an intention of forsaking the customs of his country, and of adopting those of the English nation. A poor Fingoe, who has frequently attended the chapel, and who has a sincere

desire to flee from the wrath to come, is pronounced to be in danger of losing his senses, and already half a madman. Several instances of a similar nature have occurred; and, alas! the fear of man generally proves a fatal snare, since those who do not reside upon the station have not yet the courage to brave the frowns of the world, and sustain the loss of their worldly all, which would probably follow.

“August 2nd. Sabbath.—God was graciously present in our congregations this day, especially in the morning, when the promise of the Saviour was explained and applied,—‘If a man love me, he will keep my words. And my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.’ A young man, who had been residing a short time at Morley, was present. From the beginning to the end of the service he was so deeply affected, that without scarcely a moment’s cessation he continued weeping aloud before God. Amongst the hearers also was an old man, long resident at Wesleyville, whose heart has frequently been touched with compunction for sin, though he has not given himself decidedly to the service of the Redeemer. In private prayer this morning, that old man was laid upon my mind so as to lead me to pray for him particularly; and, while going up to the chapel in the morning, just as I reached the door, he was coming out with great haste, having his handkerchief held with both hands before his eyes, and retiring behind the chapel, that he might there give vent to feelings he was ashamed to be seen to yield to before the congregation. After some moments he came in, and heard the word with deep attention,

and with many tears. Our baptized people, likewise, seemed to feel that it was good to wait upon God. O for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon all the tribe, that they may 'all call upon the name of the Lord, to serve Him with one consent.'

"*August 15th. Saturday.*—Returned home from itinerating, in which service I employed this week, not without some encouragement in my work. I preached throughout the week to upwards of seven hundred souls, and out of all that number not more than one individual seemed to be disposed to trifle and dispute against the truth. Formerly many were disposed to ridicule or contend, but now the people heard with almost universal seriousness and attention.

"*September 6th. Sabbath.*—The ordinances of the Lord's house have been attended with general profit to the people this day. In the morning a gracious influence was felt by all, while we were commemorating the death of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, as well as in the public service, when two of our catechumens were baptized, and named respectively Samuel and Mary. Our little adopted daughter was baptized also, and called Hannah Jane.

"*September 13th. Sabbath.*—Employed as usual on the station; the word was not without power. My assistant, Mr. Thomas Jenkins, was employed in preaching at several of the surrounding kraals. He delivered the word to about one hundred and fifty souls in the course of the day. At one place he met with an awful proof of the truth of St. Paul's declaration,—'The carnal mind is enmity against God.' When he had finished his discourse, a wicked Fingoe inquired,—'Why

can't you people at the mission get rain for us? Why does not God send us rain?' Mr. Jenkins replied that rain was frequently withheld from a sinful people because of their wickedness. Then said he,—'I will sin more than ever; I will go on doing all the evil I possibly can, until God gives us rain and corn; till then I will never serve Him.' Mr. J. remonstrated with him, and spoke of the greatness of God, and used every argument he could conceive of to induce him to retract his daring expressions, but in vain. The man seemed full of hostility against his Maker. He publicly and deliberately avowed twice,—'I am God's enemy; yea, I am God's enemy;' and,—'As that tree stands against the wind that is now blowing, so will I stand against God. Come what may, I will not seek Him; I will do all the wickedness I can, until God sends us plenty of food.' The rest of the people were quite horror-stricken with his language and manner. At another kraal different conduct was manifested, for when he had ceased speaking, an old man exclaimed,—'I wish to go to heaven! O that God would come and take me up to heaven!'

"*September 17th. Thursday.*—Mr. Farewell and a few settlers have recently passed here for Port Natal; and to-day an individual has come to us from thence, with an elephant's tooth from Tingan, Chaka's successor, which is deposited here, as a present for his excellency, Sir Lowry Cole, as a token of his desiring to be on friendly terms with the colony. From all I can learn of Chaka, he was one of the most cruel monsters that ever existed. At his mother's death, his people were all summoned together to weep, and not fewer

than three hundred were killed under pretence of their not manifesting sufficient sorrow. At the same time, his people have been so accustomed to murders and bloodshed, and seem to have so great a delight therein, that they are now constantly destroying one another; so that unless missionaries speedily settle amongst them, they will have none to preach to, and will come to a desolate wilderness, instead of a well-inhabited country. I hope the reign of the *old murderer* amongst these miserable creatures is almost at an end, and that the Prince of peace will establish His throne amongst them. To Faku, Cato, and Tingan I sent this day a present, saluted them as brothers, and conveyed a message which I trust will have some influence in promoting peace.—See October 21st.

“*September 21st. Monday.*—A few days since a Kaffir, who had been about a fortnight on this station, was sent for by his wife in haste, as his child, which had been many days sick, was ready to expire. Though the case was thought a hopeless one, he requested of us some medicine, which was given to him. On his arrival home, he found that the poor child, about two years of age, had been cast out into the field, under a wild thorn tree, where it had remained four days and nights, exposed to cold, and in danger of being devoured by the wolves. The mother had consented to this exposure of her tender babe; only a person occasionally went to see if it were yet dead, and give it a little water to drink. The father brought it home, gave it the simple medicines as directed, and to-day he came, with many tears, and thanked us for the life of his child, now perfectly recovered. From a dread of death,

and of the dying, sick persons, when in the last stage of sickness, are very frequently dragged out of their houses, and left alone to struggle with the last enemy ; no creature being near, but the howling wolf by night, and the carrion birds by day.

“ *September 22nd. Tuesday.*—A novel case has recently occurred. Some of the residents on this mission were charged by the people of a distant kraal with stealing from thence a young beast, and with killing and eating it when on a journey. Hintsá wished *me* to hear and decide upon the case. This I *might* have done on *two* grounds. First, every missionary, being *the head* of his mission, is considered throughout the land of necessity a kind of magistrate, as is every master of a kraal, with regard to the people of his kraal. Secondly, as a principal person in the house of Hintsá, I had still greater right, and (if I may apply a term taken from English politics) an unquestionably *constitutional* power, both to have determined upon the innocence or guilt of the accused ; and, if guilty, to have laid the penalty, or fine. But I positively refused to hear the matter, as Jesus Christ had sent me, not to be a civil judge, but a preacher of His holy gospel. I laid hold, however, of that occasion to explain the general principles of justice, as administered in Britain, and explained the duties of rulers towards their subjects, as grounded on the word of God ; and then referred the whole matter back again to the chief, assuring him that if any one resident on the mission had really been guilty, I hoped he would be detected. After hearing both sides patiently for *six hours*, it was unanimously determined that the people belonging to the station

had been accused falsely, from a principle of envy, others desiring to possess some of their cattle. They were dismissed with this pleasing testimony from the chieftains:—‘More than two years has that mission been established, and no one upon it hath done wrong to any man; while we are stealing from one another all over the country, that is the only place where such depredations are never committed.’

“*September 26th.*—Employed in translating during the past week, Isaiah liii., as in the preceding week, Isaiah xl. The Kaffirs have a word for *burnt-offering*; for, in some special cases of rare occurrence, they burn all the inward fat of a beast, and suppose that the *flame* which it occasions, and which ascends up towards heaven, in some way affects the heart of God, and disposes Him to be favourable towards man. Such an offering they call *izitebi*; but with its origin they are wholly unacquainted. Such an offering is so seldom made, that but few individuals have ever witnessed it. Peter, my interpreter, has only once seen it during his lifetime, and it was unconnected with prayer, or any religious ceremony. It, however, furnishes us with an important word in translating the scriptures, as the term *izitebi* is appropriated to such an offering alone.

“*September 30th.*—Wrote the committee No. XVI.”

The letter of Sept. 30th is thus prefaced,—“In the midst of our trials, and temptations, and difficulties, it is cheering to reflect on the union of spirit which subsists between missionaries in distant lands, and the elders and members of the churches of Christ in different countries. The remark of Mr. Thorold, a few years

since, at your anniversary in May, 'There is no abroad in Christianity,' is reviving to the heart; and we often feel that our enfeebled and almost powerless arms are upheld by the sympathies and prayers of thousands, whom we shall never know, until we assemble together around the Redeemer's throne. O! let all that love the name of the Lord still plead for us, whom they call brethren; since, next to the intercession of our eternal High Priest, we are dependent on their prayers for a supply of the Holy Spirit, according to our various necessities. So will the forlorn hope be encouraged by the shout of the main army, to persevere until they shall have won the last stronghold, and the whole world shall have been subdued before them by the power of the word of God.

"Every day is hastening that joyful era; every day judgment is advancing to victory in every part of the earth. However the feelings of missionaries may vary in contemplating the work in which they are engaged, that work is going on in the world every hour, with a progress that nothing can impede,—a progress more distinctly traceable by the 'cloud of witnesses that encompass' us, than by us who are not yet admitted into the immediate presence of God." A detail of the work recorded in the journal then follows.

"*September 4th to 10th. Monday to Saturday.*—Employed in itinerating amongst the people; and in the course of the six days I have preached the word of life to six hundred and thirty individuals, some of whom heard the word twice, namely, those of the kraals where we slept, to whom it was delivered both morning and evening. In general the gospel has been

listened to with seriousness and attention. This land having been visited with great drought for two successive years, Hintsá and the majority of the people have become exceedingly enraged with the rain-makers, several of whom have fled the country. So darkened is the human understanding by sin, that its varied changes, no less than its invincible prejudices, lead man astray from God. Man may renounce of himself error for error, through his natural inconstancy, but without divine influence he never renounces error for truth. Of the truth of this remark we had some proofs; for while the Kaffirs think the power of the rain-makers is gone, not a few are inclined to believe that such a power now resides with the missionary. Hence, while I was absent from home, several individuals wished to know from Mrs. S. why *we* could not receive cattle, and give them the sought-for showers. Many, in various parts of the country, asked me a similar question; and one man would have actually *prayed to me*, would I have allowed the blasphemy, for he said *I was their god*. But another individual, at a far distant kraal, was furious with me, and ready to run me through with an assagai, because I did not deal rightly with them. It was in vain that I attempted to reason with him; he would not hear a word, and declared that he would listen to nothing that might be said till the people belonging to the mission should give the country rain. While I continued speaking to a few individuals of the kraal, of which he was the master, he removed to a distance, talking and mocking in great anger. It is evident, however, upon the whole, that while the judgments of God are abroad in the

land, the inhabitants thereof are learning righteousness; for however gross and impervious the darkness is that covers many hearts, in the majority some rays of light are shining; and by far the greater part of the people are disposed to acknowledge the providential government of Jehovah, who made the heavens, and the earth, and the sea, and the dry land. These have generally inquired of me why *God* doth not give them rain? I have answered them to the conviction of their own consciences by a simile:—‘Hintsá, our captain, is a great chief; he has many poor people, particularly the Fingoes. But he sometimes helps them by lending or giving them cattle, *when they ask his assistance*. But if a Fingoe should be proud or negligent, and refuse to ask the chief’s help, must Hintsá rise up, and drive out beasts from his herd, and bring them to such a man, and request him to accept them? How much less can you expect that the great God, before whom the greatest chieftain is meaner than a worm, should be continually pouring His blessings on a worthless people, that seek nothing at His hands? Such a man that sits there is so old, and that woman has lived so many years, but in all those years neither he nor she hath called upon the name of the Lord. God hath given you a tongue, but He hath never heard it speak to Him in prayer; He created your mouth, but it hath never been opened to implore His help and mercy.’ Thus I have reasoned with them from kraal to kraal, and the most frequent and common reply to the interpreter hath been,—‘*Inyaniso; unyanisili*,—Truth; he hath spoken truth.’ At one kraal, where I found three Kaffirs basking in the sun, I inquired,—‘What do you

think about, in the course of the day, as you Kaffirs have no employment, after milking your cows in the morning, till the herd return home at night?' One replied,—‘We think of *nothing*,—we have no *thoughts*.’ To a certain extent this is true. The mind of a heathen, without the knowledge of letters and of the world, is idle, vacant, and unemployed, and, compared with such, the members of our little societies, whose memories are stored with the grand and ennobling doctrines contained in the scriptures, are great and learned men; and, indeed, if he is, in strict propriety, the most learned who best understands the greatest truths, as a whole, our members would have the advantage, were they compared with multitudes who are educated in Christian countries. God, the Holy Spirit, is the best Teacher, and he the best scholar who, under His teaching, makes the greatest proficiency.

“*October 12th. Monday.*—This day has been memorable for a law-suit against four thieves.

“*October 20th. Tuesday.*—A gracious influence was felt in the meeting of our catechumens, and one, about forty years of age, met for the first time amongst them. Without any invitation he came into the room, and when questioned as to the motive of his coming, he wept, and said,—‘I am *in haste* to begin and serve God.’ This man has been about two months resident at Butterworth, and his wife, who is considerably awakened, was received on trial about six weeks ago.

“*October 21st. Wednesday.*—Early this morning we received the painful intelligence of the treacherous murder of Lieut. Farewell, Mr. Walker, Mr. Thackrah, and two Hottentots, by the chief Cato, and the safety

of several others is doubted.—See under date Sept. 17th.

“*October 25th. Sabbath.*—In itinerating to-day, I was pleased to find that the people of two kraals, about three miles distant from this station, had abstained from labour, and that some of the men had gone to the chapel at Butterworth. Their neighbours all along the river were busily cultivating their grounds; we went from garden to garden, and reprov'd them for conduct so sinful in the sight of God

“*October 31st. Saturday.*—We have this week finished ploughing an extensive piece of ground in front of the village; the rains have set in very favourably, and, if it please God to continue His blessing, we have every prospect of reaping an abundant harvest. English wheat has been sown for the first time in this part of Kaffir-land; and we are encouraging our people to plant potatoes extensively, as a supply for food, when their corn shall have been gathered in. At Wesleyville they have just reaped a good crop of barley, which is bruised with stones, and furnishes the natives with wholesome bread, of which they are very fond.

“*November 1st. Lord's-day.*—Received a letter from Brother Shepstone concerning his removal from Morley, on account of the Amagwabi.

“*November 9th.*—Messrs. Ross and M'Diarmid left us to form a mission with the Vossani; but shortly after returned without success.

“*December 1st.*—On returning from Wesleyville, found Brother Shepstone at Butterworth.”

Mr. Shepstone had been obliged temporarily to aban-

don his mission at Morley, because of an irruption of hostile Kaffirs, intent on plunder and murder.

“*December 14th.*—Contentions about rain.

“*December 16th.*—Hintsä said to have been bewitched by an ape.

“*December 20th. Sunday.*—This evening I preached at Hintsä's own kraal, being filled with grief and indignation at the injustice and wickedness that are frequently perpetrated in the land, with the direct sanction of the rulers of the people. In the last week, a poor Fingoe of industrious habits, who had acquired a few cattle, and cultivated a large piece of land, was accused by his envious neighbour of the crime of bewitching his herd, and killing his calves. The poor man denied the accusation in vain. The accuser put him to death, and his wife and son, and seized on all his property. Hintsä then sent to receive the cattle, and when the poor man's corn is ripe, will reap that also, and allowed the perpetrator of the murders to remain at his kraal with impunity. When I reached Hintsä's place, a chieftain, who is foremost in the deeds of darkness, arose to salute me, but I repelled him with warmth, saying,—‘Stand off, thou man of blood,’ and he slunk away, without uttering a word, behind the rest of the chieftains, many of whom were assembled on account of Hintsä's sickness. I then collected them together, and preached from these words,—‘What hast thou done? For the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground.’ They heard with attention, and when I afterwards invited discussion, not one undertook to justify those evil deeds, nor to state anything more than that such was the custom

of the Kaffir nation. Having warned the chief deeply to repent of such wickedness, and instantly to use his power to abolish such iniquitous practices, lest God should speedily take him away from the face of the earth, and thus visit innocent blood upon him, I returned to my habitation.

“*December 25th.*—This has been a solemn and profitable day, while directing the attention of the people to the incarnation of the Son of God. After the morning service, two of our candidates, who have been long on trial, were baptized; and in honour of two great and good men, whose memories will never perish, and whose services have been eminent in the church of Jesus Christ, we named them Thomas Coke and Richard Watson. Richard Watson is the first of the Fingoe nation who has borne the honourable name of Christian. He is an honest, upright youth, about twenty-one years of age, and though his friends and kindred have, for the last twelve months, made use of many artifices to dissuade him from embracing Christianity, they have never been able to move him from the steadfast purpose of his heart.”

CHAPTER IX.

AFRICA.—MOUNT COKE, GRAHAM'S TOWN.

1830-34.

“Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.”—Dan. xii. 4.



CHAPTER IX.



AFRICA—MOUNT COKE—GRAHAM'S TOWN.

1830-1834.

THE Wesleyan Methodist mission to South and South-Eastern Africa had now been in active operation for fourteen years. The year 1830 found fifteen "messengers" of the Wesleyan Methodist churches of England running "to and fro," from Cape Town to the borders of Natal, to proclaim the gospel of the grace of God. Towards the close of January, Mr. Shrewsbury removed to Mount Coke, being succeeded at Butterworth by the Rev. J. Ayliff.

The following are the last entries made in the journal while at Butterworth:—

January 6th.—An English trader, who has been for several months far in the interior of this country, confirmed the news of the entire overthrow of the Amagwabi, which had previously reached us. These are the people who so treacherously murdered Mr. Farewell and his party towards the close of the last year. They were now vigorously attacked by Faku, chief of the Amapondi, and cut off with terrible slaughter, while Faku, it is said, did not lose a single man. Thus that great hindrance to the spread of divine truth which was occasioned by this body of marauders is entirely removed, just at the time that our brethren ar-

rived at the Cape, to enable us to enter at any open door. Every day something occurs to excite our admiration in regard to the providential government of God; the facts of the last ten years, in connection with Christian missions in Southern Africa, are of an extraordinary character, and well calculated to encourage hope and trust in God.

“January 10th. Sabbath.—Throughout the whole of the last week there has been a great stir at Hintsas kraal, about his sickness. At first it was affirmed that I had bewitched the chief, and was killing him by my secret practices; this charge, however, was not seriously believed by any one, and has gradually died away. The wizard, however, has accused *nine* individuals of this crime, most of whom have been heavily fined, and one old woman has been tormented with ants; but no one has been put to death, as had been the frequent practice heretofore. This can only be accounted for by the influence which missions have upon the chief and people. Although their superstitions prevail to an awful extent, those superstitions have been powerfully checked, and much consequent cruelty prevented; nor do I think it improbable that the severe discourse delivered at Hintsas kraal, on the 20th of December, from Gen. iv. 10, has made him pause, before he ventured on the shedding of more innocent blood in the land.

“January 14th.—Received a message to-day from the great chief to this effect:—‘Hintsas heartily thanks the missionary for telling him all that is in his heart relative to his late proceedings. He sees that the missionary is his real friend, and only gives him good

counsel; and acknowledges that if he were not a very stupid man, it would be impossible for him not to see at all times that the teacher is endeavouring to bring him into the way of righteousness.' A frank confession like this must not, however, be overrated. It costs a Kaffir no sacrifice, for when he is defeated in argument, he had much rather make such an acknowledgment, than allow you to trouble him with any farther application of the truth to his heart. This is only sounding a retreat, to shun the battle, when victory has decided against him."

It is melancholy to consider what was the end of chief Hintsa. Four years later he became a conspirator against his only true friends, the British colonists and government. Mammon was his ruin, as it has been the ruin of multitudes who have known the gospel longer than he. In haste to increase his worldly substance, he was drawn first into treacherous, and then into open hostility to the British arms. The missionary establishment at Butterworth he allowed to be demolished, and thousands of cattle were stolen by his connivance from peaceable settlers and natives. After repeatedly deceiving the British officer, who held him as a hostage until the cattle were restored, he attempted to make his escape, while professing to lead a detachment of troops to the stolen property, his real object being to allure them to destruction. Possibly he might have made good his escape, had not a desire for revenge led him to reveal his hiding-place, by hurling an assagai at one of his pursuers. A bullet from the startled soldier's gun ended the days of one to whom, it is to be feared, the

ministry of reconciliation was "the savour of death unto death."

The month of February found Mr Shrewsbury attending the district-meeting at Graham's Town. Here he was detained until the end of May, partly by domestic circumstances, and partly that he might take charge of the Graham's Town circuit, in the absence of Mr. Shaw, who was away on one of his toilsome tours, seeking still further to extend missionary operations. From Graham's Town an interesting letter was written, giving the history of the leading chiefs of Kaffir-land. In closing the letter, a statement is made of a plan for contributing, which had been adopted in Graham's Town:—

"Every morning and evening, at the close of family worship, they give something towards the great cause, though it be only a farthing; the rule being at each time to lay by all that they can spare. From a conscientious care daily to give, they find themselves compelled to a daily economy, which turns out to their own advantage and gain.

"Their second branch of distribution consists of extraordinary gifts, such as, on an unusual degree of success in business, the return of a birth-day in the family, the restoration of any member from sickness, or the happy death of any one of the household, or any other sanctified affliction. In this way our dear friends learn to connect every event in life with that greatest object of a Christian's desire, the conversion of the world, the salvation of the whole human race, through Him who was offered on the cross once for all. As missionary societies have daily demands on their funds,

by the former method their resources are daily replenished, while the occasional offerings, of a more extraordinary kind, are furnishing those societies with the means of making extraordinary efforts when called thereto; at the same time, the whole being transacted within the family circle, it is performed without ostentation or show, and is as pure an offering as was the morning and evening lamb."

Mr. Shrewsbury modestly conceals the fact that this plan of daily giving originated with himself. He acted upon it to the end of his life.

The following entries in the journal were made at Mount Coke:—

"*May 25th.*—Four individuals were this evening added to our catechumens' class, of whom, though it cannot be said that they are thoroughly awakened, yet it may be affirmed with truth, they are '*feeling* after God, if haply they may find Him.' One of them remarked that 'he knew nothing about religion, but if there were really that in it which some persons professed to experience, he was determined to find it out, and not rest without the enjoyment of it.' This pretty nearly expresses the state of them all. I find it exceedingly difficult to instruct an unenlightened mind, and am oft times at a loss to know what to say to the ignorant, or how to convey distinct and clear ideas of the great truths of Christianity to his heart.

"*May 29th.*—Mr. and Mrs. Tainton, in the most Christian manner, consented to accompany Mr. Boyce to Faku's mission.

"*June 10th.*—On the preceding day contentions:—G. M. struck an old man. Kaffirs often contentious.

The treatment of the old man occasioned me to preach from Lev. xix. 32.

“*June 30th.*—Wrote the committee No. XIX.;—general subjects, and contrasting Kaffir and West India missions.

“*July 17th.*—Various reports concerning the ill intentions of the Kaffirs.

“*July 25th. Sabbath.*—At Wesleyville, according to appointed change. A good day.

“*August 20th.*—Visited by Mr. Moffatt. His account of the interior.

“*August 21st.*—A trying week on account of the people. Much discouraged.

“*August 23rd.*—News brought that Numpethla’s son was killed. Explained Gen. ix. Offered to give medicines to the wounded,—six in number.

“*September 2nd.*—Returned home from itinerating. Generally heard with attention. Found many who have occasionally heard the word at Wesleyville or Mount Coke. Sometimes curious questions asked, as, if the forbidden fruit grew in Kaffir-land. Illustrated the prohibition not to eat, by the loan of cows to a poor man, the milk of one excepted.

“*September 18th.*—Employed this week chiefly in translating the three first chapters of the Hebrews.”

Of the difficulty of the work of translating, he thus wrote in a letter to the committee:—

“A missionary sits down with his interpreter, who cannot read a single line of the word of God in any language, and perhaps his knowledge of divine things is very imperfect, and some of his notions erroneous. He opens the sacred volume, and has to translate that

in the first instance, into barbarous Dutch, that his interpreter may comprehend its meaning ; and then his interpreter tells him how that barbarous Dutch ought to be worded in Kaffir. And thus, every verse being a double translation, not only is the progress exceedingly slow, but it may be, in several instances, after all care and caution have been employed, the genuine sense is not given ; or, in only a very imperfect manner. With this translation the missionary stands up to read a portion of the word of God ; for his interpreter cannot read it ; and here a defect in the pronunciation of words entirely dissimilar in their sound to any in his own language, occasions a further deterioration of his labours ; so that after all, only some parts of what he has accomplished are understood by the people. To remedy these inconveniences in part, it has been my practice, for some time past, when I think a verse is obscure, before I read it, or after reading it, to give a general idea of the subject through the medium of the interpreter ; and when a word is very difficult to pronounce, the interpreter gives its correcter pronunciation after me."

In words that sound almost prophetic when read in the light of modern visitations, he says :—

"Perhaps the moral destitution of the people may be met in a way we do not contemplate, and the Spirit of God may be poured out, through the preaching of the word, in such plenitude as to remove, or considerably lessen, our chief difficulties, and create those subordinate agencies and helps which we so greatly need. . . . Our hearts cleave to the promise of the gift of the Holy Ghost, as being our principal source of comfort ; and

since it is not for us to 'know the times and the seasons, which the Father hath put in His own power,' we can only go on, praying and teaching at all times, and in all places; and then commit our whole work to God, and wait for His blessing to ensure this greatly desired success."

"*October 14th.*—Returned home from itinerating earlier than intended on account of rain, and on account of stealing by Mange. Preached in four days to four hundred and twenty-two persons; generally heard with attention; and at one place the young people requested to learn to sing. Much assisted by Titus Dubula, from Wesleyville.

"*October 15th.*—Spent much of this day in settling the matter of the stolen sheep. The thief was fined fourteen head of cattle, and dismissed.

"*October 24th. Sabbath.*—This morning an usually large congregation, and a solemn time, while preaching from Rev. i. 7.

"*October 31st.*—Spent this Sabbath at Wesleyville.

"*November 7th. Sabbath.*—A day of mercy. Baptized Hannah Witboy, Mary Young, and Samuel Tuvu.

"*November 20th. Saturday.*—Returned home from itinerating, in which employment almost the whole of this week has been spent. Generally I was heard with seriousness and attention; and found no difficulty in assembling the people, nor in persuading them silently to bow down before God in prayer. One old man, perhaps threescore years and ten, at whose kraal we slept on Friday, acknowledged that it was the first time he had ever knelt before his Maker. But we had the satisfaction to find that next morning, at break

of day, he arose and retired to a lonely tree for secret devotion; and though he knew not what to say, he seemed disposed to continue the practice. It may be while darkly feeling after God, he will find Him to the joy of his soul. In the course of the week I preached to five hundred and seventeen persons, not reckoning children whom I thought to be under ten years of age. This was accomplished by climbing heights, descending again, crossing and re-crossing rivers and streams, to visit every kraal; and, though the total amount of hearers during a whole week's labour did not exceed in number one tolerable congregation in England, yet there seems to be no other way of meeting the destitute circumstances of this scattered population. Preaching to two, three, four, ten, or twenty, or now and then forty persons, as they can be collected, is certainly fulfilling exactly the very letter of our Lord's command,—‘Go ye out into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature;’ and whether there be visible fruit or not, it is the highest enjoyment of which an immortal spirit can be possessed, to render obedience to the benevolent commands of the ever blessed Son of God. May I obey Him throughout all time, and in eternity!

“*November 21st. Sabbath.*—Preached in the morning from Psalm liii. 2, 3; a subject of frequent thought and discourse during the journeys of the preceding week; and this afternoon explained, as usual at our second service, a larger portion of the holy writ. But neither time could I find a way to the hearts of the people, nor fix the attention of my hearers. Except some few, sleepiness made them dull and stupid; and this, alas! is too frequently the case with our Kaffir congregations. The

Kaffirs are accustomed to sleep more or less in the middle of the day, and we are obliged to have our first service about eleven in the forenoon, to allow those who come from any distance to attend; and then, according to their custom all the week, they are as ready for sleep, as a labourer in England is for his rest at night. This is exceedingly trying to the preacher; and seldom does a Sabbath pass without some remarks being made on the subject.

“*December 1st. Tuesday.*—Spent five hours to-day in a Kaffir law-suit.

“*December 15th.*—Finished the first draught of the epistle to the Hebrews.

“*December 27th. Monday.*—Julia narrowly escaped being burned to death.”

To this sad event we shall have occasion to revert in a subsequent chapter.

In the course of this year, the congregation had increased to such an extent, as to render necessary the enlargement of the chapel. In the following year, the South African mission was divided into two districts, named, respectively, the Cape and Albany.

“*January 9th, 1831. Sabbath.*—This has been a trying and discouraging day. It was with difficulty that we could get through our services for want of a suitable interpreter; the congregations were small, and my own soul was exceedingly lifeless and dull. O if my Sabbaths are not days of delight and blessing, how can I go on throughout the week in the various services and duties connected with my work! May the life of faith be more vigorous in my heart!

“*January 16th.*—Morning discourse, Col. i. 27. Felt

a good measure of the presence and peace of God in my own soul. Afternoon's subject, Psalm v.; expounded with little liberty or power. In the main the people were attentive, but the word did not apparently affect them; nothing like fruit has this day appeared.

“ January 21st.—This morning I was under the disagreeable necessity of sharply chiding two individuals belonging to the station. The Kaffirs are frequently in the habit of throwing off their kaross, and walking about in a state of perfect nudity. This is most intolerably disgusting and annoying to us; and, from frequent reproofs, the majority of the people in the country conduct themselves with greater decency when they visit missionary stations. But this morning, two of the men belonging to the station were stalking about the place, and even past our dwelling, in the most shameless manner, and when I first spoke to them on the subject, they answered me in the most insulting and contemptuous language. However, I quickly laid hold of one of the offenders, and threatened him with rough usage, and dismissal from the station, if he did not both lower his tone, and alter his conduct. This had the desired effect, and led them to return to the old Kaffir plea, to which a culprit always resorts, when he can contend no longer;—‘ We are an ignorant, stupid people, and you must not be weary of teaching us.’ It is exceedingly unpleasant for a missionary to be involved in altercations of this kind; but, as occasionally a disposition to overcome the missionary is exhibited by the natives, nothing but the manifestation of a prompt and determined spirit, is able to keep them at all within the bounds of decency, propriety, and order.

“*January 23rd.*—Brother H. preached from Luke xv. 10, and I expounded Ps. viii. It was not a profitable Sabbath for me; our conversation was of too general a kind for the Sabbath, and I felt the deadening effects thereof in my soul.

“*January 24th. Monday.*—An exceedingly profitable class-meeting; every heart was constrained to say,—‘It is good to be here.’ One of the natives having expressed her hope of entering the kingdom of heaven, I asked her what she would say before God on arriving thither. She wept much, and said,—‘She really should not know what to say, but the Lord would then put words in her mouth to praise Him.’

“*January 30th.*—1 Cor. ii. 26, and Psalm vii. The congregations were good, but the word did not appear to reach the hearts of the people. We had the Sacrament to-day instead of the next Sabbath, as I shall then be at the district-meeting; my own mind was not free from anxious care, my wife having been for some days past visited with fever, and otherwise afflicted. Perhaps this is permitted, at such a season, chiefly for the trial of our faith.

“*February 6th.*—Graham’s Town. Preached in the evening from Rom. viii. 7, 8; it was on the whole a good day. The work of the Lord is much prospering in the colony.

“*February 13.*—Preached in the morning from Gen. xxvii. 2; in the evening, W. Loury, from Luke xxiv. 46, 47,—a missionary sermon.

“*February 14th.*—The foundation stone of the new chapel was laid, just eleven years after the Salem party left England. In the evening the missionary meeting.

February 20th.—At Mount Coke. The smallest congregation I have yet seen. This was owing to the people having gone in pursuit of a Kaffir, who violently robbed a trader of his horse. Brother Ayliff preached in the morning, from John vi. 27, and I in the afternoon, from Acts ii. 17.

February 27th.—Rom. iv. 5, and Luke vii. 36-50. Endeavoured to explain on each occasion the great doctrine of justification by faith, but found it exceedingly difficult to do so. In particular I proceeded with much embarrassment in the morning; the Kaffir language having no words that answer to those important terms in the text, ‘ungodly,’ ‘justify,’ or ‘righteousness.’ Hence we are continually perplexed in our attempts to explain the all-important doctrine of justification. In the evening, Brother Boyce read one of Mr. Edmondson’s sermons.

March 6th.—Heb. ix. 24, and Heb. iv. 16. In the morning our sacramental service appeared to profit, at least some of the communicants. In the afternoon, I preached with considerable liberty to attentive hearers.

March 13th.—Mark iv. 3-7, and Mark iv. 8. Could not find the way to the hearts of the hearers. Was much tried by the listlessness and inattention of some of them, particularly one man in the afternoon, who amused himself with a button on his kaross, until I sharply rebuked him. How desirable is heaven, where all worship God in spirit and in truth!

March 14th. Monday.—About noon left my habitation, purposing to spend the week in intinerating amongst the people. In the evening we slept at the cattle place of our chieftain, Kye, on the river Tshabo,

having spoken the word to thirty persons during the afternoon. We usually visit whatever sick are met with in our journeys. For this purpose we entered a hut, and saw a Kaffir youth, with a terribly swollen leg and thigh. The usual remedy for most diseases, according to Kaffir notions, had been applied—smearing the affected part with cow-dung. On spiritual things the mind of the youth was dark as midnight; but he listened to us, and so did his parents, with a kind of stupid attention.

“*March 15th. Tuesday.*—Leaving Tshabo early this morning; about nine o'clock, we came to the river Xakoon. Here we rested under a bush and breakfasted, directly beneath a craggy precipice, celebrated in Kaffir history by the name of ‘Liwa Amaqira,’ which has also been called by Englishmen the Tarpeian Rock. The Kaffir name means,—‘The casting down place of the doctors, or wise men;’ because, according to their direction, all persons accused of witchcraft, and any other capital crime, were, by command of the old chief Chachabi, father of the late chief Tslambi, ‘bound hand and foot,’ and then ‘cast’ over the height, from whence they fell from crag to crag, until they were dashed to pieces at the bottom. Many were destroyed in this way; but at length Chachabi himself was slain in a battle with the Tambookies. Since the introduction of the gospel, I believe, not one instance has occurred of this kind of punishment; no more victims will perish there. Passing on from thence, we went to the kraal of the late chief Tslambi; but all his sons were absent, and, in fact, but few individuals were to be met with at any place, the majority of the people

being gone to a festive dance, continued for several days by one of Tslambi's sons, on the occasion of his having increased the number of his wives. We went to see the place where the old chief was interred. It was, as usual when a chief dies, in the enclosure of his former kraal, and a few decayed sticks rudely lay over the spot where he was buried. On leaving his grave, we met six men on their way to the dance, beautified according to their ideas, by being well smeared with fat and red clay: they sat on the ground and tarried while we pointed to the grave of their chief, and spake of the resurrection and the general judgment. We then severally went our ways. After crossing the Qunubi, and ascending its opposite heights, we slept at the kraal of an old man, named Kaie, who entertained us hospitably, and gave me half his bed,—*i. e.*, a mat spread on the ground. Of course I kept as far distant from his greasy kaross as was consistent with politeness, for I did not wish to appear to undervalue his intended kindness. Through the day we have preached the word to fifty-six souls.

“*March 16th. Wednesday.*—Before we departed this morning, our host gave us a proof both of the superstition and of the craft that are not unfrequently found amongst the Kaffirs. As to the former, he stated that he had had a remarkable dream in the night, which he thought augured something auspicious concerning him. He said that he had seen a number of men of various nations all come and visit him, and they all sat down with him in his hut; and as he saw them very clearly, he thought that some how or other this betokened happiness. The dream, however,

might be easily accounted for. While we were partaking of our basket of thick milk the preceding evening, this friendly man was very inquisitive about white men, and the nations of Europe. We accordingly mentioned some of them;—the Ama-English, the Ama-French, the Ama-Hollander, the Ama-Spaniard, &c., and the poor man's mind being much taken up with all that he heard, all these nations visited him in the night, in what he considered a supernatural dream; it was a kind of dream so entirely different from any that he had had before. He was exhorted not to think such a dream of any moment, but to seek God in prayer. This he was, as he said, desirous of doing; but thought if I would make him a present of some beads for his ear, or any other present, that would serve to him as a continual remembrance of that duty. As we mounted our horses, they requested again to see the portrait of Dr. Townley, which I had shown them from the magazine the preceding evening: and it was amusing to hear them remark that the Doctor had only got *one ear*, as only one was visible on the portrait exhibited. Leaving this kraal we spent the greater part of the day in a toilsome manner on the River Kolora. About three, A.M. we crossed the rugged mountain, and descended to a still more difficult river called the Kwelera, which abounds with fertile and beautiful vales, and at the centre of which the people of Hintsas's, Tslambi's, and Pato's clans mingle together,—Pato's tribe occupying a strip of land along the sea-coast. Shortly after we descended to the river, weariness rendered it necessary for both man and beast to rest. We therefore rode up to a very large

kraal, and without ceremony alighted, telling the master of it that as we were hungry men, and saw that they had plenty of corn, we had come there to sleep. To this there was no objection made; a new hut was offered us, but as the floor was damp, I could not accept it. However, a chief man of the place, said his hut was large, and he would give me one side of it for my lodging place, which he did, and plenty of corn and milk to satisfy all our necessities. Before we entered the hut, we had a long conversation with the people after preaching. Curious questions were asked concerning the origin of evil; and, as in many other places, here also the question was asked,—‘Why, seeing the devil was the first sinner, the Almighty did not *kill him*, and so make an example and an end of sin at once?’ One man insisted on it, that the English and Dutch had agreed to keep the word of God from the Kaffirs, and that therefore they had not the word of God before. He was likewise desirous of knowing whether they would not be excused in the judgment of the great day, on the ground of their having been an ignorant and uninstructed people. When divine light first begins to dawn on a human spirit, how numerous are the inquiries that naturally present themselves! O that they were always accompanied with a sincere desire to know and to do the whole will of God! This day, one hundred and twenty-six hearers.

“*March 17th. Thursday.*—Beginning towards the upper part of the Kwelera, we travelled down towards the coast, and preached in the course of the day to two hundred and eighty souls; the largest number I have ever yet preached to in one day in Kaffir-land. At

two different places we fell in with Kaffir doctors, and the people were beating a hide, and hallooing and dancing to make the sick man well. The noise, however, seemed more intended to drive away some evil dæmon, although the Kaffirs never assign any reason for this part of their customs, but that their fathers did so before them. At the kraal where we slept, there was a large concourse of people, and the doctor was a sly, cunning young man, dressed in a very artful and imposing manner, which made the people stand in awe of him. However we preached, and he made one of our hearers; and when the service was ended, we turned full upon him, and charged him with deluding the people through lies, and especially with the crime of shedding innocent blood, by accusing individuals of bewitching the sick persons he was called to attend, and thereby causing their death. He positively maintained the existence of the crime, when he charged any one with it, and his own ability to discover the offender. He said he never slept the whole of the night previous to his attending the sick, and that it was then revealed to him *where* the bewitching matter was hid, that exerted such a deleterious influence, and *who* the individual was by whom it was prepared. I asked him whether *I* had bewitched any one, and further offered to make trial of his skill *conditionally*;—viz., that as my wife was unwell he should go home with me, and if he could find proofs of bad influence *without going to his own place to make any sort of preparations for deceit*, I would give him two cows; but if he failed I should give him a sound beating with my samboc, which I assured him I would most heartily do.

In all his practice of medicine he had never met with such a proposal before, but as he did not feel much inclined to fall in with it, the people could not help laughing at him ; and yet ere we slept, one of the natives came and begged us to make the door of our hut very fast, lest some bad influence should be exerted against us, as the doctor intended to stay all night on the kraal, and had intercourse with *the spirits of the dead*. Much as I lamented the ignorance of the people, I could not help thinking long on this ray of traditional light, concerning the separate existence of the soul of man, after his body is turned to corruption.

“ *March 18th. Friday.*—Rose at break of day, without having felt any bad effects of the doctor’s power during the night, and still travelled down the Kwelera, till, falling in with Pato’s tribe, the charge of Brother Young, we prepared to return. No occurrence of moment was met with, till we came to a place where an old man was ill with pain in his bowels. The doctor had just done smearing over the bowels with the sovereign remedy, cow-dung, and opposed us with all his might. In the evening, we slept at the kraal of a good natured old man, named Qum ; having addressed this day one hundred and sixteen individuals.

“ *March 19th. Saturday.*—Being upwards of forty miles from Mount Coke, we could not tarry to preach this day ; we therefore travelled on, and reached home about three, A.M. In the course of the week, six hundred and eight souls have heard words whereby they may be saved.

“ *March 20th. Sunday.*—Acts x. 36, and xiv. 16, 17, and spoke to the *men* alone, after the women were dis-

missed, from Gen. ix, 25-27; pointing out to them the evil of their shameful nakedness.

"*March 23rd.*—In company with Brother Young, visited the station of the Rev. Mr. Brownlee, of the London society, at his place on the Buffalo river. There we also met, by appointment, Messrs. Ross and Bennie, to consult on various matters, relative to the Kaffir language. It seems that, by the different missionaries, considerable portions of the word of God have been translated, and that by the close of the year, there will be ready for the press, Genesis, Joel, Matthew, Mark, John, Ephesians, Colossians, Hebrews, 1 Peter, 2 Peter, 1 John, and Jude, besides several chapters from divers parts of the word of God.

"*March 27th. Sabbath.*—2 Peter iii. 10, and iii. 14. The people heard with seriousness and attention.

"*March 31st.*—Wrote the committee No. XXII."

In this letter he rejoices to record the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the colony, and thus declares his own faith :—

'For my own part, I would not continue another day in my work, nor preach a single sermon more to this people, if I did not believe in the Holy Ghost; if I could not from the heart adopt the fine doxology of the ancient Christian churches, 'Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.' But believing in the eternal and unchangeable unity of the undivided Trinity; and, by unavoidable consequence, in the perpetuity of the influences of the Holy Ghost throughout all ages, in the 'is now, and ever shall be,' I am kept from being wholly cast

down; and in the darkest, gloomiest night in this wilderness, have still a pillar of fire to look unto; an assured token of the divine presence for comfort, support, and consolation."

"*April 3rd.*—Psalm cxviii. 24; Mark v. 1-20. The congregations were good and attentive. Dondi and Qualekisa, two heedless individuals, were remarkably attentive; especially the latter, who is an abandoned and profligate woman. Till this afternoon I never saw her seriously listen to the word.

"*April 5th.*—One was added to our catechumens, who last Friday seems to have been awakened to a sense of her sinfulness and guilt.

"*April 10th.*—Ezek. xxxiii. 8, and Ezek. xviii. 27. Good congregations. Perceived some little progress made by two or three in the Sunday-school.

"*April 12th to 16th.*—Much rain having prevented me from leaving home on the Monday, on the Tuesday we departed, but altered the intended route, to avoid crossing the rivers, which were now high. In the five days, the total number of hearers amounted to six hundred and ninety-six persons. One evening, the old man of the kraal came and sat with us a considerable time in the hut, and while we partook of our food, the interpreter conversed with him at some length on the duty of prayer. The old man stated that he knew not how to pray. To this objection, however, a singular answer was given, which was admitted as correct by those who were present, and affords a curious illustration of Kaffir manners. 'How can you say that you know not how to pray?' continued the interpreter; 'when you go out to *steal*, do you not say, O God, look

upon me, take care of me; and when you have got the cattle, towards evening, O God, let the sun make haste and go down, that no one may see me?' I afterwards questioned the interpreter on the subject, and he assured me that many of the thieves of this country offered up a few words of the like kind, when about to commit their depredations, and that he himself formerly thus prayed when he went to plunder the farmers in the colony.

"*April 17th.*—Preached in the morning from 1 Cor. i. 23, and Brother Jenkins, from Butterworth, in the afternoon, from John i. 14.

"*April 24th.*—Brother Young preached at Mount Coke, and afterwards baptized a poor Fingoe woman, who has been for many months a candidate for baptism; she was driven by Chaka, with more of her people, into this country, and here she has received, and not in vain, a measure of the grace of God. It has long been her practice to retire for secret prayer, five times a-day. She was called Ruth. I spent the Sabbath at Wesleyville.

"*April 25th.*—We went about three miles out of our road to visit a sick woman on our return from Wesleyville, whom I had observed to weep much under the word, some days since, when I preached at that kraal. To-day, likewise, she was much affected with divine truths, though somewhat better; and it was pleasing to ascertain that night and morning she retires for secret prayer. It is a rare thing to see religious feeling manifested, except on a mission station.

"*April 26th.*—To-day we had one of those unpleasant contentions with our people, which occasionally happen. It being necessary to make a new cattle

kraal, I wished all who had cattle to be folded in it, to join with us in making it *gratuitously*, as they shared the benefit thereof. The people were disposed to demand pay for their labour. I explained to them the great expenses that the Kaffir-land missions were to the great men in England, who sent out missionaries, and the inability of the Kaffirs to contribute thereto, but that was a work which they could, and ought to do, without making any demand, as their cattle, no less than the cattle belonging to the mission, would be preserved in the kraal. Finding them obstinate and unyielding, the matter came to warm words, and at length I told them, that since they were so unreasonable, when the cattle came home at night, I would drive every man's beasts out of the herd, and let them roam at large, who would not assist in bearing a portion of the burden; but when they saw that such would be the result of the contention, they submitted, and began the new kraal without delay.

"*May 1st.*—Zech. xii. 10, and James iv. 6. No motion amongst the dry bones.

"*May 8th.*—Psalm lxxxiv. 10-12, and Isa. i. 2, 3. Congregation in the morning large.

"*May 9th to 14th.*—Spent in travelling chiefly on the Qunubi, and preached in all to four hundred and seventy-nine souls. Saw the chief Yalusa, at Tslambi's great place; he was opposed to the truth, and unwilling to hear, because he was not at his own place; and yet, when I formerly visited him at his own kraal, he would neither collect the people, nor hear the word himself. On Tuesday evening, slept at Kuse's kraal, chief of the Imidenki; he was dancing immoderately

in his house, for one sick, so that we could not collect the people together, saving a few young persons. It was on Friday morning that we had much contention at Lynx's place, when some asserted that Tai was Lynx's father; others said, 'What if he is the same as Jesus Christ?'

"*May 15th.*—1 Cor. xv. 55, and Matt. vii. 11. The Sunday-school a little on the increase, and, for the first time, some of the children held a prayer-meeting in Mr. Wright's kitchen.

"*May 22nd.*—Psalm xxxi. 19, and Psalm xxvii. 1-4. The children in the Sunday-school are evidently increasing in learning. During the past week, I have had high fever, and subsequent debility, but the Lord was very gracious to my soul.

"*May 29th.*—Psalm xxxii. 1-5, and Heb. ix. 27. A few strangers were in the morning congregation, and some of the people heard with deep attention. This was particularly the case with a Fingoe woman. In the last week I have heard of two men who appear to be in some degree awakened, and who pray with earnestness; but I do not wish to be too eager in persuading them to meet as catechumens. We have encouragement in our Sunday-school, which increases in number and order, and some are making good progress.

"*June 26th.*—Psalm cxxxix. 1-11, and cxvi. 12. In the morning I was much tried by one of the residents on the station, who, as soon as the text was read, put himself in a sleeping posture, and closed his eyes, and when I spoke to him in the congregation on the impropriety of his conduct, he haughtily and contemptuously arose, and walked out of the house of the Lord,

and returned no more. This is the same man whose shameful conduct is mentioned Jan. 21st.

“*July 2nd.*—Inyagu left this station; Dondi, a little before, and two other catechumens; these circumstances are very discouraging.

“*July 3rd.*—Josh. xxiv. 15, and Heb. ii. 3. The same individual mentioned under date 26th ult., came stalking impudently into the chapel, about the close of the service.

“*July 5th.*—Conversation with two Kaffirs on the day of judgment, &c.; when they observed, that in that day they should flee *to me* for succour. They seem to have derived this idea from the succour missionaries have often afforded them, when they have been in trouble with the colony. In the afternoon, some sharp words with Dondi, who, having left the station, and taken another woman, came now to demand that his lawful wife should accompany him; but she refused to go, and as he had become an adulterer, I assured her of protection as long as she remained here.

“*July 10th.*—Rev. vii. 9, 10, and Heb. i. 1, 2. Endeavoured to explain the idea of creation, by asking from what seed the sun, moon, and stars were produced; or what was the seminal drop from which the waters of the ocean were generated. Imperfect as the inquiry was, it seemed to assist the conceptions of the people.

“*July 17th.*—John iii. 7, and Heb. i. 3-6. The morning congregation was the largest I have seen for many weeks, and the people heard with deep attention; how far their hearts were affected is only known to God.

“*August 9th to 13th.*—Employed in intinerating on

the Xakoon, and some of its lesser streams. In the five days I preached to five hundred and thirty-four persons. In general the word was heard with great and serious attention, and the people willingly obeyed our exhortation as we departed, to retire and call upon the name of God. At one kraal, whither we came rather early, a few of its residents were absent; and, as we afterwards ascertained, they were employed in secret devotion. The text from which I most frequently discoursed was Acts xvii. 30, 31. Although genuine conversions are not frequent, yet it is evident that there is an increasing disposition amongst the people at large, to attend seriously to the word of God, whenever it is brought unto them.

“ *August 14th.*—Acts xvii. 30, 31, and Heb. ii. 4-9. For a long time I have not seen a larger congregation than we had this morning, and a gracious influence accompanied the word. Several individuals wept much, particularly one little Kaffir about eight years of age. The boy has been in the school some time, but never before manifested any concern about his salvation.

“ *August 20th.*—Finished a translation of the Litany, and portions of the Liturgy of the church of England, which will probably be introduced into our Sunday morning service, as something of the kind has long appeared desirable to our brethren.

“ *August 21st.*—Acts xvi. 30, 31, and Heb. ii. 9-13. The congregations were small, some were attentive to the truth, but others were remarkably careless and unconcerned.

“ *August 28th.*—Psalm xxxiv. 19, and Matt. xxi. 22.

The congregations to-day were large, and generally attentive to the word.

"*August 29th.*—A poor, old, decrepit woman came to us in the evening, nearly dead with hunger, to solicit food; the people of the kraal to which she belonged having driven her away, because she was no longer able to plough the land, or bring home wood and water. The very aged are always treated with great barbarity, and looked upon as an encumbrance to all their friends, who neglect or altogether abandon them. Last night she wandered to a kraal not far from us, but was driven away to lie in the open field. When I inquired whither she intended to go, she said that she knew not, but must wander about till the wolves found her, and destroyed her. And this she uttered with indifference and unconcern. Indeed her mental faculties were much enfeebled, which, probably, occasioned some of the Kaffirs to say that she was mad. We gave her food, and a lodging for the night in our kitchen.

"*September 3rd to 12th.*—Visited Butterworth with much satisfaction. Death of Elizabeth Quakala: several old people came there to die.

"*September 15th. Thursday.*—Being without an interpreter, I made my first attempt at exhorting in Kaffir, from Matt. vi. 33.

"*October 1st*—Had sharp contentions with Kye, concerning his conduct in taking the people to fight on the Sabbath-day. He threw the chief blame on English Christians!

"*October 2nd.*—Much rain, and but few people; read our Lord's sermon on the Mount.

" *October 9th.*—Rev. xx. 11, 12, and Heb. iii. 1-10. The congregations good. Much tried by the conduct of the chief in taking away a young girl, just married, from her husband, to be his concubine.

" *October 16th.*—Acts ii. 39, and Heb. iii. 10, to the end. Three children were baptized, and two couples married.

" *October 17th.*—Commenced the translation of Isaiah.

" *October 23rd.*—Luke xv. 18, 19, and Heb. iv. 1-10. A woman and her daughter were going by with seed-corn, while we were in the Sunday-school. We stopped her and took away the corn, as no one is allowed to carry any burden through a mission station on the Sabbath; she was therefore compelled to stay and hear the word, and on the morrow the corn was restored unto her.

" *October 30th.*—Titus iii. 4-7, and Heb. iv. 10-16. I could not find a way to the hearts of the hearers; on the contrary, their coldness and indifference to divine things much grieved me.

" *November 6th.*—1 Thess. v. 16-18, and Heb. v. 1-7. The congregations have been tolerably good this day, and attentive. The few who are seeking God seemed to find a blessing under His word.

" *November 13th.*—2 Cor. vi. 2, and Heb. v. 7-14. In the morning some of the young people were affected unto tears.

" *November 19th.*—The three past days have been spent in intinerating, and though my labours have been increased by the difficulty of collecting the people together, who are at this season of the year dispersed in their cultivated lands, yet I have found a general disposition to hear with seriousness and attention the

word of God. Not having an interpreter, I have been obliged to speak without one, and succeeded in making myself understood beyond my expectation. In all I have preached in those three days to three hundred and fifty-five souls.

“November 20th.—Psalm lxviii. 18, and Heb. vi. 1-8. A few I think were profited, but others appeared to be quite careless and unconcerned.

“November 23rd to 25th.—Employed in itinerating on the Dubi and Intyolora rivers, and preached in all to two hundred and forty souls. The first day I had no opportunity of assembling the people for religious instruction. For as we descended the Dubi, we beheld a concourse of about one hundred persons, and a celebrated doctor practising his arts of divination. I rode straight to the place. A majority of the men and women were standing in a semi-circle, clapping their hands, singing and dancing, to incite the discoverer of witchcraft to a vigorous discharge of his duty. He occasionally came forward and danced in front of them, sometimes rushing amongst them in a furious manner with his assaigais, and at other times, after various antic tricks, addressing them. Three small rolls of ‘ubuti,’ or bewitching materials, he had already found; they lay before the people, and a man was sitting beside them to watch the precious articles. I sat me quietly down between the doctor and the multitude, watching all their manoeuvres; but my presence evidently disconcerted him, and excited various remarks amongst the people. I paid no attention to anything they said. In about half-an-hour he entered the house of the accused individual, to make further search, and I followed

so close at his heels, regardless of the Kaffirs' remonstrance, that I entered the house before any of them could gain admission. He looked all about the dwelling, and rummaged an old sack for further proof of guilt, but declared nothing further could be found. I could not repress my indignation, and after some smart contention with him in the house, as a shedder of innocent blood in the land, I told all the people that they would do well not to fear him, but take him and hang him at once, and so put an end to all his evil deeds. When I came out of the house, I walked up to the three rolls of 'ubuti,' took them up, though composed of rather unpleasant materials, and put them into my pocket. This raised a general cry of consternation and displeasure, all exclaiming,—'You must not do so; put them down again, put them down.' I said,—'I will not; I shall open them, and see of what they are made.' Accordingly I unrolled each outward cover, which consisted of a piece of an old kaross, and within was a piece of a burnt stick, cow-dung, and other more filthy materials. After this examination, I threw them with contempt near the spot where they were laid before. Soon after the doctor came, and, carefully opening each piece, declared in what manner they had affected the lately deceased persons; and a man was appointed to watch them till dark, when he gathered them up, and carefully carried all away to some unknown place, that the kraal might be afflicted by them no more. However, the accused person came well off; for instead of being put to death, or burnt with hot stones, or forfeiting all his cattle, he had only to slaughter an ox to feed the doctor and his associates,

and probably to give him a cow or two on the following day. About noon of the next day, as near eighty people were at the same kraal partaking of the slaughtered ox, the kraal being now considered as purified, I returned and preached to them, and the master of the kraal, who had been the accused person, was exceedingly grateful to me for the result of my opposition to the diviner. Last night he was quaking with fear, knowing too well what he had reason to expect; to-day he was all hilarity and mirth, and seemed to think nothing of the loss of two or three head of cattle, considering his escape from imminent ruin. Even the doctor himself sought my friendship, and accosted me with the familiar appellation of 'umlingani wam,' my mate, or companion. But I said to him in the presence of all the bystanders,—'What! your mate? no, never the mate of such a servant of the devil as thou art.' He said no more, but was offended, and refused to attend the preaching; but only six or eight of the people stayed away with him.

"*December 5th to 10th.*—Spent in itinerating on the upper part of the Xakoon, the Kobougo, and some lesser rivers. In all, I preached to three hundred and seventy-two souls. My primary object on the first day was to visit Umhala, son of the late chief Tslambi, about thirty-five miles distant, who is dangerously ill. A considerable number of influential men were at his kraal, and four native doctors were in attendance, who considered themselves, on this occasion, personages of no small importance. I was denied entrance to the sick man's hut until the doctors had been consulted; and after several messages, to and fro, they finally

stated that a white man from a distant nation could not be allowed access to him. When I had patiently waited for an hour and a-half, some of the party asked me for news from the colony; I replied that I did not know whether it would be lawful for me to give news, they must first send and get permission from the doctors. They perceived it was my design to ridicule their foolish customs, and apologized for the prohibition. Seeing no prospect of overcoming by argument, when the sun was near setting, I walked up to the chief's hut; one said,—‘Return;’ I answered,—‘No, I cannot return,’ and, without further ceremony, went in. After speaking a few words, he consented to see me on the morrow. When I then visited him, he listened seriously to all that was said; and when about to pray, though I told him that on account of his extreme weakness he might be excused from kneeling, he made an effort, and continued upon his knees while we called upon the name of the Lord. At another kraal, I met with a poor man who had been greatly afflicted with asthma for four years. He breathed with great difficulty, and though the native remedy had just been fresh applied,—viz., smearing his chest and throat with cow-dung, it did not seem to yield him any relief. In the course of these five days, many listened to the word with attention; but others would not tarry to assemble together, they being in a great hurry to go to a festal dance, made to celebrate the marriage of a captain in the tribe of Gaika. These dances are attended with shocking impurities; the young women, not yet married, being allotted to the young men at the will of the conductors of the festivities during

their continuance. A few years since, a relative of my interpreter was married in the tribe of Umyalusa, the only remaining brother of Tslambi. Ten young women were appointed to accompany her, as her companions during the marriage-feast; and at the close of the day, it was the business of *the matrons*, or elderly women, to distribute each of the ten young women to whomsoever they thought proper. In this way, nine-tenths of all the young females in the land are made prostitutes; no wonder, therefore, that after marriage they, from the pernicious influence of early habits, are so often guilty of adultery. Few of either sex escape the frequent commission of this sin. These things considered, no one needs wonder that the Kaffirs so eagerly flock together for miles round to one of their native dances. An English traveller, fond of masquerades, would plead for them as tending to promote social habits, and abate something of the rudeness of uncivilised life; but we, who live amongst the people, know that at these convivial seasons, the land is filled with fornication, whoredom, and all uncleanness; and that they greatly tend to increase the aversion of the carnal mind against the holy law of God, and the holy gospel of Jesus Christ His Son. Of this fact, I never met with more frequent proof than on this journey.

“*January 1st, 1832.*—Rev. xxii. 20, and Matt. xxiv. 44. I was much grieved with the conduct of ten of our people going to the dance, on the 19th December, and as one of them was a catechumen, the only condition on which I could allow him to remain in that class of inquirers was, that he should openly acknowledge his fault in the congregation. Having previous-

ly consented to do so, in the middle of the morning service, I called him up near me, and bade him speak; but he made so poor a confession of his fault, and withal manifested so much sullenness and obstinacy of spirit, that I was obliged publicly to declare that we could not regard him as a catechumen any longer. For several months I have not been satisfied either with his temper or conduct; and yet, while there was nothing glaringly evil proved, it seemed a duty to bear with him patiently, and try every method that might possibly lead to his final salvation. Thus the new year has commenced with trials in regard to our work.

“*January 15th.*—Luke xvi. 19-31, and Heb. ix. 7-14. A very dull day. The infirmities of my body weighed down my soul, and the people heard, I fear, without being profited.

“*April 8th.*—John xi. 36, and Heb. x. 10. How is it that my Sabbaths appear to be less profitable and useful at Mount Coke than in any other place? Notwithstanding, somewhat encouraging thoughts arose in my mind, from the circumstance of a baptized Kaffir and his wife, belonging to one of the Scottish missionary stations, being incidentally present with us at the Sacrament; for, in them I saw the fruit of missionary labours.

“*April 14th. Saturday.*—Early this morning, Bisa, the master of a neighbouring kraal, came and informed me of the decease of a man at his place the preceding evening, and desiring our assistance to bury him. It was gratifying to see that this was preferred to their old custom of throwing away the dead body into the bush. Five of our people went with spades, and de-

cently interred the body ; one of them gave an exhortation, and another prayed at the grave.

“ *April 15th.*—Psalm xcii. 1, and Heb. x. 11-18. In the afternoon a young woman appeared to be affected to tears while we were singing the first hymn, which contains an exhortation to repentance. She has been a very profligate character, and eighteen months ago was banished from our station at Morley, because of her abandonment to iniquity. A few weeks since, her husband desired to come and settle at Mount Coke. She has been a regular attendant on the means of grace here, but never manifested any religious feeling before.

“ *April 16th.*—The wife of Bisa came with a request that I would allow the widow of the deceased, for a while, to reside at Mount Coke, on account of their vile custom, by which a widow becomes a common woman in the land. I could not give my consent.

“In the evening I was under the painful necessity of excluding from the society one of the members, who has long been unstable, and negligent in his attendance on the means of grace. He lives at a distance, and keeps up private prayer ; hence I was unwilling to give him up ; and the more so, as I had hoped to have prevailed with him to have held a Sunday service at his father’s kraal, where he now resides. But as in this I could not succeed, nor in persuading him to attend class, when he occasionally visits Mount Coke, it only remained for me to preserve our discipline, and leave him to the disposal of God.

“ *April 22nd.*—Rev. i. 17, 18, and Heb. x. 19-31. The congregations very attentive, and in the morning particularly large.

“*June 3rd.*—Isaiah xii. 1, and Heb. xi. 1-3. The last month was spent in the colony; family afflictions having detained me there. This, however, favoured me with an opportunity of seeing our brethren, E. D. and S., who arrived in Graham’s Town, on Wednesday, the 23rd of May. They appear to be choice men, and will no doubt prove able and useful missionaries.

“*July 15th. Sabbath.*—This has been a day of blessings; two individuals were received by baptism into the Christian church. A very gracious influence accompanied the administration of the ordinance, both on the minds of the baptized, and of several others in the congregation.

“*July 22nd.*—James iv. 10, and Psalm lxxiii. 25. In Graham’s Town; being unexpectedly called thither by the illness of Mr. Shaw.

“*July 29th.*—John iii. 16, and Isaiah lv. 5. At Mr. Simpson’s place; preached in all to about fifty hearers. After preaching, met Mr. and Mrs. W. in class. They meet together thus weekly.”

This ‘place’ was the homestead of one of the colonists, who had settled about six miles from Mount Coke, in the centre of a large population.

“*August 12th.*—Preached again at Mr. Simpson’s twice, and was enabled to conduct the services so as to be understood without an interpreter. The people were attentive.

“*August 13th to 17th.*—Were the Kaffirs more disposed than they are to travel from the distant kraals to a mission station, that they might hear the word of God, still extensive itinerating amongst them would be necessary for three reasons:—1st. From distant

places they could not be expected to visit our station often; unless, therefore, the missionary visits them, they will receive but little good. 2nd, All the people can never be absent from the same kraal together; the women, especially, are obliged to remain at home daily, from the time of planting till harvest, to watch their lands, *i. e.* for seven months in the year. 3rd, There are many aged men and women; persons far advanced in years are to be met with on every river, and upon an average, perhaps, at every other kraal; for their sakes, especially, it is necessary to travel about from place to place, with the glad tidings of salvation. I believe that I have myself by this means preached the gospel to upwards of fifty aged people, who could not have otherwise heard it at all. And it seldom happens that the word is disregarded by them. On the contrary, they generally listen with uncommon attention and thankfulness, although they often seem quite amazed at the *new* things they hear, for the gospel is literally '*news*' to them. The results of such instruction can never be known in this world, as they are so circumstanced that they cannot become incorporated with the church on earth; but perhaps not a few of them have been spared by divine mercy to hoary hairs, that they might once or twice hear 'words by which they may be saved,' from the lips of a missionary, before they go hence and be no more seen. To the above reason, may be added,—4th, That itinerating amongst the people inspires them with confidence, and promotes a friendly feeling towards the missionary. While mingling with them, eating their food, and sleeping in their huts, and becoming, as far as is prudent,

familiar with them, they look upon us not so much as strangers, as one of themselves; and recognize the missionary as their common friend, as well as their common spiritual guide. For these reasons,—and more might be added—I trust this important part of our work will never be neglected, however heavy the cross may be; and although it may be true, that amongst a people scattered so widely, we cannot hope for a long time to raise little classes, or societies, apart from our mission stations, yet are we bound by the very terms of our commision, in this manner to run to and fro, for we are commanded to preach the gospel to every creature.

“In these journeys, I seldom take any books with me except the New Testament, and two or three numbers of the missionary register, and our missionary notices. And while my breakfast is preparing in some quiet retreat by a river side, and my horses grazing, I commonly find it very profitable, after reading a portion of the word of God, to read in that valuable periodical an account of the publication of that word, by missionaries of all denominations, in various parts of the heathen, or comparatively Christian world. Hence, in the solitary wilderness in Kaffraria, I have communion in spirit with the pious church missionaries at Tinnevely, &c.; the Baptists in Burmah, Serampore, Jamaica, and the East; the London society, and our brethren in their various stations. Daily is my spirit refreshed hereby; and I mount my horse again, and ride from kraal to kraal, encouraged by what God is doing in the earth, and often recollecting the motto in the title page of Henry Martyn’s life,

—‘For my name’s sake hast laboured and hast not fainted.’ Rev. ii. 3. At the next kraal were one man, and three women, with a few children. First the man departed and next the women, nor could they be induced to return, or hear anything we had to say. We therefore sat down on the ground and conversed with the children who remained, on the things of God. Departing thence, we met two men journeying, and tarried a few minutes, and spoke to them concerning Jesus and the way of salvation. After breakfasting, we travelled down the same small river, till we came to another kraal. The men were absent, but several women were there in a hut, two of whom were sick. As they would not come out to hear us, I sat by the door-way and began to address them. First one and then another said, ‘Let me come out,’ and departed, till only two were left; and as they would not hear, it was useless tarrying longer with them. On the same ridge stood another kraal, and here we found six individuals, three of these went away; the others partially heard the word of exhortation. A little further on, a man and two women were sitting under the shade of a mimosa. We rode up to them, and as they were attentive, continued a considerable time teaching, and exhorting them in the name of the Lord. Two miles further, we found three women alone, and after some time, an old woman crept out of one of the huts; to these the same truths were made known. At the next place, after waiting patiently for half an-hour, we collected together fourteen individuals, and when I had ceased speaking, they were invited to propose any questions they thought proper. This led to a long and

interesting conversation on a variety of topics of a religious nature. In particular the point so often urged by Kaffirs was repeated, viz., their excusableness before God on the ground of ignorance, as He had not given them His law to enable them to distinguish between good and evil. On this, as on every other occasion, I found the Apostle's statement in Rom. ii. 14, 15, sufficient to produce in them a conviction of their guilt as sinners. I appealed to the inward consciousness of iniquity which they felt when about to practise it; and demanded to know why the adulterer, or thief sought secrecy for their crimes. This was done not merely to avoid punishment from men, but because they knew it to be morally evil; and therefore, it was called in their own language, '*isono*,' that is to say, *sin*.

"A mile further on, another attentive congregation of fourteen individuals was gathered; one of these was well stricken in years. After this we met, first five men in the path; some distance beyond, three; after that, one, and still further on, three more; each time we stopped and held conversation with them on divine things, and were well repaid by their attention and inquiries.

"The next kraal was at a considerable distance, so that by the time we reached it, the sun was nigh setting. The master of the kraal was named Inyande, *i. e.*, Longfoot. Mr. Longfoot not only assembled his people, but called together those of a neighbouring kraal, so that to sixteen souls we continued in converse and prayer till it was dusk; and then a comfortable hut was given us to lodge in, and a supply of Kaffir corn and thick milk for supper. All the men of the

kraal brought their milk and corn with them to the hut allotted me, as is frequently the case when they wish to converse with a visitor, so that we all ate together, and they asked many questions concerning England and the sea, and ships; and sat smoking and chatting till I was weary, and desired to rest. This, however, I enjoyed but indifferently; the mice being numerous, one of them nibbling my finger almost as soon as I had stretched myself upon the floor.

“Wednesday.—Mr. Longfoot came early this morning, and inquired more fully concerning the Sabbath, as we had exhorted him on the previous evening to use his influence, he being a man much respected, to cause the people to abstain from labour on that holy day. Before breakfasting this morning, we preached to, and prayed with the people of three kraals, in all about fifty souls. At the last place was one very old man, to whom I likewise spoke individually, and he drank in all that was advanced with eagerness. Journeyed again about noon, and after travelling for an hour, arrived at the next kraal, which was difficult of access; spoke to seven or eight individuals, one of whom was an extremely aged woman. From hence we rode for an hour and a-half, as we were now leaving the last of our tribe on the Xakoon, and travelling over a kind of neutral ground that lies between the Ama-Tslambi, and the Ama-Qunukwebi, the tribe connected with the Wesleyville station. Coming to two kraals, the people were collected together, and heard the word, but not with much attention. Leaving this place, we found it necessary to tarry for the night, as our horses were tired. The people of a kraal from a little distance

were invited to come, and all assembled, both small and great, to hear the word, and join in prayer. They heard and approved. With one grey-headed old man, I afterwards had much conversation, but was sometimes troubled to make him understand my imperfect Kaffir.

“Thursday.—This morning the wind being very cold, I knew it was in vain to attempt to assemble the Kaffirs in the air as usual, they being so ill defended from the cold by their miserable kaross; and, therefore, seeing the people in a hut at the first kraal in our way, I dismounted, and said,—‘I am cold, let me come in by the fire.’ I was obliged to lie in a recumbent position, as the smoke was so intolerable; and in that way, and chiefly with my eyes closed to avoid the tormenting smoke, I conversed on the truths of the gospel to about ten individuals. Riding on some distance, we came to four kraals all together; and, as before, I went into one of the huts where a man was sitting by the fire. The people of all the kraals were invited to come together; and after a while they came, chiefly women and children, the men being absent; and upwards of forty crammed into this little hovel. I was obliged as before to shut my eyes, excepting that now and then I opened them for a moment, to see, as well as I was able, if the people were attentive. I was satisfied that they did not hear wholly in vain. Finding them serious, I proposed that we should sing a verse, and gave out a few lines. Afterwards I knelt and prayed, the rest continuing to sit, as they had not room to kneel down, nor could they move without causing confusion. But they reverently bowed down their heads before God.

“After resting two hours by the river’s side, we travelled on, the noon-day sun shining with cheering light and heat. We came to a kraal, but all were absent at a dance, two old women excepted. Age kept them at home. I spent some time with them in conversation and prayer. One of them readily apprehended nearly all I said, but the other was exceedingly dull, and yet she seemed desirous of being taught. I repeated to her a few plain truths over and over again, asking her at the end of each short sentence,—‘Do you understand that?’ till I think she learned something about God and Christ, and another world. It was the first, and most likely will be the last opportunity, during her long life, of hearing the ever blessed gospel. How superior their advantages who hear it every Sabbath-day! At the next place we found a poor woman partially deranged; she paid but little heed to what was spoken; the rest of the people were gone to the dance. To the kraal where this dance was held we now directed our steps, and found from one hundred and fifty to two hundred persons collected together. It was a marriage dance. A young man, son of the master of the kraal, had been married; the feast had been kept up for three days, and this was the afternoon of the third and last day, when the oxen were to run a race. While we were yet at a distance, we saw three Kaffirs mount each his horse, and, with their loose karosses, fly across the plain, like Numidians, to the distant hills, from which the oxen were to start, and some went after them on foot.

“When we reached the place I enquired for the *umnini*, or master of the kraal, and being directed to

him, I requested him to break up the dance, and assemble all the people to hear the word of God. 'Stop a little,' said he, 'there is something for us first to see.' I soon found out what this was. According to their custom, the person of the bride must be exposed to the view of the spectators, before the marriage festival closes. This was now done. The young woman was brought out of her husband's house, with her head, shoulders, and bosom bare, a piece of cloth only being bound round the loins, and conducted by three young women, her companions, in a similar way exposed, and all well besmeared with red-ochre, she was led round the kraal, and into the kraal, with a slow and solemn step, hand joined in hand, and with their eyes fixed on the ground in an apparently bashful manner; while all the men stood gazing at her form, and making whatever remarks they thought proper. A man, accompanied with a shield, preceded as a kind of harbinger. I expressed my disapprobation of so disgusting a law. After this ceremony, the bride returned to her husband's house. She could not, however, drink the milk of that place till a beast had been slaughtered, and some of the contents of the stomach mingled with milk, with which she must rinse her mouth, and afterwards she could lawfully and safely partake of their food. The latter ceremony, I suppose, arises from their notions of witchcraft; the exposure of her person seems intended as a sort of proof that the woman was not in a state of pregnancy before her marriage. When this business was finished, and the racing of the oxen concluded, a few people, coming from a distance, returned home; but the master of the kraal collected together about

one hundred and forty or one hundred and fifty persons, and I preached to them all, but did not propose prayer afterwards, as I feared it would not be reverently observed, by such an assembly on such an occasion. I however invited discussion, and particularly spoke against polygamy,—a subject that always interests the female part of the audience; and then, after commending the master of the kraal for allowing the young man, his son, to marry, instead of taking a young wife for himself, and refusing marriage to his son, as is too frequently the case; and giving the young man a knife as a present on such a happy day, I returned home to Mount Coke.

“*August 26th.*—Preached at Wesleyville according to the appointed change with Brother Young. It was a profitable day, and the large congregation received the word with deep attention. Brother Young has been the instrument of great good on that station.

“*September 2nd.*—After the services of this day, I spent some time in conversation with two individuals, who desire to be received on trial. They have a tolerably correct knowledge of the principal truths of holy writ; especially of the fallen state of man, and his redemption by Christ Jesus. And it is evident that a gracious influence is working on their minds. This afternoon I introduced the printed conference catechism, part 1., translated by Brother Shaw, and was happy to find that it was understood by those who were instructed from it.

“*September 9th.*—Preached again at Mr. Simpson’s place; had some difficulty to collect the people, but preached at length to forty hearers.

"*September 11th to 15th.*—Itinerated on the Xakoon the upper part of it. There are scattered rays of light amongst the people. At one kraal an aged woman observed that, when she was once at Mount Coke, she went to hear the word in the chapel, 'because God's house was free for all to enter into.' At another place, when preaching on judgment, &c., and mentioning as a reason for the destruction of the world, that it was defiled by sin, the question was asked whether the trees or cattle had committed sin, as they were sometimes smitten with lightning. At another place,— 'Why doth God suffer man to conquer Him by sin?' At Bisana's kraal; very attentive after long waiting. The old men uncommonly thoughtful. One remarked, 'Though we have all the riches of this world, and possess not the riches of God's word, the former will profit us nothing.' Repaid for inauspicious beginning of this day. Where we slept on Friday, we were not allowed to burn the wood of an old kraal, where, three years before, seven beasts had been smitten dead by lightning. The place was henceforward considered sacred; the people removed a little distance, and made a new kraal, and the master said that we must not burn that wood, for 'he was afraid of God.' Some at different places *felt* the word.

"*September 16th.*—2 Thess. i. 7-10; Heb. xii. 1, 2. The congregations were very large, and in the morning I was favoured with uncommon liberty and power in preaching some very awful truths to the people.

"*November 11th.*—Preached at Mr. Simpson's place. Had some trouble in collecting from thirty to forty hearers, the women being in their gardens. Had to reprove

many Kaffirs to-day, for working and travelling. On returning home, met two waggons travelling; reproved both the Englishmen and Hottentots who were driving, but the latter laid the blame on the former, by whom they were employed.

“*November 19th to 22nd.*—These four days were spent in preaching to the people on the Umtati and Tamana rivers. Three hundred and twenty souls have been instructed on the things of God. To preach to so dull a people is heavy work; for even when they *inquire* concerning divine truth, it seldom proceeds from any desire to understand much about it. Some of the questions put at one kraal were these:—‘How did those words get in the book you tell us about?’ ‘How did the first man who wrote them know them?’ ‘Is the soul of a good man in heaven the same soul that he had here upon earth?’ ‘Shall we know one another in a future world?’ ‘When the missionary returns home, does he tell God about us, and in what manner we have received His word?’ This last question was put to me more than once; several of the people seem to have an idea that we are something like the messengers their chief sends about any business, who, when he returns to the chief, gives him an account of the whole matter. We spoke at one place to a woman who has been long ill; when I asked her if she never wished to go above where God dwells, she said,—‘If I had wings I would fly up to heaven where He is.’ This remark proceeded from her ignorance, as she had no conception of its being possible to ascend up to God in any other way; yet it brought to my mind the phraseology of Psalm lv. 6. We slept one evening at

a kraal, where a most interesting conversation on sacred subjects was continued for more than an hour, chiefly by one individual. At this place lay a woman at the point of death; the preceding day it was thought she would die; therefore a hole was made, and she was carried out, on the door of the hut belonging to her, early in the morning, that without handling the corpse she might be tumbled into the rude grave as soon as dead. Her husband watched her during the day; but in the evening, as she was still alive, she was brought back again by the same means, and was still living in her habitation. Barbarous as such a practice may appear, it is better than their former custom of dragging the dying into the bush, and leaving the body to be devoured by the wolves. Interment of the deceased is becoming much more frequent throughout the land.

*“December 16th. Sunday.—*Opened new chapel in Graham’s Town. An elegant building; collections liberal; the best chapel in all Africa.

*“December 25th.—*Baptized Jantze by the name of Nathanael.

*“December 29th.—*A few days ago, a good man, formerly a member of an Independent church in Manchester, and now a trader in Kaffir-land, about twenty miles hence, applied to me and requested that I would visit his dwelling for the purpose of giving religious instruction to himself and the Kaffirs around him. I purpose shortly to visit him, and expect to form a third regular congregation in my circuit.

*“January 14th, 1833.—*By the gracious help of God I have this day finished the translation of Isaiah; it has been a work of much labour, and at one time I

feared I should not have been able to complete it before I left Kaffir-land. My brethren have laboured hard in the respective portions assigned them; and, I believe, with a degree of success beyond their former expectations. The translating of the entire scriptures for Kaffir-land will be an imperishable work; a blessing for all future generations.

" *February 19th.*—Our district-meeting has closed; a district in which much important business has been transacted. Arrangements have been made for translating the remaining portions of the New Testament in the course of the year; the gospel of Matthew, and the epistle to the Romans, have been assigned to me by my brethren.

" *February 25th.*—Removed with my family to Graham's Town. It was not my desire to travel in the colony, but I have yielded to the wishes of my brethren. It is matter of thankfulness I shall even here have so much direct missionary work, among various native tribes resident in this town and circuit; and it certainly contributes to my comfort to be nearer my eldest children at school. And, as my wife has been afflicted much with rheumatism the greater part of the last year, such an appointment may be providential, as we can now obtain medical assistance, which is rarely the case in Kaffir-land. Many times have I seen the goodness of God in overruling my own desires, and experienced the blessedness of submitting my own views to the judgment of others: so in this instance, had I absolutely refused a recommendatory appointment to the colony the preceding district, it is probable this year my wife's affliction would have

compelled me to solicit it from my brethren. In all things, 'good is the will of the Lord.'

"*March 5th. Tuesday.*—A day of sore affliction to this people. Their hearts were quite broken at parting with Brother William Shaw. Well might they sorrow, for he has greatly loved them, and faithfully served them in the Lord. In his removal, all the preachers in the district, as well as the societies, feel that they sustain a breavement; for, though yet a young man, he has been a father to many, and the wise counsellor and friend of multitudes. I trust he will live and return, for I look upon him as the Francis Asbury of Southern Africa."

From the last date, to the close of the year 1834, the entries in the journal are few and scanty. As superintendent of the Graham's Town circuit, and chairman of the Albany district, his time and strength were wholly absorbed. In a letter to the committee, dated Nov. 30th, 1833, he gives his plan of work, and indicates the state of the society:—

"Having fairly entered upon the work of the Lord in this circuit, I will set down the manner in which I employ my time. Every Monday, before breakfast, I read a portion of the holy scriptures in the original, and the same portion in the Dutch Bible, with Mr. Benson's commentary; and in family the same portion is read from the authorized version. The rest of the hours of each successive day are thus divided:—Sabbath, ministerial duties, including, besides preaching twice in English, &c., either a short sermon in Dutch to the natives, or an exhortation to Sunday-school children; Monday, pastoral visitation; Tuesday, translation of the scriptures. The last district-meeting made arrangements for us unitedly to complete the trans-

lation of the New Testament into Kaffir during the present year. Matthew and Romans have fallen to my share. Wednesday, employed entirely in searching the scriptures ; Thursday and Saturday forenoons, in preparing for the service of the sanctuary, in the ministry of the word ; Friday forenoon, visiting the sick and poor. The afternoons of these latter days, in general reading, and improvement in the Dutch. Of this language I had sufficient knowledge for general use in Kaffir-land ; but considerable improvement therein is necessary to enable me to converse and preach to the Dutch of the colony, as occasion may offer, without exposing myself to ridicule or neglect ; or divine truth itself to a cold and indifferent reception from a people who have no great predilection for a Wesleyan ministry. No doubt God will grant me such farther help as may be required. The division of the days and hours of the week, above given, appears to be, after a month's trial, suited to the circumstances in which I am placed, and will, therefore, be abided by, should my life and health be spared and continued in this circuit. It will leave no time for trifling, nor yet for melancholy ; but will assist me in the endeavour (O that I may not fail at last !) to gain the approval of Him whose favour is life everlasting to the soul. The mission press likewise brings upon us additional labour. Brother Haddy, who is thoroughly skilled in the Dutch language, has the superintendence of everything connected with that department ; the revising of the English and Kaffir is confided to me ; and my truly valuable colleague, Brother Young, has the onerous duties of attending to all the financial concerns of the district devolving upon him. By this division of labour, performed under the uniting influence of divine love, each goes through his daily work in the fear of the Lord ; cheered by His Spirit, aided by His presence, encouraged by His promises, and animated by the

expectation of such a reward in the end, as His great mercy in Christ Jesus may be pleased to bestow upon us.

“From the intercourse I have had with the members of society in renewing the quarterly tickets, as well as from the general knowledge I had previously obtained of their state, I feel satisfied that there is no reason to question the sincerity of their piety; and, in many instances it appears to be as deep as sincere. A few are only half awakened; others are truly and deeply penitent on account of sin; a goodly number are justified, and walking in the light of God’s countenance; and there are to be found amongst us those who enjoy the perfect love of God. Our wholesome discipline is well understood here, and practically attended to in all its branches, so that while the missionary abides by our excellent rules, he will have very efficient help afforded him by the leaders, and other official members of society. No man need fear to take charge of a circuit as the successor of Brother William Shaw; he will find that in temporal, as in spiritual matters, everything has been ‘done decently and in order.’

“One circumstance is particularly gratifying to my mind, as concerned with my duties in Albany. There is a strong and cordial union between the European members and the members belonging to various tribes of natives, who are stangely brought together in Graham’s Town. I have never known a communion of Englishmen so free from illiberal prejudices. Perhaps this is mainly owing to our freedom from slavery in Albany. Slavery creates a peculiar caste of its own; it does not give birth to inferiority of orders, but to degeneracy of race; it does not make a mere washer caste, or fisher caste, &c. &c., but a brute caste, and sinks man to the level of a beast, or even lower than that. Here it is not known; all colours love as brethren; and if a difference of language compels us to as-

semble in different congregations, we meet at one table of the Lord ; have our love-feasts together ; our leaders' meetings form, in every respect, but one society ; and whenever an exemption is made in regard to the contributions of the church, it is always in favour of the coloured race, who generally possess less ability and fewer means. Having begun so well, I trust, without making much noise about political rights and political oppressions, we shall prove ourselves to be, as a people, the sound, warm, temperate, constant, and consistent friends of all the natives, without respect to colours or to clime. Graham's Town is certainly destined to be a great light in Africa. It is exhilarating to consider the influence which religious principles have on the community. In this town, consisting of, perhaps, about four thousand inhabitants, there is a church for the members of the Establishment ; an Independent, and a Baptist meeting-house ; and two Wesleyan chapels, one for an English, the other for a native congregation. On the Lord's-day, not a single shop is opened from one end of the town to the other. Nothing scarcely is seen but the different congregations assembling together, each with numerous Sunday scholars, and their teachers waiting upon God. If the evening of the Sabbath is by some too much devoted to pleasure, still there is a large proportion of the community, who, throughout the day, worship God in spirit and in truth. If it please the Lord to pour out more abundantly His Holy Spirit on a people thus prepared for the divine influence, shall not the Gentiles beyond their borders come to their light, and kings or chiefs to the brightness of their rising ?”

The emancipation of slaves throughout the British empire, which was *the* event of this year, was celebrated as a day of social and religious gladness in South Africa, as in other parts of the British dominions. At

Graham's Town, twelve respectable coloured young men requested that they might act as waiters at the town's social gathering, as a token of their gratitude for the great boon of liberty. Their request was granted, and right deftly did they perform their task. The arrangements for the public religious service were in danger of evoking strife. Some of the established clergy proposed the use of a form of prayer, to which proposal some of the Nonconformist clergy refused to give their "assent and consent." Mr. Shrewsbury interposed as moderator, and suggested, as a compromise, that the 17th chapter of St. John's gospel should be read. To this all agreed, and thus it was that, at the meeting held to commemorate the glorious deliverance of the first of August, 1834, the Christians of Graham's Town breathed their desires to heaven in the name of Jesus Christ, in whom "neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision,"—neither Episcopacy, nor Presbyterianism, nor Congregationalism, nor Connexionalism,—and in His words they united in loving anticipation of the great and final gathering of the holy brotherhood, "where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free : but Christ is all, and in all."

In a letter to Mr. Goy, written three years after leaving Africa, Mr. Shrewsbury remarks,—“The circuit where I spent my best years was the last I had in Africa, namely, in Graham's Town. I think I have never, with any people, enjoyed so many gracious seasons of refreshing in preaching the word, as in that place ; nor did I ever go through such a complication of afflictions and distress as while residing there.”

CHAPTER X.
A CHAPTER OF SORROWS.

“In the world ye shall have tribulation : but be of good cheer.”—
John xvi. 33.

“Never yet
Was noble man but made ignoble talk.”
Tennyson.



CHAPTER X.



A CHAPTER OF SORROWS.

“**WHAT** son is he whom the Father chasteneth not?” This is one of those earnest and tender interrogatories which, from their inherent value and acknowledged currency with human sympathies, approve themselves as from the mint of “the kingdom of heaven.” Affliction, as chastisement from a loving and considerate Father, is a doctrine emanating from the Bible. The world knew it not before it was published in the word of God; but has often, since it has been revealed, with or without acknowledgment, borrowed it.

In this chapter it is intended to record the principal sufferings in the life of the subject of this biography.

The story of the Barbados persecution has already been told. From the days of that fierce conflict, rest was graciously vouchsafed for a season, by Him “who stayeth His rough wind in the day of the east wind.” Hardships there were, many and great, which befell the pioneer missionary in Kaffir-land; but these were cheerfully borne by a resolute will and a loyal heart, aided ever by the grace of God. But, while yet in Kaffir-land, an affliction suddenly came, which deepened into an abiding sorrow.

Under the date of Dec. 27th, 1830, this entry occurs in the journal:—"Julia narrowly escaped being burnt to death." This sad event happened just after her return with her elder brother from a school at Salem, to which the necessities of the mission required them to be sent, though of so tender an age. Three months of agonizing sufferings followed the accident, and no medical aid was accessible to alleviate them. The child, however, recovered, and, although her body was much marred, her intellectual nature retained all its quickness and power, and, for some years after, she gave promise of unusual mental ability. During a visit to a beloved friend of her father's, in the year 1837, she was aroused from sleep at the dead of night, by loud cries of "Fire! fire!" Suddenly leaping from her bed, she saw the horrid glare of flames which were issuing from an opposite house. Wild with terror, she was about to spring from her window into the street, when one of the domestics rushed into her room, seized her round the waist, and hurried her with the rest of the family to another house for security. A protracted illness followed this alarm. By the time her father had removed to Bradford, in Yorkshire, symptoms of mental aberration began to appear. The poor panic-stricken girl would rise by night, and pace her room, or hasten to her brothers' room, with fear in every feature, and exclaim that she was falling into fire. Ultimately, under urgent medical advice, she was removed to a retreat for afflicted minds, and despite all that science and skill could do, confirmed dementia ensued. How deep a grief this was to her father, the writer has often been called to witness, when,

during their annual visits to the retreat, the heart-broken parent has knelt with him beside the dear unconsciously desolate one, and paused to sob after repeating the words, "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven." It was not the least of the trials which followed this grief, that Mr. Shrewsbury's ordinary income did not suffice to meet the new and painful claim made upon him. He could never be induced to apply for the aid which is wisely provided in Methodism for cases of emergency. For a season, a few friends in the circuits he occupied subscribed the requisite amount, but eventually the friend to whom this book is dedicated took upon himself, with unsought generosity, the entire burden, which, with unremitting and unostentatious affection, he has continued to sustain during nearly a quarter of a century. And, let it be added, as if this were not enough, when Mr. Shrewsbury's retirement from the active duties of the ministry was necessitated by growing infirmities, the same friend found for him a most eligible house, near his own, and, with an affecting considerateness, concealed from his ex-pastor, notwithstanding their continuous intercourse, the extent of his generosity. When the writer, with some difficulty, discovered who was discharging the liabilities of rent and taxes, and felt in duty bound to communicate to his father the name of his benefactor, the information was received and responded to by a gush of grateful tears.

This record of Christian benevolence is given for two reasons,—to show that when God afflicts, He proves, by the tender and delicate attention of His providence, that He has a design in sending affliction, and that, whatever the design *may* be, it is *not* to hurt;—and to

remind those who, in moments of unworthy heat, rail at Methodism, that, as in other churches, so "in the midst of her," there are men who are true, trusty, and noble.

In passing, notice may be taken of a pecuniary embarrassment which, through no fault of his, was for several years, a torment to a man whose hatred of debt was intense. Mr. Shrewsbury had been induced, by private advisers, to publish a volume of sermons preached at Barbados, as a specimen of the doctrine he had given to his charge, upon the understanding that he was to be free from monetary liabilities. Meantime, the publisher in whose hands the manuscript was placed, was engaged upon a great work of a greater man. The famous "Theological Institutes" of the Rev. Richard Watson, whom Mr. Shrewsbury once described as a "fit companion for Gabriel," were passing through the press. The Barbados sermons were printed as opportunity offered, and were thereby not issued until the subsiding of the excitement about Barbados occasioned a flatness in the market, and the sermons, notwithstanding their excellence, shared the fate of many similar volumes, and had a tardy and unremunerative sale. In the year 1827 occurred the accession to the office of Methodist "book steward," of one whose name is now well known in the four quarters of the globe. The able financier, without knowing, and, possibly, without caring for the antecedents of the transaction, as between the author and his advisers, sent a characteristically brief and dry note to Mr. Shrewsbury, dated Oct. 13th, 1831, debiting the astonished Kaffir missionary with a balance of £122 7s. 2d., ac-

accompanied with an expression of surprise that he was allowing "the interest to accumulate." From that day, and for many years after, at the cost of privations not a few, remittances were sent until the balance was paid.

Pecuniary difficulties sink into insignificance when compared with the sorrow next to be detailed. The hardships of the Kaffir mission early told upon the health of Mrs. Shrewsbury. Arriving at Butterworth in the middle of the month of May, 1827, strong and cold winds prevailed for a season, and compelled the missionary and his wife, with their infant child, to "embrace the rock for want of a shelter." "As the rains were approaching," to quote from a brief but touching narrative published by Mr. Shrewsbury, "a mere hut was hastily erected, into which we entered eight days after it was begun, the plastered walls being still extremely wet and damp: and yet we preferred the risk of occupying it, to being exposed to the cold air and the damp vapours of the river, near which, for the first few days, we abode. We had succeeded, indeed, in establishing the mission; but before we had been there a month, my wife was attacked with violent rheumatic pains, to which was also added a severe ophthalmia, so that I feared at one time she would never recover her eye-sight." Many weeks of pain followed, and former vigour was ever regained. A second attack of her agonizing complaint followed in due time, and in the year 1832, when returning with her husband and a very young infant to Mount Coke from Graham's Town, they were overtaken by such heavy rains in the

Fish River bush, as defied the resistance of canvas. A third attack of rheumatism ensued, so severe as to distort all the joints, and induce lameness and utter prostration. A visit to the sea-side had just been tried in the opening of the year 1833, with slightly beneficial results, when Mr. Shrewsbury was brought to death's door by fever. Two months elapsed before his complete recovery, and then the children were in turns stricken with fever, until the house was known as "the hospital." A fourth attack of rheumatism followed the care and anxiety with which the faithful wife had nursed her husband and children through their sicknesses. The groans extorted by acute pain were accompanied by such remarks as, "I hope I do not murmur, I hope I shall never murmur." The Kaffir war which broke out towards the close of the year 1834, found her in an exceedingly debilitated condition. Occasionally the whole family was obliged, under military orders, to retire, for the night, to the house of a friend within that part of the town which was barricaded, in anticipation of an attempt by hostile Kaffirs. Six months after the outbreak of the war, Mrs. Shrewsbury's health was in such a condition, that the medical attendant insisted on the necessity of a sea voyage, as the only means of saving her life. She was willing to go, or not, as God might direct. Her devoted husband at once took a passage in the first available vessel. But his tender heart was nearing a dark and oppressive valley. On the last Sunday of May, 1835, his afflicted wife with difficulty reached the house of prayer, and took a seat close to the door. Painful forebodings hung over the preacher's soul, as he glanced, with

moistened eyes, at this unexpected and emaciated hearer, and as he discoursed upon the words of Jesus,—“Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.”

The following Sunday evening, he was hastily summoned from the administration of the Lord's Supper to her bedside, and heard her thrice repeat the ominous words, “Thank God, I can die, and leave my children with comfort.” The next night, as the cold sweats were upon her precious face, she was overheard to whisper, “Death! what is it? The servant of Christ.” Two days later, she requested that her children might not be brought within hearing again, saying,—“I have given them all up to God; yet, when I hear their voices, it distresses me.” Less than a week after this, early on the morning of June 13th, she said to her watching husband, “I am dying.” Utterly forgetful of the sacrifices she had made for the cause of God, not having withheld even life itself, she indicated where alone her trust was found, saying,—“I hang on Christ.” Seven minutes before she expired she gave a last kiss, with lips already cold, to him for whom many perils had been braved, summoning all her remaining energy to say,—“God bless you!” Anxious once again to hear her voice, before it was silent in death, her heart-broken husband, after a momentary pause, said,—“O my Hilaria, do try and speak once more.” She looked at him, and just as her pure spirit was passing into the presence of God, all the mother yearned within her, and her last words were,—“Take care of the children.” The day following, by a stern necessity of the climate, the funeral took place, amidst a large concourse of spectators. The sequel is thus given by the desolate

widower in a letter to his friend Goy:—"When I came home from the funeral, I went into the chamber, and desired nothing so much as to lie down on the same bed and die, only that I was checked by the thought, that her children and mine still lived, and I was their earthly all. Depend on it, Goy, none know the anguish of a widow, or of a bereaved husband, till they have *felt* it; it is only known by experience. But, in the midst of all, I never allowed one murmuring thought, nor found it difficult to submit my will entirely to the will of God. And this truly surprises me, that I, who am so fearful of heart, and easily bowed down with discouragement, and ready even to question the safety of my own state, should never find in any troubles whatsoever the want of so entire an acquiescence in the perfect and blessed will of God, that I can scarcely feel a wish for anything, but only that His will may be done. . . . Ten days after the burial of my wife, we finally left Graham's Town. It was evening, and the last place I visited was her grave. Having sent my family on in the waggon, I went to the sacred spot, accompanied by Brother Shepstone, and, having kissed the grave, I departed; and, when at some distance, turned round once more to take the *last look*. Just then the sun was sinking behind the hill, as though to remind me that the sun of my earthly enjoyments was set for ever. We travelled on to Algoa Bay, from whence we sailed for England, with *seven* motherless children, the oldest near twelve, and the youngest twenty months old. The voyage of eleven weeks was a melancholy one; the cares of the children, without nurse or servant, occupied my whole atten-

tion night and day." Many scenes of that sad voyage live in the writer's recollection. He recalls how, day by day, the stricken missionary would sit on deck with one or two children upon his knees, endeavouring to subdue his own grief, by interesting and instructing the motherless group. How can they forget the tender morning and evening kiss and blessing, and that revered form lying nightly upon the floor of the cabin, ever responsive to the cry of any of his young charge? How can they cease to cherish the remembrance of those lessons of love to the heathen, and to all men, which were often concluded by the singing of Heber's missionary hymn? It seems but yesterday since the juvenile choristers were singing around their parent's knees, as the ship sped on her way:—

“Waft, waft, ye winds, His story;
And you, ye waters roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole!”

Among the few treasures which the sorrowing head of the family brought with him from Africa, was a packet containing earth from his wife's grave. On the outside was written, “To be buried with me,” an instruction which has been sacredly observed.

I now approach the mention of events which I would gladly have omitted to notice, if fidelity to history and duty to a loved memory had allowed me. I refer to the misrepresentations which the subject of this biography had to endure, because of the line of conduct he thought it his duty to pursue, during

the Kaffir war, of 1834-5. He and his principal opponents and reviewers have since met in that blest world which knows no strife, because it is free, not only from sin, but from all errors of judgment. This consideration should disperse all mere partizanship, and lead to an investigation, not less kindly and forbearing than faithful.

On the morning of the 22nd December, 1834, as Mr. Shrewsbury was returning from Bathurst, he met Colonel England, who was riding out unattended. "Mr. Shrewsbury," said the colonel as they met on horse-back, "what are these rumours about the Kaffirs?" "Nothing more, I suppose, than their ordinary stealing," was the reply. For, only the Saturday before, Mr. Shrewsbury had received letters from sundry missionaries in Kaffir-land, expressing gratitude for tranquillity and peace. It soon appeared, however, on incontestable evidence, that preparations had been long and secretly made for invading the colony; and that Hintsä, the chief with whom Mr. Shrewsbury had resided, was at the bottom of the conspiracy. Four years prior to the outbreak, Hintsä was privately acquainting himself with the use of the musket. In a letter to the Rev. William Shaw, dated Mount Coke, June 26th, 1830, Mr Shrewsbury wrote, concerning two spies from Hintsä, who had visited Mount Coke, and had offered to convey messages to Hintsä:—"I embraced that opportunity of giving him the best advice in my power, and took the liberty of reprehending severely some recent occurrences, which they did not deny to have been wrong. I likewise informed Hintsä that we were not ignorant of a certain mysterious mes-

senger that was sent to him, accompanied by some bullets, while I was living with him, although he never informed me of the matter, and that much more of his words and actions were known in the colony than he was aware of,—not from missionaries, but from various sources which were at the command of the British government.” But, although this fact had an ugly look about it, the guileless missionary little suspected that a deep plot was being laid so early to murder and plunder the colonists.

Much has been written about the causes of the irruption of the Kaffir hordes upon the colony. But of all the causes assigned, none has been so utterly wide of the mark, as the statement that the Kaffirs were seeking to avenge wrongs done to them by the British settlers. To say that there never were occasional instances of injury to unoffending Kaffirs, would be equivalent to affirming that the colonists were superhuman in their virtues. But if Great Britain is to be judged by a few of her basest children, then must men pronounce us to be a nation of villains. Even exceptional cases of oppression, here and there, by an unworthy settler, were not wittingly unredressed by the law. There is no need for recondite research to discover the real cause why Kaffirs, scarcely beginning to emerge from barbarism, attacked settlers who had alighted upon unoccupied land contiguous to their own. Although the Kaffirs possessed the best of the country, they saw these new comers, by the skill and toil of civilization, make comparatively worthless regions productive, and to abound with flocks and herds. The observant savages coveted their “neighbour’s ox,”

and from this accursed "lust" of covetousness, a sin common to fallen human nature, came "wars and fightings." And this blind covetousness was indulged, although the native tribes had increased in numbers and wealth, and had enjoyed security, and many other benefits from their proximity to the colony. The vigorous and necessary suppression of their depredations, would naturally intensify their hatred of the British power. The alleged grievance which enabled the Kaffir chiefs to rouse a war feeling in the minds of the mass of their people, has been clearly shown to be the expulsion of the chief Makomo, and his clan, from the Kat river, in consequence of their oppression of a neighbouring tribe who were living under the protection of our government. But with this proceeding the British settlers had nothing whatever to do. After it was accomplished by the British troops, none of the colonists obtained any of the lands thus vacated. These were speedily occupied as a settlement by Hottentots and other coloured persons of African race, placed there with a view to the future defence of the colony, by the governor, on the advice of the late Sir Andries Stockenstrom.*

The following references to the war of 1834-5, occur among Mr. Shrewsbury's memoranda:—

"*Jan. 1st, 1835.* Every thing bustling, owing to Kaffir invasions.

"*Jan. 2nd.*—Visited a Kaffir in the Trunk, whose thigh was broken by a ball last night, while stealing cattle.

"*Jan. 3rd.*—Visited Kaffirs. Attended prayer-meet-

* See Rev. W. B. Boyce's *Notes on South African Affairs*, and Rev. William Shaw's *Story of My Mission*, page 141.

ings. Favoured with extraordinary enlargement of heart in prayer."

Particular attention is called to the next entry, as indicating the spirit alike of the missionary and many of the settlers.

"*Jan. 4th.*—Renewed the covenant. Text Ps. cxix. 94. This clause was inserted [in the form],—'And, since Thou hast made it my duty to love my enemies, and to express that love by doing them good, and praying for their salvation, I do here most solemnly renounce in Thy holy presence, O Lord God, all anger and malice, and bitterness and revenge, against the Kaffir tribes, who are now spreading desolation on every side; and in imitation of His blessed example, who entreated forgiveness for His murderers, I do sincerely purpose and resolve, henceforwards, to be more fervent in supplications unto Thee, for the conversion of that people, that they also may be brought to know Thee as their covenant God, and reverently to love and serve Thee, even as I do this day.'

"*N.B.*—Nearly all the members tarried; especially our country friends, who had lost their all.

"*Jan. 18th.*—Visited many sick. Conversed with Commander-in-chief, H. Smith. Spoke with honest freedom, in the fear of God.

"*Feb. 4th.*—Visited missionary brethren escaped from Kaffir-land. I want to be spiritual. Converse about Kaffir wars not constantly connected with thoughts of a heavenly kind.

"*Feb. 8th.*—Preached thrice at Salem. A day of much confusion on account of the Kaffir war. It is a righteous one on our part, and may be

called, as in Numbers, 'the wars of the Lord.'

"*Feb. 14th.*—Government advise the abandonment of Wesleyville.

"*Feb. 24th.*—Interview with governor."

For three months of harassing suspense were the settlers "before their enemies," ere the colonial forces were mustered to enter Kaffir-land. It was a melancholy sight to witness affrighted multitudes of women and children pouring into Graham's Town from the surrounding country,—wounded and sometimes murdered men conveyed in waggons,—and cattle, bleeding from assagai wounds, panting along the street. It was heart-rending to be compelled to crowd defenceless old people, and mothers with their children, in the central church, that there they might have at least a hope of sleeping in safety night by night.

From Dec. 21st, 1834, to Jan. 21st, 1835, the alarm in Graham's Town was at its height, as the Kaffirs had made a bold approach to the town, and had avowed their intention to fire it in different places, slay the men, and carry off the women. The destructive character of this Kaffir inroad may be briefly stated in the following summary, given in "Notes on South African Affairs," by the Rev. W. B. Boyce,—a work which is a complete refutation of the calumnies which were circulated against the colonists:—"The result of this invasion was utter ruin to above 7,000 people, who, from a state of moderate competency, were in a few days reduced to a miserable dependance upon the charity of the colonial government for daily bread. On a very low estimate of losses sustained, it appears that, during this irruption of the Kaffirs into the colony, 455 houses

and 58 waggons were burnt; 5,438 horses, 111,418 head of cattle, 156,878 sheep and goats, were carried off or destroyed; the estimated value of which was £288,625, exclusive of heavy losses sustained in Kaffirland by traders and missionaries, amounting to many thousands more."

On the 26th of March, 1835, the governor, Sir Benjamin D'Urban, joined the camp, and the war was prosecuted with increasing vigour.

To one who had prayed, wept, and toiled to save the Kaffirs as Mr. Shrewsbury had, it must have been a source of the deepest grief to see the work of years suddenly destroyed. Butterworth, the station he had founded and sustained with exemplary fidelity, was demolished. Ungrateful savages battered the doors and windows of the sanctuary, and spitefully broke the bell which had often summoned them to worship God. Hintsä, who had been so earnestly instructed, proved to be a treacherous and hardened thief and murderer.

When the colony was suddenly plunged into such perplexity and peril, it needs excite no wonder that the governor should seek advice of such as were competent to give it, as to the best mode of restoring and perpetuating peace with the Kaffirs. And, as few men were more intimately acquainted with the warring foe, and none so well knew Hintsä, it is not surprising that Mr. Shrewsbury's opinion was especially sought. In the presence of a wily and merciless enemy, and not knowing but that the whole of the colonists might be exterminated, it became his solemn duty to give such counsel as he thought best, to the representative of his

sovereign, as to what should be then and afterwards done, to prevent the recurrence of so terrible an outbreak. Accordingly, Mr. Shrewsbury drew up a paper of suggestions, which he handed to Colonel Smith for Sir Benjamin D'Urban's guidance. A letter of thanks from Sir Benjamin, dated Jan. 31st, 1835, is before the writer, in which the suggestions are characterized as "clear and valuable," and a request is preferred, that advice may be tendered from time to time, "without hesitation or delay."

This letter to Colonel Smith, which was the subject of so much debate, was dated it seems, Jan. 10th, 1835. Unfortunately Mr. Shrewsbury kept no copy of it. We are beholden, therefore, for our acquaintance with it to a hostile paper which reprinted it. The recommendations of this letter were, that the invading chiefs and people should forfeit their arms, country, and property, and be placed under British rule,—that deserters from British allegiance, who had taught the Kaffirs the use of fire-arms should be severely punished,—that those who had wantonly murdered British subjects should be surrendered and at once executed, and that the chieftains should be informed that they would forfeit their own lives if they knowingly substituted innocent persons for the actual murderers,—that chiefs who avowed friendship with the colony should be told that, if they sheltered enemies, or concealed plunder, they would be dealt with as enemies themselves,—that the advice of well-informed settlers should be sought from time to time in the prosecution of the war,—and, finally, that, upon the termination of the war, the neutral territory should be

occupied by the British,—that the Kaffir offenders (*i. e.* the ringleaders) whose lives had been spared, should be employed as convicts in making high roads through Kaffir-land,—that less notorious offenders, desiring to reside still in the forfeited territory, should be registered, and wear a tin medal as a passport of peace, instead of having the accustomed paper passports, and that British agents should reside in Kaffir-land for the purpose of administering British law.

This is an impartial presentation of the suggestions made by Mr. Shrewsbury, as understood in the light of explanatory remarks which he has left on record. At the close of these explanations, Mr. Shrewsbury adds,—“There is not an item nor an article contrary either to justice or humanity, nor that would not have contributed to the peace and security of all parties, and the advance of civilization amongst the native tribes. British power is mercy : whom it controls it saves.”

While the meaning of the anxious and loyal missionary appears both plain and, as might be expected, humane, as interpreted by his subsequent annotations, the writer is constrained to confess, in all candour, that, lacking these explanations, some of the suggestions appear brusque, and even harsh. Such as had hastily adopted the theory that the colonists were the aggressors, and not the aggressed, must inevitably have formed a most unfavourable opinion of them. Foremost amongst these was an able and energetic agent of another missionary society, who would have followed “a more excellent way” if he had carefully abstained from impeaching the then leader of a kindred Christian mission. One might have supposed

that, being largely acquainted with the Hottentots of his own denomination, and having heard from them many a tale of their former oppression, under the Dutch regime,—when the Hottentot was an abject slave, and was put, in one place at least, upon a par with the dogs of the land,—he had generously resolved to champion the aboriginal inhabitants in general, and the Kaffir in particular. But it is strange, to say the least, that he who now became prominent as the friend and patron of the Kaffir, should have seemingly forgotten that he and his own mission had a history. Seeing that one of their choicest missionary locations was granted, according to his own published account, as a reward for the expulsion of hostile Kaffirs, and with a view to possible military operations in the future, and that he himself, so late as 1834, had recommended the very governor whom he afterwards held up to public reprobation, to put the Hottentots in the neutral territory, upon land once possessed by the Kaffirs, and that, on the eve of the war of 1834-5, he had made an offer to the governor to raise a Hottentot contingent against the Kaffirs from his own mission-stations, it is perplexing to reconcile these facts with the attempt to convict the colonists of the responsibility of occasioning the war. The writer has abundant evidence before him to show that grounds of accusation against the colonists had been previously sought. If one half of the statements made by grievance-mongers to this Christian gentleman had been true, a less humane and philanthropic man would have been roused to a determined exposure of the wrongs done. It will not surprise some that, with a mind committed to views adverse to a belief in

colonial fairness, he should have taken the course he did. Even with these prepossessions, had he known Mr. Shrewsbury at all intimately, he would have been compelled to resist the imputation of severity, despite questionable language in the suggestions to Colonel Smith. But, having only a slight and casual acquaintance with the author of the suggestions, and being oppressed with exaggerated and mistaken notions of the conduct of the colonists towards the Kaffirs, he is not, perhaps, to be too severely judged, for putting such a construction upon some of these suggestions, as led him to denounce them as a whole. Well it would be, especially for such as occupy prominent positions in the churches, if they required even their humanity to wait upon their judgment.

Some who coincided with the views already indicated attacked Mr. Shrewsbury, both in the press and from the platform. And so it came to pass, that a man who had been driven from Barbados, because he was thought unduly to befriend the slaves there, and who had been prepared to lay down his life for the salvation of the Kaffirs, had to return to his fatherland, not only a widower, but, as it were, excommunicate from certain circles, for alleged cruelty to Africans. And as to the unfortunate colonists, they were slandered on every side, while, to quote Mr. Shrewsbury's words,—“A country which nobody inhabited, was taken from farmers beginning to occupy it, and given to a people who would not live in it. What monstrous injustice and folly! But it was called ‘philanthropy,’ and pleased gullible John Bull.”

Arrived in England, Mr. Shrewsbury's own com-

mittee took exception to the suggestions, and were annoyed that an honoured missionary of theirs should be exposed to such abuse, and that the society for whom they were acting should have to share the blame. In the course of the investigation, some very severe remarks were addressed to Mr. Shrewsbury, by one whom he greatly loved and revered,—even to his life's end. The committee expressed their sentiments in the following resolution:—

“That the committee feel themselves painfully, but imperatively compelled, by a sense of public duty, to record their most entire and unqualified disapprobation of the step unhappily taken by Mr. Shrewsbury on that occasion. They judge that the advice given by him to the commander of the forces, then about to proceed against the Kaffir invaders of the colony, if understood in its obvious and literal meaning, was, in various particulars, most unaccountable, and revolting to the principles, and feelings of humanity and religion; and, if even it were possible for a moment to suppose that any circumstances could have justified such recommendations as he gave, it was still highly unbecoming the station and character of a minister of the gospel of peace, and contrary to the standing instructions which this society gives to all its missionaries, that he should interfere at all, even though requested by the military authorities, in the discussion of questions of this nature, or that he should take any part, directly or indirectly, in the suggestion of measures having an aspect of such extreme severity.”

On this resolution Mr. Shrewsbury has written briefly.

"1. St Paul's advice to magistrates, 'to be a terror to evil doers,' and 'not to bear the sword in vain,' is perhaps extremely 'revolting to the principles and feelings of humanity and religion.'

"2. The conclusion seems to intimate that I had *much* to do in this matter. The whole occurred in the space of an hour. I seldom had intercourse with the authorities, attended no 'discussion' of any kind, but tendered, when requested, my thoughts for 'consideration,' not *adoption*. The whole, as it would be understood by those who thoroughly knew the case, and the circumstances of the parties, would be regarded as far from 'extreme severity.' For my own part, if all the tribes to Faku were under the British government, I should rejoice; it would save many lives, and prevent numberless cruelties every year."

If Mr. Shrewsbury had been tried by a court of his brethren in South Africa, a very different resolution would have been passed. While missionaries in distant lands should rejoice that they have the watchful and kindly eye of a central executive committee upon them, it behoves such a committee to exercise the utmost caution and forbearance in the consideration of questions, which require the elucidation of circumstances purely local, and which are, therefore, beyond the immediate reach of their investigation.

Mr. Shrewsbury retired from the committee in London, thoroughly wounded and crushed. When he was urged to vindicate himself against the charges of the public press, he could calmly reply,—“He that believeth shall not make haste.” But now his brethren, whom he loved as his own soul, had condemned him,

and he must go forth from their presence with the brand of inhumanity upon him. Was it possible that he should have been cruel to the unhappy Kaffirs? Had he not expatriated himself, and ventured, life in hand, to reside where no white man had as yet dwelt, that he might teach the nude, restless, and fickle savage how to be happy here and hereafter? Had he not been a loving evangelist among them, living on their hard fare, and teaching and sleeping in their smoke-filled huts? Had he not yearned over their sick, and wept over their sorrowing? Had he not sometimes denied himself of food that he might feed their hungry ones? Had he not, after wearisome journeys, stayed the long and sleepless night through with condemned Kaffir murderers, that he might minister to their salvation and consolation? When 'commandos,' in their warfare of reprisals, had sought to encamp with him, in what strain did he write to his friend, Rev. W. Shaw? "Let them turn aside from us, and pitch on common, not on hallowed ground. If the officers visit, I am willing to treat them with hospitality; and if the people fight, my house shall cheerfully be converted into a hospital for the wounded, whether English, Dutch, or Kaffir; but no major, colonel, lord, or duke, if I can help it, shall encamp with his host and insignia of war, where I may be called by divine providence to dwell." In a word, here was a man remarkable above most men for an exceeding tenderness of spirit, accused and condemned for harshness and severity towards a people, not a few of whom he had "begotten through the gospel." Writing to his friend Goy about what had transpired in the committee, he remarks,—

“ I certainly received very hard measure from the missionary committee but I have found it more profitable to retire into my chamber, and humble myself before God, then go abroad as a gladiator, and contend with man. The committee never half understood the matter, and I think never will ; no man can understand the affair thoroughly, unless he was placed in the same circumstances ; nor do I doubt but that, if I had been merely a member of the committee, and looked at the business through the media of the excitement and prejudices almost inseparable from the thoughts and feelings of society in this country, but that I should have formed the same opinion and judgment as they did.” Here Mr. Shrewsbury’s true nobleness of character asserts itself. Granted, as has been already said, that a committee of a large and important society should proceed very cautiously, and upon unimpeachable evidence, in the trial of one of its agents for words spoken, and acts done, in a far-off land, and under exceptional circumstances, and granted, further, that popular clamour against the accused should be calmly disregarded, still candour must own and commend the fidelity of men, who, from a sense of duty, rebuke one whom aforesaid they had delighted to honour, when, after deliberation, they think rebuke is required. Not a long time before Mr. Shrewsbury stood in the presence of the committee, to answer for his conduct, a very distinguished minister and leading member of the committee had thus written to him:— “ Permit me to assure you of the high personal respect which is always associated with your name in my recollection of your services and sufferings.” Had not

Mr. Shrewsbury's mind been overwhelmed with anguish on the loss of the wife of his youth, it would doubtless have occurred to him that it must have been a source of unaffected grief to those who had so greatly loved and esteemed him, to pursue the course they did. It was certainly a misfortune that he did not submit the draft of the famous letter to Colonel Smith to his brother missionaries. They might probably have modified the phraseology, so as to have prevented the possibility of misconstruction. Had he written upon an occasion of less immediate urgency, he would most probably have consulted some of his brethren, so as to secure that harmony of action which is so desirable in a co-pastorate.

Reviewing the whole of this case, while wishful to admit that Mr. Shrewsbury's principal opponent, at any rate, though misguided, and, perhaps, from political bias, not too partial to Methodism, was sincere, and while allowing that the missionary committee were actuated by the highest motives in pronouncing against him,—it must be conceded that the entire affair formed a trial of no ordinary magnitude. Blessed be God! the sorrow thereof was alleviated by the affectionate, and even reverential letters which he received from time to time from his missionary brethren in Kaffir-land. "I believe," wrote good Mr. Ayliff, in 1837, "that soon the Lord will make your righteousness to appear to the deep humiliation of our enemies. Oh, I should not say 'enemies,' because I hope they are but 'mistaken brethren,' as you have called them in your letter to me."

Time fully avenged the traduced missionary. Ere

long one of the secretaries of his own committee, publicly vindicated him at Nottingham and elsewhere, and declared him incapable of recommending anything that was not humane. If the same gentleman had, from his place in the committee, moved the rescinding of the condemnatory resolution, his vindication of Mr. Shrewsbury would have been still more complete. But, although the writer has had free and generous access granted him to search the archives of the committee, in quest of information for this biography, he has failed to discover that such a course was adopted. Sir Benjamin D'Urban, in a manly and indignant reply to a hasty and ill-advised despatch of Lord Glenelg, defended the Wesleyan missionaries of South Africa in general, and Mr. Shrewsbury in particular. He who had, as Colonel Smith, received Mr. Shrewsbury's "suggestions," was afterwards, as Sir Harry Smith, the governor of the colony, and wisely carried into effect the underlying principle of those "suggestions," namely, the subjection of mis-ruled and marauding Kaffir-land to British authority,—while, on the other hand, the sudden reversal of the policy of Sir B. D'Urban, in all its essential points, by order of the British government, no doubt laid the foundation, and furnished the occasion for the subsequent destructive Kaffir wars. In 1846, the leading paper of the colony remarked, in one of its articles,—“The war that is raging, proclaims, as by thunder, the perfect truthfulness of his (Mr. Shrewsbury's) opinion, and carries conviction to every impartial mind, that, had it been adopted, the severe sufferings endured, and the losses sustained, by both colonists and Kaffirs, would have

been entirely avoided." Four years prior to this, some of the opponents of what had been designated by certain newspapers as "the wretched Wesleyan policy," were undergoing conversion to that "policy." Mr. Shrewsbury is informed, in a letter from an unchallengeable authority in the colony, that his chief antagonist, borne down by the force of "facts discovered in a recent tour," was about to urge the extension of British jurisdiction over the whole of the native tribes of South Africa. The jurisdiction which Mr. Shrewsbury and, ultimately, his opponent advocated is now, to some extent, an accomplished fact, to the immense benefit, not only of the Kaffir, over whom Mr. Shrewsbury had expended much more labour than the Christian brother who had misjudged him, but also of the Fingoe, whose more pressing claim, not Mr. Shrewsbury, indeed, but those who antagonized his views, had overlooked in their zeal for the Kaffir, the Fingoe's former oppressor. This issue of events supplies additional confirmation of the truth of a remark of the author of "Researches in South Africa:"—"While our missionaries, beyond the borders of the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, are every where scattering the seeds of civilization, social order, and happiness, they are, by the most unexceptionable means, extending British interest, British influence, and the British empire." In harmony with this sentiment, Mr. Shrewsbury observed,—“God will employ the British government I doubt not, along with Christian missionaries, as a mighty instrument for blessing the world with rational, safe, and free political institutions.”

In an interview which the writer had with Sir Harry

Smith a few years ago, the veteran general spoke in the highest terms of affectionate commendation of his "friend Shrewsbury," and of the invaluable aid which he had rendered him in South Africa, and added words of enthusiastic praise concerning the uniform loyalty of Wesleyan Methodist missionaries, as he had known them in different parts of the world.

It was doubtless kindly meant, as we judge from a letter of one of the missionary secretaries, that Mr. Shrewsbury was sent, at this crisis, to supply a vacancy at Boulogne, in France. It was, nevertheless, an inconsiderate arrangement. What it cost him, we may gather from a letter to Mr. Goy, in the year 1838:—"A few days before I crossed the channel, my youngest child died suddenly of croup: but, having buried her, without mentioning the matter, I left four of my children with my parents, the two eldest boys being at Woodhouse Grove school, and went to Boulogne, where, shut out from all society, my deceased wife in Africa, my children widely separated in England, and myself hunted with calumnies, I had full leisure to sit in my room, and weep from day to day over the extraordinary calamities which had come upon me. Now I could understand and use the prayer, 'The sorrows of my heart are enlarged: O bring Thou me out of my distress.'"

The death of his wife, and the subsequent painful events just narrated, occasioned Mr. Shrewsbury a severe struggle as to his future career. The severity of the struggle was increased from the threatened failure of his health. At the formation of the Butterworth station, when, as we have stated, his wife was seized

with the first of a series of painful attacks of disease, which ended in her premature decease, he himself contracted an asthma, through exposure to the weather, night after night, during the prevalence of some very cold winds. Grief and disease, together, weighed down the spirits of the returned missionary, so as to lead him to contemplate withdrawal from the regular ministry. The following sketch, written in France, was found among his papers. If additional confirmation be needed of the utter mistake of attributing to him want of humanity to the Kaffirs, it will be found in this outline of a letter.

“REASONS FOR RETIRING TO AFRICA.”

“The pastorate is a burden I cannot bear. Why not continue (in Africa)? Because passage was taken: mind afflicted at loss: and not then, as now, decided. But not spent one happy day in England.

“1. My want of Christian experience, which disqualifies me for the pastorate. The office is too high for me. None can know the state of my own heart as I know it myself. I ought not to stand in the place of holier and better men.

“2. Graham’s Town is exactly the sphere for me. No employ in England for a broken constitution. But could teach colonial and native youth, and so fulfil my vow.

“(1.) Occasionally useful to Christian friends, and they to me, as Roberts’s spiritual instructions as my class-leader.

“(2.) Affection for brethren in Africa.

“(3.) Useful to natives,—Dutch, Hottentots, Kaffirs, &c.,—and generally as an exhorter. Of advantage to the mission, to have a stand-by in case of sickness, deaths of missionaries, &c.; need of much local help.

“(4.) Engage not to commit myself on any political

subject: nothing without Mr. Shaw. Nor interfere to make a party: no Warrenite.

“(5.) The nature of employments, and general length of days would enable me, by rising early, to spend an hour or two in devotional reading of the scriptures.

“(6.) Could have all my children about me, and educate them myself; this I cannot do if I itinerate.

“(7.) Could occasionally visit the tomb of Hilaria, and at last be buried in her grave. This much on my mind since in England.

“(8.) Then no one would any more think too highly of me, as a Christian; which they necessarily do while my name stands on the printed minutes. For, by common consent, Methodist ministers are justly esteemed as the most holy and devoted men to the service of God on the face of the earth; whereas, I follow but at a distance.

“(9.) Committee and conference send me out gratuitously, and £5 on reaching Graham’s Town, in lieu of children’s claim, &c. &c.: and I would serve them as far as possible, but unofficially. This my highest privilege, to be a missionary helper, instead of a missionary.

“Thus I neither give up preaching call, nor mission call.

“Request early removal from France.

“To be said in minutes,—W. J. S., who wishing to become *localized* in South Africa, resigns his office as an itinerant preacher.”

Happily for himself, and for the church, this design was not fulfilled. For more than quarter of a century afterwards, despite manifold paroxysms of suffering, occasioned by his asthma, he continued to preach the gospel in his fatherland.

In every circuit, without exception, in which Mr.

Shrewsbury laboured, he had to undergo either personal or domestic affliction. One of the most painful of these visitations occurred while he was at Dewsbury. The writer recalls, with a sadness that has not yet been healed by time, how his revered parent met him in Leeds, and, throwing his arms around his neck, exclaimed, with the deepest grief, "Joseph is not!" Joseph, a model son and brother, had completed his medical studentship at Bradford, and was burning with desire to go forth as a missionary to the most desolate of the heathen, when he was suddenly removed into His presence, who said aforetime, "Thou didst well that it was in thine heart," and in "these last days,"—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." When the great ornament of his house, a son in whose every word, act, and look, filial piety, reverence and affection are sublimed by a seraphic love to the Saviour, and who gives promise of a life of honour and usefulness, is snatched away by death, great indeed must be a father's sorrow. And such was Mr. Shrewsbury's sorrow.

On the mantel-piece of Mr. Shrewsbury's study, of late years, might be seen two pieces of stone, each having its own history. The one was part of the first letter of the word "Wesleyan," which had once belonged to the marble inscription upon the front of the Barbados chapel; the other was a stone weighing from three to four pounds, which had been thrown violently through the window of Mr. Shrewsbury's house, and had all but maimed one of his children. In the year

1852, when Mr. Shrewsbury was stationed at Yeadon, he was the victim of an outbreak of lawless fanaticism. On the 7th of March of that year, one Sabbath evening, an attempt was made by certain parties to take forcible possession of the old Wesleyan chapel for the purpose of holding a prayer-meeting. A scene of godless tumult ensued, fitted to make all true Christians blush and weep. The following day, a public meeting of the inhabitants was summoned by the bell-man, to consider what was to be done in this matter of contested right. The writer mingled with the crowd that was gathered on the "green," as a void patch of ground in the centre of the town was still called, though destitute of every trace of verdure. The speakers were mounted on a cart, and were addressing to the assembly, most of whom were young men, sentiments subversive of all law and order. One speaker, after laying down as a principle of law, that a building that they and their fathers had subscribed for was theirs, and that they must take possession of it forcibly, if necessary, regretted that he had not been with them the night before to "partition [petition] the Almighty." He assured them that providence was on their side, and concluded by an unctuous quotation of the lines commencing,

"God moves in a mysterious way," &c.

He was followed by others, who delivered themselves in like manner. Fearing what might ensue from such addresses to an ignorant rabble, the writer asked and obtained permission to speak to the people. He reminded them that, if they had been wronged, the law was open to them, and they could obtain redress; but

that the resorting to physical force was unmanly, un-English, and un-Christian. On the third of these points he ventured to quote the well-known injunction to "lead quiet and peaceable lives." The quotation was received scornfully by a middle-aged man in the midst of the crowd, who shouted aloud, "We have had enough of the doctrine of passive obedience; we will have no more of it." Finishing what he had to address to the assembly, the writer said aside to his contemporaries in the cart, "You have raised a spirit here that you will not be able to lay." Intermingling with the people afterwards, one of them said to him,—“ We don't mean to use physical force.” Well then, what shall you do, if you can't get into the new chapel? "Oh," said he, with a strong provincial pronounciation, "*we shall brak it open!*"

The fruit of this meeting soon appeared. On the gate-post of Mr. Shrewsbury's house were chalked the words, "A prudent man foreseeth the evil and hideth himself," and there were rumours of mischief afloat. That very night, a gang of men, mad with intoxicating drink, attacked Mr. Shrewsbury's house, and demanded admission, and the money they and their fathers had paid for the building of the house and chapel. When admission was refused, they assailed the bed-room windows with stones. As volleys were coming in thick and fast, the writer and his father collected all the family, and stowed them in the apartment of the most helpless in the house. These were Mr. Shrewsbury's parents, both of them upwards of eighty years old, the one being blind, and the other very infirm. The window being barricaded with bedding and other

materials, the door was shut, and Mr. Shrewsbury and his son kept watch at the top of the stairs. After vainly attempting to effect, for a length of time, a forcible entrance, the drunken ruffians departed. Towards day-break, the humbled minister said to his son, "You see we have no one come to our aid, though many must have heard this uproar; I have had my father and mother living with me in peace for sixteen years: they shall not now be murdered by these brutes; I will leave this house and place." Accordingly, early the next day, the writer saw a few friends within a distance of three miles, and, before night, the whole of the pastor's large family were housed in divers kind and hospitable dwellings.

On the following Sabbath morning, the biographer accompanied his father to the Yeadon chapel, in which it was his turn to officiate. He was giving a series of expositions of St. Matthew's gospel. Appropriately enough, the portion for that morning embraced the beatitude which solaces those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake. Alluding once, in passing, to the outrage that had occurred to him in the week preceding, the preacher observed,—“If I knew who had attacked my house, I would not hurt a hair of their heads. But God will find them out.” The next day, a small house having been obtained at Guiseley, an adjoining village, the attempt to remove the furniture thereto was resisted by a mob. At midnight the house was entered, plundered, and defaced. The following day an application for aid was made to the county magistrates, as Yeadon belonged to no borough, or, as the mob phrased it, “There was no law for Yeadon.” On the 17th of

March, seven constables were sent from Bradford to effect the removal of the furniture. The mob, summoned by the tolling of a bell, collected by hundreds, and over-mastered and stoned from the town the constables. A meeting of magistrates was held thereupon at Henshaw, and the Yeadon constables were cited before them. One of these worthies, whose name we suppress, came in his greasy smock to meet their worships. Not satisfied with this piece of barbarity, he took a seat at the elbow of the presiding magistrate, albeit his brother constables called his attention to the fact, that there was a seat for him near them. "O there's room enough here," said the functionary, "if he will nobbut tak his hat and boik," at the same time putting these chattels of the astonished magistrate upon his knees. Then, stretching his begrimed arm past the civil ruler's face, he pulled the bell-rope, and, on the appearance of one of the waiters of the inn, roughly ordered "three of gin." As might be expected, the indignant magistrate showed him the door. At this interview with the constabulary, the magistrates threatened the riot-act and the military, unless the furniture was removed within a given time. This spurred the notoriously inadequate zeal of the constables, and the same night the goods were removed under escort of some of the roughest of the mob, who, now that they were in charge, dared any one to touch the property. Before this stage of the proceedings, however, the house had been wrecked, and much of the furniture had been destroyed.

After so manifest a dereliction of duty, the constables aforesaid sent the following demand to the

circuit steward, who, week, good man, paid it for peace sake. The original bill is before the biographer, and a copy, save the names, is annexed :—

1852. Mr. _____, Dr.

TO THE CONST. OF YEADON.

		£	s.	d.
March 15.	2 const. 1 night		10	0
15.	9 men Artisting	1	7	0
16.	2 men 1 day		7	0
16.	4 do. 1 night		16	0
17.	4 cons. 1 day	1	0	0
18.	4 do. 1 Night day	2	0	0
18.	6 men Asisting	1	4	0
18.	To 3 carts		14	0
	To meat and ail Tobac		12	1½
		<hr/>		
		8	10	1½
	2 men Asisting } in removing }		6	0
		<hr/>		
		8	16	1½

Sottled by
the Constables of Yeadon.

This "sottling" is attested by four signatures.

On the 19th of March, Mr. Shrewsbury entered his new and humble dwelling, previously occupied by a weaver, at Guiseley, and used the vestry of the chapel as his study. On the 20th, an open-air meeting was held in Yeadon, and resolutions were passed to prevent the holding of the usual services in the chapel on the Sunday next ensuing. For some Sundays afterwards, the mob of Yeadon, aided by roughs from many adjoining places, prevented the lawful occupancy of the premises,

and, now masters of the position, forced such as had no legal right of entrance to occupy the pulpit, willing or unwilling. For some time, Mr Shrewsbury and his family were subjected to petty annoyances at Guiseley, such as the burning of effigies before the door, the firing off of guns, and insulting shouts of some of the Yeadon rabble.

In the meantime, a memorial, setting forth the whole case, was addressed to the magistrates, and the trustees were appealed to in a judiciously prepared letter. On the 6th of April, Mr. Shrewsbury, attended by Mr. Starkey—a man whom every one praised until he proved to be faithful, among many who were not as faithful—and others appeared before the magistrates at Leeds, and warrants were issued for the apprehension of certain parties. When two of the ponderous stones that had been thrown into the house were produced, the magistrates shuddered, and the chairman expressed the sympathy of the bench with Mr. Shrewsbury, for “the gross and malignant outrages to which he and his family had been exposed.” When the trial came on, the case against the parties summoned failed for want of clearness in the evidence. The witnesses for the prosecution were far less at home in the witness-box than at a class-meeting, and were so manipulated by dexterous counsel, as to be made to give confused statements, and, although eight of the rioters were bound to appear for trial at the York assizes, the case ultimately broke down, and the culprits escaped. In anticipation of having to go to the York assizes about this affair, Mr. Shrewsbury wrote,—“I had rather be employed a week in breaking stones on the highway.”

And again,—“O my poor Greek and Hebrew, how sadly interrupted by all this miserably slow law-work!” Eventually, however, by means of that patience to which “slow law-work” is not unfavourable, new trustees were secured, and the faithful few were enabled again to worship God in peace.

A slanderous perversion of the facts of this riotous outbreak appeared in one of the organs of the press, and the writer of the article, which bears traces of personal spite, spoke of Mr. Shrewsbury as a Kaffir-hating Methodist missionary, and endeavoured to fasten upon him the responsibility of the entire tumult. It was well known, however, strange as it may appear, that for Mr. Shrewsbury, personally, some of the rudest of the people expressed their respect, but they attacked him, they said, as the representative of the conference. The writer is unwilling to blame those who, under a time-honoured name, divided the Wesleyan Methodist connexion, “for better for worse,” for the shameful proceedings at Yeadon, especially as they had the manliness promptly to issue placards, characterizing these proceedings as “wicked and wilful,” and repudiating “such outrageous conduct.” Still, Christian men ought to know that ecclesiastical politics, as surely as civil politics, will madden those who become intense partizans, and lead to “envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness.” It behoves all Christians to seek for that “perfect love” which will not allow them to magnify comparative trifles, so as to make them appear objects worthy an earnest contest, and, above all things, to set their faces against slander which, more than any other sin, identifies those who invent and those who use it

as the employés of the devil. If, unhappily, Christians will quarrel, and, in their impatience and pettishness, invoke the sympathy and help of the world, let them not be surprised if ungodly violence outsteps their appeal, and desolates the ways of Zion.

Passing over other sorrows of the subject of this biography, which are too sacred to be exposed, a brief mention may be made of a trial that befell his old age. Hannah Jane, the youngest daughter of Mr. Shrewsbury, was cut down "as a flower of the field," at an age when her father, now retired from ministerial activities through growing infirmities, was anticipating much joy in her life and opening prospects of usefulness. By a mysterious providence, this dear and lovely girl, the betrothed of a missionary who had won her father's highest esteem, after being confined to bed by a lingering illness of nearly a year's duration, under the parental roof, died at Bacup on the 21st of November, 1865. Supported to her grave, her venerable father bent over the coffin and wept, saying,—“Farewell Jinnie, for a little while.” But then, as throughout all the sorrows of his life, he was sustained by a firm belief in the truth which was the last that trembled on the lips of his dying child,—“God is love.”

CHAPTER XI.

THE ENGLISH PASTOR.

“He waited after no pompe ne reverence,
He maked him no spiced conscience,
But Cristes lore, and His apostles twelve,
He taught, but first he folwed it himselve.”

Chaucer.



CHAPTER XI.



THE ENGLISH PASTOR.

FOR a period of twenty-five years, namely, from 1836 to 1861, Mr. Shrewsbury laboured in England.

We have seen how diligently he prepared for the Lord's work, ere he reached the threshold of his stewardship. He was a student "from his youth." His first effort was to supplement a deficient education in his own language. This accomplished, he addressed himself to the study of Hebrew and Greek, until he could read the Bible in the original of both languages with ease. He was able both to converse and correspond in Hebrew, with a friend who was a Jewish rabbi. As an exercise in Hebrew caligraphy, he wrote out the whole of the Pentateuch in the original. Perhaps few men equalled him in the beautiful neatness with which he formed the Hebrew characters. Of the several hundreds of volumes of works which had accumulated upon his shelves by the time he was stationed in Barbados, he had read and annotated every volume. Following Hooker's advice, to make every study pay its contribution to the word of God, he had prepared at the end of each volume a table of scripture texts, or doctrines illustrated. The destruction of such a library was, therefore, an irreparable loss. Amidst all the

toils of pioneer life in South Africa, a persistent course of study was pursued. At the close of each year's journal, there is appended a list of works read in Kaffir-land during the year. The number of volumes read per year averages *fifty*, and some of these were by no means easy reading, either as to bulk or matter.

While in Kaffir-land, Mr. Shrewsbury commenced a diligent research in "the law of the Lord," which was "his delight." He studied simultaneously the Hebrew, Septuagint, and Vulgate in the Old Testament, comparing them with such modern translations of the Bible as were familiar to him. With undeviating earnestness, he prosecuted this favourite toil, until within a few months of his death, making annotations as he proceeded. As the result of his labours, he has left twenty-four volumes of admirably written manuscript, containing a commentary upon the entire of the Old Testament, and reaching to the end of the twenty-second chapter of St. Matthew's gospel in the New Testament. At the close of the last comment in the twenty-fourth manuscript volume, the following memorandum is appended, with a faltering hand:—"If it had so pleased God, I could have rejoiced to have had continued to me ten more years for vigorous study, by which time I might have completed all my notes on holy scripture, gathering up as I proceeded the fragmentary remarks which lie scattered in my private writings. But of late my health and strength have so rapidly declined, that I am compelled to retire from this sacred toil. Sight too becomes dim; a small matter burdensome; and that much study, 'which is a weariness to the flesh,' the flesh can no longer sustain.

I yield to necessity; I give thanks to the Father of mercies for what I have been able to accomplish; and now, placing myself at His feet, humbly beseech Him to pardon my sinfulness, and to accept my services for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

“It appears to my mind that the Divine Master sets me free from literary toil; henceforwards I may chiefly improve my leisure, as weariness will allow, by reading the useful instructions of others; the fatigues of the desk and of composition I can no longer bear. My chief author for the present will be good Matthew Henry, whose commentary I hope to read through in time. So I seal up my own writings, and retire on this twenty-fifth day of August, 1865.”

His annotations upon Ezekiel, Daniel and the Minor Prophets, condensed by one of his sons, have been given to the public, at the request and with the generous aid of a few friends at Birstal and Batley. These Notes display independence of thought, shrewdness of remark, a fastidious examination into the force of the original text, and a devout deference to the Divine Author of the sacred word.

Mr. Shrewsbury took his full share of the work of translating the Bible into the Kaffir language. The prophecy of Isaiah and some other portions were undertaken by him. While the Bible thus formed his central study, he found time to acquaint himself with general literature. He was thoroughly conversant with ancient and modern history.

In addition to the work already named, Mr. Shrewsbury published a volume of sermons preached in Barbados, which were commended for their eloquence by

no mean judge,—Richard Watson. He also published two good-sized volumes, entitled, respectively, "Methodism Scriptural," and "Infant Baptism Scriptural." The latter work has been considered, by competent judges, as one of the best treatises that has appeared in defence of pædo-baptism. To biography he contributed a brief memorial of Mrs. Shrewsbury, and a more extended memoir of his son Joseph. Besides these works, he wrote several pamphlets on various topics, several of which, and more especially those on the temperance question, commanded an extensive sale. Unfortunately for himself, he was not eminent in worldly wisdom, so that, while he bore the loss of such publications as did not "pay," he invariably gave away to some public cause the proceeds of such as sold well.

To secure time for study, Mr. Shrewsbury rose early, and accomplished much before most people were awake. The biographer has a lively recollection of this inveterate habit of early rising. On one occasion, his father and himself occupied the same room at night in the town of Bury, which was about eight miles from Mr. Shrewsbury's residence at that time. At three o'clock in the morning, there was the peremptory call to awake and arise. Before four o'clock, father and son were afoot on the road home. Half the distance having been traversed, the sleepy junior was pleasantly asked, when using a pocket handkerchief, whether any perfume was comparable to the sweetness of the morning air. By six o'clock, the senior member of the family was quietly seated at his study table, while his descendant was musing, between frequent yawns, upon

the degeneracy of the posterity of great and good men. Mr. Shrewsbury had little patience with young ministers who rose late. He applied to them no softer epithet than "lazy." The question of laziness must be determined, doubtless, by a reference to the hour of retiring, not less than to the hour of rising.

Amidst the eager pursuit of these and other engagements, opportunities were secured for an extensive correspondence. Mr. Shrewsbury did not insult his correspondents by sending untidy scrawls, worthless when deciphered, with the apology common to far less busy men, of "so much to do." He wrote neatly, legibly, sensibly, and, always devoutly. Many of his friends have expressed the opinion that he was a model letter-writer.

The studies with which Mr. Shrewsbury enriched his mind, and fed the devotion of his heart, were all made subservient to pulpit power. Careful preparation drew largely upon the time of the "six days" of allotted "work." His subjects were generally selected a week before hand, and were frequently pondered at intervals, during that time. The written preparation generally consisted of a full and orderly arranged outline, though sometimes the preparation was not reduced to writing. The written outline was diligently and prayerfully thought out, especially on the Saturday. By the Sabbath morning, the whole of his topics for discourse were so fixed in the mind and heart, as to render unnecessary any reference to his notes in the pulpit. During half a century of preaching, he commenced the public worship, whether on Sundays or week-days, exactly at the appointed hour.

He deemed a wilful want of punctuality, on the part of the officiating minister, to be highly irreverent. Such was his intolerance of late attendance that, if any of his congregation on the Sunday entered while he was reading the scriptures, he made a pause, and waited until the unlucky wight had reached his seat.

The Sunday morning service was invariably commenced with the singing, to the tune "old hundredth," of the matchless rendering of the hundredth Psalm, by Dr. Watts:—

"Before Jehovah's awful throne, &c."

The reason assigned for this arrangement was, that the congregation could always begin the public worship of the Sabbath with a familiar hymn and tune, and with words which saint and sinner alike could employ. Whether this plan is deserving of imitation, the biographer does not presume to say; but, on one occasion, a froward choir-leader resolved that he would at least have a change of tune, and threatened the organist, who was anxious to please his minister, that, with all his force of voice (and it was not small), he would start another tune, which he had selected, if the "old hundredth" were played. Fearing discord, where above all places harmony should be found, the organist reluctantly yielded, and gave the rattling tune chosen by the Diotrefes of the choir. "Do not give us that ranting music," Mr. Shrewsbury quietly remarked,— "play the old hundredth." As no heed was paid to the injunction, the minister calmly closed the book after two lines had been sung, and said,— "Let us pray." At the close of the service, the organist explained matters and apologised, Diotrefes grumbled, but sub-

mitted, and thenceforth, there as elsewhere, Mr. Shrewsbury was allowed his way in peace.

Mr. Shrewsbury was mighty in prayer. His opening prayers on Sunday mornings and evenings were remarkably copious and comprehensive. His addresses to the Deity were those of a man who was habitually awed and governed by the Divine Presence. And yet, though not many men could so profitably lead the devotions of a congregation, he was an ardent admirer of the liturgy of the established church, and always rejoiced when he had the opportunity of using it.

The style of Mr. Shrewsbury's preaching was expository. Exhortation and earnest appeal to the conscience, after the manner of the apostles, and the great preachers among the Puritans, formed a part of every discourse. What Horace Walpole once described as the "most rabid enthusiasm" of the closing part of a sermon by John Wesley, characterized, more or less, every sermon of Mr. Shrewsbury. Men of judgment among his audiences formed a high estimate of his pulpit power. A gentleman of distinguished position in South Africa said to the writer,—“When I was leaving Graham's Town, Mr. —— said to me, ‘Well, I suppose you will be hearing all the grand preachers in London, but you will hear no better sermons anywhere than Mr. S. used to give us,’—and so I have found it.” A member of the medical profession at Bradford, who was a severe critic, repeatedly remarked that the expositions of St. Matthew's gospel, which were delivered in Eastbrook chapel, formed the noblest series of discourses to which he had ever listened. From leading ministers of the Wesleyan Methodist body, the biog-

rapher has received testimonies to the effect that such and such discourses, upon given topics, were the best they had heard from any man. It is not pretended to claim for the subject of this biography great brilliancy in the pulpit, but such gifts as he possessed he studied to employ to the best advantage, and above and beyond all, he went straight from the closet to the pulpit; hence God was with him, and deigned to vouchsafe success. Up to the very last week of life, he sought to have opened out to him new regions of thought from the sacred word. Indolence, either in or out of the study, he could not endure.

Mr. Shrewsbury was a model pastor. It was his rule to spend the whole of Monday in visiting the members of the society and congregation. With that quiet firmness which was one of his characteristics, week by week, throughout all the years of his home pastorate, whether the day was wet or dry, he might be seen pursuing his faithful rounds. Nor were the pastor's visits allowed to degenerate into occasions for insipid formalities, or profitless gossip. Loving and earnest inquiries were made concerning the spiritual state of his flock, a portion of scripture was generally read, and prayer was invariably offered. No member of the house was forgotten in the prayer. The afflicted of the flock received visits of such frequency as the urgency of the case required, while towards all doubting and desponding souls great tenderness was evinced. The people in his various circuits knew when to expect him at their homes, and the lowliest were as sure of his attention as the most wealthy. Mr. Shrewsbury is not the only minister whose life has refuted the

opinion, that efficiency in the study and pulpit is incompatible with eminence as a pastor. From the days of the apostle Paul to those of Richard Baxter, and from Baxter's time to our own, exemplariness in the pulpit, the study, and the overseeing of the flock has distinguished some of the most illustrious ministers of the gospel. It may be questioned whether the man who neglects the visitation of his charge, under the plea of devotion to study, is not at best a literary epicure, rather than a hale and genuine student.

Mr. Shrewsbury was appointed to the Rochester circuit in the year 1836, and resided at Brompton. On the 20th of October of the following year, he was united in marriage to the excellent lady who has lived to mourn his removal hence, with a deep and deserved sorrow.

During his sojourn in this circuit, his labours were much owned of God in the conversion of sinners, and the edification of believers. A distinguished member of the medical profession, from whom in after years he received repeated proofs of affectionate esteem, was one of the fruits of his ministry.

While at Brompton, it was his wont to visit the public houses in his district, in the company of Mr. Hart, a faithful Methodist, on the Saturday evenings. The groups assembled in these houses were addressed, and were invited to attend the chapel on the following day.

During a severely contested election, a member of the Methodist society, at Brompton, was surprised into accepting a bribe. Conscience-smitten, the unhappy

man dared not personally to communicate the fact of his sin and consequent distress to his pastor, but sent his wife, who, though poor, had loathed the bribe, and had helped to trouble her husband's conscience. The faithful pastor proceeded forthwith to the home of the fallen man, received from him the accursed gold, and directed him to look to the Lord Jesus Christ for the pardon of the sin of selling his country and his own soul "for filthy lucre." The iniquitous bribe was promptly transmitted by Mr. Shrewsbury to the member of parliament, from whose agent it had been received, accompanied with an indignant protest against the crime of bribery in general, and of the seduction of a Christian in particular. The member who should have been too "honourable" by far to have allowed the possibility of such a scandalous abuse of the property of which he was but a steward, meekly acknowledged the returned bribe, and apologized in the blandest manner possible, pleading, in extenuation, that his party had not been so guilty as the other party.

Amongst the afflicted of his flock who shared their pastor's sympathy, was a bedridden and impoverished female, who had known days of worldly prosperity. In this as in many other cases, Mr. Shrewsbury's sympathy did not terminate with his labours in the circuit. For more than twenty years after leaving Rochester, he corresponded with this weary and forlorn disciple.

Mr. Shrewsbury's connection with the Rochester circuit was somewhat abruptly ended, at the expiration of two years, by what he himself afterwards described as an act of unworthy impatience on his own part. While the overwhelming majority of the people earnest-

ly desired his continuance in the circuit for a third year, a factious opposition of a very small minority sought his removal. This stung his sense of independence to the quick, and caused him hastily to refuse an invitation to remain, because it was not unanimous, thereby, unfortunately, as he subsequently allowed, gratifying a clique of opponents at the expense of a wide circle of friends.

In 1838, Mr. Shrewsbury was appointed to the Bradford East circuit, and, in the following year, to the superintendency of it. By vigilant pastoral oversight, and suitable counsels in public, he was largely instrumental in making the Sabbath worship in Eastbrook chapel a model of orderliness and punctuality. "Much people was added unto the Lord" throughout the various parts of the circuit. At Dudley Hill there was a remarkable outpouring of the Holy Spirit. On one Sabbath evening, sixty persons followed Mr. Shrewsbury spontaneously into the vestry, seeking spiritual instruction. Of seventy young people, whom he admitted one quarter into this society, it was ascertained, on subsequent inquiries, often repeated, that while not a few had risen to take office in the church, not one had relapsed into sin. While Mr. Shrewsbury was too devout and cautious to discredit even such revivals as were sudden and transient as Jonah's gourd, because he dreaded greatly religious indifference and stagnation, yet he was wont occasionally to express his jealousy of a revivalism which was contingent upon the presence and services of certain men. He did not doubt that even at such times good was done, but he was of opinion that where there was less of man and

more of God, the backsliding, fanaticism, and anti-nomianism, which have followed some revivals, would be reduced to a minimum that would pass without wonder or comment.

In this circuit, on one occasion, as sometimes in other circuits, Mr. Shrewsbury left himself penniless in administering to the necessities of others. This would have been unknown to his household, had not an unexpected and timely replenishing reached him, which led casually to the discovery of his sacrifice. The fight between the claims of his own family, and the claims of a destitute home among his flock, is severe in the heart of a true pastor. He would be rash who should censure either the giving or the withholding of the last shilling in such a contest. To a generous friend at Bristol, who kindly inquired about his circumstances, Mr. Shrewsbury wrote,—“As to my temporal concerns, I would rather you had not asked me. . . . It often grieves me to visit the sick and the poor with an empty pocket. It would have afforded small comfort to the poor cripple who lay at the gate of the temple to hear Peter say, ‘Silver and gold have I none,’ if he had not been able to have given him, in the name of his Saviour, a cure. Now I am like Peter in the former respect, but not in the latter. I can visit, but I cannot relieve the poor and needy, except on a very limited scale. The church often seems to study how little a minister can live on, not how largely it shall enable him to be a benefactor to the poor. A certain circuit, two or three years ago, reduced the already too low stipend of the preachers, and yet wrote to me to know if a brother whom they thought of inviting

would be the man for them. I replied that I thought he would, for he was a man of very moderate appetite."

While at Bradford, Mr. Shrewsbury allied himself, boldly and openly, with the great temperance reformation. For his conversion to the principle of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, he was indebted to an article in the official organ of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference. In that article, the able and earnest writer announced his belief, that the single sin of intemperance was destroying more souls annually in Great Britain, than all the ministers of the gospel, by their united efforts, were instrumental in saving. As soon as an association was formed for the purpose of antagonizing the national drunkenness, by administering a pledge to its members, which bound them to abstain from the dietetic use of all intoxicating drinks, and to discourage the drinking customs of the community, Mr. Shrewsbury enrolled himself. Advancing to the front at once, he delivered a lecture in the Bradford temperance hall, entitled, "Alcohol against the Bible, and the Bible against Alcohol." The main object of this lecture was to show that there were two kinds of wine mentioned in the scripture, the one intoxicating, and the other unintoxicating, and that the use of the former was discountenanced and forbidden in favour of the latter kind, which was allowed and commended. This position is advocated by the writer of the article on "Wine," in Kitto's "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature," and is opposed by the writer on the same subject in Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible."

If the lecturer had impeached alcoholizing, or ad-

dictedness to alcohol of opposition to the Bible, his position would scarcely have been challenged. But as he had undertaken to champion a much more debatable doctrine, an eminent minister of his own body, conceiving that the doctrine promulged infringed upon Christian liberty, attacked it in a pamphlet, which, if somewhat opinionated, yet, candour must admit, was, on the whole, a success. A rejoinder was published by Mr. Shrewsbury, under the title of "A Check to Alcohol Drinkers,"—a title the more unfortunate, because the author himself objects, in the close of his rejoinder, to the text of scripture which had been selected for a motto by his opponent, as offensively personal. There is an energy about this letter to his reviewer, which might have been judged by those who were ignorant of the writer, as warmth of temper,—which is sure to hinder even the best of causes. But when it is considered, that the total abstinence movement was then generally unpopular, and that those who abetted it were not in favour among his own ministerial brethren, as was evidenced by the passing of a condemnatory resolution, pointed especially at him, in one of the district meetings,—and in many other ways, it is impossible to deny to Mr. Shrewsbury purity of motive, in seeking to promote the prosperity of the temperance reformation from its commencement. Throughout the whole course of his ministry, in sermons, speeches, and pamphlets, in public, and in private, he was the unflinching advocate of abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, as promotive of health, peace, and morality.

The total abstinence principle is manifestly anti-

dotical of the wide-spread national vice of intemperance. A total abstinence association in some countries, for instance in Mohammedan lands, would be an unnecessary organization. But in a land where alcohol-thirst is so terrible, that alcoholized beverages have usurped the name of "the drink," an extraordinary and exceptional remedy is demanded, if so dire a disease is to be stamped out. Granted that the wine forbidden to priests just before ministering,—prescribed as a beverage to Timothy,—enjoined to be used sparingly by bishops and others,—and for partaking of which our Saviour was insultingly designated "a wine-bibber,"—may have had in it the power to intoxicate,—let it also be granted that "it is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine," if it be to the hurt of one "brother," and much more of a whole nation.

It is very much to be regretted that extreme views were propounded at the commencement of this great struggle, thereby repelling many who would otherwise have favoured it. On the other hand, it is deeply to be lamented that Christian men, and especially Christian ministers, did not head the enterprise, and strive to correct such extravagances as too often mar the youth of every noble cause. It was no doubt hard that ministers, and especially Wesleyan Methodist ministers, should be bantered, if not denounced, for not becoming total abstainers. But Wesleyan Methodist ministers, in particular, might have felt flattered by the marked attention that was paid them. For, was it not an acknowledgment that Wesley had committed to them the championship of sobriety? Although it is true that Wesley's rule about buying, selling, and

drinking spirituous liquors, has been interpreted more severely by some than he intended, seeing that he himself gave tokens of membership to innkeepers, although they vended intoxicating beverages,—yet, judging from the tenor of his writings, we may be sure that if the father of Methodism had lived in this age, he would have been a leader of the temperance reformation. Though, perhaps, refusing as a logician to deny the abstract right of using intoxicants either medicinally or dietetically, we may suppose how earnestly he would have urged, with modern abstainers, the inexpediency of sanctioning, directly or indirectly, such usages as brought disgrace and ruin upon the country.

If the manifold evils arising from the drinking usages of our land occurred in some remote island, and it were discovered that British speculators and the national exchequer had been enriched at the expense of the life, peace, and morals of some far-off territory, how would the Christian benevolence of our people be roused to a loud and persistent protest against the horrible iniquity. But, the drink-and-die palaces are in the midst of us, and we are in danger of becoming indifferent through familiarity with the institution of alcohol-slavery. If the churches of this country were to put forth all their power, they might speedily effect a great change. The connexionalism of Methodism might come down as an avalanche upon the drink curse. Can Christian churches be thought to ask too much in demanding from the legislature a law, whereby the majority of the people shall be allowed to decide, either absolutely that there shall be no sale of intoxicating drink in their respective districts, or, at least, that

there shall be no rendezvous for drink-guzzling, but that, if men will have an article which our laws have treated exceptionally for centuries past, all but travellers and the like shall be required to consume it at home, where the temptations to drink in excess would be greatly diminished. A virtuous, not to say a Christian government, is bound to suppress drink-dens. He must be something more than liberal who is tolerant of the "tap," or of "vaults" in which men, women, and children are buried alive.

Before leaving Bradford, Mr. Shrewsbury was invited to labour in his native town of Deal. The letter of invitation was signed by his old leader, Mr. Wakeham. But as it was Mr. Shrewsbury's rule to decline all invitations, and leave his appointment wholly to the conference, he acted in this case according to his wont. This rule of his prevented his occupying some of the principal circuits in Methodism, to which, from time to time, he was invited. But, like some of the noblest and godliest preachers of the connexion, he was contented with the more humble spheres of labour. Without detracting from the merit of those who are found in the "best circuits," it is certain that there are men fully their equals in ability who are, by design or by accident, in less conspicuous positions.

Mr. Shrewsbury's next circuit was Bacup, to which he was appointed in 1841. Here he spent three of the happiest years of his life. His residence was at Longholme, which at that time was a quiet rural retreat, not as yet encroached upon, and marred by the necessities of an expanding commerce, or disturbed by the scream and roar of modern railway traffic. The writer readily

recalls his first visit to the vale of Rossendale, or, to give its present less euphonious name, Rawtenstall. Transferring his trunk from the coach to a carrier's cart at Bury, the remaining eight miles of the journey had to be accomplished on foot. On nearing Longholme, a noble structure, with a goodly row of columns in front, met the eye. He was agreeably surprised when the honest roadster informed him that this was the "Methody chapel." In answer to a question about the new occupant of the Longholme Methodist parsonage, the carter replied that, though he did not know the minister personally, he had often heard that "he were a varry partiklar sort of a man."

In those days, just such a man was needed to deal with a people, rough in manners, but kind in nature. Mr. Wesley's record of one of his visits to them, runs thus:—"Here I preached to a large congregation of wild men : but it pleased God to hold them in chains." Nearly a century after this record was made, it was no uncommon thing for both men and women to march unbidden, and without regard to bell or knocker, into the minister's manse, and to inquire after "William" and "Mary Ann," meaning thereby, the pastor and his wife. Mr. Shrewsbury lived to see a great alteration in the matter of social amenities, and to contribute largely thereto himself. He would say very plain and wholesome things about courtesy from the pulpit, when the text tempted him thereto, as for instance, when expounding the clause, "doth not behave itself unseemly," in 1 Cor. xiii. But it was in the homes of the people, which he systematically visited, and to which he was always welcome, that he sought to

“soften men’s manners.” He was singularly happy in those fire-side pleasantries by which he reproved without wounding. Occasionally he was thought to “hit hard,” as when he told a noisy but stingy professor that, if “he had to pay a penny for every hallelujah, his raptures would soon be lessened.” When one complained that he was in danger of hurting by a certain merited reproof, he rejoined that, “it was not the hardness of the hit, but the softness of the place which hurt.” An inveterate croaker who was always “*full* of rheumatism,” though giving no “outward and visible signs” thereof, was exhorted to be thankful, because “she could not possibly be worse.”

In this as in other circuits, he was in frequent request, especially for missionary occasions. While no remonstrance, not even that of the Rev. Joseph Taylor, whom he so highly esteemed, would induce him to leave his circuit on Sundays, yet, on other days his help was cheerfully given, when it did not interfere with his ordinary appointments. It was his study to reduce his charge for expenses to the lowest possible amount. In one instance he walked through snow twelve miles out and twelve miles home, that he might render his service gratuitously. This may have been an illustration of being “righteous over much,” but it showed more generosity, to say the least, than making a pecuniary profit out of speech-making, after exhorting an audience to increased self-denial. Ministers who have served upon missionary deputations with Mr. Shrewsbury, have testified to the writer their admiration of the variety of topics on which he dwelt, and of his avoidance of the habit which some in-

dulge, of repeating the same speech from place to place. During the three years sojourn at Longholme, the Chartist insurrection swept over the country, and was especially violent in its effects upon Lancashire. Mills were stopped by lawless and arbitrary mobs, and the houses of respectable people were insolently entered by roughs, who demanded money and bread. One of the audacious gangs that levied black mail, visited Mr. Shrewsbury's quiet home. According to their wont, the door was thrown open by one of their number, and the ruffians, armed with clubs and other weapons, entered the house. The minister came down to them in calm dignity from his study, and said peremptorily,—“March out of my house.” “We want,” said they. “I do not care what you want: you must march out before I will listen to you.” Met thus firmly they retreated to the door-step. “Now,” said the minister, “what may you please to want?” On their making their usual demand for money, he replied,—“If you were poor and deserving men, who were in actual need, I would share the last loaf I had with you. But not one penny will I give in answer to such a demand.” They stood grumbling and angry. “It's of no use,” said the outraged tenant, “you may as well go at once, for I shall give you nothing.” So saying he shut the door, and they grumbled still, but withdrew. After this, Mr. Shrewsbury suffered no further molestation.

One reason for his subsequent immunity from annoyance was, no doubt, that it was known to some at least of the gang, that the avowal of what would have been done with the “last loaf,” under certain circumstances, was not cheap cant. His generous kindness

to the destitute could not have escaped notice. Many were the instances in which he befriended the deserving poor. Once he took to his house three starving men, who were honestly "tramping" for work, gave them a hearty meal, prayed and wept with them, and dismissed them with a present of five shillings each. At another time, a poor negro was his guest for a season, and was considerably helped.

Many were the endearing associations connected with the Longholme parsonage. At the beautiful establishment of Hollymount, there dwelt, in adjoining houses, three brothers in the flesh and in Christ, who vied with each other in respectful and affectionate attention to the pastor and his family. Hollymount was a marvel of modern industry, genius, and success. A page of this biography might soon be filled with proofs of the cordial attachment of the three families residing there to their minister. They were willing amongst them to have considerably augmented his income by a special subscription; but, with his usual disinterestedness, Mr. Shrewsbury declined the offer, unless the money were paid in the regular way, so as to secure the benefit of the increase to his colleague, and to their successors. Although, in subsequent years, there were differences of opinion in ecclesiastical matters between Mr. Shrewsbury and some of his Hollymount friends, he was too much of a man to allow such differences to cancel his friendship, and they were too deeply imbued with the spirit of a common Master, to discontinue their regard and affection for an old and faithful pastor. It was to the Messrs. Whitehead that Mr. Shrewsbury dedicated his "Christian Thoughts on Free Trade," a pamphlet

concerning which the pure and noble Richard Cobden remarked, that it had "rendered essential service" in the great struggle of which he was an apostle.

Without desiring invidiously to cite cases of attachment between the pastor and his people, where they were so common, the writer cannot forbear to mention, in passing, the special kindness of the sons of a Wesleyan Methodist minister, who had settled in business in the neighbourhood. They sought frequent opportunities for showing their esteem and affection for Mr. Shrewsbury, and their loyalty to the church of their father. The sons of ministers have great power for good or evil, when they settle and prosper in a circuit. If they allow themselves to delight in exhibiting the defects of the church which has reared them, they are chargeable with ingratitude as odious as it is base.

Mention has already been made in a previous chapter of one friendship, in particular, in the town of Bacup. There were many there, and in other parts of the circuit, who were Mr. Shrewsbury's spiritual children, and, as such, loved him intensely. His superintendent was the Rev. Leonard Posnett, a man of a fine, genial spirit, and possessed of great originality as a preacher. Few men acquired a more complete mastery over their audiences than he. He was ably sustained by the prayers of a wife of rare excellence.

When Mr. Shrewsbury was about to leave this circuit, a crowd of distressed people thronged the passage and doors of the Longholme manse, and as he passed through Bacup, a loving multitude lined the streets, and wept to behold the departure from their midst of a faithful pastor.

From Bacup, Mr. Shrewsbury removed to Yarmouth, in the year 1844. The outspoken fidelity of his ministry now gave great offence to certain officials in the church, whose subsequent career has proved that they needed just such a ministry. Much animosity was aroused by his refusal to give a token of membership to a wealthy person, at whose home profuse hospitality had been shown, alike to ministers and to leading officers of the church. It was the more painful to Mr. Shrewsbury to perform this act of discipline, because he himself was occasionally the guest of the gentleman whose membership he disallowed. The disclosures of the future, too sad to be recorded here, proved that the minister had evidenced discernment as much as fidelity in the work of excision. As an indication of their displeasure, the offended parties succeeded in inducing the March quarterly meeting to withhold from Mr. Shrewsbury an invitation to remain a second year. The growing power of his ministry, however, and the urgency of many members of the society and congregation, caused the stewards to falter in their course, and to wait upon their minister with the language of repentance, and of prayer, that he would consent to remain, notwithstanding what had occurred. Then again the pressure of a resolute faction led the stewards once more to visit the house of the pastor, for the purpose of saying that, however much they personally regretted it, they thought, on the whole, it would be better if they sought a change of ministry. Mr. Shrewsbury replied,—“Brethren, you are fickle: but we shall meet in heaven, and I shall say nothing about it there.”

On the morning of his leaving Yarmouth, a purse

was presented to him by one of the stewards. Just before embarking in the steamer for Hull, he carried the purse to a family of his late flock that was in great distress, and gave them the whole of its contents. Putting his hand upon the head of the son, a lad about thirteen years of age, he gave him his blessing, and told his oppressed parents that God would prosper him. Some years afterwards, he received a letter from London from this very youth, reminding him of what he had said, and communicating the pleasing intelligence that he had prospered greatly in business, and, better still, that God had graciously pardoned his sins.

It was while in Yarmouth that Mr. Shrewsbury wrote the tract, "Is Smoking a rational and Christian habit?" He had a great antipathy to the use of tobacco, chiefly because he thought the habit of smoking inimical to self-denial, thrift, and the right use of money. If he was somewhat severe in his strictures, let it be considered that they proceeded from a man who was a pattern of self-denial and liberality, and that they were not the impertinent utterances of one who preached retrenchment, while himself lounging in the midst of luxury and wine. It may be hard to deny tobacco to poverty, where it is perhaps a sole recreation, or to advancing years, where there is a craving for its soothing influence; but the fast and furious smoking of young men, with more or less of wealth, engenders habits of self-indulgence which are weakening, physically and morally.

From 1845 to 1848, Mr. Shrewsbury travelled in the Retford circuit. Here, despite much domestic affliction, he was very happy. Throughout the town and

the wide-spread country parts of this circuit, he secured universal esteem and affection. Not a few members of the established church sought occasions for attending his ministry when he occupied the town pulpit. Each year of his residence in Retford, he preached and made a collection on behalf of the Jews' society. He was an ardent friend of fallen Israel, and longed for the recovery of God's ancient people. While here, he accepted a challenge to discuss the question of the union of church and state in a metropolitan newspaper, having an anonymous opponent of the union as his antagonist. It is to be hoped we are nearing a solution of this vexed question, now that "churchmen" are themselves complaining of their bondage to the state, and have extorted from them, ever and anon, as grave questions of spiritual import are decided by civil rulers, the humiliating acknowledgment,—“We have no king but Cæsar.”

Leaving Retford in 1848, Mr. Shrewsbury removed to Dewsbury, and continued there until the year 1851. This was an eventful period in the history of Methodism. Certain papers, known as “fly-sheets,” anonymously written and privately printed, were sent chiefly to ministers of the connexion. While Mr. Shrewsbury disapproved of the “declaration” which sought to ascertain who were the authors of the obnoxious papers, by a process against which he thought it a duty to protest, he heartily despised anonymous attacks, and consigned the “fly-sheets” which reached him to the flames, knowing that if any grievances existed *they* did not constitute the remedy. Freedom of discussion, such as now obtains in the Wesleyan Methodist Con-

ference, is the surest preventive of the recurrence of periodical explosions in the body. Possibly the practice of holding "open sessions" may yet be advantageously extended, so as to admit the laity to all the sessions, except such as are marked off, for obvious reasons, for private deliberation.

Since Mr. Shrewsbury was known to be a man of an independent spirit, the trio of ministerial agitators requested his attendance at a meeting they were about to hold in Dewsbury. As he was decided in his opinion that they would have shown a more correct taste, to say the least, if they had left others than themselves to advocate their cause, and as he hated strife in the church, he sent a stern rebuke in reply, for which he was held up to ridicule by one of the three, who was an adept at abuse.

Here, as in other circuits, he was favoured with kind and efficient colleagues. The weekly "preachers' meetings" could not fail to be joyous seasons, when three such men as the courteous and gentle Richard Heape, the saintly and genial William Dawson, since gathered suddenly home to heaven, and William James Shrewsbury met.

At the close of his labours in the Dewsbury circuit, Mr. Shrewsbury experienced a considerable diminution of physical strength. Through the intervention of some of his friends, an easier circuit was sought for him, and he was stationed at Yeadon, in the year 1851. In reference to this appointment, he afterwards remarked that it was the only one with which he had at all meddled, and the result would effectually cure him of any further interference with his designation.

The story of the Yeadon riot, and of the sacking of the parsonage has been told in the preceding chapter. Much of the rudeness of the people was no doubt attributable to their isolated position, and lack of educational advantages; yet some measure of it must, in truth, be credited to the disorderliness which was allowed to prevail in connection with an extensive revivalism. When, amid the fervour of religious excitement, men strip themselves to the shirt-sleeves in the social prayer-meeting, and women throw their shawls and bonnets into a promiscuous heap, and hasten indecorously to vociferate in the ears of the great Eternal, it may be expected that irreverence before God will have its fruitage in insolent and violent behaviour towards men. It is refreshing to turn away from the recollection of the "Christian savages" that abounded in Yeadon sixteen years ago, to the remembrance of the "few names even in Sardis," which not only held but dignified the Christian profession. Foremost amongst these was one who had been rescued from the depths of degradation and poverty, and had risen to worldly competence, and to become a minister of God in every respect save that of separation to a sacred office. Working as few men either could or would work in his worldly calling, he was unwearied, self-denying, and generous in his attentions to the sick, whether their ailment was bodily or spiritual. Those who did not know the broad-chested, stalwart man, as he drove his cart, laden with cloths, to his various markets, little suspected that that massive frame was the abode of a soul as pure as the unsullied snow, and as tender as a mother's tear. Who can forget that has

seen William Starkey weeping by the bed-side of fever-smitten poverty, and dealing out relief with his great, loving hand, or quivering with emotion in the pulpit, as he repeated the stanza :—

“ Me in my blood Thy love pass'd by,
 And stopp'd my ruin to retrieve ;
 Wept o'er my soul Thy pitying eye ;
 Thy bowels yearned, and sounded, Live !
 Dying, I heard the welcome sound,
 And pardon in Thy mercy found.”

Upon the memorable morning when a mob of five hundred people packed the yard between the minister's house and the chapel, and were ripe for violence, there stood against the wall, firm as a rock, but gentle as a dove, a man who, if grace had not kept his hands in his pockets, while he was being jostled about, could have felled the insolent roughs by half a dozen at a time. This brave and good man, and others of a kindred fidelity, sustained their pastor in his conflict with the ungodly who rose up against him.

Mr. Shrewsbury, finding the spirit of an unholy agitation rife at Yeadon when he went, sought interviews with the dissentients, hoping to allay their anger, but in vain. The issue is known. Driven from his house, he took shelter in the pretty, and more civilized village of Guiseley, and was there comforted and defended by good John Bradley and others. Defence was needed as well as comfort, for, on different occasions, attempts were made to waylay the persecuted minister. During this year of trouble, Mr. Shrewsbury wrote, partly in Yeadon, and partly in the vestry of Guiseley chapel, his Notes on Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, Job,

and as far as Psalm vi. The last words of his comment, written at Guiseley, on Psalm vi. 10, are, "Punishment and destruction often come upon the wicked, and especially upon wicked persecutors, who have vexed the righteous with affliction and distress, with a rapidity as remarkable as its completeness." To a dear friend in Bristol he wrote;—"I am thankful to be able to proceed with calmness in the midst of tumult, remembering the beautiful 46th Psalm, which is so full of confidence and magnanimity."

In 1852, Mr Shrewsbury proceeded to Birstal, which proved to be a most congenial sphere of toil, during the next three years. He witnessed the last convulsive struggles of the great agitation there, and the return of "life, and health, and peace," to the united societies. On coming down from the pulpit on an early Sunday after his arrival, a rampant partizan met him at the foot of the stairs, and asked him a number of impudent questions. Mr. Shrewsbury passed him without deigning a reply. Following the minister, the infuriated Solon demanded to know why an answer was not given. "Because," said Mr. Shrewsbury, quietly, "I have read in my Bible, 'Answer not a fool according to his folly.'" Some of the friends of this naughty man were not long in discovering the value of the minister who had come to reside amongst them. In their sickness, they very commonly sent for Mr. Shrewsbury, and requested his prayers and instructions. Many were the happy friendships formed at Birstal, Batley, Westgate Hill, and other parts of the circuit. A more affectionate people could not have been found anywhere. When Mr. Shrewsbury once formed a Christian friend-

ship, it was for life. Thus, to one who had been suddenly reduced from affluence to want, he wrote:—
“If the worst come to the worst, never say you are without a home, while William and Mary Ann Shrewsbury are alive. The Christians of old had all things common, and if extremities come upon you, you shall be as welcome as princes to share my little all; more welcome than if you were getting rich; we could all live together on oat-cake, potatoes, and salt, and enjoy good health too, till our good God, who cannot, cannot,—will not, will not,—forsake you, should bring you out of your difficulties. I write in haste from the fulness of my heart, while I forcibly repress my rising tears,—and being called away by public duties, having many sick to visit this afternoon, I must conclude by assuring you that I am your sympathizing brother and friend. I hear you say, ‘We fully believe that.’ If you then believe me, will you not believe that *He* cares for you, who bled and died for your salvation? Jesus liveth.”

At Birstal, Mr. Shrewsbury’s venerable father died, on the 1st of May, 1853, in the eighty third year of his age. He was buried near to what was once John Nelson’s study.

From 1855 to 1858, Mr Shrewsbury travelled the Stourport circuit. He had felt his strength so decaying while at Birstal, as to contemplate retiring as a pensionary. But, once again recovered, he was wishful to continue in active service as long as he could. The hard walks he had sometimes to take from and to Stourport, tried his remaining strength. His ministry was made a great blessing, particularly at Kiddermins-

ter. During the greater part of his time here his wife was an invalid. The circuit allowances were so scanty as to forbid the engaging of a servant, so that the work of the house, the nursing of a sick mother, and of a bedridden, and blind grandmother, devolved upon one of whom her father wrote,—“She is a good child, and invaluable for her services to us.” There were not wanting kind friends at Stourport, who, by their delicate attentions to the pastor’s wife, helped to lighten her affliction. Their kindness was again forthcoming when their pastor’s mother, after seven months’ illness, died. They cheerfully defrayed the funeral expenses. Mrs. Shrewsbury, senior, died on the 22nd Sept. 1857, in the 84th year of her age.

Besides the friends in his circuit, there were friends in other places, whom God raised up to minister to the necessities of his servant once and again. To one of them, living in Bristol, he wrote, July 24th 1857:—“First to God, whose goodness has so often interposed on my behalf, in straits which He only knew; and next to you, His servant, whose heart He hath inclined to deal so generously with a poor sinful worm, my thanks are due: to God they were presented by us as soon as I read your letter, and now by pen and ink I thank you.” Further on he adds,—“My barrel of meal, and cruise of oil, were just spent. In a few days more I should have had nothing to live on during the rest of the quarter.” Mr. Shrewsbury’s experience often proved that, where a minister serves the church, “not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind,” God will supply all his need. “When I sent you without purse, and scrip, and shoes, lacked ye anything? And they said, Nothing.”

The very generous act to which the last paragraph alludes, is the more honourable, since the friend who performed it had separated himself from communion with the Wesleyan Methodist church. This separation called forth several faithful letters from Mr. Shrewsbury, in some of which, sometimes playfully, and sometimes earnestly, he pressed his views somewhat inconveniently. This led him to write, under date of Jan. 15th, 1858:—"It is true I think you in error in clinging to your anomalous position; but I do not condemn you. . . . If I have said anything harsh, I beg your pardon; for I would not wound, but heal." Mr. Shrewsbury was too well versed in scripture to allow himself to suppose that a man ceased to be a Christian when no longer a Methodist. Acknowledging his friend's Christian status, he thus encourages him against the distress occasioned by a chronic unbelief:—"Unbelief makes miserable work of logic, for it always questions the things least of all to be questioned, and disputes where meridian evidence leaves no ground for disputation. A poor Hottentot once reasoned better than some English scholars do. 'I know,' said he, 'that the Bible is *my book*, because I find *my name in it*,' and so turning, not to Matt. i., in its genealogical record, but to 1 Tim. i. 15, he read that verse, and added with triumph, 'Though my name is sinner, Christ Jesus came into the world to save me.' Now, can you not learn a little from that poor illiterate man? O trust in Jesus, and live for ever." While at Stourport, Mr. Shrewsbury wrote, by request, a series of articles for the American Methodist Quarterly Review. One of them on "British Methodism and

Slavery," was reprinted in some of the New York newspapers.

Beverley was the next circuit to which Mr. Shrewsbury removed. Here he laboured from 1858 to 1861. Unkind colleagues are rare amongst Methodist preachers. Mr. Shrewsbury's colleagues were always kind; but none exceeded in affectionate considerateness the colleagues with whom he was happily associated in Beverley. To the tender vigilance of the Rev. Joseph Exell, and the Rev. James Brownell, the former of whom was his colleague during his first two years at Beverley, and the latter during his last year, Mr. Shrewsbury owed his ability to struggle through the three years of hard toil in this circuit, which, though a delightful charge for one who is favoured with youth, or robustness, is somewhat trying when these qualifications are lacking. Although the friends, both in town and country, did their utmost to save Mr. Shrewsbury from exposure to the weather, and to lighten his labours, it required all his resolution and fortitude to fulfil his appointments. However, with God's blessing and the help of kind Brother Hardwick, he wore on bravely through the three years, and left behind a name that was revered and loved throughout the circuit.

In 1861, Mr. Shrewsbury was appointed to the Heywood circuit, and the hope was entertained that the comparatively light work of this circuit would have given him the opportunity of rallying his strength. But before the first year of labour expired he felt that his powers were so rapidly failing as to necessitate retirement from the charge of the circuit. He did his utmost, by self-denying contributions weekly offered, to

encourage a poor, but affectionate, and willing-hearted people to clear off the remaining debt upon the beautiful chapel, which had been erected through the indefatigable exertions of his predecessor, Rev. Walter P. Johns. In this, as in other circuits, all whose commendation was of any value, treasure with honour and affection the remembrance of Mr. Shrewsbury's name and labours. If he had enemies, they were such as did not like a plain and faithful pastorate.

After visiting various members of his family, from August until December, he reached the writer's house in Livesey-street, Manchester. From thence, in Feb. 1863, he settled in Bacup, as a "supernumerary," or, as our French friends have it, with much better taste, a *ministre en retraite*. From his tried and firm friend, Mr. Sutcliffe, of Lower Hempsteads, he received a letter just as he was seated, pen in hand, to accept the offer of a house which some friends in Batley had generously made. That letter announced that a house was taken for him in Bacup. The daughter who bore his first wife's name, nobly seconded by his other daughters, repaired to this new house, and spared neither money, toil, nor taste in furnishing it. Here the greater portion of the last three years of his life was spent. And week by week, as the year rolled round, there might be seen in loving, Christian converse,—on one day, William James Shrewsbury in the hospitable house of noble William Sutcliffe, and, on another day, William Sutcliffe in the peaceful home of the saintly William James Shrewsbury.

CHAPTER XII.

HOME: IN LIFE AND DEATH.

“As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.”—Josh. xxiv. 15.

“ Say not it dies, that glory,
’Tis caught unquench’d on high,
Those saint-like brows so hoary
Shall wear it in the sky.
No smile is like the smile of death,
When all good musings past
Rise wafted with the parting breath,
The sweetest thought the last.”

Keble, on Prov. xvi. 31.



CHAPTER XII.



HOME: IN LIFE AND DEATH.

HOME is a celestial spear which detects imposture. If a man is not a Christian in his own house, he is a Christian nowhere; if he is a Christian there, he is a Christian everywhere. An outside judgment may err, either favourably or unfavourably; but the man as he is, "for better for worse," is known to the circle of the hearth.

The hardest word that outsiders ever uttered against William James Shrewsbury, with any shadow of reason, was that of "eccentricity." "In our times," says a great living philosopher, "from the highest class of society down to the lowest, every one lives as under the eye of a hostile and dreaded censorship. Not only in what concerns others, but in what concerns only themselves, the individual or the family do not ask themselves—what do I prefer? or, what would suit my character and disposition? or, what would allow the best and highest in me to have fair play, and enable it to grow and thrive? They ask themselves, what is suitable to my position? what is usually done by persons of my station and pecuniary circumstances? or (worse still), what is usually done by persons of a station and circumstances superior to mine? I do not

mean that they choose what is customary, in preference to what suits their own inclination. It does not occur to them to have any inclination, except for what is customary. Thus the mind itself is bowed to the yoke : even in what people do for pleasure, conformity is the first thing thought of ; they like in crowds ; they exercise choice only among things commonly done : peculiarity of taste, eccentricity of conduct, are shunned equally with crimes : until by dint of not following their own nature, they have no nature to follow : their human capacities are withered and starved : they become incapable of any strong wishes or native pleasures, and are generally without either opinions or feelings of home growth, or properly their own." Mr. Shrewsbury was always manly and independent in thought, speech, and deed. Much of his so named eccentricity was in reality the bold avowal of opinions that were in advance of his times. So was it in the matter of the Kaffir war, of total abstinence, and of free trade. Any man who refuses to surrender his individuality to a majority, must be prepared to encounter, with a calm smile, the charge of eccentricity.

Mr. Shrewsbury's independence was even more due to grace than to nature. Nature made him energetic and determined ; grace made him unvaryingly conscientious. Hence he said and did what he believed to be right, not only because he *would*, but still more because he *must*. The secret of his inflexible and daring conscientiousness was his daily communion with God. Rising early, the first hour of each day was spent in prayer and reading the word of God. The fervent

intercession of the family altar was followed by an hour of renewed and secret intercession. This was often a season of contrition and of tears. After the noon repast, his wife was taken into a fellowship of prayer for each member of the family, and for special cases among his people. Eventide, after family prayer, found him alone again in self-examination before God, and the day closed with secret devotion. Such was his habit of life : of fits and starts in devotion he knew nothing. The Rev. Henry Dugmore, who had watched Mr. Shrewsbury as a comparatively young man in Africa, wrote from "Salem" in 1860, to his now aged adviser :—

"Ever since I knew you I have regarded you as inhabiting a spiritual region at which I had to look from afar."

One who was from time to time, of late years, an intimate visitor at the home of Mr. Shrewsbury, has written from Hankow :—

"His wonderful diligence was one of the first features in his vigorous, manly, and Christian character that struck me. No matter that he had done already a full, and long, and hard day's work of missionary and ministerial toil ; the toiler would keep working on right late into the eventide. No matter that others, who had not worked so long, or so hard, were resting ; he must work. It seemed to me that action was his element, and that for him to cease to work, he must cease to live.

"But this feature did not make a deeper impression on me than several others, which were very prominently and constantly visible. In the administration of his household affairs, extreme tenderness did not seem incompatible with immovable firmness. And the honour that was rendered

him by all within the privileged circle of his family, though great, and a true witness of his worth, was not a whit too great; he deserved to be honoured; he deserved to be loved.

“I remember with pleasure and profit the “good conversation,” which uniformly proceeded out of his lips; how it was seasoned with grace and wisdom; how it laid the scriptures under tribute; how it edified and instructed, whilst it constrained one to desire to listen rather than to speak.

“But to hear him speak to God, that was the greater privilege. Few family altars, I trow, have had laid upon them such prayers as his. They were long, for he had much to say; they were not loud, for his Lord was not far away. They were wide in their embrace as the fervent charity that prompted them. They were specific and minute, mentioning names, and circumstances, and places, for he bore in mind that it is the Christian’s privilege ‘in all things,’ to make his request known to God. They were fervid and full of faith, for they rose up from a heart that was earnest, and were the calm, bold utterances of a conviction that planted its firm foot on the sure rock of God’s eternal faithfulness. Best of all, they were availing; while the good man prayed, one felt a calm, a sacred peace, and the rekindling of divine affections, and the breaking in of fresh and clearer light, and the overshadowing of an august but gracious presence, and we were made partakers of ‘more grace.’ I wonder how much the world owes to his prayers! and how much the church owes! and how much we all owe!”

He walked humbly with God. He abhorred ostentation in all things, but chief of all, in religion. His life in the midst of his family evidenced that he was pre-eminently godly; but that he spent so much time alone with God was a matter of accidental discovery.

In the piles of his correspondence with his family which are before the writer, there are only one or two letters in which he alludes to his hours with God. One of these, addressed to his daughter, is subjoined :—

“Though I have never told you before, it will not be uninteresting, and may be of some spiritual use, if I tell you now, that month by month, as they pass along the circling year, I have my special days of service, and a special errand at the throne of grace, always in connection with my family, and their highest interests. I note the day of the month, as I offer in my secret chamber (not in the family worship), prayer or praise to God. Thus, for example, Mary was born on the 23rd of the month; consequently that is her day; you on the 12th, which is your day: I have, therefore, already twice this morning brought you before the Lord; and now, having just risen from my knees with my second petitions on your behalf, I tell you this simple tale, that you may both see, that, whether correspondence be frequent, or for a season intermitted, you are not likely, under any circumstances, to be forgotten at home; and especially as Ma and I at our noontide prayer every day mention each child by name. She prays on Tuesdays and Fridays, and I on the other days of the week. Nor are the departed forgotten; as for instance, Joseph was born on the 14th of the month; your own dear mother on the 10th, to which I may add that, as she died on the 13th, I make that my monthly consecration day, wherever I may chance to be, generally singing over in quiet solitude, out of all hearing, and in a low tone, the 430th hymn in our hymn-book. In like manner, I keep in mind the day for each other child; and also for my father and mother; of course, only praise for our happy dead. Now this habit fills up a good many days of the month, and is

not unprofitable to the soul ; and I and my house will be happy indeed if the Lord graciously 'fulfil all my petitions.' This, however, will not be done for 'my righteousness' sake,' but solely for the sake of the Lord Jesus, 'to whom be glory and dominion for ever and ever.' Now, having told you these little matters, and Mary also, once for all must suffice, as I have a great aversion to such personal details, which has kept me silent about them hitherto. A desire to do you both good has caused me to break through, this morning. I long intensely for the holiness and salvation of my household."

Mr. Shrewsbury was a model of filial piety. From the day that he earned wages at the tailor's board until the day that he watched the last moments of his aged parents, his behaviour towards them was unblemished. Every penny of his wages after his week's work at Sandwich was carried home on the Saturday afternoon, and, that he might reach home earlier on that day to help his mother, he worked all night on Friday. In a letter written in Dec. 1814, the Rev. Joseph Taylor offers to give him "the very utmost he can make for his father," if he will consent to be a supply at Canterbury.

In the year 1836, after his return from Africa, he found his parents struggling with a little business in Deal. He took them at once to his own home, and maintained them, notwithstanding other numerous claims, until their death. His conduct towards them was uniformly tender, respectful, and deferential. Matters of opinion he never allowed himself to debate with them. His parents were not total abstainers, and his father was a smoker ; but though no visitor was

allowed the pipe or the glass in his house, and his words in public about both strong drink and tobacco were unmistakeably outspoken, he never interfered with his parent's predilections, nor so much as looked reprovingly, when his father smoked his pipe by the kitchen fire, or when his mother put the modest mug of ale on the hearth, "just to take the chill off." That they might not realize painfully their dependence upon him, he gave them a certain sum as pocket-money, quarterly, from his very moderate stipend; and that they might not feel as if they had lost family headship, he remitted to them alternately the duty of conducting family worship of an evening.

In the year 1843, his father was seized with a painful illness at Longholme. It was necessary that medical assistance should be rendered him twice a-day, and the surgeon, not being in good health himself, urged his removal to Haslingden. Mr. Shrewsbury took rooms for his parents there, and walked over daily for some weeks to visit his father. Twice a-week he carried over a basket of requisites and comforts for the body. As the infirmities of his parents increased, his dutiful attentions abounded. For the last few years of their life, his bedroom door was always left ajar at night, that he might hear their call for help. The Yeadon tumult pained him more on their account than on his own. And when the weaver's homestead at Guiseley had to be left for Birstal, his father was his chief anxiety. Thus, to one of his daughters he wrote, in 1852:—

"How we shall remove grandfather, if he live, is a thought that sometimes crosses our minds; but we are

obliged to dismiss it as belonging to the morrow ;—and the Saviour has taught us that, ‘sufficient to the day is the evil thereof.’”

Providence helped him on “the morrow,” so that he was able to remove his infirm father and his mother, now blind, in comfort to Birstal. In their sick chamber at Birstal he read the scriptures and offered prayer daily. At length death released his father. The closing scene is thus described in a letter to one of the family, dated May 2nd, 1853 :—

“You must have been long expecting to hear of your grandfather’s decease, and will not therefore be surprised to learn that that event has at length taken place. He died on Sunday morning, May 1st, a quarter before nine o’clock. For several days his mind had been in a peaceful and happy state, when it was not rambling ; and particularly so on Saturday. Though his speech was very imperfect, yet he uttered such sentences as these :—‘I shall see Him as He is.’ ‘O God, let not the waterfloods overflow my soul.’ One verse he repeated, in whole or in part, I should think a dozen times :—

‘My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels shall rejoice;
To hear their mighty Maker’s praise
Sound from a feeble voice.’

Again, late at night, he said,—‘The Lord is very near unto me ;—glory, glory, glory!’ After a time he repeated,—‘The Lord is very near unto me.’ These were his last words. On Sunday morning, at five o’clock, the nurse called me up ; your mother arose also : we entered his room and at once saw that he was dying fast. We assembled after breakfast in his room for family worship : the younger children were then sent down stairs : I, your mother, grandmother, Mary, and the nurse, waiting to see the final

scene. About twenty minutes after family worship was over he breathed his last, so gently, that for a minute or two we were doubtful whether or not he had ceased to live. Thus another poor bruised reed has gained the victory."

And now that his aged and widowed mother could no longer solace herself by groping about to find warm clothing, or any other requisite that her afflicted husband, the partner of her joys and sorrows for sixty years, had desired, she became the object of increased attention and tenderness to her son. With affecting care, respect, and gentleness did he conduct her from Birstal to his new home at Stourport. In the year 1857, she was there seized with paralysis. Here is Mr. Shrewsbury's account of this sudden affliction, in a letter to his daughter Mary, dated Feb. 13th :—

"Saturday last, as we were about sitting down to dinner, grandma had a paralytic seizure, which entirely deprived her of the use of her right side, and very much affected her speech. With difficulty Arabella and I got her upstairs; and, when put to bed, she tried to speak, but could not utter a sentence; we could not therefore tell what she wished to communicate. At night, however, when Sammy was going to kiss her and bid her good-night as usual, she drew him to her, and said,—'Love the Lord. Be a good boy.' Sunday she was very restless. Monday and Tuesday, sinking; very low indeed in the afternoon. But after taking a little tea she revived, and we made out that she desired family worship to be conducted in her bed-room. I thought a short portion of scripture would be best, and read only the song of the virgin, 'My soul doth magnify the Lord,' every sentence of which she seemed to appropriate as her own, trying to repeat most of it after me; and in prayer, lifting and letting down her left hand (the other

was powerless), to almost every petition she said, with a loud voice,—‘Amen! Amen!’ For a short time this energy was roused, and she seemed very happy. Ma asked her,—‘Mother, do you want anything?’ When she answered.—‘No; bless the Lord! Bless the Lord!’ Since then she has only feebly answered to any question, ‘Yes,’ or ‘No.’ But many times she has uttered,—‘Lord, come! Lord, come!’ We cannot pray the Lord to delay His coming; but when looking at her, this line constantly occurs to my mind:—

‘And grants the prisoner sweet release.’”

To this account he adds:—

“Grandma has nothing to bequeath us; but she will leave us all a rich legacy of prayers, which is the best wealth in the world.”

That he might watch himself over the widowed sufferer, he often made her room his study. On spare evenings he read aloud to her whenever she was able to bear it. He thus describes her last days to his son Jeremiah, in a letter addressed to him in the West Indies, and dated Sept. 29th, 1857:—

“I had begun latterly to read three or four of our hymns a-day to her, intending to go through the hymn book; but the last she heard me read was the 90th, although, when I had finished, I quite expected that she would have lived till I came to the 769th, the last in the hymn-book. You will, perhaps, recollect that, after our dear Joseph’s death, I obtained the hymn-book he used in Bradford Moor chapel, when he preached there only the day previous to his decease; that book I keep in my study as a precious relic, and seldom use it; but I employed it whenever engaged in so sacred a service as reading to grandma. Some may call it superstition, but there was something in the association of

thought in using that book under such circumstances, that was very agreeable to my mind. In general grandma's soul was kept in peace,—perfect peace;—occasionally we discerned something of imbecility and childishness, but not often; for more generally her mind was strong, and her faculties vigorous, of which she gave proof a few days before death, by her inquiries, though speech was imperfect, about the electric telegraph that was being laid down between Britain and America, and then as to how the war was going on in China. Once or twice I expressed surprise at her thinking so much about such matters; but she said, 'I like to know what is going on in the world, for how else can I pray about it;'—so that her sick bed was a place where she in solitude was accustomed to bring national and public matters before God in prayer. Perhaps there are not a few such lonely intercessors scattered here and there in different countries, whose supplications have a mighty, though imperceptible influence on all the events that are continually taking place in this changing world. But I must come to the closing scene.

"On Sunday, the 20th of September, it happened to be my appointment at home, my day for preaching in Stourport. In the morning, early, when I went into her room as usual, and said,—'Well, mother, how are you this morning?' she replied,—'Bless the Lord, I am very comfurble,'—she could not fully pronounce the word comfortable. She added, 'I hope you will have a good day,'—a wish that she ordinarily expressed on the Sabbath. In the afternoon family worship, I read the chapter in regular course, the third of second epistle to Peter, which was the last portion of scripture she heard. Afterwards, while I was walking in my study, preparing for evening service, I heard her attempt to sing; but it was with a feeble voice, like the voice of a child, and she could not get on with many notes;

we all heard her, but could not make out the words. At night, when your good mother and I took leave of her, and kissed her, as we did every night, she said, as she was wont, —‘God bless you both.’ That was the last time she could utter her benediction. On Monday, the 21st, she seemed much as usual till about noon, when she had another stroke, sank into a torpor, and became speechless. Arabella found her in that condition, though no one was present at the time of seizure. When I came in from visiting a few sick people, I went upstairs, and spoke to her, but there were no indications of consciousness. At length I shook her two or three times, and she aroused, and about an hour after she was propped up, and took a moderate dinner. She was then laid down, and continued perfectly sensible, but never took any more nourishment, excepting a few tea-spoonfuls of broth, and once or twice a little tea. When we took leave of her at night she tried in vain to speak, except that at the close of prayer, she just uttered ‘Amen,’ which was the last word we heard from her lips. The next morning I saw she was sinking; yet perfectly collected, and understood what was said to her. After repeating, ‘Other refuge have I none,’ &c., I knelt down and prayed with her nearly the whole of that day. Tuesday, the 22nd, I spent in her room,—Ma and Arabella coming up occasionally. Towards five o’clock in the afternoon, I saw her end was very near, and called them up stairs once more. We stood silently looking on, without saying a word, each raising the heart in prayer and praise to Him who is ‘Lord both of the dead and living.’ My heart’s prayer was, ‘Come, Lord; Lord, come now.’ And in about ten minutes more, without struggle or sigh, and with only just a faint gasp, the spirit escaped from the tabernacle, and entered into rest. I then gently pressed down the lids over the poor blind eyes; Ma brought me a napkin; I bound up her face, and we knelt

down a few moments in silent devotion ; and then left the room to think of arrangements for the funeral.

“ In this manner, my dear Jeremiah, died your beloved grandmother. She often talked about you and yours, and still oftener thought about you ; how often in her lonely hours we cannot tell. She left no fortune behind to distribute amongst her children and grand-children ; but she has left a rich legacy of prayers ; if they all be answered, both you and we shall daily experience the truth of Psalm lxxxiv. 11 ;—‘ For the Lord God is a sun and shield ; the Lord will give grace and glory ; no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.’ And why should not her every prayer, and ours too, be answered, seeing it is written, ‘ The Lord fulfil,’—which is equivalent to a promise, ‘ The Lord will fulfil,—all thy petitions.’ For my part, I cannot bring myself to believe that one prayer will ever be lost ; only we must mind and keep the commandments of God, and leave Him who is infinite in wisdom to ‘ grant us our heart’s desire ’ in that way and manner, and time too, which He knows is best ;—most for His glory, and our real advantage.”

Of her funeral, he thus writes, in the same letter :—

“ Grandma’s funeral took place on Friday, the 25th of September, in the forenoon. It was a plain, decent, economical, and devout funeral. We resolved to incur no unnecessary expence, and have therefore spent as little as possible, regardless of the opinions of the world ; for honesty is before show and appearances in the estimation of a Christian. Indeed I do not know of anything more absurd in Christian countries than the expending of large sums on funerals, thus, in many instances, where it can be ill-afforded, entailing additional trouble when a funeral is over, perhaps, for a whole twelvemonth or more before people can

recover themselves from the embarrassments which need never have been incurred."

Further on in the letter he adds :—

"My parents gave me up to missionary service, as their first-born, when I was only in my twenty-first year ; I have survived all their children, and with my own hand that now writes have I closed the eyes of each parent, and seen each die in peace. We learn this one practical lesson : no one is a loser by anything that is given up for Christ."

For the grave of each of his parents, Mr. Shrewsbury obtained a suitable head-stone, and as they were ardent admirers of the hymns of Dr. Watts, upon each stone he had carved a favourite verse of one of those hymns :—

"God, my Redeemer, lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down, and numbers all my dust,
Till He shall bid it rise."

Little did the dear old people know to what straits their dutiful son was often brought. From them he carefully concealed the difficulties, to which allusion is made in the two following extracts from letters to one of his daughters :—

"Ma, though an invalid, is generally able even these cold mornings to get down to breakfast. I wonder at her the more, as our mean living and scanty fare is very inadequate to her necessities ; but it seems like a fulfilment of the gracious promise, 'I will bless thy bread and thy water within thee.' Arabella turns out at dawn of day, kindles the fire, and gets breakfast : Sammy is errand boy ; and grandma keeps her bed till near noon. She is wonderfully well, excepting her stiffness of joints, at which nobody wonders but herself. It is observable, however, that her

‘flesh’ fails, though not as yet her ‘heart;’ but we are assured that God is, and will be, ‘the strength of her heart and her portion for ever. . . . A thousand blessings be on Mr. and Mrs. Day for the kindnesses they have shown to you. When I am rich I will certainly make them ample recompense;—but it seems likely that they will have to wait awhile! Well, grace is better than riches: I would rather have a heart full of grace than a house full of gold.”

“How we are to get on I know not. But God and the ravens are not dead, though Elijah has long since departed: and the sticks and cruse remain, though the meal is spent, and the oil is gone. We must wait on God, and live by faith for temporals as well as spirituals:—sometimes we can do this with ease, at other times cares roll in, and we then do it with difficulty; but we strive to do it every day.”

Mr. Shrewsbury was not less exemplary as a husband than as a son. After the death of his first wife he received a letter from her brother, Dr. King, of Barbados, in which, in the strongest terms, he commends and thanks his brother-in-law for the uniform affection and respect, which his late sister had experienced from her husband. Mr. Shrewsbury cherished most tenderly the memory of the departed wife of his youth. When past seventy years of age, he touchingly refers to “that morning of sorrow,” in a letter to a young missionary friend in China. He adds, in the same letter, “I will mention to you one thing of which I have but seldom spoken, and that only to one or two of my own family. I resolved, on my bereavement, to make her dying day, on the return of the thirteenth of every month, my consecration day, on which I would monthly renew the dedication of my all to God. I

have steadily, by divine grace, kept to that resolution, and repeated my ministerial vows and engagements this morning, which makes this day the three hundred and sixtieth of these blessed services. My method is simple, and consists of little more than singing in a quiet, low tone of voice, what I call my consecration hymn, the 430th in our hymn-book, after breakfast, before I bow my knees in the closet. Having done this, I confirm the whole in solemn prayer, and endeavour, as far as faith enables and God aids me, to have fellowship with all the happy dead." Thus he writes to a daughter from Birstal, June 14th, 1854:—

“MY DEAR HILLARIA,

“I love to write your name for your mother’s sake ; it always sounds pleasant to my ears, and is inscribed by my hand with a peculiarity of feeling, which I suppose nobody but myself understands ; and my hope is that you will, throughout life, do honour to the name you bear. Then will you not have been ‘baptized,’ if not ‘for the dead,’ in the sense Paul meant, yet in the name of the dead, ‘in vain.’ How soon will the dead, and those who yet live, meet together in that world where sorrow, and sighing, and death, shall be no more ! In the midst of your youthful happiness, and pleasurable associations with your friends, do not forget the nearness of another world.—‘Lo ! eternity’s here.’”

Writing to the same daughter from Beverley, in 1859, after mentioning “an agreeable and unexpected visit from Mr. and Mrs. Dugmore of South Africa,” he adds:—

“I inquired about other things, but did not forget to inquire especially about your mother’s grave. It is still kept

in good order, and Mr. Dugmore has three children buried near the same spot."

Upon his re-marriage he was still the affectionate, considerate, and deferential husband. Though naturally impatient, his wife received from him no impatient word. By his prudence and forbearance he smoothed for her the very difficult position of becoming step-mother to six children.

As a master, Mr. Shrewsbury was just and humane. When a member of his family suggested that a servant who was threatened with a serious illness should be sent home, he resolutely refused, observing, "It matters not what it costs me; she has worn herself down in our work; she shall stay, and if she dies, I will give her as honourable a burial as I can. There is much injustice done to servants."

The biographer is afraid to trust himself in speaking of Mr. Shrewsbury as a father. That he was revered by his children may be gathered from the fact that nothing he ever wrote them, from the veriest scrap to the most lengthy letter, was ever destroyed by them. A large mass of correspondence has been committed to the writer, ranging over a period of thirty years.

Mr. Shrewsbury was not perfect in any of his relationships, any more than other mortals. As a father, he was in danger of overlooking the importance of the secular in his all-absorbing anxiety for the spiritual welfare of his children. There was, perhaps, also an excess of strictness in his management of his family, which, but for his own beautiful consistency and self-denial, might have quickened the natural hostility of the human heart to what is good. Occasionally, but

very rarely, Mr. Shrewsbury's constitutional hastiness of temper overcame him ; but even then, a smart box on the ear was its worst display. But no man was more alive to the importance of a calm and patient temper in the ruling of a house, than the subject of this biography, or was more deeply penitent than he if he had spoken an unguarded word even to a child.

His master-thought was the spiritual salvation of all his children. The writer's earliest recollection of this passion for home-salvation dates from Salem in South Africa. It seems but yesterday since his elder brother and himself were sitting upon their father's knees in Salem chapel, and listening to his comments, adapted to their early years, on the words, " God is love." Of later years it was his habit to insert the names of his children, when baptized, upon the " class-book " of his church, and, as they grew up, to remind them that by virtue of their baptism they were already united to the church, and that it was at their peril if they forsook it. Whenever he visited his children at school, whether at Woodhouse Grove, or elsewhere, he always took them to some secluded spot, and, after discoursing earnestly and lovingly with them on divine things, prayed over them. How he sought, by his letters, to guide them into the way of peace, may be gathered from a few extracts.

To his son Jeremiah he writes, Oct. 14th, 1842, from Rawtenstall :—

" There is one point in which the analogy between the Israelites and true Christians fails. When bitten by the fiery serpents the Israelite looked, and lived. But when cured, he returned to his tent, and had no need to look at

that brazen serpent any more. It was one look, and once for all. Whereas our poor souls must not only look once to Christ, our atoning Lord and Saviour, but that look must be an *always* now. Be humble. Never allow a vain thought. What has a poor, worthless, hell-deserving, saved sinner, to be proud of! And let your humility be unaffected. Let it be in heart, not in words. 'Learn of me,' saith Christ, 'for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.' Be throughout life the friend of the poor. Visit the sick. Look up the most destitute and wretched; and count it a privilege to go in search of objects of distress, where few persons would like to go."

And again, in 1853 :—

"I neither believe in baptismal regeneration, nor in baptismal nothingness : but I do believe in a baptismal covenant, and that the administration of that covenant-rite would be always attended with real spiritual benefit, if observed in the spirit and way which Christ hath appointed; and that, even now, imperfect as the church and Christian parents are, it often is really attended with an impartation of spiritual good, which we may be satisfied to leave without a name or definition."

The following are extracts from letters to his daughters:—

"We are always glad to hear from you, or from any of our children, for our happiness and interests are bound up with yours : and 'now we live if ye stand fast in the Lord.' Spiritual improvement is the first thing to mind, always, and everywhere : we have now a month less to live on earth, and are so much nearer the unknown world, which, I hope,

we shall each find to be what Dr. Watts calls,—‘That eternal world of joy.’

‘And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.’

Well ; let ‘every power find sweet employ’ on earth also, by doing what we do ‘as unto the Lord,’—‘giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.’ Every thing offered to God in the name of His Son Christ Jesus, is acceptable to Him ; His merits add infinite worth to our services, which, when the eye is single, have in them real dignity and goodness, however feeble and frail, and even sinful, we may be in ourselves, because they are produced by the Holy Spirit who is all-perfect in goodness and power. These two things concurring in the works of the Christian, the grace of Christ and the operation of the blessed Spirit, they cannot be otherwise than all-pleasing to ‘our Father who is in heaven.’ Carefully mark the working of the Holy Spirit in your heart ; you can be at no loss to know it, for if it be but a gracious desire, or penitent grief, or believing hope, or an ardent sigh for God, inasmuch as it is good it is from Him.

‘Our good is all divine.’

And be sure that you highly value it, for it is a great good ; we are so apt to speak of having ‘a little grace,’ that we almost involuntarily think grace of that degree itself a little thing. Not so ; it is an infinite good : and seventy years of thanksgiving would be too short for one desire after the ever-blessed God. How then shall we praise sufficiently for desires, and hopes, and comforts, and humblings, revived again and again in the soul ? ‘O give thanks unto the Lord ; for He is good ; for His mercy endureth for ever.’”

“It is painful for me to be a witness against transgressors at York : but against how many of my impenitent hearers, who would not be converted and saved, shall I have to be a

witness in the last day before the Judge of all men? What multitudes who have heard my voice since I began to preach have already passed into the eternal world! My children have all heard me preach. Oh, I pray that they may all be saved. I feel it a duty to pray frequently for all my surviving hearers in every part of the world, that by some means they may be brought to the knowledge of the truth before they go hence and are no more seen."

"We value your congratulations, and one desire predominates above all others, namely, that we may have every one of us as a family to adore our Creator, Preserver, and Redeemer for our birth and being, in that world of blessedness where time is not numbered by days and months and years, or rather, I should say eternity, and where sickness, sorrow, disappointment, and sin shall never more be known. 'Let us labour to enter into that rest.'"

"Take care of over-exertion and fatigue; get to rest early; mind seasons of retirement; for prayer night and morning only, will not long keep the soul alive to God. Neither Crystal Palace, nor Exhibition, nor any other sight is equal to what you may see on any page of the Bible. When alone you may look into, and read over some of the words of God. Be sure that you find time for that every day; and the earlier in the morning the better."

"On entering the house of God I invariably lift up my heart in prayer for all my children, that wherever they dwell they may all be from Sabbath to Sabbath His pure and devout worshippers. Could I be assured that they were all safe for eternity, I should scarcely have a wish remaining; for then I am certain God would take care of them as His own, the few and swiftly passing days they may have to spend on earth. I trust that you, my Jane, are making it your business to secure eternal life. Many at the last

will be 'weighed in the balance, and found wanting ;' none overweight."

He was prompt in his correspondence, as in everything else, from principle. Thus he writes to his second daughter :—

"Yours of yesterday I received this evening, and though too late for post, I answer without delay, as it properly belongs to the correspondence of the day. In the affairs of life, I find a great advantage in discharging the duties of the day within the day, and leaving to-morrow clear for the performance of whatever Providence may then require of me. Postponement always make a duty burdensome, and sometimes irksome."

His letters abound with sage advices. Thus he counsels his eldest son, in 1841, on contentment :—

"It is of great importance to cherish throughout life an habitually thankful spirit for the mercies of our time, and the providential blessings poured upon us, wherever our lot may be cast. Some persons are so perpetually fidgety and uneasy about their existing troubles, and difficulties, that they cannot enjoy themselves anywhere ; and no wonder, for, as it is said in Milton, 'The mind is its own place,' and who can be truly happy without a renewed heart, which will teach universal contentment, satisfaction, and peace ? He who simply wishes to do the will of God, without following nature's crooked ways, or having any by-ends of his own, cannot be unhappy anywhere ; for to live in, and to embrace, follow after, and do the will of God, is heaven on earth begun. Pray, my Jeremiah, that you may both understand and experience this blessedness !"

To the same son he thus writes, two years later, on relative duties :—

“Religion is the main thing. When a man gets true godliness, and retains it, we may say his fortune is made, for it ‘has promise of the life that now is,’ as well as ‘of that which is to come.’ Its promise cannot possibly fail. If my children get godliness, they will never want a crust. Especially if they mind a parallel scripture ‘godliness *with contentment* is great gain.’ Religion, which is but another term for godliness, fits man for business, as well as for devotion; and makes him a good citizen on earth, while it trains him for the citizenship of heaven. Indeed the good man is presented with the freedom of the heavenly city, the New Jerusalem, while he lives on earth: for the favour and image of God are both the evidence and the earnest of his future ‘inheritance with the saints in light.’ Keep your evidence clear, my son, of your personal acceptance with God. In order to this, avoid unbelief and sin. These are the only two evils to be dreaded, ‘Do no iniquity,’ and be always ‘looking unto Jesus:’—the latter in order to the former, not the former in order to the latter; for ‘Christ is all in all.’ Begin, continue, and end with Christ. Take for your encouragement these lines of the poet:—

‘Christ who all your weakness sees,
He will prop your feeble knees.’

“It is well that you are so actively employed in business. Be sure that you render your master faithful and diligent service. Never waste an inch of pack-thread, nor a fragment of paper. In making out bills, or entering in a day-book or ledger, be extremely accurate; you cannot be too particular. Trust nothing to memory and a future opportunity; but do it *instantly*, and then it is done, and your mind will carry no load. What is done at once, is generally done best. And no wonder, for the present time is always the right time, and the best time. It is in the power of a shopman greatly to ease his employer, who will always have

cares enough, however faithfully he may be served, without being annoyed by slovenly, dirty, negligent servants. Serve Christ in serving your master, and of the Lord Christ you shall receive a reward. I wish you to be an example to every apprentice or shopman in the town; not that you may gain the praise of men, but that you may enjoy the blessing, because in this respect, also, you keep the commandments of God. Relative duties are less understood, and less practised by religious people than any other duties: but be it your care to know, and carry out into practice, the whole gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

To the same again, on slovenliness, he says:—

"Get out of slovenly habits in everything. Small matters indicate the tendency of the mind. I should like you to be, without affectation, a real gentleman, in appearance, however humble your clothing. Even a pair of clogs, when well-cleaned, look respectable; but dirty Wellington boots, how contemptible! Make out every bill in the shop, write every note genteelly; be this your aim, along with the pursuit of inward religion."

To the same, on debt, he writes, in 1845:—

"In regard to your future prospects in life, I often think of them with deep, though not distrustful concern. You have now come to man's estate; and I wish that I had it in my power to help you onward in worldly matters. But I am pocket-bound; and neither you nor I must begin by running into debt. It would be better to move in a humble sphere all through life, than borrow and not be sure of means of paying again. At present, take great care of your scanty means, and be economical in the extreme;—only be not mean, and rob the church of God of just support according to your ability, and God will direct your way step by step, if you be not in a hurry to go before, but

willing to follow after the cloudy pillar, which will be your sure and safe guide, so long as you may travel in this wilderness."

To the same, on independence :—

"Throughout life maintain a proper independence of spirit. 'Honour all men,' be respectful to your superiors, whether they be so by birth, talent, rank, or station; forgive, and never resent injuries or neglects, yet, withal, act like a man,—'a man of God,' and do not bring yourself voluntarily into contact with any one whom you may have just reason to think desires in his heart to have but little to do with you. Let mere compliments be readily understood to be nothing more than compliments; you can just hear them with one ear, and then pass on your way quietly, and think no more of them."

To the same, on preaching :—

"Follow no man in all things but Christ. Never preach a half studied sermon. Take care to prepare well for the pulpit. Prepare not high-flown oratory, but good divinity. If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God. I do not mean, write a sermon in full. On the contrary, write only the outline. But let the outline be finished and complete; not a rude, hasty sketch. Have put on paper an exactly suited text to every prominent division, and to every principal topic. Our Lord and His apostles abounded with references to, and quotations of holy writ. And always preach to save souls. Let Jeremiah Shrewsbury be nothing, and Christ be all in all. And don't forget your special mission to save and benefit the children of my enemies, and to do good to everybody in Barbados, for Barbados is one of the dearest places to me on earth."

To the same, on the management of a family :—

"You ask a few instructions;—you want nothing more

than you will find in the Bible. They are general and comprehensive, rather than detailed and precise, and so are best fitted for adaptation to all families and all ages. In every household there is some peculiarity that is distinctive, however exactly Christians may agree in their principles; so that it is difficult, if not impossible, to lay down formal regulations for others in regard to their family management. Mrs. Susannah Wesley's plans were admirable for her family, and the practical result was good; but I doubt whether any other family could be managed successfully in just the same way: indeed it would be unreasonable to expect it: one might just as reasonably expect that old Mr. Samuel Wesley's wig should fit every clergyman's head as well as it did his own. I apprehend a considerable portion of the unchristian judging and censoriousness that exist in the world, arise from the attempt to raise a particular mode of doing a thing to the importance of one universal standard, every other mode being counted excellent or deficient, according to its agreement or disagreement with it. This is the source of a kind of religious, sentimental, and conscientious bigotry; and every bigot passes in his own little soul a little 'act of uniformity,' which would induce him, were he not under the control of higher and spiritual influences, to eject from the pale of the church all who differ from what he has laid down in his mind to be alone the lawful and right way of proceeding. Now, my dear son, I will not attempt to furnish you with rules for parental government; indeed I am not competent to do so. What you may have seen in your father's domestic management that appears worthy of imitation, adopt, with such modification as time and circumstances may render expedient: what you may judge to have been weak or erroneous, avoid:—as to the rest, besides the blessed scriptures of truth, 'ye have an unction from the

Holy One,'—an anointing from Christ, the Anointed, who hath also given you His Spirit—'whereby ye know all things.' One general remark then may suffice. As it is our one business in life for ourselves to be as much as possible like Jesus, so it is our duty to study to make our children as much as possible like Jesus also. This is our polestar ; if we steer by it over the ocean of life we shall reach the port safely at last."

To the same, once again, he writes, in 1854:—

"I had rather see you a poor upright tradesman than a wealthy merchant, flourishing like a green bay tree by iniquitous means. Religion, my son, does not consist in sanctity of look, devout demeanour, many prayers, and high professions, but in 'doing justly, loving mercy, and walking humbly with thy God.' If I could command a little wealth, who should be more heartily welcome to it just now than my dear Jeremiah ? If I had but fifty or a hundred pounds, I would gladly shoot it all out of my pocket into your lap, and I should count myself a richer man after giving it over to you."

To his daughter Mary, he thus writes on Sunday railway trains:—

"To my mind the matter is clear enough ; but I am no man's judge ; howbeit I wish the Methodists of our time had more of the old Puritan stuff about them, which made them

'Gainst all example
Resolutely good.'"

And to his son William, the eldest boy of his second family, he writes on music:—

"I am glad that you have joined the choir. Music is a delightful science ; do your best to improve yourself, and to improve others. The human voice gradually acquires per-

fection by skilful modulation of its tones. Look upon your singing as a training service for heaven, always regarding well the meaning of the words you sing, and allowing them to have a deep and permanent lodgment in your mind. To realize eternal things is the highest wisdom of man."

As might be expected, he wrote sometimes about temperance and the liquor traffic. To his eldest son he gives this injunction :—

"My son, I charge you abide by total abstinence to the day of your death. Even if it were true (which it is not), that a man could not live without it (never believe that libel against your Maker), even in such a case, a man had better die for want of drink than be killed by it. In the former instance he might get safe to heaven ; in the latter he would certainly have no inheritance in the kingdom of God."

To his son Abraham, he writes :—

"Drink, drink, drink, cursed drink is destroying men by wholesale, first ruining them in this world, and then damning them in the world to come. It is a complete mystery to me how any man, making the least pretension to Christianity, can have anything to do with traffic in so great an abomination. It is your duty, as a Christian, most respectfully, yet earnestly, to urge on your employer the abandonment of such an idea, even on the ground of his own interest, if he wishes the young men in the shop to be kept out of the way of temptation. Press upon him the fearful reckoning which drink-sellers will have to give at the last day, when all men shall stand before the judgment seat of Christ. This you must do after much prayer for wisdom, and in the most respectful manner possible, yet with Christian fidelity. If you can successfully persuade, well ;—if not, you will have delivered your own soul. As

you cannot control the will of other men, the next step relates entirely to yourself. You must beg to be excused from all personal participation in that branch of the business: but here you must be firm as a rock. You need not at once give a downright refusal, and if you be excused, there the matter for the present may rest, and God will give you wisdom and grace to guide you from day to day. But if you cannot be excused, you must plainly say that you belong to Christ, and have a soul to save, and therefore you dare not, cannot, will not do it. God forbid that a child of mine should defile his hands and his conscience with such a trade in murder. I shall be sorry, very sorry for you to be dismissed from your situation, especially in these days of difficulty and hard times; but if £500 a year were offered you, even a thought of complying must not for one moment be allowed to remain in the mind. Money is nothing; no, not the wealth of empires, when it comes in the way of righteousness."

To one of his daughters he writes about a victim of the drink:—

"Here is another victim of drink: but who cares for it? Who will be warned by it? Some will pity him, and say, 'Poor fellow, what a thing it is that he had not more sense, to master himself, and keep within bounds.' Others will say, 'How we feel for his poor father and mother!'—and then they will go away to the mash-tub, and brew away as cheerfully as ever. O cursed drink! If David would not take the water of Bethlehem, but poured it out before the Lord, merely because three men, without receiving actual injury, obtained it at the hazard of their lives, shall I partake of that which has been the fell destroyer of thousands upon thousands. God forbid! O that Christian people at least would be wise, and not pursue a course which may hereafter 'pierce them through with many sorrows.'"

Writing to the same daughter, he thus ridicules the boasted efficacy of "red port:"—

"As to Ma, within the last week she has been considerably improving, and that without the help of 'red port,' which often has not a drop of Oporto juice of the grape in it; but in which, because it is called 'red port,' and is supposed to have a kind of talismanic charm in it, some foolish people have as much confidence as an African negro has in his *greegrees*. A red herring, of which Ma is very fond, and which has helped her to make a better meal at tea than usual, has done much more for her than cider, logwood, and other ingredients, called 'red port,' would have done; for, according to my belief, wholesome fish is much to be preferred to ruddy poison. But every body has not common sense; yet I must hope that my daughters will never allow themselves to be talked out of good principles by the popular and vulgar quackery of the wine-drinking multitudes. Be assured, that if people had no more love for wine than they have for jalap, we should hear but very little about the medicinal virtue of 'red port,' and rare would be the instances in which its praises would be sounded in the ears of the feeble and infirm. There unquestionably is real benefit sometimes derived from nauseous medicines, but how is it that nobody recommends *them*? But when generous wine, which is in itself pure and nourishing, has been 'doctored,' as the technical term is, by an admixture of poisonous, that is inebriating ingredients,—when it has thus been made injurious it is pronounced by a sapient generation good and healthful. It is hard to keep on one's feet against the strong current of common opinion, and the positively affirmed facts adduced in support thereof; but maggots are maggots in rotten meat, though all the world should say that carrion is healthful food;—and poison is

poison, however numerous the multitudes may be who testify that it will make sick people well."

With unremitting regularity he wrote to each of his children on their birthdays. A few extracts from some of these letters are subjoined.

To Jeremiah, October, 1851:—

"This day week you will be eight-and-twenty years of age;—so life steals away as years roll on: may it be well improved, that we may 'give for every day some good account at last.' We shall not fail, with solemnity and gratitude, to remember you before God, while we pray that every year may find you as you enter upon it richer in grace than in any former year, and determined with renewed fidelity to consecrate yourself to the service of the living God. And when we think on you before the throne of grace, we associate yours with you,—the several members of your household,—and especially Charlotte, who is now your dearest earthly friend, and your nearest earthly relative. For it is God's own appointment that, 'a man shall leave father and mother, and cleave unto his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh.' We envy not Charlotte her superior claim to your regards, but as parents gladly recognize the wisdom and benevolence of the divine law, and are content to resign our former highest claim to one so justly dear to you as your 'help meet' in the Lord. May your days be days of tranquillity and peace; I dare not add, and without tribulation, since that is contrary to the holy will of God who hath said, 'In the world ye shall have tribulation;' but I will desire that you may never have an unsanctified affliction, nor a trouble without a benefit.'

To Hilaria, May, 1858:—

"Though I am expecting your letter at the appointed time in the course of this week, I anticipate you this month,

that I may have the serious pleasure of congratulating you on the return of your birthday to-morrow, when you will receive by this note my paternal salutations; and I am sure your dear mamma, the representative of your own glorified mother, will, in spirit at least, if not by letter, cordially unite with me; as does also Arabella, who will write when we shall again hear from you. I say 'serious pleasure,' for solemnity should always temper joy, and blend with gratitude, on the anniversary of our birth. We have had, you have had, since May 12th, 1857, a year of rich mercies and blessings, however mingled with trials, which are in truth to be accounted as a portion of our blessings in Christ Jesus, and a part of our Lord's divine legacy,—'In the world ye shall have tribulation' (now all legacies are to be reckoned as valuable), and for those mercies you may to-day raise a fresh Ebenezer, and say, 'Hitherto the Lord hath helped us.' Meanwhile that word 'hitherto' may be viewed in a prophetic aspect, as a prelude to future help, a pledge of continued goodness, and care, according to that sure word of promise, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' My heart most devoutly prays, as my pen moves along, that 'mercy and loving-kindness' may attend you all your days,—most sure guidance be vouchsafed to you at every turn and step of life,—and that you may dwell in the house of the Lord, the heavenly temple, with all your glorified kindred,—with Christ Jesus,—for ever and ever. Never forget, my dear daughter, the end of your being, and consequently the duty and aim of every action, plan, and purpose through life. It cannot be better expressed than in the well known lines:—

'And let me through Thy Spirit know,
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.'

You have now one year less to live, and are one year nearer

the eternal kingdom of God. 'Gird up the loins of your mind ; be sober, and hope to the end.' You have another year to account for before the Judge of quick and dead ; but that you may not be unduly distressed with a sense of demerit, and of fear from so overwhelming a thought, let me remind you of one of my recent texts,—'I would make supplication to my Judge ;'—Job ix. 15. That divine and righteous Judge condemneth not supplicants, who cry unto Him for mercy and salvation, and for strength to do His will :—He will never drive one 'from the throne of grace' to the left hand position of the ungodly in the last day. The publican in the temple was as safe as Gabriel in the heights of glory. Go then, my Hilli, to Jesus the 'mediator of the covenant,' who 'hath made reconciliation for the sins of the people : ' tell Him that you come once more to plead His blood and righteousness, and He will pardon, of His infinite goodness, all defects and shortcomings, and will renew your soul more fully after His blessed image, that you may begin the new year with a hallowed heart, all devoted to His service your remaining days. May He deign to accept you, and grant you His richest blessing, even life for evermore. If I can see all my children saints, then will I go singing to the grave, 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.' As to the world, you will have as much of that as is good for you.

"Kind and dutiful and womanly as Bella is, I feel somewhat lonely in Ma's absence ; but I cannot grudge her the change. It is only right that the health, sacrificed in part to my dear father in his long affliction, should now have every chance of being recruited. For that object I would gladly yield many weeks of my own personal comfort. I have just ordered a grave-stone for grandfather, exactly corresponding to grandma's, which I think you saw at Stourport : when it is finished I shall send it per rail to

Birstal ; and when I know that it is erected I shall have the satisfaction of having completed my last duty to them, excepting that to honour their memory will be an obligation to the end of my days."

To Mary, March, 1861 :—

"With solemn joy we offer you our domestic congratulations in anticipation of your birth-day on the 23rd inst. (to-morrow),—and refer you to Psalm xci. 1, as containing our best wishes on your behalf. That beautiful scripture alludes to the outstretched wings of the cherubim over the mercy-seat, Jehovah's dwelling place, while the glory shone with divine beamings on the prostrate worshippers. That was the privilege of the high-priest only, in its literal reality ; but it was an emblem of the privileges of all true Jewish worshippers, and still more of the higher privileges of Christian believers. Security and happiness ; sanctity and devotion, how sacredly blended in that one verse of David's psalms ! May all that blessedness, and whatsoever else can be signified by that text, be joyously realized by you ! May you on your birth-day be taken into the holy of holies, behold the glory of the King of glory, even of Jesus, Emmanuel, the Lord of hosts ; and from that day forward, may you have continual 'fellowship,' as 'with the Father,' so also 'with His Son Jesus Christ our Lord.' These few words are enough : possessed of this grace you will have true riches, and be happy to all eternity."

To Hannah Jane, May, 1859 :—

"Seventeen years, my dear child, have soon passed away ; but what a mercy it is that you have not only heard the voice saying, 'Seek ye my face,' but that your heart has replied by divine grace, 'Thy face, Lord, will I seek.' You were a feeble child in infancy, yet God has mercifully brought you to this hour, and permitted you to live to

choose Him for your portion, and to taste the sweetness of His divine love. He is a most gracious and forgiving God; and, if you believe on His Son Jesus Christ, He will grant you in Him all spiritual blessings, and save you unto life everlasting. To the God of all grace we shall, on the 8th inst., specially commend you, praying that in your youth you may gain that deep experience in religion, that heavenly wisdom promised to them that seek it, and that stability in the ways of God, that shall preserve you steadfast and unblamable in holiness to the end of your days.

“Who can tell what lies before our dear Hannah Jane in the future? Is her life to be long or short? Will she fade as a flower, as did Joseph; or, will she be spared for years of maturity and old age? Will she know prosperity or adversity? We know not; and what is more, we do not desire to know, because we ought not to indulge such a desire. It is enough to be able to say with David,—‘My times are in Thy hand.’ It is enough for you to cry,—‘My Father, Thou art the guide my youth.’ See His hand, my dear child, in the events of every day; be very submissive and obedient to Him, and quite content that He should lead you as He pleases from day to day. Let your heart say,—‘Where Thou wilt, Lord; what Thou wilt; and as Thou wilt.’ Holy submission is a daily heaven. We cannot always soar, as on the wings of eagles, but we may always bow.”

To his youngest child, Aug. 1858:—

“MY DEAR SAMUEL,

“I have just finished studying my sermon for tomorrow, and feel my mind serious indeed, for I am going to preach about the great and awful day of judgment. Oh! what a day that will be, when the heavens and earth shall pass away, when the trumpet shall sound and the dead be raised, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven

with His mighty angels in flaming fire, and when all men shall stand before His judgment seat, to give an account of the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or bad. Do you never think of that day? Do you not know that you must be there? Does not Edward know that he too must stand before the judgment seat of Christ? Then put away trifling thoughts and childish follies, and set about the great work of your soul's salvation without delay. I would be very earnest with you, Samuel, for on Monday when you get this letter you will be eleven years old."

In the following strain does he congratulate his eldest son, on the occasion of his marriage in Barbados:—

"By the first packet after I received your gratifying letter, giving an account of your marriage with our Charlotte, as we must now consider her, I write to assure you of our united congratulations, joined with not a few intercessions on your behalf, that you may be mutually blessed, and be made a mutual blessing. This depends, not on outward things, and the changeable circumstances of life (for what two days are in all things alike?); but on your dwelling in Christ by faith,—obedient faith that works by love, and produces all the fruits of righteousness and peace. You are not angels, but frail and sinful creatures; and much as you may and ought to delight in each other, yet you will find a daily need of leading each other to Christ for mercy and salvation. There is only one Alpha and Omega, even He who is the beginning and end of our existence, by whom and for whom we were created and redeemed;—and the sum of all religion and of the highest enjoyment just lies in that single sentence (O how deep and profound!),—'That God may be all in all.' This is the termination of the entire dispensation of grace, the whole of the mediatorial work and glory of Christ, as shall appear

in the consummation of all things, in the resurrection of the just, when death is swallowed up in victory.—See 1 Cor. xv. 28. Let this, then, be the sum and end of all our desires, of our every word, and work ;—be this the concentration of our every enjoyment, in every state and relation of life :—‘ That God may be all in all.’ In your marriage covenant were contained these solemn words :—‘ till death us do part :’—words which, when your dear mother and I uttered on the occasion of our marriage in your uncle’s house, Jan. 1st, 1823, I little thought would in the short space of twelve years and six months be realized ;—but still a Christian never loses his ‘ all ;’—for though death severs, still the one removed to heaven, and the one remaining on earth, hath each rest here,—‘ that God may be all in all.’ A departure from this life would have no advantage, if there were no God ; remaining here bereaved would be insupportable, if there were no God ;—but ‘ Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,’ gives each to know, after a new mode, and to realize in a manner till then indescribable, that ‘ God is all in all.’ In this respect the apostle might well say, ‘ Death is yours :’ for death is made subservient to the highest interests both of the dead and the living, when God who is their all is glorified thereby.”

The allusions to his son Joseph in the two next extracts will evince how tenderly he regarded his family :—

“ This morning our dear Joseph has left us, to enter on his new employments. I had much difficulty in keeping my feelings from getting the mastery of me on parting with him, and he struggled hard also on his part, but kept up his spirits manfully, all things considered. I have nothing but comfort in him, and not the slightest thing to complain of ; and I do hope that his future years will corres-

pond with this early promise, and that he will be blest and made a blessing."

Of a reference to Joseph's death at the conference of 1853, he says :—

"It so revived all my tenderest feelings, that even after I had gone home to my lodgings, I could not rest till I came back again, and enjoyed the luxury of standing, and looking, and weeping, and praising the Lord Jesus, at our dear Joseph's grave. Many have been the thanks I have received from the preachers and others, for publishing his life and experience ; and I often meet with instances in which it has been made a great blessing to souls. But all he was, Christ made him :—Jesus is first and last, Alpha and Omega, all in all. Of himself, Joseph was nothing but a sinner ; and we are nothing but sinners ;—it is all grace, mercy, love, undeserved goodness : we are vile."

To his daughter Mary he wrote, in 1860 :—

"So far as we are concerned, though we could not part with our children without anguish, yet if it pleased God to call them thereto, we would gladly give up every child for the blessed work of Christian missions, and be content to spend our remaining days in consequent solitude : I would not lift a finger to hinder them all from going, but rather bow down and bless His name who condescended to accept them all for so holy a service."

When his children were afflicted, his tenderness was especially manifest. In their sinfulness he would weep over them, and pray with them, and encourage them, saying,—“Fear not : you will be a Christian yet.” Many extracts have been marked from letters sent in the day of sorrow : three only shall be given. To a daughter he writes :—

“When any of my children are in trouble, their sorrows always bind them with greater endearment to my heart; how infinitely tender then must the compassions of our heavenly Father be towards you in your present position and circumstances? God loves you more than ever.”

To another daughter he writes:—

“We have all been much distressed this morning by hearing of the severity of your affliction, and we feel it to be no small addition to the trial that we are at such a distance from you. Yet we cannot forget that it is written, God ‘appointeth the bounds of our habitation,’ and as ‘known unto Him are all things from the beginning,’ doubtless He foresaw, in fixing us at Beverley, that this one ingredient in the cup of affliction could not be spared: it was necessary, along with other circumstances, for the fuller trial of our faith and hope in Him. We may be distant, but God is always nigh. We rejoice, in the midst of all, to remember that you are in God’s world, and that He is in every place; and that you are in His hands, who will not ‘lay upon you more than you shall be able to bear.’”

And to the same, he writes:—

“Tribulation always ends with praise; such is the gracious redemption, economy, and administration of our Lord Jesus Christ; and in this way ‘mercy rejoiceth against judgment.’ In every new affliction God is preparing a new anthem for our soul to sing. I find it so in my experience, and with increasing pleasure resign the disposal of myself and family to the sovereign and perfect will of our heavenly Father.”

All through life he had a firm conviction that all his children would be saved. Nor was that conviction shaken when two of his sons enlisted into a regiment of hussars, and his youngest son proceeded to sea. Oh,

how did the tears gush down his cheeks when he received a letter from his youngest son, dated Sydney, giving an account of his conversion through the reading of a tract that had been put into the hands of the sailor boy, just after landing. Alluding to this event, he thus wrote to his aged friend, Mr. Hambrook, of Dover, in 1865 ;—

“ That tract distributor will perhaps never know in this life the result of that solitary tract, given to a sailor boy in a strange land ; much less will she have any idea that he was the son of a poor old Wesleyan minister, worn out in the service of the Lord. When I travelled in Stourport, Sammy used to be called his grandmother’s chaplain, for she was blind, and he used to read the scriptures to her daily, while she gave him many a sound lesson of instruction. That produced serious impressions on his mind ; his sister’s dying request revived the same, when almost choked with grief, he could not even say, Farewell ; and now all has ripened into conversion beyond seas, just after escaping shipwreck, the first Sabbath that they lay at anchor in Sydney. Who is like unto the Lord our God ? ”

The last extract is from a letter written at Bacup. In this town Mr. Shrewsbury spent the eventide of his life. When he retired from the charge of a circuit in the year 1862, he spent six months in visiting his kindred and friends in various parts of the country, commencing with Dewsbury. How he was received may be judged by an extract from one of his letters : —“ We could not have kinder friends than Mr. and Mrs. Day ; there is so much of homely kindness, real and genuine, without ceremony.” At Batley, Birstal, —indeed, wherever he went, he was welcomed with

much affection and respect. The friends at Batley were very anxious to secure his residence there, and made very generous overtures. But his heart was set upon Bacup, that he might enjoy fellowship with his long-trying friend, Mr Sutcliffe. Upon this subject he wrote to one of his daughters on the first of Jan. 1863 :—

“My mind has never fixed on any place but Bacup as the last stage of my many sojournings on earth ; and now the great obstacle, the want of a dwelling, is removed, I take this as a providential indication of my course ;—and the more so as I had quite despaired of finding one, and when I arose this morning quite expected to have to write this day to Batley, and tell the friends there to proceed in carrying out their project. This I shall now defer, and shall not write to them at all till next week. Ma and I will come over to Hempsteads on Monday, and look at the house, &c. : and I have no doubt the result will be a final decision for Bacup.

“ It seems there are three objections. First, the atmosphere ;—the strong figure of speech as to its being ‘poison to me,’ I take for a figure. It brings to my recollection the case of a brother missionary of mine in the West Indies. He was cautioned one morning at breakfast, by a rather fastidious gentleman, not to eat ham ; as he had so recently come from England it might injure his health. The brother rather bluntly replied,—‘ Kill or cure I will eat it,’ and he did so without any harm. In like manner I am willing to risk the poisonous air ; it is vastly purer than the air of a room full of tobacco smoke.

“Secondly, the hill to the chapel,—that is a difficulty, especially in frosty weather. I must make the best of what cannot be obviated.

“Thirdly, the expense of living must be met as far as possible by extra frugality and self-denial.

“On the whole, Bacup is to be my home on earth, if, when we see the house we think with you that it is suitable for us. I am weary of rambling about, and shall be glad to sit down quietly in my own habitation.

“To me this is an eventful era. Forty years ago this day, your ever-loved mother became my wife (you are honoured in bearing her name);—and now I am, on this anniversary of that sacred and joyous event, deciding about the last stage of my earthly pilgrimage. It brings to remembrance the scripture which saith,—‘Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God hath led thee these forty [years in the wilderness.’ May Jehovah guard and guide us to the end!”

He thus describes his removal to his new home, in a letter to his son in the West Indies :—

“John and his wife came with us from Manchester when we came to take possession; Hilli and Bella were waiting to receive us at the door; and our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe, sent over a week’s baking of bread, and our first provisions, that we might lack nothing that would contribute to our comfort. On entering the house we were all surprised at the neatness, elegance, and completeness of everything in and about it. There was no superfluity, no extravagance, but everything we could desire, and arranged with the most perfect taste and simplicity. I never occupied a house so suitable for me, and could not help saying, ‘Surely God has kept the best residence for the last.’ Of course I expect to abide in it till I die. It brought to recollection the promise applied to my mind on the morning I left my father’s habitation to go out as a missionary in 1815;—‘There is no man that hath forsaken houses, or

brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother,' &c.—Mark x. 29, 30 (you can read the whole text, for it has all been fulfilled to me, 'persecutions' not excepted, of which you are a proof,) :—and now I in old age meet with 'brothers and sisters,' &c., and a dwelling just fitted to my necessities and comfort; 'silver and gold have I none,' and yet I 'want no manner of thing that is good.' I only want 'more grace.' Truly, my dear son, the Lord Jesus is a most kind and gracious Master; let us strive to serve Him faithfully all the days of our life."

The last letter of 1863 was addressed to the same son. Like all his foreign letters, it was long and closely written. It contained, among other things, a pleasing retrospect of life :—

"The 27th of this month is memorable for two events. On that day, in the year 1814, after a long season of weeping and sorrow, and a multitude of penitent prayers, my poor trembling soul found repose, and a calm contrite joy in Christ as my Saviour and my God. . . . I have had a multitude of sorrows, temptations, doubts, and fears since; but I can never forget the blessedness of that sacred hour. It was worth a whole life of conflict to be favoured with such a heavenly visitation. Now it was just sixteen years afterwards, namely, Dec. 27th, 1830, when nearly six years of age, that poor Julia narrowly escaped being burned to death :—thirty-three years ago last Sunday. Those two events will ever make the 27th of Dec. a memorable day to me; in both we own the hand of the Lord, as well as in all His subsequent dispensations. . . . I thank Him for permitting you for several years, as my representative, to live in Barbados, and seek the welfare of that people. . . . Thank the Lord, I never knew a revengeful thought; I have desired, from that day to this, nothing but the wel-

fare, peace, and prosperity of Barbados. For that land I have offered thousands of prayers ; yea, and I will pray for them, and seek their best welfare to my dying day."

Notwithstanding increasing infirmities, he attended public worship twice every Sabbath. For his opportunity to attend the evening service, he was indebted to the kindness of John Dawson, Esq., J.P., who made him a welcome guest at his house, which was close to the chapel, every Sabbath. Writing to his daughter, in March, 1864, he says :—

"Though somewhat feeble, and the weather very inclement, I was able to get to chapel yesterday, and in the morning I preached at Mount Pleasant, from Rom. viii. 16. It was a refreshing season to my own soul, and I have reason to believe the word was a blessing to many. I dined at Mr. Dawson's, and heard my young colleague, Mr. Eacott, in the evening; and afterwards, my guardian angel, Mr. Sutcliffe, conducted me home with his lantern to my own door."

Through the liberality of a few friends at Bacup, he was enabled to visit his kindred, and the kindred of his wife, in Kent, in July, 1864. He preached at Deal for both the Independents and his own people, and was glad to show his wife the lowly cottage in which he was born. Some of the most pleasing incidents of this visit he gives in a letter to Miss Sutcliffe, dated, Chatham, July 5th, 1864 :—

"I have had much pleasure in meeting with some of my old friends ; the day I went to Deal, my native town, happened to be their quarterly meeting. At the dinner table sat four of us old men together. First, John Wakeham, aged eighty-four years, my old class leader, with whom I

met fifty-three years ago :—next him was W. J. Shrewsbury, approaching seventy : next, on my other hand was Thomas Ash, aged seventy-seven, and next him, Thomas Stubberfield, aged eighty ; both local preachers and class-leaders when I was young. Who would have thought that, after more than half a century, we four should have met together once more on so memorable an occasion ! In the quarterly meeting a scheme was brought forward for building a new chapel ; Mr. Betts has given £1000. I was present at the opening of the former chapel in 1806 ;—fifty-eight years ago. The ground is bought for the new chapel, and, singularly enough, it is the very spot where, till lately, stood the house in which my mother was born. But I must reserve other pleasing facts till we meet at your family table.”

Mr. Shrewsbury conducted a class in own house at Bacup. All the members testified to the great privilege they found it to hear his experience and receive his counsels. An accomplished young lady from Southport took occasion, when visiting Bacup, to attend his class. By means of notes which she made, the following experiences and advices of the aged class-leader are preserved :—

“There are two ways of entrance into heaven : one way is with honour and dignity, when Christ will greet the disembodied saint with the words, ‘Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord ;’—and another way is to enter as the penitent thief :—‘no condemnation,’ truly ; but only through the amazing fulness of redeeming grace to hear the words, ‘To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise.’ Mine I think will be the latter case. Well, if I may only have the lowest place in Christ’s service in glory, I will adore Him for ever. I am like the Hebrew

servant. Though so unworthy, I can say, 'I love my Master ; I love His service.'

"I have been much impressed with a passage in the 18th chapter of Jeremiah, which gives an account of the prophet's visit to the potter's house. 'The vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hand of the potter : so he made it again another vessel, as seemed good to the potter to make it.' I have been to the Lord as the clay, defective and unyielding in the hands of the potter. He could not execute His first purpose of making it a vessel to honour, yet, with patient long-suffering, instead of wholly casting it away, He re-kneaded it, and made of it that which He could, an inferior vessel for His service.

"Looking to God for help, is help ; crying to God for salvation, is salvation.

"Israel of old was not steadfast in His covenant ; keep you steadfast. Never seek an exchange. Stick fast to your bargain, and God, will hold fast to His part ; He is faithfulness and truth.

"When we are oppressed by the consciousness of our own unworthiness, we are too apt to think only of the strict account which is kept of our failings and short-comings, and to overlook the fact that God also most graciously keeps an accurate record of every little service done in His name, and for His sake.

"Do not try to attain perfection, to obtain dominion over sin, by your own efforts ; this is to be under the law. 'Ye are not under the law, but under grace ;' therefore 'sin shall not have dominion over you.' Be ever coming to Christ, in absolute dependence ; hang every moment on Him. It is this continual coming which keeps the soul right. Always coming, therefore always right.

"The will is man's ; the power is God's ; yet the will to will is from God, even as the power to perform ; and so God

worketh both in us to will and to do ; and thus we work out our own salvation. And wherever He gives the will, it is an earnest that the power shall follow.

“Make your standard high in aiming to ‘be faithful unto death.’ It is better that you should feel your short-comings and failures, because you sink so much below your standard, than that you should rest content in your state through having aimed so low.

“To live well is to live each day well. We cannot serve God in a general way ; it must be in the detail of the engagements of every hour. Therefore, it follows that to serve God, to live well, is to leave nothing undone that we ought to do, to do nothing that we ought not to do, and to do everything at all times in a right spirit, offering up our work and ourselves as a sacrifice to God through Christ.

“Do not limit the Holy One of Israel through your unbelief ; nor limit your expectations of what He (who is greater than your heart) will do for you.”

Glimpses of the life and experience of his later days may be obtained from the next three extracts from letters. The first was addressed to the Rev. W. Scarborough of Hankow :—

“On Sunday evenings we generally sing our Sabbath evening hymn, ‘Glory to Thee my God this night,’ &c., and think of that hour as being five or six o’clock of the Monday morning with you at Hankow, and five or six o’clock of the Sabbath evening with Jeremiah ;—for you are just twelve hours ahead of our brethren in the West Indies. So we can make a good long Sabbath by praising God with you upon our beds before we rise in the morning, and by renewing our praises with the West Indian worshippers before we fall into our slumbers as we lie down at night.”

The next is to his son Jeremiah :—

“One night as I lay awake (for I never sleep the night through), this thought occurred to my mind :—‘None but a Triune God can save my soul.’ It has often since presented itself to my meditations. The train of thought is as follows :—Here am I, a sinner. That is an undoubted fact. I cannot save myself. That too is a plain matter of fact. Here is no reasoning, no theory ; it is so plain that it leaves no room for disputation. Then some one must save me. But He only can save me against whom I have sinned. How can He save me ? His law has been broken, for ‘sin is the transgression of the law.’ How can I be saved, even by Him who made me, in harmony with the purity, truth, and unchangeableness of His law, since its penalties cannot be broken. If they could, then were they not just, but unnecessarily severe : if they cannot, then where is my hope ? I have none apart from redemption ; as it is written, ‘Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law.’ But no mere creature can be a redeemer for another creature ; he hath not worth enough in himself, or services, or sufferings, to constitute a redemption price. A divine person only, in human nature, can redeem :—the humanity suffering, and the Divinity giving an expiatory merit to the suffering. And thus I see that, of necessity, there must be a distinction of persons in the Godhead ; the Father giving the Son of His love, and the Son willingly giving Himself a sacrifice, on which divine relations my redemption is most surely based as on a sure foundation. But then I am as ignorant and powerless as I am sinful ;—and so I want a Divine Teacher and Helper to enable me to perceive this glorious mystery of love and redemption, and to feel its virtue ; and all my experience conduces to this one conclusion, that it is only just so far as I receive the gift of the Holy Ghost that I have any knowledge of God, and of redemption by His Son Jesus Christ, our Lord. This

brings me to the point from whence I started,—‘None but a Triune God can save my soul.’ Thus the doctrine of the Trinity is not with me a merely doctrinal theory; it is rather an experimental doctrine, interwoven with the whole body of scripture truth, so completely, that I cannot understand any other doctrine or truth without it; and so wrought in all the experience of my heart, that it lays hold of every fibre and thread of that experience from first to last, and is confirmed by all those hallowed feelings which constitute true enjoyment in the performance of Christian duty. My nature therefore wants a Triune God;—and none but He, *Jehovah Elohim*, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, can save my sinful and unworthy soul. But ‘Thou canst, Thou wilt, the sinner save, and make me meet for heaven.’ My dear son, ever hold fast these great Christian verities, and preach them as set forth in the word of God, with all clearness, plainness, and simplicity. The deeper your experience goes in the things of God, the more familiar will be your acquaintance with them, and the less inclination will you have to discourse concerning them controversially. They are things most assuredly believed in the church of God; for ‘without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh,’ &c. Divine revelation is only adapted for the instruction of those who are willing to be ‘taught of God;’ and to them divine truth will be self-evident, for they will find that ‘the whole economy of grace’ is wrought out with great distinctness in their conversion and salvation.”

The third extract is from a letter to his daughter Mary, in answer to her congratulation on the return of his birthday. It is dated, Bacup, Feb. 17th, 1865:—

“I thank you and Hilli for your joint congratulations received yesterday morning, and for your united prayers

for peace and blessing to attend me the remnant of my days. Of one thing I am more deeply convinced every day of my life, and that is of my need of the mercy of God, and of the merits of Christ, for everything I have ever said, professed, or done, so that my salvation must be all of grace, and not of works. I would fain live only to God what little remnant of time may yet remain."

After the death of his daughter Hannah Jane, in November 1865, Mr. Shrewsbury was seized with a desire to visit such of his children as were accessible. It was therefore arranged that he should spend Christmas with his daughters at Sheffield. Alluding to the arrangement, he wrote to them on the 4th of Dec. :—

"We all anticipate our Christmas meeting. But you are both far too generous for your circumstances ; I fear we shall be burdensome to you ; and must exhort you to manage with rigid economy while we are with you, or it will make us very uncomfortable. We desire quietude and rest, and to avoid parties ; let it be a pleasant, homely Christmas. . . . To-day, Dec. 4th, is a memorable day : exactly fifty years ago this day, I first set my foot on West India ground, and went on shore at the Island of Antigua, where I remained till the district-meeting ; when that was ended I went on board a sloop with my colleagues for Tortola, the island to which I had been appointed. It so happened that I went on board and sailed on my birthday, Feb. 16th, 1816, I being then twenty-one years of age. What an eventful life mine has been ! What a multitude of changes, afflictions, persecutions, trials ; but mercy has mingled with them all ! The end now draweth near."

This was to him and to his, and to the friends that were from time to time invited to meet him, a time of

holy gladness. The Rev. W. H. Taylor, at that time superintendent of the Sheffield West circuit, says :—

“We remember with deep interest the pleasant evening we spent with sisters, and father and mother. It was a great treat to be with your dear father, even for so short a time. He was so happy, calm, peaceful, full of hope ; all his conversations, speeches, and everything about him breathing an atmosphere of heaven. And then to be permitted to pray with, and for one, so much nearer the throne than myself !”

Mr. Shrewsbury was able to be conveyed to the covenant service on the first Sabbath of the year 1866. Of that occasion, Mr. Taylor writes :—

“I look back with solemn joy upon our last covenant service. I am so thankful that we got the loved one to take part in it, and that it was so arranged that he could assist in giving the elements to his own family. And he felt it so much, and was so happy. He felt it to be the foretaste of the joy which should never end.”

Writing to Miss Sutcliffe, from Sheffield, on new year's day, Mr. Shrewsbury thus describes his spiritual state :—

“My mind continually clings to that text, ‘God is love.’ Let us all believe that blessed word, and daily meditate upon it, and rest our souls on the atonement of Christ, and then, whatever the events of the year may be, it will be a happy year indeed. If we live we shall live unto the Lord, or if we die we shall die unto the Lord.”

Alluding to a proposed visit from his beloved friends, he adds :—

“It would have been a great pleasure to have had a visit, though but for a short season, while we are here, from your

beloved father, my dearest earthly friend, and your kind-hearted mother, but I hardly expected it. Perhaps we were rather selfish, looking more at our mutual comfort in each other's society, than at the practicability of the thing, considering your father's numerous engagements, and especially at this busy season of the year. So I am obliged to content myself with numbering it amongst the pleasures of imagination, as I am not able to convert it into the pleasure of reality."

Mr. Shrewsbury arrived in Manchester on the 27th of January, 1866, very much spent with the fatigue of the removal from Sheffield. It should here be remarked that he was physically unfit for the journey from Bacup to Sheffield, his legs being very greatly swollen with dropsy. But with his usual unselfishness, he was anxious to remove his wife and daughter, for a season, from the home in which they had witnessed so much affliction, during eleven months, and thus, thinking more of them than even of his own gratification in visiting his children, his indomitable energy and determination surmounted the toils of travel to an exhausted man. That energy had shown itself in the persistency with which he occupied the pulpit in the Bacup circuit, from time to time. Though scarcely equal to the effort of preaching, from the *commencement* of his retirement, he yet preached forty-two times in the circuit, and some of his discourses were given when the dropsy in his legs, added to habitual difficulty of breathing, made it most painful to ascend the pulpit. His last discourse was delivered at Wesley-Place Chapel, on the 11th December, 1865, from the words: "Jesus said unto him, If thou canst believe all things are possible

to him that believeth, and straightway the father of the child cried out, and said with tears, Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief."

Only on one Sabbath, after reaching Manchester, was Mr. Shrewsbury able to attend the house of God. This was to him a great deprivation. "It is an unspeakable privilege," he wrote to Miss Sutcliffe, "to be permitted to wait upon God in any of the blessed means of grace." This he had felt all through life. For, when a lad, he had very often risen at three o'clock in the morning to work, that he might make a way for attending the social means of grace at night.

Mr. Shrewsbury's last public effort occurred at a missionary meeting in the Grosvenor-street Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, Manchester. Leaning upon the top of his staff, he spoke for about a quarter of an hour. His appearance and words drew tears from many eyes. As nearly as can be remembered, he said:—

“What am I, O thou glorious God!
And what my father's house to Thee,
That Thou such mercies hast bestowed
On me, the vilest reptile, me!
I take the blessing from above,
And wonder at Thy boundless love.

“I can say with my loved, and lately deceased Brother Ayliff, had I a thousand lives, and were they all prolonged to the age of Methuselah, I should delight to give them to the mission-work of my blessed Master. Let no one tell me my Saviour is not God. I have proved His Divinity by His presence with me everywhere, in my chamber when a child, in the negro's hut in the West Indies, and in the Kaffir's kraal.

Would that all Christians would unite in glorifying His great Name! Let them study eagerly how far they are agreed, rather than wherein they differ. Much has been said about 'giving' to-night. What is there in giving £1000 when a man could have given £2000? He has only done half his duty. How far our givings fall short of the sentiment,

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

"While my excellent Brother Gregory was giving us his admirable parody on the lines, 'Live while you live, &c,' I was reminded of Mr. Wesley's advice to a young man, 'Make the most of life.' Some people make nothing of life,—some, a little,—some, much, but how few make the *most* of life. Life is so precious, that to have one day added, on which to serve the Lord, is of more value than a million of money. I have done but a little for the Lord. The Lord have mercy upon me, and accept me in that day!"

His habitual serenity of mind may be judged from a remark addressed to his son some months before this time:—"After many conflicts and afflictions, I am in quietude, and the enemy seems to have quitted the field. I have nothing now to do but to wait upon God in simplicity." The closing fortnight of life on earth was spent, so far as an oppressive drowsiness would permit, in reading and in mental prayer. He waited upon God continually. Referring to his drowsiness as it affected his devotion, he said,—"I sleep, but my heart waketh." Rousing from unrefreshing slum-

bers in the night, he would indicate what hour it was in the West Indies, Africa, or China, and would add thankfully, "Prayer is always going on." For two or three nights during Mrs. Shrewsbury's absence his son slept with him, as he often needed help. With an innocent playfulness, which never forsook him, he said in the middle of one night,—“I was looking at your beard as it appeared above the bed clothes, and I could not help thinking of Michal's ‘pillow of goat's hair.’” Then passing, with what was to him a perfectly natural transition, to things spiritual, he said,—“I can now say this, Let me be laid aside for Thee. All resolves itself into this, Thy will be done.”

On the 9th of February, when the doctor came to make an examination, while his chest was being sounded, he pleasantly said,—“Don't you poke so.” “You are very thin,” said the doctor. “Yes,” he replied, “too thin at one end, and too thick at the other.” When the medical adviser mixed and offered him his medicine, before drinking it he said, smilingly,—“Health to you, Doctor!” The examination over, he expressed regret at giving so much trouble, and requested to be left alone with his Bible, saying,—“I always like to make sure of the Bible first.”

On February 12th, he wrote to Miss Sutcliffe:—

“Though I seem to rally a little, and my family try to persuade themselves and me that I do amend, I am sure it is not so in reality, for my strength has declined since I left home.”

He added:—

“Thank the Lord for your good and happy Jewish anniversary: O give yourselves to prayer for Israel's conver-

sion ; it is not long and reproachful debating, but much praying that will bring the seed of Abraham to believe on the Son of God."

To the same, he wrote, on his birthday, Feb. 16th:—

"About this time, 11-40, seventy-one years ago, I first saw the light of this world, and ever since the Lord has been the guard of my infancy, the guide of my youth, the angel of the covenant who hath redeemed me from all evil: blessed be His holy name for evermore. May He save me to the uttermost to the glory of His great name. O that I had but heart and vigour to consecrate my all to Him. Tell my class our working days will soon be over ; work while you may and can."

On the same day, he wrote a few lines to the Rev. James Brownell, in which, after remarking that the love of the brethren was always refreshing to his spirit, however conveyed, he added,—“I am this day seventy-one years of age : thanks to the God of my life ! May He in the pitifulness of His mercy, look down upon me in old age, and be my Helper !”

His last letter, written in a faltering hand, was addressed to his daughters at Sheffield :—

“I merely write a line to thank you for congratulating ‘a poor, dying worm,’ on being permitted to see one year added to the threescore and ten of sorrow. All that is right and good to be done, God will bring it to pass. One may occasionally pray, ‘O spare me that I may recover strength before I go hence and be seen no more.’

“I am again a little on the improve ; swelling and dropsy much abated ; but bored with medicine perpetually.

“We thank you for your filial note, and for the many filial kindnesses at Sheffield ; the Lord recompense you in that day.”

On the 18th of February, in a conversation with his son about authorship, he observed,—“ I never wrote a single line for praise.”

On Saturday the 24th of February, he took an hour's drive. His conversation glowed with gratitude and heavenliness. On the following day, his son entered his bedroom betimes in the morning, with the intention of requesting him to keep his bed that day. He found him already up, and totteringly attempting to dress himself. When earnestly pressed not to venture down stairs, he replied,—“ I don't like to give way, and I wish at least to say Amen at family worship.” He was accordingly assisted down stairs, and, as his son had to leave home early, he led the devotions of the family as he sat ; for he could no longer kneel. By his own desire he was left alone, during the time of public worship in the morning, with his Bible, and Charles Wesley's “ Scripture Hymns.” At noon he asked for the text from one who had just returned from the chapel, and kindly corrected an inexact quotation. He observed with gratitude that he had been freer from drowsiness than usual that morning. While at the dinner table, attempting in vain to partake of any of the delicacies which a considerate and devoted daughter-in-law had provided for him, a sudden change in his countenance was observed. As it had been arranged that he was to take tea with his beloved wife in her room, that being the first afternoon on which she was allowed to quit her bed after several days' illness, it was deemed expedient, from his present state, to hasten his removal up stairs. Perceiving that when he attempted to rise he could not stand alone, his daughter-in-law rang for

a faithful servant, who had resided for some years in his son's family, and said,—“Father, let me and Maria carry you up stairs.” “Where is John?” he replied. Then, remembering that his son was from home on duty, he affectionately declined the aid offered by his son's wife, and would only permit the two females to support and guide his steps. The chair in his bedroom was reached with extreme difficulty. Life was evidently ebbing fast. While one member of the family hastened to secure medical aid, his daughter-in-law reverently and tenderly approached him, and said,—“Let me undress you, father.” He calmly replied,—“Give me time: let me have a little prayer first.” Closing his eyes, he engaged for a few minutes in tranquil, silent prayer. He then said to his son's wife, who knelt by him, to catch his faint utterance:—“I have been—endeavouring—to live to God alone—this morning. I have some—humble hope. It is a mercy.” Here his words became inaudible, except the one word, “Grace.” After attempting in vain to draw his watch from his pocket, and when it was put in his hands, having no strength to wind it up, he was lifted upon the bed. “Thank God,” he said faintly, “for a bed to lie upon.” While being undressed, he gave instructions as to the folding and placing of his clothes. It was now four o'clock, p.m. For the next two hours he was either dozing or praying. Pressed to take a stimulant, he firmly refused what he had called the day before an “irritating poison.” When the doctor, on arriving, endeavoured to introduce the stimulant during a brief slumber, Mr. Shrewsbury opened his eyes, and said,—“Doctor, see that my eyes are open the next

time you wish to haul your physic.” At six o’clock he noticed the lighting of the gas in the room, and requested, contrary to his wont, that it might be put out. Five minutes later he attempted to raise himself, and then whispered, very faintly, to his daughter-in-law who held his hand,—“Lay me down.” Yet two minutes later he tried to speak, but could not. Fondly asked what he wished to say, he looked at each one in the room, stretched his left hand its full length and waved it, firmly closed his eyes and lips, and after breathing softly as an infant three or four times, was “present with the Lord.” He died on the anniversary of his sainted mother’s birthday, Feb. 25th, 1866. His son, who had been summoned from his evening appointment at Droylsden, reached the threshold just as his revered sire had quitted a home not worthy to receive him for

“The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.”

As the body of the deceased veteran, clad, not in the hateful winding-sheet, but in a flannel robe, reposed in the coffin, the venerable Dr. Hannah gazed upon it, and remarked,—“How unlike death! There seems to be a tinge of missionary life in the face yet.”

The body was borne to the graveyard which he had himself two years before selected. The day, March 1st, was calm and bright. The family were met at the Longholme cemetery, amongst others, by the Rev. John Reacher, a son-in-the-gospel of the deceased, and a great solace in days of affliction, and by the venerable friend of the departed, William Sutcliffe, Esq. The funeral service was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Hannah,

who paid a warm tribute of esteem and affection to the memory of the late "messenger of the churches."

Over the redeemed remains a stone has been placed. It bears this inscription:—

Reverend William James Shrewsbury,

BORN AT DEAL, FEBRUARY 16th, 1795;

Toiled and Suffered for God, during more than half a century,

IN THE WEST INDIES, AFRICA, FRANCE, AND ENGLAND;

DIED AT MANCHESTER, FEBRUARY 25th, 1866.

"I would choose rather to sit at the threshold of the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."—Psalm lxxxiv. 10.

The scripture verse was engraved in accordance with a written instruction that ran thus:—"That I may still preach from the grave, I have selected a text, according to the marginal reading, to be engraven on the flat stone that covers the tomb."

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