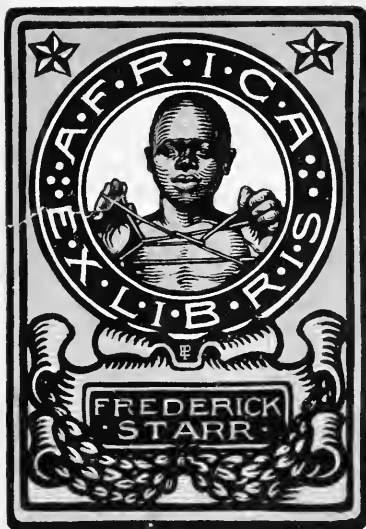


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BROWN'S
ABRIDGED JOURNAL,
CONTAINING A BRIEF ACCOUNT
OF THE
LIFE, TRIALS AND TRAVELS

OF
GEO. S. BROWN,

SIX YEARS A MISSIONARY IN LIBERIA, WEST AFRICA:

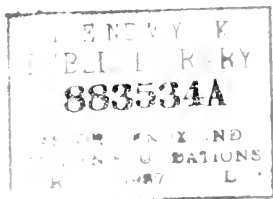
A Miracle of God's Grace.

Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation, he that feareth him and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him.

TROY, N. Y.:

PRESS OF PRESCOTT & WILSON, CCXXV RIVER-STREET.

1849.



Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1849, by
GEORGE S. BROWN,
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PREFACE.

FOR some five or six years past, many of my friends in a wide and long section of country, have urged me from time to time to present them a printed copy of my Journal. I knew that those applicants had the fullest claim on me for such a requirement; for to them, as instruments in the hand of God, I owe all that I am.

But for the following reasons I have put them off until now, but it may be unreasonable to withhold any longer.

First: In consequence of my great deficiency in education, I knew I could not compose anything which would be interesting or edifying to my friends in this day of high learning.

Secondly: I am a slow and poor penman, and I feared that the Printer could not read my writing.

Thirdly: About six years ago, some serious difficulties took place in the Church to which I belonged, and I have been waiting for the issue of those difficulties, which are but recently terminated.

Fourthly: Previously to the present, I have not had time nor means, and even now, I have only the means of copying and publishing a hasty Abridgement.

But here it may be asked by some, why I now attempt to publish, under such embarrassed circumstances? to such, I answer:

First: To give God a token of my ardent gratitude, joyful remembrance, and cheerful acknowledgment of His great Mercy, Love, Power and Faithfulness, in all His kind administrations towards me.

Secondly: In consequence of those difficulties above mentioned, my life is cut off in its midst, and unless I publish, I can never

perpetuate and spread the honor which is due unto God for his goodness to me, as I ought.

Thirdly: I feel it my imperative duty to my friends, to give them a report of my proceedings in life, and of God's dealings toward me in those proceedings.

But let it be understood and remembered, that, this little Abridgement is only designed for my personal friends; for those who have seen my face, and heard my voice; for they only can comprehend it, it being written in my usual style of speaking, just as requested. Many of these sentences begin and end abruptly, as may be justifiable in so short an abridgement.

The reader will occasionally be referred to Notes, Documents, and Fragments, which are in the back part of the book, and to which he may turn at his pleasure; and their designs will be explained in a preface over each one of them.

And again, it will be found that I have frequently mentioned names, dates and places, &c., the design of which is to authenticate the work, after the manner of history. But with regard to many difficulties above referred to, I have mentioned some names, and spoken of their characters, only to show why some certain things were thus and so.

My object, my intention, my heart's desire and prayer to God, in presenting this Abridgement to the world, is to glorify God, and to answer a demand which the world has upon me. And into whosoever hands this Abridgement may fall, I most ardently desire you to read it impartially, and with a special design to increase your faith in God, and when you think proper, join me in praising His holy Name.

GEORGE S. BROWN.

JOURNAL

OF THE

LIFE AND TRAVELS OF GEO. S. BROWN.

I WAS born on Newport Island in the State of Rhode Island, July 25th, 1801. I remained there till I was two years old, and then we moved up into Connecticut, and lived in the town of Windham, two years. From thence we moved to Ashford in the same State, and where I was brought up, with my father, whose name is Amos Brown. My father was an elder in the Baptist Church for more than thirty years. My mother also was a pious woman.

I was trained up after the straitest sect of Calvinism, till I was twenty years old. I then took my departure from my father's house, (by his consent,) and went out to seek refuge for myself. But soon I became a profligate. And being taught all the doctrines of unconditional election and reprobation, I put no restraints on the lusts of my mind, for which cause I soon became a monster.

The first effectual seed which was sown in my heart, was under the preaching of Rev. L. Dow, at camp meeting in Mansfield, when I was about fourteen years old. Here I became so convicted of sin, that I ran away from meeting, to avoid weeping my soul away. But I carried my conviction with me, as a fiery arrow. I went home, and soon began to talk with some professors of religion, who discovered that I was under a deep conviction. But said they, you have been among those noisy methodist, and they scared you: Wipe up, said they, you are not old enough yet to know what sin is, or to get religion. But none of this stuff removed my guilt, and sensible condemnation.

But being blinded with Calvinism, I presumptuously neglected the salvation of my soul for years. At the age of twenty, my

soul was heavily laden, and my fears of eternal punishment were increased greatly.

About this time, I had a mind to go to some minister and tell him my sorrows, as accordingly I did. Went to elder F. W., and said, "sir! what shall I do to be saved?" He said, "if you are of the elect, you will assuredly be saved; you cannot change the mind of the Almighty; you can do nothing in this matter," said he. So I went home, weeping on the way, carrying my sorrows with me. A few days after, I went to see a pious man, a deacon, and I asked him, "what must I do to be saved?" He said, "nothing, only keep away from the methodist; for we cannot resist his will!" said he. Well, thought I, if this be so, then I am not a sinner as I supposed; for if God's will cannot be resisted, then of course I have always done his will, and hence I ought not, nay, I need not repentance, for it would be wicked to repent "for doing the will of God." But still, something was wrong; I felt guilty; I feared the wrath of God.

But, inasmuch as I had read in the Bible that Christ had died for all, and was the Saviour of all men, I now sought shelter under the poisonous fig-leaves of Universalism. I now commenced, I read through the New Testament, by course. But instead of confirming myself in Universalism as I intended, I was ten times the more convinced that the whole scheme was only error; and my fears of God's wrath, and my condemnation for not loving and serving God, and for violating his law, rolled up before me, like mountains of fire. And what heightened my fears the more, wounded and grieved my poor weeping soul was, an awful thought thrilled through my mind occasionally, saying, Ye must be born again.

About this time, I fell in company with men whom I knew to be Universalists. And I introduced the subject of salvation unto them, and finally told them how I felt. Ah! said they, you have been among those devilish Methodist, and they have been telling you about hell-fire and damnation, but there is no such thing or place. But, said I, I read it in the Bible, and the Baptist ministers say the same. But all is Priestcraft, said they, for God never made any man to damn him. Well, said I, I wish I knew the truth of this matter and how I might be delivered from my present feelings. Well, said Mr. S., come to my house to-night and I will tell you how you may be saved from all your bad fears and feelings. So that night I went to Mr. S's. house, with the expectation of being edified on the subject of salvation. But O, what had the monster prepared for my consolation but a jug of whiskey and a pack of cards. Come, said he, take a little whiskey and cheer up, for you cannot understand the scriptures till you are more cheerful. I knew not but all was right, and I took a glass of whiskey. Now said he take a game at cards, till your mind gets regulated, and then we will talk about religion. And

very reluctantly I began to play cards. Mr. S. saw my indifference, and urged me till I drank another glass of whiskey. And by this time I became quite cheerful. My conviction gradually died away, and in the course of an hour and a half I felt no sorrow for sin, nor fear of hell. About twelve o'clock at night he asked me how I felt in my mind? I answered, I feel well enough. Ah, said he, I knew you would, for I have felt so a hundred times, and always treat it in the same manner. And so I left the hellish den with a heart harder than ever. But in a few days my conviction began to return. And as I had been instructed, I began to drink ardent spirits very freely, and my conviction soon left me. At this, I made up my mind that whenever I felt such conviction for sin, I would reprepare to the same means to drive it away, and so I did.

And so into sin I went like a demon in human shape, for about two years more. At this time I was attacked with the typhus fever, and soon become so reduced that my physicians gave me over as incurable. And O, what an awful hour was this. I saw myself standing at death's door, and hell beneath moving to meet me. The thoughts of coming to judgment made my very flesh crawl, and bones rattle. In the midst of it all, something seemed to speak distinctly to me, saying, Ye must be born again. O, who can describe the depths of the horrors of a dying sinner! Something fully convinced me that if I died as I then was, I should assuredly be eternally damned. But I began to pray and entreat the Lord to spare me a little longer, that I might repent and keep His whole Commandments. I promised the Lord devoutly, that if he would pity me and have mercy on me that one time, that as soon as I recovered, I would not only love and serve Him myself, but try and persuade others to love him. The merciful Lord heard me and I recovered. But no sooner had I recovered and was able to ride about, than the devil and wicked men took possession of me, and 'ere I was aware I was as wicked as ever. First, I thought I must drink a little ardent spirits, till I had fully regained my strength, and then I would attend to the salvation of my soul. O, how successful the devil was in this, for like a flood it carried me into the ocean of intemperance, where I groped for about two years longer. Many times did the Holy Ghost strive with me in the course of that time, convincing me of sin, righteousness and judgment; but O, alas, alas! I grieved him away by drinking ardent spirits. About this time I had become master of laying stone and brick, and by hard lifting I was taken bleeding at the lungs, and well-nigh lost my life again. And O, what a horrid day was this also. All my sin, my broken vows, and God's past mercies, yea, all rose up at once in my soul to crush every spark of hope, and blast the last fragment of confidence in the Lord. O may never another sinner on earth feel

as I did then. The insulted vengeance and wrath of God hung over me as a mighty, angry cloud, lowering and thickening as if it was ready to burst with terrible damnation and pour out all its thundering contents on my poor guilty soul forever. All prospect of life was now lost, and I fully expected death every hour. O, that sinners could know, without personal experience, the horrors of a dying sinner.

But, hopeless as my case was, I at last cried out to God for mercy, making a thousand promises of repentance and obedience. And the ever blessed God granted my petition, and spared me this time also. The blood was stopped and I began gradually to recover. But it was thought best for me to use a little brandy frequently to keep what little blood I had in order, and make more. And so, in order to recover soon, I drank as much brandy as I could possibly bear. This devilish error bound me in weakness, and led me directly to intemperance again. I soon despaired of so recovering my health again, as to labor with my hands, and so, away the devil sent me, and I bought me a set of Scotch Bagpipes, and shortly became master of that instrument of music. This led me or introduced me into all ranks of people from the highest to the lowest. I soon bought me a flute also, and then a hoboy and claronet, and several other kinds of instruments, and went to travelling through the states. And in this way I stifled my conviction for several years, but it never left entirely, only when I was under a mighty operation of ardent spirits. And I soon found it agreeable and necessary to drive off conviction for sin, to drink the more often, and drink more at a time. And although I never became entirely drunken, yet I never found a man in all my travels from 1822 to 1827, who could drink as much ardent spirits as I could. But at whatever time the flame of ardent spirits died away, I was miserable indeed.

In 1827 I was in Kingsbury, Washington Co., N. Y., I had lost my desire and delight in travelling, and living at big houses, and turned aside to spend a few weeks on a farm. Here I engaged to labor through haying and harvesting, for a good, pious Baptist man, by the name of Samuel Cole, with whom I lived two years. But October 15th, 1827, was a most solemn day to me. Every thing looked gloomy, and every noise sounded mournfully. Early in that morning, I vainly imagined that I heard a voice from above answering to a voice beneath, and saying to me, Ye must be born again, or be damned forever. And this noise I heard once in about one hour all through that day. And O, how it thrilled through my very soul. Occasionally I was so horribly shocked, and convicted of sin, that I dare not yield to the old temptation (of drinking,) to drive off my gloomy conviction as heretofore.

But as it happened, there was a Baptist Conference Meeting appointed in that neighborhood, and that night was the regular

time to meet. I was not much in the habit of going to meeting, but as I felt dreary, I concluded to go that night, and went. When I came to the School-house I took a seat with certain rude fellows, and for the first time that ever I attempted it, began to make sport with them to cheer my mind.

Now there was an old pious lady in Kingsbury, by the name of Rebecca Shay. She was always in the spirit of devotion. While she was exhorting us, reproving us of sin, of righteousness and of judgment, and we rude fellows were lurching and sneering, all at once I heard a voice in one corner of the room, speaking distinctly and saying to me, "Sport on, sport on young man, your sport will soon be over." I immediately looked to see who it was that spake to me, but not one person sat in that corner from whence the voice came. Neither did I ever hear such a voice before. I dropped my head on the writing bench, and while I was thinking what voice it could be, I distinctly heard the words again from the same direction. I looked, but saw no person there, neither did any one appear to notice the noise at all. At this I began to tremble. I then concluded to keep my eyes in that direction, that if the thing spake again I might ascertain what it was. And while I sat, looking in that direction, and pondering, I heard the same words, and the same voice, only much louder, more distinctly, and in greater power and authority. This rolled the cold perspiration down my temples, because I knew it was not a man's voice. Surely my countenance was changed, my thoughts troubled me, my loins were loosed, and my knees smote together like Belchazzar's. I was immediately convinced that this was my last call from God, and if I did not improve it, the door of mercy would soon be closed forever. But I said nothing in meeting.

After meeting closed, being previously engaged, I went to watch with a sick man, by the name of Joel Winshop. But I had hard work to get there I was so weak. Here I passed a fearful, solemn night. After the family had retired to bed, I made several attempts to go out and pray. But as soon as I opened the door, I thought the devil was there, standing with open arms, to take me away to hell, and I would then start back. About midnight, having firmly established my mind to live a different course of life, and for fear I might hereafter be tempted to break the new covenant I then made, I sat down, opened the big Bible, with one hand on the old testament, and the other on the new, and in this manner I made the most solemn oaths to God, that if he would give me grace, I would pray to him twice a day as long as I lived. Yea, I here dedicated myself to Him for time and eternity. This was a long night indeed, but my patient rested extremely well.

In the morning I left the place, and on my way home, I turned

aside into a grove, fell on my face before the Lord, and renewed my vows in a solemn manner. I here told the Lord (whom I thought heard me) that if he would forgive my sins, I would spend the rest of my life in warning sinners to repent of their sins, and serve Him. I returned home, but soon found I had lost all appetite for food and ambition to work. But I prayed at every opportunity, especially night and morning. The next Sabbath evening I went to meeting at the same place where I heard the voice, and as soon as meeting was opened, I arose and told the people some of my feelings, and requested them to make me a particular subject of prayer. But no one prayed again till meeting closed, and then I was forgotten. O, thought I, no one cares for my poor disconsolate soul.

Nevertheless, I continued to pray day and night. But I found no relief in my mind, but rather grew worse. I had no intervals of peace or ease, no, not for a moment. My tears were my meat and drink, day and night, crying where is thy God. And thus I withered away six weeks in agonizing sorrow. About that time a Baptist minister came to see me, (Mr. C.,) and to comfort my mind in my affliction, he inquired and I told him all my sorrows as well as I could. And I being much cast down and dejected, he undertook to comfort me, by trying to prove the doctrine of unconditional election. The devil took the advantage of my shivered mind, and caused me to believe what I never believed before: Unconditional election. And as soon as I believed that election, I also believed unconditional reprobation too, of course, and in that moment I dropped into despair; yea, total despair! And there Mr. Colver left me, without one "cheering beam of hope or spark of glimmering day" or twilight. All hope of pardon was now lost. All was black as a starless midnight. Every thing concerning Christ was totally eclipsed by a thick cloud of unconditional election, and reprobation. O, horror, horror! No angelic tongue can tell the hellish chills which came over me.—The vengeance like a cloud of thunder-bolts was over me, and hell beneath, groaned and moved to take me in forever. That night all the planets seemed to turn pale to me; the trees appeared to weep, and all the beasts of the field seemed to mourn under the curse of heaven for my sake. I felt that I was a curse to every body and every thing, and the only burthen in the whole world. And seeing that damnation was unalterably fixed and appointed for me, without any possibility of escape, I concluded that the sooner I was in hell, the sooner God would be justified, and the world's curse repealed.

I was so sanguine in this confidence, and so immersed in eternal things, that the thought of living fifty years longer in this world was now of no consequence to me. And in consequence of those feelings, I sought opportunity to put an end to my life.

Once I stripped off my coat and hat, and was tying my feet and hands together to roll into a well, when I heard such a horrible noise in the well, that I untied my feet and hands and went into the house. A few days after this, I raised a knife to cut my throat, but was seized with a terrible cramp in my arm. One night I tied a rope around my neck, and was almost in reach of the weather-beams of the barn, from whence I intended to swing, but Mr. Cole unexpectedly came home, and as he came into the barn to put out his horse, I finely gave it up. But through all these attempts at suicide, I never for once neglected to go into the grove twice every day and pray. This I did for fear of violating my promise of praying twice a day for life, and that violation increase my punishment in hell, because of the awful oath. But in this praying, after I fell into despair, I dared not once ask the Lord to pardon my sins, nor save me from hell. In my prayer I would acknowledge myself a sinner, entreat him to take my life, and have mercy on the world. I thought it would increase my damnation, to insult the Lord in asking him to be merciful to a reprobate.

I had but few comforters in all this affliction. There was a pious lady by the name of Ann Grey, whose council and prayers did me much good. Mrs. Cole also labored faithfully and unweariedly to comfort me, but all was to little effect, except to save me from entirely sinking at once. But again I became weary of life, and raised a new determination to put an end to it. And thus, while in the field, I stopped work for a moment, and looking around for a convenient tree on which I was fully determined to hang myself that night. And going to examine the location, I made a mis-step, blundered and fell, and by it fractured my hipbone. O, thought I, this is bad luck for me, but being near the wagon which I had just driven into the field, I crawled to it and after some difficulty I got on to it and drove home. A physician was soon sent for, and Mr. and Mrs. Cole were both as kind and attentive to me as a parent would be to a son. Heaven can only recompense that family for their kindness.

O what a hard bed this was to me. Soul-racked on the thundering billows of a hopeless ocean of despair; tempest-driven down the cataracts of horror; tormented before the time.

But what increased and aggravated my sore torment, was some awful dreams, which I dreamed night after night; for these wearied my body and terrified my soul. I got into a habit of dreaming that the Devil came into my room every night, with a great chain in his hand, tied it around my neck, and I at once became a large horse. He would then get on to me, and ride me back and forth, to and from the grove where I used to go to pray night and morning; he would stop me occasionally, and tell me that if I would not go there any more to pray, he would

let me alone ; for, said he " I do not allow my subjects to pray in secret." But, said he, " If you do not stop coming here to pray, then I will ride you to Hell. " Well," answered I, " I must go to Hell anyway ; but I have made an awful covenant with God, to pray twice per day as long as I live on Earth, and I shall not break it for the sake of a few day's life in this world." " Then," said he, " I will ride you to Hell." So he started me away to the south-eastward, over the green mountains, 'till at last we came to the brink of Hell itself. This Hell seemed to be a boundless, bottomless pit. We halted at the brink of Hell, where I had a fair view of all the operations thereof. The atmosphere of this pit seemed to resemble the substance of melted potash. There seemed to be a kind of gravitation therein, so that the inhabitants thereof moved and existed as fish in water. Here were sinners of all descriptions and nations, and punishments of every possible degree. Here was one uninterrupted screaming, crying, groaning, cursing, blaspheming, and all manner of lamentation. Sinners cursing and fighting each other, charging their damnation to one and the other ; twining one another of their ungodly conduct on earth, and of the influence which one had over the other in this world. The Devils were chasing other sinners from one lurking place to another, with dreadful, terrific hooks and spears in their hands, throwing barbed arrows at the wicked, whose tongues in consequence of thirst and perpetual weariness, were hanging out down on their sorrow smitten breasts. Others of the Devils were tormenting sinners by throwing and catching from one Devil to the other, thrusting their poison fangs into their very vitals. Liquid streams of fire from Heaven's magazine were poured as vivid lighting in all directions, vindictively, as if the very elements of all worlds were united in merciless rage and anger, to torment dammed sinners. Awful tempests of hail stones of fire, marched bold through their midst, issuing flaming thunderbolts through all the dark caverns of despair, muttering as they went " torment, torment, torment ;" and the Devils said " Amen ;" and all the dammed smote their breasts and groaned, " torment, torment, torment." Ah, in vain do I attempt to describe it, although every particular is still fresh in my mind. For to me all was a reality then, though it proved to be a dream at last.

But after surveying the majestic scenery all through, the Devil said to me, now you have prepared yourself for this place voluntarily ; for God never made any eternal decree that you should come here as you pretend to say, for he is not willing any should perish, but wills all men should be saved. " But," said he " you have chosen Death, and rejected life, and now into Hell you shall go.

Now, I was so much encouraged at this saying of the Devil that, just as he was about thrusting me into hell, I cried out aloud, and

said, Lord have mercy on me, a sinner. Then I would immediately awake, and find it all a dream. But I had the dream six nights in succession, which wearied my soul and body entirely out.

But Oh! how kindly, and unweariedly attentive was all that family to me, and especially Mrs. Cole. And thus I groaned out another long six weeks, in total despair of salvation from hell.

But Jan. 15, 1828, was a day long to be remembered. The night before, the Devil must needs put me into an iron cage, and carry me to hell again, to show another department which I had not seen, and which was filled with backsliders, dead-formalists, and hypocrites. This department was far more intolerable than that of sinners. Oh, what doleful lamentations they uttered! When they saw us come to the entrance they howled mournfully, saying, Have you heard any hope of salvation for us in the day of Judgment? An enormous Angel, more black than any thing I ever saw, roaring like an enraged Fiery Dragon, said: Ye justly damned, ye enquire too late; hopeless, hopeless, hopeless. Yea, disappointed hope was written on every forehead. Some had been justified, and sanctified, as they acknowledged; but did not retain it till death. But nearly all these people had once been justified, but never sanctified. I asked the Devil why he brought me there. He said, Lest you pray for pardon. Then he vanished out of sight, because of shame, and I awoke. In the morning, Jan. 15th, I was greatly fatigued by these dreams, I then being fourteen days confined to my bed, by my lameness, that I had a still greater desire to die than ever. Of all human beings that ever lived, I was decidedly the most wretched. And as I knew of no way to die, (for I could not get anything to kill myself,) I took a notion, that if I was helped off the bed, and drawn into the kitchen, by some means I might die. So, with this view secretly in my mind, I entreated the sympathy of the family to help me up. And with reluctance, in the afternoon they yielded, helped me up into the big chair, and drew me into the kitchen. But oh, if possible, I then felt worse than ever. The act of drawing me into that room, put my body to racking pain. It was now half past two o'clock, and I hoped to die before three. All at once, a new thought came into my mind. For I thought, as there was no other way to put an end to my life, I might do it by what I had called, for the last six weeks, "Presumption." That is, I would ask the Lord to have mercy and pardon my sins. Then, thought I, if I am reprobated from eternity, then assuredly, God will be so disgusted with it, he will kill me in a moment. But, thought I again, if what the Devil told me, on the brink of hell, be true, then God may have mercy after all. Then, in a moment, something came sensibly and powerfully into my mind, as it were, whispering in my ears, persuading me, and entreating me by all

means to ask God for pardon and mercy now ; ask in Jesus name ; ask in faith ; ask for Jesus sake ; look up and ask, now—now—now ask, said the whisperer. I looked around, and there was no person in the room ; for the men were all gone out, and Mrs. Cole in another room praying, as I supposed, and still suppose. But this whisperer was in such mighty haste, I had hardly a moment's time to think ; and ere I was aware, my mind was decided, my eyes looking upward, and I groaned out, saying, Lord Jesus have mercy on me a poor sinner. And whether I immediately fell into a deep sleep, or a trance, I know not ; but the next thing which I can remember was, I thought I stood in the piazza, and saw from the south-east a star arising out of the earth, and moving toward me. And as it drew nearer to me, it grew larger and larger, drawing behind it a trail of the purest light, forty or fifty miles long. And as it came within twenty miles of me, it assumed another appearance, gathering itself into a larger ball of fire, sparkling and illuminating both earth and sky. And so it came within six miles of me, when it changed its form into the likeness of a large ship, with all her canvass spread, under full sail, waving her large red banner through the air, as a signal of triumph and independence. It came within a half mile of me, where, on an elevated spot of ground, at the conjunction of the roads, they cast out an anchor, which brought the vessel mildly on the ground. Then, immediately, as I imagined, I started to go and see this great wonder. And as I went to behold, I passed horizontally over a valley of one hundred feet beneath, and lit on the ground a few rods from the vessel. But when I came within some ten rods of it, I could not approach nearer, because of the power of its brightness. Then I resolved to go round on the opposite side, where the sun did not shine, that perhaps I might go up and touch it ; for I thought that if I could but touch it, I should know whether it was from hell or heaven. For if it was from hell, then it was after me ; but if it was from heaven, then there might be mercy on board. So I went around on the other side, and beheld all was equally bright ; for the sun neither added nor diminished its lustre. And as I stood gazing, half blinded by the light, a little pair of stairs were suddenly let down from the deck, reaching to the ground. I then heard a soft, sweet voice from some one on deck, saying to me, Come up here, young man, I want to hire you. How cheerfully and pleasantly he spoke. Well, said I, let me see who you are first ; then, perhaps, I will come up. But he would not show himself. Then I said, who are you, sir ? and from whence are you—from hell or heaven, sir ? He said, come up and see. I told him I should not come up unless he showed himself, or told me from whence he was. I told him his voice did not sound like the voice of the Devil with whom I was acquainted. And, said I, if you are from heaven, you do not want me ; for I am the most wicked reprobate that

ever you saw. Reprobate! said he, what is that? I answered him, God's eternal, unalterable, determined decree, and fixed will that I should be damned. Then said he, you blasphemous young man, where did you learn that? for the Devil himself dare not thus reproach the Almighty. At this I trembled, and dare not answer, for I knew by his voice he was not the Devil. Then some one came near the side of the deck, unseen, and with two very small wires let down two bright gold balls, about as large as my fist, one on each side the stairs, so low that I could almost reach them with my hands. Here, said he, come and get these gold balls. I immediately walked to the stairs with a determination to get them, but I could not quite reach them, unless I stepped on the stairs. (I wanted the balls to carry off, so that our folks might know it was not imagination, but a reality.) I asked them to let the balls down lower, for I could not reach them; but they would not. One of them said, step on the stairs, and you can reach them. But I said no, sir; for as soon as I step on the stairs you will draw me up on deck, and carry me off, I know not where. Well, said he, you cannot have the balls unless you step on the stairs. Well, thought I, I will step one foot on the stairs, and see if they will draw them up, thinking they have got me. So I put one foot on the stairs and stamped as hard as I could, to deceive them, and make them think both feet were on, and see what they would do. But all remained silent. Now, thought I, I will put both feet carefully on the stairs, since no one sees me, reach up, take the balls, and be off. So I stepped both feet, carefully as possible, on the stairs, to reach the balls. But the moment both feet were on the stairs, they hurled me up on deck, quick as lightning. At first, I was a little afraid, and a little provoked. Then, said I, this is just what I told you. But as soon as I opened my eyes I found myself amidst the most glorious scenery that ever heaven afforded.

The deck was about one mile long, and half a mile wide. The floor was polished gold, and slippery as ice. The walls were about four feet high, and of purest silver. In the midst thereof, was a high throne of garnished, flaming gold; and on the throne a high, large, red flag, and on the flag was written in letters as of fire:—*Salvation by Faith in Christ, to the ends of the World—Salvation by Faith, Amen.* At the foot of the throne was a little ark all over sprinkled with fresh blood, and in the side of the ark was a door, out of which there came a little man, the most pleasant featured of any I ever saw. He was not more than five feet high; his eyes black and sparkling; his lips and cheeks red as scarlet, and flowing with sweetness and love. Gentleness covered his brow. His hair long, and white as snow; his robe glistening as silver epaulets; his hands and feet newly wounded, yet he was not lame. Under his right arm came forth a stream

of blood, about as large as my finger, gurgling a little brook, forming a half-circle about six inches in diameter, and then running into his body again. He spoke, and everything around him melted at the loveliness of his voice. In a soul-ravishing smile, he said to me, I have long desired to see you on deck, for I want to hire you to come on board this man-of-war ship; and I will give you good wages, good fare, good bounty, and a great reward. And I, said he, will be on deck in every storm, and in every battle through all your life. But I said, sir, you know not with whom you speak, for I perceive that you and your hosts on board are holy men, but I am a wicked sinner, and an eternal reprobate; and you say you wish to hire me! Why, sir, said I, I should have thought you had known better than that! But, said I, I know who you are. You are Jesus Christ, the son of God, for in your hands and feet are the very wounds of your crucifixion—and see, that gurgling stream under your arm! Then said he, in tears, true, I suffered this for you. And moving toward me, he said, let me embrace you! But I began to step backward, and make excuses of my unworthiness, reprobation, &c. Then he said, fear not, I am worthy, and I am the reprobate's Saviour. I died for them. I have tasted death for every man. There are no reprobates, except those who reprobate themselves by willful impenitence and unbelief. And now, said he, I will show you the glory of this place. It then appeared to me as if a veil was taken from my eyes, and in a second, all Paradise was opened on board, and millions of the redeemed of Christ, in all unspeakable and indescribable glory, appeared all around me, in such an ecstatic manner, as no man or angel could ever half describe. Such was its sublimity, majesty, and Oh! I know not what to call it. It is of no use for me to attempt to describe it, with the poor, low language of this dry, petty world. While I was gazing on the glory, the little man moved toward me again, saying, let me embrace you, and bless you. But I continued to step backward, pleading my unworthiness, until I could get to the wall thereof, and then I intended to jump overboard, for I knew I was not fit for such sainted, angelic, absorbing scenes as were there displayed. I was horribly ashamed when those purely sanctified saints and angels looked at me, for I thought I was naked. I was the only stranger on board, and all the saints were afraid of me. And just as I was preparing to jump overboard, the little man said wait a moment, and hear my trumpeters sound their trumpets; and then, if you do not wish to stay with us, and learn to blow these trumpets, you may go down in peace.

Now there was a mighty host of men standing by, all of whom had wings like eagles, and the bow of their wings were about six inches above their heads. And in their hands were trumpets about eighteen inches long, glistening brighter than sunbeams.

And as they sounded their trumpets loud and long, O sweet heaven, sweet heaven, how I was ravished. My flesh, blood and bones all crumbled away; I fell on the slippery deck because I had no strength, for the thrilling glory drank up my spirit like water. Then I cried out, saying, Jesus, bless me now! Thus he ran, threw his arms around me and I melted. And the next thing which I remember was, I was on my feet in the kitchen where I had been left, moving about like a bird, in my right mind, light as a feather. I was so extremely happy I could neither shout nor breathe. I expected every moment I should be drawn up to heaven bodily. I felt as if the weight of the world had been rolled off from me. But in not more than two minutes after, something seemed to whisper in my ear, saying do not shout, for it is not religion, it is only a dream. I said, why is it not religion? The whisperer said, others have experienced religion, but no one ever felt as you do, and if you call it religion you will soon be ashamed of it. I foolishly believed the whisperer, and in the same moment all my enjoyment was gone. I at once became weak as before and sallied back into my chair, just as the clock struck three. Mrs. Cole immediately came in, looked me earnestly in the face, and assisted in getting me back to my bed. I said nothing to her about what had passed in her absence, although I felt my burthen and guilt all entirely gone. But I felt no happiness. About sunset, the pious old Aunt Rebecca Shay called in to see me, and asked me how I felt now? I said, I feel well enough. And that moment, I began to feel happy. She then asked me if I thought I had experienced religion? The devil immediately tempted me so powerfully not to own it, lest I afterward be ashamed, that I said no. But some how or other the old saint would hardly believe it.

But here I lay till the next day; about two o'clock Mrs. Cole was gone to see a sick neighbor, Mrs. B. It being on the Sabbath, all the rest of the family were gone to church. Now, thought I, if I can get off from my bed and say over the Lord's prayer, I will believe I have experienced religion. For in all my praying for the last six weeks, I had not said the Lord's prayer, because I could not say, "My Father who art in heaven." For I had been in total despair for the last six weeks, and could only say, my father who art in hell. And now the first attempt which I made, I came off the bed light as a feather, and down on my well knee, to say the Lord's prayer. But the first words which I was able to utter was, Glory to Jesus, glory to Jesus, glory to Jesus, Hallalujah! Thus I went on in the same strain for about fifteen minutes, before I could possibly refrain. O, thank God I knew this was not a dream, although the little bedroom was full of angels praising God, and Jesus in the midst. Soon the place became so awfully glorious and sublime, that I closed my eyes

for fear and fell on my face on the floor. Then I thought, and I still think, that, that same Jesus whom I saw the day before on the ship, came to me, (not in a dream,) and said: Now do you remember the many promises which you have made me; how that if I would pardon you, and save you from your sins, you would go and warn sinners to repent and love me? Now, go ye, and preach the gospel everywhere, and I will be with you! Fear neither men nor devils; fear not, I will be with you, preach! Then his bodily presence seemed to retire, and all his angels but one, leaving me thrice happy in the Lord. O happy, happy, happy day, indeed; Hallalujah. O glory to Jesus, glory, glory! I soon forgot my lame hip, and all my passed wretchedness was more than compensated by ten thousand raptures of glory to Jesus.

O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

Bless the Lord, O my soul!

I need not go abroad for joy,
I have a feast at home,
My sighs are turned into songs;
The Comforter is come.

Glory to Jesus! The Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Amen.

Bright scenes of glory strike my sense,
And all my passions capture;
Ecstatic beauties round me shine,
Inducing highest rapture.

I bathe in pleasures deep and full,
In swelling waves of glory;
I feel my Saviour in my soul;
I'm glad to tell the story!

I feast on honey, milk, and wine,
I drink perpetual sweetness;
Mount Zion's beauties round me shine
While Christ unfolds his meekness.

No mortal tongue can show my joys,
Nor can an angel tell them;
Ten thousand times surpassing all
Terrestrial worlds or emblems!

The family returned home and found me singing and praising God for redemption. And Jesus made them all happy, too. Not any thing more was done to my lame hip, only what Jesus did; and my appetite for natural food soon returned, my sleep sweet and refreshing, and I wanted to praise God all the while, and I wondered why every body did not praise Him too.

I spent the first week at home, exhorting all who came to the house to seek and serve the Lord also. The next Sabbath evening I went to Conference meeting at the place where I became so deeply convicted three months since; and now I told them all what God had done for my soul. And they glorified God in me.

The next week I spent in visiting from house to house, telling the people what great things God had done for my soul, and exhorting all to turn to the Lord and seek salvation.

Miss Ann Guye, the lady who had taken a deep interest in my past sufferings, proposed that we get up a Conference meeting at a School-house in another place, in hopes that others might become awakened also. And thus we went out and told the neighbors, that there would be a meeting at the Beach School-house, on the next Thursday night. The night came on and the people filled the house. The Lord was with us; the dead formalists began to move, and the sinners in Zion were afraid. And having so much encouragement, I appointed another meeting. A day or two after that I fell in with a Holy Ghost man, by the name of William Rider, an exhorter in the Methodist Episcopal Church, beloved of God and approved of men. And I invited that young angel to meet with us, and bring over some of his brethren from Queensbury with him. And to this, brother Rider complied, and by him and his good brethren our faith was much increased. The good work went on gloriously for about two weeks, until twenty-six sinners were converted, and many more were seeking pardon. But at this period of the work, all progress was at once confounded, by the evil effects of proselyting the converts. All this took place in the days of a great difficulty in the Baptist Church in Kingsbury, when their elder publicly denied all divine authority for keeping the Sabbath more than any other day. The excitement thereof became general, and destructive to devotion. At this time, elder Colver came into our neighborhood, preached, and then visited all the converts from house to house. He so prevailed over us, that he set a day when all were to go to his church, tell our experience, be baptised and join his church. But the Sabbath before we were to go to Covenant meeting we all went to hear Mr. Colver preach. And as he preached on their fundamental doctrines, he gave us such strong Calvinism, banged off the opponent part of the church with such hard names, and then wound off by anathematizing the Methodist, that we were not only disgusted at it, but our hearts were broken in pieces. Thus some of us returned home sad enough.

That afternoon I went out into the grove, and fell on my face, weeping. And here, after I had wrestled about an hour, to get victory over the powers of darkness, which came on me that afternoon, and had fully obtained it, I then asked the Lord what Church I should join. And he said, join the Episcopal Methodist,

and be faithful in preaching the Gospel. I thanked the Lord for his frank answer, stoped weeping, and put down my foot to be a Methodist.

The same night, I fell in company with brother Wm. Rider, again. And he being an exhorter in the E. Church, I told him all that passed in my mind that day. Then bro. Rider engaged to go and see bro. Shermon Miner, preacher in charge on his circuit, and invite him to come and preach to us, and give us opportunity to join the Methodist, if any wished. The next night bro. Rider told me that bro. Miner would preach to us the next Sabbath. But as soon as the appointment was given out, along came elder C. again, to visit the converts, and nothing to do but all must join his church, any way; because there was no valid or legal baptism but his own:—Immersion, Immersion, Immersion. This somewhat confused the converts, and they came to me (as I was the oldest of them), and asked me what church I intended to join. I said come to the school-house next Sunday, and see for yourself. I said nothing more to any one about joining church. On Sabbath morning, bro. Miner appeared in our midst, in the fullness of the Gospel. We had an overflowing congregation of attentive hearers, all of whom were eagerly interested in the result of the meeting. And after preaching, bro. Miner read the general rules of the M. E. Church, and then told us that if any were disposed to join on probation, they might manifest it by rising up. So I rose up, not knowing, nor even thinking that any one would join except myself. I stood about one minute, before any one spoke or moved. Then all at once, 21 of those converts rose and all joined the M. E. Church. Bro. Wm. Rider became our class-leader, (and a good one he was, too,) and thus we numbered twenty-two in the newly organized class. This being the first Sabbath in May, the N. Y. Conference sent us two Holy Ghost preachers, about three weeks after: Roswell Kelley, and Seymour Coleman. These were both men after God's own heart. In those days the holy fire burned in my soul, hot; while something constantly whispered in my ears, saying, launch out into the deep. I knew what this meant, for I remembered my promises as well as my charge. So I exhorted the more in my own society, and in the Baptist Conference Meetings, thinking to discharge my duty for the time being in this. But still something kept sounding in my ears and soul, saying, launch out further into the deep. And I still knew what all this meant. So, in the fall of this year, I entered into partnership with one Wm. Hawks, an exhorter in our church. And we labored together for a few months, till he fell out, and we dissolved partnership. Mr. H. Soon after joined the Protestant Methodist. After this, I would get others to appoint meetings whether they had any authority or not, and then I went to them, read, sung, prayed and exhorted. And

we had some good times at those meetings, too. This was a glorious year on Pawlet and Fort Ann circuit, for scores were added to the church. And in this way I spent the remainder of this happy year.

In 1829 I removed from Kingsbury to Queensbury and lived with a gentleman, a farmer, by the name of Gould Sanford. And this year my name was transferred to the then called Oneida Class, in Queensbury. This was a year of great and sore temptation to me. The time had come when the spirit required me to launch out still further, and warn sinners to flee the wrath to come. But I began to shrink at it and try to excuse myself because of my inability. I felt willing to exhort and pray in my own society or neighborhood, but it was a sore and painful cross to think of going alone among strangers. Not that I was at all afraid of strangers whenever I had some one to lead, and bare the responsibility. For I conceived such idle silly notions about common exhortation, that I thought a man must be a Gamaliel to exhort sinners, as if the excellency of the power was of man and not of God. And the devil thrust violently at me the most of this year.

Sometimes I would go and exhort, and as soon as I had said amen, the devil would make me so ashamed of what I had said, and the manner in which I said it, that I would be so mortified at it, I would make up my mind fully, never to attempt the thing again. And just so long as I remained of that mind, I was in thick darkness and gloominess. Then after some days I would repent, promise obedience, and the Lord would restore His light and peace to my soul again. Then again, perhaps the next time I exhorted, the devil would make me think that I was the smartest exhorter in all the land. But not two days after some one would tell me: Pity you did not say something about Jesus the other day. Then the devil must needs turn about and twit me of preaching myself rather than preaching Christ; and O what a smart exhorter! And so the devil drilled me the most part of the year. O, what a wonder I did not backslide. Only the blessed Jesus kept me from falling.

But notwithstanding all these temptations, I prayed the more for fear of being overcome, and led into error. But still my conviction as to calling sinners to repentance, seemed to increase daily. Yet, for all that God had done and said, I became so presumptuous as to venture to try some experiments as an additional test of my duty in this matter. And so, having an appointment on Queensbury plains for the next Sabbath, and where the devil had broken me down a few weeks since, I said to the Lord: Lord, thou didst indulge Gideon, now Lord indulge me: I pray thee go with me to mine appointment, and in the course of two weeks after, convert one soul of the congregation which I am to meet,

and thereby I shall know my duty to thee, and will cheerfully do it. So I went to my appointment and Jesus went with me. We had a refreshment from the presence of the Lord. And four days afterward old father Barrick, the leader, told me that since the last Sabbath God had converted four of the hardest sinners in that congregation. But this made me tremble when I heard it, for I had no expectation of it. This would have sufficed me, but the devil must needs push me on to more presumption. So I went on and tried several other experiments in Kingsbury and Queensbury; some on the unconverted, some on backsliders and many on the sick. And not one experiment of all, failed; all were affirmative of my proposition and strongest conviction. And thus I concluded to submit to the Lord, go forward and do the best I could in his name, and then leave all the consequences for him to dispose of.

By this time some of my enemies began to charge me of appointing meetings and preaching without license. And when they told about my preaching, it so mortified me that the devil well nigh destroyed me again. For the name of exhorter was all I could bear, and beyond this was crucifixion to me. But God wonderfully blessed me all this year.

In 1830 Rev. T. Fields took charge of our circuit, then called Washington circuit. Soon after he came on and had heard the murmurings among the people, he gave me a verbal license to exhort, and took my part in all matters of importance. I now began to move on with more confidence and success than before. I not only continued to labor in my neighborhood, but extended my labors among those more remote.

In the fore part of this season, God converted both the gentleman and the lady with whom I lived, which was a great encouragement to me, for they both joined the M. E. Church. I also received the superintendence of a Sabbath-school in the same village, and we had a blessed time in that also, for God acknowledged it by converting several sinners in it. This year I lost considerable time in consequence of a severe attack of the liver-complaint, but the good Lord brought me through triumphantly.

In March, 1831, I was recommended to our quarterly Conference by my society, according to our form of discipline, and to my great surprise I became a member and licensed exhorter of it in April, 1831. For several months before this I had been seriously convicted for sanctification, and prayed and wept much after it. But as soon as I was received in Quarterly Conference, I in a moment thought I must be sanctified, soul and body, or I ought not to stand on that holy ground.

Something now told me that I must launch from shore and fish in deeper waters. For weeks along this time, I was so sensibly impressed that it was my duty to labor more where others did

not labor at all, that I could neither eat nor sleep. That is, as I supposed, I must seek up those scattered, neglected people who lived in back, or by-places, and therefore were neglected of God's ministers, either because of the inconveniency of getting to them, or for their poverty, or because they were so abominably wicked. And when I came to lift up my eyes, and look around me, I was surprised to see so much lost ground, and so many neglected souls. And this pitiful look decided my mind in the full belief of my duty.

Among those pitiful, neglected places was Gage Hill, in Caldwell, Warren county. Here was a scattered community of old backsliders, under the administration of Universalism, and their children taught to follow their unhallowed practices. So I concluded to go there and warn them in Christ's name to flee the wrath to come. And hence, at the first opportunity, I sent an appointment to Gage Hill. But before I started to go to the appointment I went to my altar and prayed to the Lord, saying:—Now, O Lord, God of the Apostles and of the Gospel, if it is thy will and my duty to warn or exhort sinners to repentance, then go with me to Gage Hill, and help me sow some seeds which may hereafter spring up, that I may live to see them. And all trembling I went to this appointment and found a large congregation of light and trifling hearers. I talked to them as well as I could, but they appeared but little affected by it. But I felt the power of God in my own soul more than common, and therefore I left another appointment for two weeks. At the next appointment, I found them not so vain as at first; and God being in the word, several of them hung down their heads and wept. And again, I felt so much of the power of the Gospel in my soul, I left a third appointment in two weeks. This summer I also superintended a Sabbath-school in the village where I lived, called Sanford's Ridge. But I went to my third appointment at Gage Hill and found (long before the hour) my congregation much increased, all seated and solemnly singing, "Alas, and did my Saviour bleed, &c. When I went in I saw no sneering and squinting as usual, but some were even then weeping. We sung and prayed, and began to talk about Jesus. The spirit of the Lord God was upon me that day, and his melting spirit came down on the people. And after I had closed the public exercises, I requested all who were willing to embrace the Gospel now, and comply with all its conditions, to tarry with me in Class-meeting. And behold, between thirty and forty weeping souls, remained. This was truly an affecting time. Here were some, who had been backsliden for years, heart-broken and conscience-smitten. Among these was one Samuel Atwell, who formerly had been a Class-leader, but in moving from his class to a region of darkness, had backslidden. And O, what humble affecting confessions these backsliders made to God and each other, of their bad

conduct before the world. And there were many sinners among them who also confessed their sins, and pledged themselves to turn to God with all their heart. But the next Sabbath was still more glorious, for the Lord was present to heal. I never before felt such a flow of exhortation as on that day. This brother S. Atwell caught the heavenly flame and shouted deliverance from the powers of darkness. Yea, so mightily did the holy ghost work among us that day, that a one Mary Dexter, who, when I first exhorted there, was a ringleader of the giddy vain, was both justified and sanctified that same day. In the evening, we met for prayer meeting, and surely the Lord was with us in deed and truth. Backsliders were reclaimed, sinners were converted, and we had a shout in the camp. At this, a storm of violent persecution arose from the Universalists and beat upon us for weeks, yet God carried on his work in spite of them. And notwithstanding the Universalers would keep away their wives, and drag their children out of meeting at mid-day and punish them for going to meeting, yet, in a few weeks, God raised a worthy society of forty members in that place.

Then I said, to God alone be all the glory for this. This same year, in the month of October, after a long and mighty struggle for it, God sanctified my soul, body and spirit, all to himself, and gave me the witness that I was cleansed from all sin.

From this time I began to walk by faith and not by sight. My peace now became as even as the living stream in the valley for about two months, till, even in a love-feast at Fort Ann village, I lost the witness. For previous to this, I had talked with some of the brethren about sanctification, and they put it so far off and spoke so indifferently of it, that I was afraid to acknowledg it in love-feast, although I felt it particularly impressed upon me.— And I lost the witness in one minute. I now became miserable, and disconsolate for about two months, when in another mighty struggle in prayer, I obtained the blessing again, and its witness. But I had only enjoyed it about four weeks, when I met the sainted Hannah Williams, who had enjoyed the blessing for some years before I first experienced justification; and while she was speaking of the advanced work of God in her sanctified, happy soul, and I had forgotten the length of time she had been in the way, and not thinking there was a growth in sanctification, the devil took the advantage of me and made me think, that because my attainments were not as hers, I was mistaken in the blessing. And the moment I began to doubt I lost the witness. I again became more mortified than when I lost the blessing before. I then sought it as before, but in vain. I could not obtain it as before. But shortly after this, I heard good old father S. How, preach in Luzern, on the doctrine of sanctification by faith. And I became greatly instructed and edified. Soon I saw sister Williams

again, who gave me another explanation of sanctifying faith, which much encouraged me. I then went home and went into the woods, with a full determination to stay there until I got the blessing again. And I endured such a mighty struggle as I never had before. But at last when I saw that nothing else would prevail, I did as was told me at the side of the ship; or was taught me when I wanted the two gold balls; that is, put on both feet. And so I did, for I took the blessing by naked faith in the promises of Christ. That is, first, I believed as the scripture saith, leaving the entire responsibility and all the consequences to the Lord, who made the promises. For I contended that Christ had promised that, whatever I desired when I prayed, believe I received, and I should receive. Well, I knew I had the desire, and I knew I prayed as well as I could till I was sanctified. And I, on this ground, pronounced myself blessed. Not that I felt a spark of happiness, but rather wretchedness and misery. But I would have it that I was sanctified, solely because God said it in the Bible. And so when Jesus saw that I would believe his word, before I would my own feelings, he immediately gave me the witness of entire sanctification. O, glory; then how I did shout and praise Jesus; for I was more happy then than ever before. Hallalujah!

However, I continued my poor services at Gage Hill through the remainder of that year and the beginning of the next. I went through rain, hail and snow; hot and cold, day and night.

This society at Gage Hill was afterward set to Chester Circuit, Semore Coleman, preacher in charge.

In August, 1832, I felt desirous to break up some new fallow ground, and prepare the way for another spiritual harvest the coming winter. And while I was looking over the fields to see, not where they were the most feasible and ripe, but where they were the most wicked and exposed to hell. And while I was comparing the hedges, behold, a Holy Ghost woman, by the name of Catharine Stanton, ardently invited me to come to Dunham's Bay, where she lived, and hold meeting there if possible. Dunham's Bay is on the east side of Lake George, in the town of Queensbury. At, and about this place, (to give it a fair description) an old she-devil had been laying and hatching for many years, till her young ones had grown grey with old age. They were so wild and enthusiastic, that even the Universalists themselves could not have a peaceable meeting in the place. I had my fears about going, but nevertheless, I sent an appointment. The set time came, and away I went. And when I came in sight of the house, I saw a gang around the door, and heard them hoot. This so terrified me that I trembled. I turned aside, fell on my knees, and told the Lord that if it was my duty to go to such wicked places and exhort sinners to repentance, then He must strengthen me

that day, and take away all my fears. I also told the Lord that, that was the most wicked place on earth; and now, if He would give me victory at this place, I would never shun any place because of its wickedness. And immediately I felt as bold as a lion, and on I went smiling, sure of the victory. I went into the school-house, knelt before God, in their presence, and secretly asked the Lord what should be the subject of my discourse that morning; and after He told me, I rose up, sat down, and gave them opportunity to sneer at me, and hunch each other, for five minutes. And after reading, singing and praying, I began to exhort. I told them that the Commandment which was ordained to life, I found to be unto death. (Rom. 7:10.) First, I endeavored to explain the meaning, design, and extent of the word Commandment. Second, The fearful consequences of violating the Commandment. Third, I told them of the only refuge for escape from hell-fire and eternal damnation was, to fly in that moment to the bleeding arms of Jesus for pardon, repenting as they go.

O, I had a blessed time, notwithstanding all my fears. At the close of meeting, the tears of two individuals invited me to leave another appointment for two weeks, as I did. In the afternoon, I crossed over West Point, and held meeting at Cedar Landing. At this place I found a good little society, having a Holy Ghost class-leader by the name of Moses Brayton. He was a man of God's own heart, of the salt of the earth, and of good repute among men. And there I also found a delightful congregation, of quite a different spirit from those at Dunham's Bay. But the best of all was, God was with us. And having left an appointment at the Bay, for two weeks, I also left another here on the same day. But before the two weeks came around, the devil waked up his children, whom he had been training for the purpose at Dunham's Bay, and who came down on me and others, in a terrible storm of persecution, because some of their wives, children and neighbors had got scared at my exhortation there, and had begun to pray and read the Bible. And so violently did this storm increase, that some of my class-mates and other good brethren, advised me to keep away from Dunham's Bay, for fear of the wrath of threatening punishments of the Universalists. But nevertheless, because Jesus had promised victory at this place, I dare not flinch. The time arrived, and I was there by the time. Bro. Moses Brayton had heard of their threatenings, and he came over to take my part, lest they ride me on a rail. Our congregation was much increased, and many were interested to see how the meeting was to wind up, after so many threatenings. I exhorted from Luke 14:17. Lo I am, was with us, and made the tears of the penitent like fire to the Universalists; for Satan saw his kingdom beginning to shake. And after I had done speak-

ing, I gave license, that if the brothers had a word of exhortation for the people, say on. And behold, who was the first to rise up quick, but an old, tongue-tied Universaler! His gabble consisted solely in denying every Bible declaration he could think of, and flatly giving the lie to every word I had said. And as he began to get mad, I rose up and told him that we could not have any more of that stuff until we had closed meeting, and then, whoever wished to hear it might remain. But he heeded not. Then being aware that his rabbling talk would confuse the audience, I rose up again, stamping my foot violently upon the floor, and said:—Sir, stop where you are, and not one word out of your head, sir! or I will assurdly prosecute you to-morrow morning. And, looking him earnestly in the face, he sat down. I feared, lest this should destroy the meeting; for this same D. P. had been their preacher and counsellor for many years. But when I came to look around on my congregation I saw nearly one half in tears. An awful solemnity came over us all, and we all felt God's presence in our midst. Backsliders arose all in tears, confessing their wanderings from God: while sinners, too, arose all weeping, confessing the justice of God's judgment, should he come out in wrath against them, and declaring they would seek till they found the Lord. So I left another appointment for the next Sabbath, and started off for Cedar Landing. And as we went down to the dock to take our boats to round the point, and passing by an old tavern house, a grogery, a notorious Sabbath haunt, out poured a herd of Universalers upon us, with all the fury of a wild bull in a net. They roared like so many fiery dragons, threatening to sink us under a shower of stones, if we went into our boats. I forbore to record their names because of their children; for their vulgar language would disgrace the heathen, and their blasphemous words would terrify the devil. But God did not suffer them to lay a hand on us, as they designed.

Our afternoon appointment at Cedar Landing was highly interesting. A number of the serious at Dunham's Bay accompanied us over, and much increased the interest of the meeting. Lo I am, was there, and we all knew it, too. Bro. M. Brayton and his sanctified companion were now both in the work, who not only held up my hands, but carried the work far beyond me. And there were other faithful brethren here, who took hold by faith with us, and we had a melting, soul-stirring time. The Tuesday evening following, there were five souls converted at brother Brayton's house, in prayer meeting.

The next Sabbath I went to Dunham's Bay, and scarcely a Universaler showed his head. Mr. Lane and his wife, who left the old tavern house, were both at meeting that day, and two or three others who had not participated in the riot the Sabbath before. But Jesus was with us, and that to bless. One soul was

converted to God in this meeting, and that kindled the holy fire in many others. Sinners were sighing and weeping all through the house. And such was the state of the work at this meeting, I dare not leave it to fill other appointments, but proposed the propriety of a prayer meeting that night. But as the school house was not large enough to hold half the people, and as we were trying to make some arrangement for evening meeting, up jumps Mr. Lane, in a very friendly manner, but still trembling, and very modestly invited us to take possession of his house, and hold our prayer meeting there that night. His house was the old tavern house, which, the Sabbath before, was a devil's nest. Mr. Lane pledged himself to protect us from all insults about his premises, besides he would furnish both wood and candles. And so, because there was much room in the inn, we went. And O, what a blessed time we enjoyed! The great head of the church was with us, in power and truth. Our altar was thronged with mourners, weeping and groaning, and among those mourners were Mr. and Mrs. Lane, weeping like grieved children. God converted three sinners more that night, at our altar. By this time, every body among us seemed to feel interested. And from this time forth, this tavern house was purged from Rum and Gambling, and became our regular place of worship. Brother Moses Brayton now turned in with us, and we gave ourselves up, as did the people, nearly every night for several weeks, and the Lord continued with us, day and night. O, what heavenly times we did enjoy, this fall and winter! Brother Beeman, preacher in charge of Washington Circuit, was called to our assistance in the winter, and much good was done by him. But while the work was in its highest prosperity, along came that Proselyter, F. Colver, and the work of conversion was stopped at once. Never did a Saul of Tarsus make a greater havoc in the church, than this man tried to make among us. Nevertheless, we organized a society at Dunham's Bay, of about fifty members, and about twenty were added to the society at Cedar Landing.

This brought me into 1833. I now felt still more impressed than ever that God required me to launch out into the great deep of some heathen nation, and there preach Jesus and the Resurrection. I truly felt that woe was me, if I did not preach the Gospel of Christ to the Gentiles. These feelings were so oppressive that I made them known to my preachers, Jacob Beeman and Joseph Herd, both of whom were friendly, and gave me their entire confidence. This year I was recommended to the Quarterly Conference for license to preach, and received my license on the 27th July. And as the brethren saw the necessity of some improvement in my education, they advised me to spend a few months in school, before I proceeded to the great work of the missionary field. In the mean time, my brother-in-law, Calvin

T. Swan, of Northfield, Mass., wrote to me that, if I would come down there and go to school, he would board me all winter for nothing. But our brethren saw that I needed clothing, and something for other necessary expenses, and being acquainted with my embarrassed circumstances, Cyrus Prindle, my P. E., and Rev. Sherman Miner, gave me a recommend, or subscription paper, that I might collect what I could, or what the people were minded to give toward this object. This recommendation very much helped me; for in every place where I presented it, the people, and the churches—such as Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian—all were abundantly liberal. And thus I took my Bible, Hymn Book discipline, and my Jesus too, and went to Northfield, where I arrived November 23d. And my brother and sister Swan, received me with much cheerfulness.

The next day I was invited to preach with them, it being the Sabbath. Sunday afternoon I preached from John 4: 14. The dear brethren were very dry, and they all drank very largely of the water of life. In the evening I preached to them again from Mat. 3-12. Many in the church took fire at this, and in fact well nigh set the world on fire. And here was the beginning of better days. On Monday night we had a prayer meeting, to pray for entire sanctification. And surely the Lord was with us; for after a mighty struggle in prayer some began to shout victory. Entire sanctification now became the general concern, and interest of the church, and the Lord wrought gloriously for, and in his people. Nor was the Lord's work confined to his people alone, but while he was sanctifying believers, he commenced and carried on the blessed work of justifying sinners. And I preached nearly every night for more than six weeks. In the course of the winter God justified some and sanctified others to the amount of about 90 souls. And as God wrought as he did, I felt fully and freely justified, in neglecting my studies to pluck sinners while they may be saved. So far as human agency is concerned, this work of salvation was carried on principally by holding preaching and prayer meetings every night in different places, at private or dwelling-houses all over the parish.

This work accompanied me into February, 1834. In February I was invited by one of our preachers, brother S. Collier, to go with him to Prescot, about 12 miles from Northfield, and preach. I asked the Lord if I should go, and he said yes. On Saturday afternoon brother Collier took me into his sleigh, and away we went to Prescot. Brother Collier insisted on my preaching to the people on Saturday night. And so I preached from Micah. 6:8. And surely I felt as if I was on business for the Lord, and I tried to convince the people of it, too. Brother Collier then gave us a powerful exhortation, and closed meeting. And immediately after the Amen, I began as my manner was, to talk with the people

in private conversation, about the salvation of their souls. And I found several of them pricked in their heart. On Sabbath morning, we went to our appointment which was about two miles from the evening meeting. The snow was deep and drifted; the storm was heavy and pelted our faces violently. But notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, we met a large, respectable congregation. Our arrangement was that brother Collier should preach that morning, and I in the afternoon. But he so strongly insisted on my preaching the first sermon and he the second, I finally yielded and preached. And as I had preached the night before, I did not expect ever to preach to them again. I now preached them a farewell sermon. And although I was a stranger to them and they to me, yet we all became deeply affected by one farewell sermon.

There was much weeping among the people, for God cast an unusual solemnity over the audience. But at the afternoon appointment there were a host of people who came several miles through the storm, supposing I was to preach in the afternoon. And they all beset brother C. to set me to preaching. And as he pressed me, I told him that I had just preached a farewell sermon and it would now look singular and imposing for me to rise right up and preach to them again. But all my excuses did no good, they rigidly insisted on another farewell sermon, and a square built farewell sermon I gave them. The Holy Ghost seemed to accompany every word. Every eye was immovably fixed on me as if they were listening to their very last calls of mercy. All our hearts became broken, and our eyes fountains of tears. Nor did we try to hide them. We even wondered why we wept, for I had only been preaching of sin, death and hell, all connected together, Christ's suffering death to save sinners from damnation, and warning them as with my last dying groans to fly to Christ. But the storm had increased so furiously that those from a distance could not return that night for the snow drifts. And hence brother Collier preached in the evening. By this time the snow banks were so high, and the storm so boisterous, that we all had to stay where we were that night, or in the neighborhood. The next morning it snowed also. And now an appointment was given out for me to preach again at two o'clock, P. M. another farewell sermon. But I knew nothing of it until 12 M. At two o'clock, a large congregation had assembled in a dwelling-house near by, and I preached the third farewell sermon to them. We did not expect ever to meet again on earth. We had not advanced far in this meeting, when we began to hear a rumbling as o'er the tops of the trees, and a secret messenger whispering came, saying, the Master is at hand, make ready. And so after bidding them an affectionate farewell, I proposed to commend them to God in a little prayer meeting. But first, we prepared

an altar, and invited all the unconverted who were ready now to give up all for Christ and the salvation of their souls, to come forth to the altar. Oh, what a shaking there was among the dry bones; Christ breathed and five souls were converted at a breath. The place at once became awful because of God's presence.

That same night they compelled me by their tears and entreaties to preach them another farewell sermon, as we were to leave early the next morning. Now brother Coller was their circuit preacher; they expected to hear him again, but not me. Brother Coller could preach me out of sight and hearing in five minutes if he chose. But the people were notional. So I consented to preach them another farewell that night. But while I was preaching, the bush took fire and something made us feel that we were on holy ground; hence we began to take off our shoes. So after I had bid them all farewell, brother Coller exhorted us affectionately and powerfully. O, how the Holy Ghost burned in our hearts. Now, there was among us an old Baptist elder, by the name of Vaughn. He had been in a spiritless snow-bank, summer and winter, for five years, till he was as numb as a stone. But to night the Holy Ghost thawed him out, and he came forth as a Lazerus, exhorting like an angel and praying like a prophet. Sinners only looked, and were healed; backsliders only asked and received, but all the saints shouted for joy.

Finally I stayed fifteen days in Prescott, and preached twenty-one farewell sermons to the same congregation. Free grace, justification and sanctification by faith in the blood of Jesus, was the entire theme. About forty sinners were converted, fifty backsliders reclaimed, and some sanctified. Many times I was so fatigued I thought it impossible to go a step further. But they all nursed me as an only son, and fairly inspired me with strength. Many times I was so mortified and ashamed to be so affectionately treated, that I wept like a child. Before we left, brother Coller called for a collection, and they gave me twenty-six dollars to carry home with me. The hour of our departure was truly affecting and long to be remembered. We then returned to Northfield, giving God all the glory as we went.

I remained in Northfield, gathering up the fragments and confirming the souls and faith of the disciples, till about the middle of March. At this time, my friends in Queensbury, having heard that I had been preaching all the winter, and had not gone to the high school one day, wrote me to come home forthwith. But the dear brethren determined not to let me go empty, gave me clothing and money to the amount of fifty dollars, bid me God-speed, and I returned, giving God all the glory and honor and praise and power, while I passed over the Green Mountain.

And as I crossed over to Pawlet, Vermont, I found brother S. Miner, who had a kind of evangelical charge over me, and who

informed me that he and brother C. Prindle had made arrangements to go to Monkton, Vermont, and there study with a Rev. S. Tupper, through the summer. I however came on to Queensbury to visit my friends, and stopped here five days. From thence I went to Monkton, one hundred and thirty miles north of Queensbury, and arrived there on the 4th April. I soon found Mr. Tupper with whom I was to study, and who received me into his family. The Sabbath came on, and I was invited to preach, and complied. But I found the church as cold and as lifeless as clay. I now began to experience some serious trials of my faith. The first was, that the brother who recommended and sent me there, told me and Mr. Tupper that I must not preach only on the Sabbath, and then only once per day, lest my mind be drawn away from my studies. But such was the cold, dead, lifeless state of religion that I found I could not study at all, unless I preached. To confine my mind to study Grammar, Philosophy and Arithmetic, amid so many souls that were going head long into hell, without warning, was more than I could endure. This made the fire burn in my bones, painfully. An awful sound thrilled constantly through my soul, saying: Woe, woe, woe to them that are at ease in Zion; woe to the idle shepherds; warn the people, lest the sword come, and their blood be found in thy skirts. And I, fearing the consequences that might follow, broke over my human limits and began to preach more frequently. Then I felt better, and could study more profitably. And the Lord soon began to work at two of my appointments. But the Devil soon found it out, and rose up against it. This was in Ferrisburgh. The preacher on that circuit raised a great hue and cry in that place, telling them that I was unlearned, and that my language was not grammatical, and what a reproach it was to the people to hear a colored man preach. But the worst of it all was, he said that I had robbed him of his congregation; when, in fact, he preached six miles north of me in the forenoon, and four miles in the afternoon. This was after the Lord began to work at Ferrisburgh, and the wicked began to awake to righteousness. On a certain day, I happened to meet this preacher in Ferrisburgh; and another such a harsh scourging as he gave me, I never suffered before or since. He then wrote a line to my teacher to keep off from his circuit. And my teacher, willing to do him a kindness, wrote to my presiding elder to take me away, for I was robbing churches of their congregations, and therefore making disturbance among the preachers. So I soon had a letter from brother Prindle, my P. E., directing me to settle up all my expenses, and if I had not money enough to pay them, bring the bills to him, and come away. At this, knowing I still had friends in Farrisburge, to whom I went and preached my farewell sermon. I presented my subscription paper, and they gave me

twenty dollars, in cash, to pay my expenses at Monkton, for board and tuition. So I left that place, and arrived at Queensbury July 1. Here I labored with my hands for my good old friend, R. Newman, till the middle of September. On the 16th September, I dreamed an interesting dream, a part of which I here record.

I dreamed that I was in bed, and all at once I awoke, and a bright light shone around me, a hundred times brighter than the mid day sun. I thought I arose and went to the window, which opened of itself, and behold all was equally light. Every object was light and clear as crystal. I imagined that the judgment day was at hand, and looked upward to see the coming of Christ and his Angels, but all was perfect silence. And as I could not hollow, for the power of the light, I attempted to jump out the chamber window, and light on the ground. But as I leaped out, I came, not on the ground, but lit on a glass platform about twelve feet in the air. I soon arose on my feet, but the substance on which I stood was so clear that I could not see it, but feel its polished firmness under me. And soon my feet began to slip along as if on skates, horizontally in the air, with my hands resting, or slipping on the railing of the path which was about two feet wide, and away I went, without any effort, about eight miles, and there landed on the beach at Lake George. And the first thing I heard there, was the most charming singing that ever saluted my ears. I looked up, supposing it to be in the air, or on the high mountains, but saw nothing. I then looked on the Lake, and beheld a mighty host of strange, but beautiful beings, having the person of men, but wings like doves, all riding down the Lake on horse-back. Their horses were larger than elephants, and the riders and horses were as pure gold. They all had golden trumpets through which they sung, all smiling. Some how, I thought they were all going down to Hague, and wanted me to go with them.

But they sung so sweetly, I was determined to learn a part of their song, if possible, and after committing the three following verses, I awoke singing them. And after daylight I wrote them down :

When the Trumpet shall sound—shake the earth all around,
 And the dead shall arise, and ascend to the skies,
 For to meet Him that died, with his glorious bride,
 And rejoice there forever by Emanuel's side :
 Hallelujah to Jesus, again and again.
 We will praise him forever, amen and amen.
 To the Lamb that was slain, but he liveth again,
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah, amen and amen.

There Wesley doth stand, in the midst of the band,
 With his bright shining face, praising God for free grace ;
 And with Fletcher unites with the old Israelites,

Giving glory to Jesus with all their might!
Hallelujah to Jesus, &c., &c.

Now Redemption they sing to their glorious King;
Through the blood of free grace, while the Angels sing base.
How it rings through the plains, with its glorious strains!
Hallelujah to Jesus—forever He reigns!
Hallelujah to Jesus, &c., &c.

So I awoke, and found it all a dream. But an unusually strong impression remained on my mind that I must go to Hague—about twenty-eight miles from where I lived, and about twenty-one miles down Lake George. The very next day I started and went to Hague. When I arrived there, I enquired whether there were any Methodists in that place. And I was soon informed that there had formerly been a society there, but long since they became so dead, lifeless and indifferent in religion, that they did not pretend to come together for worship, and therefore the preachers had not been there but twice for the last year. And thus they were entirely run out. And hence, a large majority of the community had become Universalists, Deists and Atheists. However, I gave out an appointment for preaching, the first night. I went to the appointment, and preached to twenty-three cold, lifeless, trifling people. There were only three persons in the house who pretended to have any spiritual life in them. And my preaching seemed like throwing feathers against the wind. But I gave out an appointment for the next night.

The next day I visited from house to house, exhorting and praying in every house, in nine families. Night came on, I went to my appointment, and found about sixty hearers, all seated. I preached with all my might. Some of them were grave, but some of them were rude, played, laughed and mocked. All was thick darkness, as to a revival. I closed meeting, gave out an appointment for the next night, and they went off swearing, screaming and hooting in all directions. The next day I visited from house to house as usual, but in other directions, and prayed in every house. The third night we had an overflowing congregation of solemn, attentive hearers. As soon as I entered the crowded house, I saw at once, that the people had changed their manners, and the very features of their faces. I felt encouraged, and began to preach from, "Come unto me all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." I had not preached long, before some began to groan, sigh, and the big tears began to glisten. I felt that I was doing business for God and eternity. And after preaching an hour and a half, I heard the charriot wheels of salvation begin to rumble over the high mountains, and Hague sinners began to fear and tremble. I then prepared an Altar, sanctified it by prayer to God, and then invited all who were weary of sin and laden with guilt, to come and receive rest

unto their souls. And our Altar was thronged at first invitation. Then remembered I my dream. But there were only one brother and two sisters, to aid us in prayer. But Jesus, the glory of all was with us, and that to bless. We all now entered into a mighty struggle of prayer for sinners and backsliders. The prison began to shake, the chains rattled, and soon one backslider and three sinners, shouted victory through the blood of Jesus.

And those three sinners were those who made the most disturbance in meeting the first night. I continued visiting from house to house, every day, and preaching every night, for one week. I now became so fatigued, and my lungs so sore, that I know we must have some more efficient help or the work must stop where it was. And being acquainted with two good, Holy-Ghost brethren at Bolton, sixteen miles above us, I sat down and wrote to Brothers Nickson, and Wright to come down and help us. These were two class leaders. But I knew not that they had gone down by us the day before, with a sloop load of lumber to Ticondaroga, and had not yet returned: However, the next day night, Brothers Wright and Nickson hoisted sail at Ticondaroga, and before a stiff north wind, they put up the lake for Bolton. And just as they came along opposite of Hague, the wind changed at once into the south-east, and in spite of all they could do, it thrust them right into Hague harbor, near the shore, where they cast anchor. Here they let down their boat, took their wives and came on shore to visit an old acquaintance of theirs; not know any thing of the good work in Hague. So God made the very wind help me on this occasion. The next day being the Sabbath, these good brethren were with us all day, and labored like Apostles of the Lord; and the Lord himself was with us, too. These brethren stayed with us till after meeting, Sunday night, and then went on board their sloop, (notwithstanding all our entreaties and tears to stay with us one day more) determined to take the four o'clock breeze, and sail home. But Jesus pitied us, and did not suffer the morning breeze to move a whit, neither in the morning, nor all that day. So these beloved brethren were forced to stay another day, and God blessed their labors abundantly. The congregation was so fatigued by this time for want of sleep, and I too, that on Tuesday morning I went on board the sloop with those brethren to take passage with them to Bolton, and from thence I intended to return to Queensbury. But we were from eight o'clock A. M. to 6 P. M. sailing only five miles, because there was no more wind. We were then obliged to haul to shore and cast anchor in a dead calm. And looking back, I saw Hague, where I had been laboring, and where I left the converts whom I loved, and my soul groaned with desire after them. Then I said to the brethren on board, perhaps I am a Jonah. I will leave the sloop, return to Hague, and early in the morning I will

come to you again. They let down the boat and sat me on shore, But I had not gone more than half a mile, when I looked down the Lake and saw the white caps rolling lively before a stiff north wind. The brethren saw it, prepared themselves, took it, and in two hours they landed safely at home. I went back to Hague, and, to my great surprise, found a large congregation assembled, and Brother Henry Coleman in their midst, preaching. This was on Brother Coleman's circuit, but he had not been there before for eight months. This man of God being pleased with what God had done for us, opened the door of the church, and received into it forty one of those happy souls. O, what a blessed time we had in this revival. To Jesus alone be all the glory and honor. Hallelujah to God! I then left Hague and returned to Queensbury.

The Brethren at Balton soon demanded of me and the converts in Hague, remuneration for their services to us in Hague. And rather than be sued, arrangements were made, and I met to the Hague converts at Bolton, which was about half way between us, on the west shore of Lake George. Here was a class of about thirty members, under regular preaching once in two weeks, but very low in religion. Brothers Wright and Nickson were always in the spirit. At this place there were some sinners who were considered hopeless, and many backsliders lifeless. But it matters not how hardened they are, only let the Holy Ghost fall on them once, and their hearts are like an infant's. We labored here four days joyfully, with Jesus in our midst. The good Lord greatly revived his people, and converted eighteen of the most hopeless sinners in that place. Two of them were rigid Universalists, and one a notorious Atheist. They all joined our church, to the glory of God the Father, to whom be glory and thanksgiving and honor ever more, Amen. I then returned to Queensbury.

At this time, my benefactors, Brothers Minor and Prindle, had made arrangements for me to go to Cazenovia Seminary, and study there a few months, before I left America for Africa. On the 18th November, I started for Cazenovia. But when I came to Lenox, twelve miles from Cazenovia, I stopped to visit that place, because I had lived there one year, about twelve years since, when I was an unconverted, awful sinner. I now went into the village on Quality Hill, in disguise,—saw many with whom I was acquainted, but no one knew me. And while I was walking about the village, and just ready to return to the Canal where I had left my trunks, all at once something told me, or suggested to my heart, that I must stop there a few days and preach. This came upon me with such force that I well-nigh lost my bodily strength. After a few minutes consideration, this being Saturday, I concluded to stop there until Monday morning.

I stayed the first night with a man who belonged to the Protestant church. The next morning I enquired whether there were any Episcopal Methodist meeting in the neighborhood that day. And I was informed that the Episcopalians held their meeting at Canastota, one and two-fourths mile from that place. So I went to Canastota, and found a congregation gathered, waiting for their preacher. I took a seat behind the door and waited too. But, though they looked steadfastly upon me, no one knew who I was. And after waiting more than half an hour, some of the brethren near the stand began to whisper, speak, and point their fingers toward me. By and by, one of them arose, came to me, and asked me if I was not a preacher. I said, who told you that I was a preacher, sir? He said no one, sir; but we thought you looked like a preacher. And, although our minister has never disappointed us before, I think he will to-day, and we want you to preach to us on this occasion. And seeing he had guessed as he had, I immediately went to the pulpit, and after singing and prayer, I preached as well as I could, from Heb. 6:3. And while I was preaching, I was more and more convinced that I must tarry a few days in that vicinity before I went to Cazenovia. And so, after meeting had closed, I told the brother whom I was, and where I was going, &c. At this, a brother Ingraham, an exhorter in our church, asked me to go home with him and stay a few days. I embraced the invitation, and went with him. The next morning he gave me a room for study, and into it I went; knowing not, but the Holy Ghost said, tarry a few days. I, thinking it strange that I must stop there only to study, and hence I began to visit from house to house and talk with the people about holiness. The third day, sister Ingraham obtained the blessing of entire sanctification. A day or two after, one of our nearest neighbors obtained the same blessing. And several more were now deeply convicted for it. The next Sabbath I went to a place called Quashalon Creek, about six miles from where I boarded. And here I met the most trifling, rude, profane, giddy congregation that ever I saw. The day was extremely cold; and the snow which fell the night before, eight inches deep, was now all in the air. There was a small stove in the large school-house, but the barks were snowy, so that we could not possibly make them burn, to warm the room, and melt off the snow which poured through the cracks upon us. I had not been in the house long before I found one of my great toes were frozen, and I was so cold I could hardly speak plain, for shivering. But as a large number of crazy young people were on hand, I concluded to talk about twenty minutes, and then escape for our lives. I spoke from Jno. 5:6. But I had not talked more than eight minutes before I could not be heard, for the loud talking and laughing of this rabble. I then spoke to them mildly, desiring peace and at-

tention for ten minutes, but all in vain. And when I found that entreaty prevailed not, I then threatened to prosecute them on the morrow; but all in vain—the confusion increased. I then tried to talk about Jesus, but also in vain. I then broke out in a loud tone of voice, proclaiming all the deepest horrors of hell and damnation, and all the terrors of the day of judgment, for I then had no notion to meet their insults again; and so while I was with them, I intended to tell them the final end of their conduct, if they did not repent. And I was fully determined to be heard, unless they hollowed louder than I could. I proceeded on in this same high strain, till I was in a full flow of perspiration. My wild congregation became tame and silent as a tomb, as if they expected a storm of thunderbolts every moment.

Then I preached Christ unto them as the only remedy for their disease. Every eye was now immovably fixed upon me. At this I called all my little skill and powers, to bring down Christ on the Cross, both figuratively and naturally, opening all his bleeding wounds, and reuttering his dying groans with melting sympathy. By this time I saw some little wakings on the face of the Pool of Bethesda, and my audience became quite mellow. I preached about two hours, closed meeting in peace, and bid them farewell. But as all the people sat down, and every eye still fixed upon me, I paused for a moment, and then told them that in fifteen minutes I should preach again. Not one soul left the house; not a move or whisper was seen or heard. I soon arose, sung and prayed, and began to talk of the great Supper, Luke 14:17. And soon we had the analogy of a Jewish feast and the Gospel, all before us. The whole congregation were now hanging on my lips, and soon some glistening tears began to roll on their faces and much affected my eyes. Their heads began to lop on the writing tables, and some wept bitterly. After meeting I began to talk with them individually, and behold many of them were deeply convicted of their sins. A one Brother William Ward invited me to go home with him and stay over night. To this I consented, and invited all those young people who felt a present need of salvation, to meet us in the evening at Brother W.'s for prayer meeting. And as Brother W. and I passed on ahead, a large number of those young people followed us, and the house was filled at once. We had a powerful meeting that night, and the sinners in Zion were horribly afraid.

And Christmas being nigh at hand, I left an appointment for preaching and prayer meeting on Christmas eve at that place. The next morning on my way home, I met a good Brother in Clockville, who invited me to come and preach at that place. They had a Society here, but all were low in religion. The Protestant Methodist had a Society here also, but still lower in religion. A few evenings past, and I went to Clockville. Here

I met a large, attentive congregation of respectable hearers. I preached from 2 Cor. 5:20. The attention and interest of the audience was such, that I left another appointment for two weeks. Christmas came on and I went to my appointment at Quashalon creek. Here I found the house crowded with people at an early hour. And as soon as I entered the house I saw that a great moral change had passed over the people. Brother Ingraham first exhorted the people and then we had a prayer meeting. I then preached about one hour and saw the people were about right for prayer. I wound up my subject as soon as possible, and we began to pray. We had a blessed time in prayer, but the house was so crowded we could not prepare an altar for mourners, and God never works much with me on such occasions unless we have a regular altar. So we closed our meeting at eight minutes past twelve o'clock. But I gave out an appointment for the next night. The next night came on and so did the people; the house was so crowded that no one could kneel only as I knelt in my chair. And after I had preached twenty-one minutes from Rom. 4:25, I again saw that the people were ripe for prayer. And as it was always my rule when preaching for a revival, to preach till the people feel and then stop, so I did here. The first sermon was two hours long, the second two hours and twelve minutes, the third one hour, and the fourth twenty-one minutes. So I stopped preaching at once and tried to prepare an altar, but could not for the crowd. We offered up a few prayers and then closed. But I whispered to some of the brethren to secretly invite some mourners to tarry till the congregation was dispersed, and we would pray with them. And so the most of the people withdrew, supposing all was over. I then prepared an altar, kneeled down and dedicated it to God in prayer, and then invited the mourners to come forth. The altar was soon thronged with weeping sinners and broken hearted backsliders. There were but five praying souls in the house, and some of us were very cold in religion. But the Holy Ghost soon warmed us up, and ere we were aware, heaven opened over us, and down came a full share of present salvation upon us. The result of this, was three backsliders reclaimed, two souls sanctified, and eight of those wildest sinners converted to God. We had a general shout in the camp, and closed at half past twelve o'clock, at night. Hallalujah. Many of us went home happy that night.

The next night I preached forty minutes, and then saw that prayer was necessary again. But we were so crowded we could not get to our altar again. I tried to persuade some of them to retire, but in vain. I then pronounced the benediction, but in vain, no one would move. Some said, you cheated us last night, and now we are the last men who leave the house. However, about eleven o'clock, there arose a tremendous snow squall, and

their horses acted so bad, that many of them were obliged to leave, or have their sleighs kicked all in pieces.

We then prepared our altar, which was soon surrounded with weeping penitents. We commenced prayer and the Lord heard us. Jesus descended, reclaimed four wicked backsliders, and pardoned five great sinners. I stayed at this place seven days. God reclaimed eighteen backsliders, sanctified four believers, and converted thirty-three sinners. By this time I was completely drilled out, for the Lord will never work with me on such occasions unless I work with all my might, day and night. And so I was obliged to retire to my boarding-house. But to the ever blessed God my Saviour, be all glory, and honor, and praise, forever and evermore. Amen. Hallalujah.

I thought now to rest a few days, fill my appointment at Clockville, and then go on to Cazenovia.

January, 1835. The time arrived, and I went to Clockville. But our congregation was so large, that we were obliged to retire from their large school-house to the Protestant church, which was filled to overflowing. And notwithstanding the old stove smoked desperately, so that we were all gagged with smoke, we had a blessed time. Backsliders were alarmed, sinners trembled and wept in sorrow, and believers rejoiced. I felt in my soul the witness of the Holy Ghost, that this was the time to favor Zion in that place. After meeting I made a proposal to the brethren to go right on with a protracted meeting. But all I could say, did not persuade them to comply, until after they should attend their quarterly meeting, which was to take place at Sullivan, on the next Sabbath. This meeting was on Tuesday night. I told the brethren that, the field was now ripe, all ready for harvest, and that now was the time to gather it in. And some of the Protestant people heard me make those remarks. The Episcopal Methodist all rallied and went to Sullivan the next Saturday, and I went with them. The Protestants rallied also, sent in all directions, gathered in all their brethren and commenced a protracted meeting in Clockville on Saturday morning, and by the next Wednesday night they scaped into the church fifty new born souls. This taught me more perfectly, that it is always best, after blowing the fire till I was well-nigh smothered, always strike while the iron is hot. From Sullivan, I was invited to Peterboro, to participate in a protracted meeting. Our people met in the Presbyterian church. Here I undertook to preach, but the pulpit was so high I could not reach down to the people. And so, after making the attempt, I got out of the house and ran away for home with a determination to go to Cazenovia the next day.

But on my way home, I met a good brother by the name of Hill, in a sleigh, who told me that he was after me to go to Chetningo to a protracted meeting there, by request of the preachers

on the circuit where I had been boarding. I jumped into his sleigh, he gave Dick a crack, and away we went to Cheteningo. When we arrived we found brother Atwell, preacher in charge, preaching a funeral sermon. I soon learned that the meeting had been going on for four days, and they were about giving it up for want of help. And brother Atwell being some distance from his family, gave up the meeting to his colleague, Lyetto Barns and me. Now brother Barns professed and enjoyed the blessing of entire sanctification, and the full witness of it. He was the most agreeable young minister I ever knew. Brother Atwell left us, and brother Barns set me to preaching the same night, and he exhorted after me. We then entered into a prayer meeting with our whole souls, and got well into the work that night. We dedicated our altar anew, and a goodly number of believers came forth and dedicated themselves to its service. But after we were well organized, brother Barns knowing that I was drilled down with labor, and he being drilled down too, said to me before the audience: Brother Brown, what shall we do now? We are both worn down with labor, we can get no human help; shall we go on with the meeting, or give it up? I answered, as the battle is not to the strong, nor the race to the swift, let us go on in the name and strength of the holy One of Israel. And all the church said amen. And so on we went. Brother Barns preached every morning, we had a prayer meeting every afternoon, and I preached every night. When we were not in the house of God, we were visiting from house to house, talking and praying at every house. In a few days our lungs became so sore and weak, that we could scarcely be heard across the house, and every motion of our bodies was like thrusting us with an instrument. For every time we preached or prayed we would think we could not do it again till we were in some measure renewed. But O, the power and goodness of God, who wrought with us and sustained us in that same state for thirteen days, till we were afraid we were presumptuous. Finally we closed our meeting on a Sabbath evening after a farewell meeting, in which we numbered fifty-six converts, about forty of whom joined our church. Besides, there were many backsliders reclaimed. To the ever, ever blessed Jesus, the friend of sinners, the only God of salvation and mercy, be every jot and title of the glory, thanksgiving, praise and honor, now and evermore. Amen.

I returned to Lenix, to my boarding-house, with thirty-two dollars in cash, and seven dollars in clothing, which the converts at Cheteningo gave, and a most violent cough beside.

I left Lenix on the 15th March, and went to Cazenovia. God, I believe, prepared a room for me in the house and family of one Joel Baudwell, who lived about half a mile from the Seminary. Too much good cannot be said or wrote about this family. Indeed

they need nobody's recommendation so far as they are known. For the royal law of kindness which they breathe is as the sun at mid-day. But my cough became so alarming and agitating that many thought I had a violent consumption. And hence I entered into a medical process with a one doctor Knowlton, who was greatly blessed in my recovery. But still he had his hands full with me, for I did but just escape after all. God bless the doctor, for after all his fatigue day and night for two weeks, he did not charge me one cent. But what still more surprised me was, to see and to share so unboundedly the services and attention of the beloved students of the Seminary. For they nursed me as a mother would a child. Night after night when I could not raise up my head from my pillow, I lacked no human hand to brace me at any moment. Indeed, those students were loth that any should assist me but themselves. O, to such sainted humility, benevolence and faithfulness, what can I say! Angels could hardly answer it. I must leave it to be told in the paradise of God.

But, O, how the hands of this dear family dropped the reviving dew of heaven upon me. Mrs. Baudwell would hold up my aching head till all her strength was exhausted. Then her sister, Almira Skiff, would hold up my head with one hand, and feed me with the other. And by these means, through the grace and tender mercy of God, after twenty days I left the gates of death and came forth. For several days in this illness I knew of but one object for which I desired to live, and that was the African Mission. This desire had been overwhelming for many months. But here it was kindled up to a high flame by the interest and benefaction of these dear friends. For when I came to the Principal of the Seminary, Mr. Laraby, who introduced me to the students and told them wherefore I had come. And, doubtless the African Mission was the cause of their interest in my recovery. And when I saw so much interest in them, it inflamed my desire for Africa. I had no fears nor any dread of dying, nor was I afraid to be dead.

However, as soon as I was able, I commenced my studies. But immediately I found myself shackled. For brother Minor had wrote to the Principal to keep me to my studies and not let me preach only occasionally. This restraint destroyed my ambition for study, checked my appetite for food, made me sleepless and disturbed my happiness. And fearing where this might land me, I began to break some of these chains lest they break me in pieces. So, on the Sabbath I would hire a horse, ride ten or twelve miles, preach three or four sermons, and then back at night. This exercise helped me to study faster, eat more, sleep sweeter and more happy. In Cazenovia, I searched the church till I found eleven sanctified souls. But still, not more than four

of them dared own it in public. But I began to talk much about sanctification, and among so many some would hear it. By and by I began to appoint prayer meetings at private houses to pray for sanctification and the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. And of course God was with us. One after another obtained the witness of entire sanctification. And soon a general interest in the church was discovered. A large number were convicted for the blessing and necessity of sanctification, and were struggling after it with all the power of prayer and faith. But the devil found it out too soon and was determined to put a stop to it. So one night a goodly number of us met in a private house to pray for holiness. But just as we were about to open meeting, in came brother S. Stanly, a local preacher, and told me that the Rev. Joseph Castle, preacher in charge, requested him to tell me that I must not have any more Holy Ghost meetings in that village. For said Brother Stanley, Brother Castle says that you have no right to appoint meetings in this village only by his special consent. What, said I, is there any corporation in the Methodist Discipline or in the Gospel? Then said Brother S., Mr. C. says your meetings are opposition meetings. But, said I, does not Brother C. know that I am a local preacher, and that we do not have our meetings when there is any other in the village? Yes, said Brother S., but Brother C. says you are undermining him by jumping over him with your Holy Ghost meetings, and you must stop where you are. Ah, said I, are Holy Ghost meetings opposition to Brother Castle, and do they undermine him? So to yield up these souls to my superior and prevent a difficulty, I told the brethren that we must stop praying for holiness and return home. I then took my hat, bid them good night and left them in tears. But these proceedings had rather an unpleasant effect for a while. For those brethren who were at meeting that night did not fail to show their resentment at such prohibition. And a general excitement arose in the church at this place. Sometimes some of the members would go out of town to hear me preach, (for Mr. C. would not let me preach in town,) and this increased the excitement so that the church had to be called together and talk over the matter. And when Mr. C. saw himself in the rear of a majority of the church, he declared he would oppose me at the Annual Conference to which I was then recommended for Ordination before I went to Africa. And in fact Mr. Castle did oppose me at the Annual Conference. So that, for that thing only, my name was not presented to the Conference as recommended by the Quarterly Conference. And so, after I had travelled sixty miles to Oswego, stayed forty-eight hours, I took boat and returned to Cazenovia.

But to return. Some time before going to Conference, the church at Cazenovia gave me fifty dollars in cash. And this

seemed to vex Brother Castle extremely. At Delphy, a village about five miles from Cazenovia, where I had been preaching, they gave me thirty dollars more, twenty dollars of which was to constitute me a life-member of the Parent Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This last donation so aggravated Mr. Castle, that he raised such a terrible tempest over the land, that for peace sake, Brother Benjamin Cooper came to me, and told me that I had better give up the money to him, and he would send it to New York, for that Mr. Castle had told the people that I was an imposter, had no notion of going to Africa, but would run away with the money in a few days. And so, I gave back the twenty dollars to Brother B. Cooper, from whose hand I had received it. But whatever became of the twenty dollars I know not. But it is due to the Christians in and about Cazenovia, to state, that otherwise, all Mr. Castle's opposition to holiness and the spread of the Gospel, only provoked the saints to good works. For no sooner had the churches and societies for ten miles around us heard of Mr. C.'s conduct, than they all invited me to come to their societies, preach and take up collections. And this I did, and at every place I received a respectable donation.

As to the saints in Cazenovia, after their first shock in our prayer meeting for holiness, they stood their ground, and wrought as so many holy Apostles of Christ. There were some female Bishops in Cazenovia, whose charity and virtue can only be described by Christ in the day of Judgment. Among them was the sainted Miss Almira Skiff. The teachers in the Seminary were all agreeable, humble, and did their best to instruct me in all those lower branches which I studied while with them. And as to the family in which I boarded, it was heavenly indeed. Brother Joel Baudwell enjoyed the blessing of sanctification before I went there. Brothers S. Howland, W. Turner and Geo. N. Manchester, all three were my room mates, all exhorters and all sanctified souls. Mrs. Baudwell and Almira Skiff obtained the blessing of sanctification after I went there. O, high heaven, what a house this was to stand on earth. Why, the devil did not pretend to come into the house. For the Holy Ghost possesses every room, and all the air was sweet heaven. The smiles of the Lord was our pillow. We all talked, sang, and prayed when we pleased, as long and as long as we pleased. We were all of one heart and one mind, as both he that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one (Heb. 2:11.) Brother Baudwell was a Holy Ghost Class leader, and his house was an altar of prayer for all people. O, an Angel might lose himself should he attempt to describe the virtue of Cazenovia. If I be offered on the sacrifice of their faith, I joy and rejoice with them all. For me to say, ten thousand thanks to all these holy brethren, could not be noticed in the vast ocean of their charity. I only say unto God, who has, who

does, and who ever will bless Cazenovia, to him be all the glory and honor forevermore.

On the 28th September I left Cazenovia, returned to Queensbury, and stopped with my good old friend R. Newman. I was now full of Missionary fire, for the Holy Ghost had fired the fagots, which the people of Cazenovia had put upon me, and I was almost burned up. And while I was waiting for the Lord to open a door to Africa, I was taken sick with a fever. But I had only been confined to my bed three days, when I received a letter from Dr. N. Bang, of New York, stating that a vessel would sail from that city in about ten days for Liberia, West Africa, and if I intended to go to that Mission, now was my time. But here I lay sick for five weeks, till all the vessels had sailed for Africa. O, what an affliction this was to me. Never did I realize so great disappointment before. This affected me so deeply that I began to question my call. However, as I recovered my bodily health, hope returned, and I concluded to wait patiently on the Lord. But my health continued so poor through this winter, that I did but little business until spring. I preached occasionally to the churches, endeavoring to encourage and lead believers into the fulness of the gospel of Christ, and had many good times too.

About the first of June, Brother O. E. Spicer, preacher on Hebron circuit, proposed to change appointments with me. I was to go and fill his appointment on his circuit, and he was to fill mine at Fort Ann. And as I was to ride sixteen miles, I started on Saturday, and arrived there that evening. Sabbath morning I preached to a dead, lifeless congregation, who thought more of seeing a colored man, than they did of his preaching. My next appointment was five miles from that place, at 2 o'clock. At this place I found a large collection of people all seated in a large school-house waiting, I believe, to hear the word of life. As I went in, the very air seemed to be perfumed with the breath of prayer. And the holy smiles of several fathers and mothers in Israel, with whom I was acquainted several years ago, seemed to hail and welcome me into their midst. This was the first time I ever forgot a text on which I had meditated to preach; but I lost it here. However, after singing and prayer, my eye first caught the 15th verse of the 1st chapter of Mark. I stood trembling for a moment, not knowing what I should do with it, and then I read the text. But my very soul sighed, Lord help me. And in a moment the vail flew off, and because Jesus pitied us, we had a good time. The whole congregation was unusually solemn.

At 5 o'clock, I preached four miles from that, in the edge of Hartford. Here I found a congregation, nearly all of whom were young people. I patiently bore their sneers at my first entrance, and their frequent interruptions in the commencement of meeting. But they soon became tame and attentive. That night I

went home with one Brother Jorden Seley. Brother Seley was the class leader in that place; a man full of the Holy Ghost, the salt of the earth, and of good report among all men. This man of God took me aside, and told me that God had given him all the witness he wanted of a revival, and that now was the set time to favor Zion. And therefore he urged me vehemently to visit them again as soon as possible. O, said the good Brother, with tears in his eyes, see how many children I have got, all out of Christ! And so, because I could not come before, I gave him an appointment, to preach at the two last appointments in two weeks. For I, too, felt fully, and saw plainly that the Gospel had taken deep, vital hold of sinners that day.

The Troy Annual Conference now being about to convene, Brother Spicer did not return to his circuit again. The two weeks came around, and I went to my appointments in Hebron and Hartford. In the morning, at Hebron, I found my congregation much larger than before, and their solemnity might have been seen and known of all men. After meeting, I told Brother Seley that a great cloud of mercy was hanging over that people, and would break upon them not many days hence. I went to my 2 o'clock appointment, and there also I found a crowded house, and many out of doors. O, how differently these young people looked and acted from what they did before! Here we had a refreshing season. Saints rejoiced, and sinners trembled and wept grievously.

I think I never felt as great travel of soul for any, as for these young people. I saw that Christ had got fast hold, and was working deep in their hearts, and therefore I left them another appointment for the next Sabbath.

The next Saturday I started for my appointment, and being previously invited, I stopped for the night with a one Brother Chapman, two miles from my meeting. This man was one of the excellent of earth, and his wife was walking in comfort of the Holy Ghost. A young lady was living with them, by the name of Jane Nelson. She had been under a deep conviction of sin, and the present necessity of salvation, for two or three weeks. When I went into the house Jane's countenance was sunken quite down. She looked to me as if she felt all the horrors of a despairing, self-condemned sinner. And as she was passing by me, I spoke to her about her soul, and Jesus. Jane answered all trembling, but frankly, by which I soon learned she was verging on despair. I could but look up to Heaven, and groan in the spirit. I then began to talk to her about faith in Christ, explain it, and apply it as well and close as possible, taking care to cut off every other possibility of pardon. For a moment, I feared I had lost her in despair. But the next moment, her struggling soul, as it were its last, made a mighty struggle, by which effort she seem-

ed to break all the bars and chains of unbelief, in a violent manner, and in the same moment she exclaimed, with great earnestness, saying, I will believe! Lord, I do believe! At this her countenance changed in an instant, and she immediately exclaimed, saying, I am happy, I am happy, for the Lord has pardoned my sins. O, praise the Lord! I am happy. This made Mrs. Chapman happy, and me, too, and we all praised Jesus together for a while, most sweetly.

This was the beginning of better days in Hebron. The next day I preached three times, and had prayer meeting at night. The Holy Ghost got into Brother Seley's family, and five of them were soon made happy in Jesus. One of them, Betsey Seley, was sanctified in the hour she was justified. In the commencement of this work, I saw the depth thereof, but I feared for its progress, because it commenced with the commencement of haying and harvesting, and nearly all the people were farmers. I consulted the brethren on this circumstance in the outset, and they all said go on, go on, for souls are better than hay or wheat. And so on we went. And when I thought we could go no further, I came to Queensbury, and at my first request to my tried, long, proved good, Brother Moses Brayton, he dropped all his farming, came with me to the work, and under God, gave it new impetus. God is always ready to answer Brother Brayton's prayers. I was not with this people all the time; but after the work got well under way, Jesus and these rich farmers carried it on gloriously. There was Brother Seley, and a one Brother Henry Broughton, a convert, whose labors were greatly blessed of God in this work. And notwithstanding the hurrying season of the year, they kept up their meetings nearly every night through haying and harvesting, till a late hour in the night. And still they said they never gathered their crops better, and with less expense, than in that season.

This was the most pleasant revival that ever I attended. The Lord converted more than thirty sinners, reclaimed more than twenty backsliders, and raised his people more than a hundred per cent, besides. And to the very same Jesus, God over all, blessed forever, be all the glory, all the honor, and all the praise, forever and ever, Amen. Hallelujah!

I now felt a consciousness that I had finished my work in America, and the fire burned in my very soul and bones for Africa. Something thundered in my ears day and night, saying, go, go. But how to get to Africa I knew not, for want of means to bear my expenses. I knew I must pay a hundred dollars for my passage, besides I should want something after I got there. For I had spent so much for sickness, so much for hiring horses to travel to my appointment, (for I preached about ten sermons where I mention one) and having labored but little with my hands, that

my means were reduced to almost nothing, except clothing. And under all these circumstances, the devil would often tempt me to question my duty in going to Africa. By this time, hundreds of God's people had told me that they did not believe it was my duty to go. But all this did not quench the inward fire, but rather enraged it. Here I found myself entangled in a deep quandary, as Moses on the bank of the Red Sea. Finally, as the Egyptians were behind me, I rose up, with a full determination to carry this thing to the utmost extent, and then I should know whether it was of God, or of the devil.

About the first of September, there was a Quarterly Meeting at Fort Ann, and I was a member of that Quarterly Conference. Here I applied to the presiding Elder, Rev. John Weaver, for a recommendation to the people, to collect money to bear my expenses to Africa. (But the Elder thought that the best way was to recommend me to the Board of Missions, and perhaps they might pay my expenses to Africa. So the Quarterly Conference gave me a recommendation to the Board of Missions. I immediately sent a copy of this recommendation to Dr. N. Bangs, the Corresponding Sec. of the Missionary Society, whose answer was, that he could do nothing about it, I must write to the Bishop. Here was another thick, black cloud. If Doct. Bangs had told me to write to the Angel Gabriel, or Michael, he would not have made it half so dark. For I am more familiar with Angels than Bishops. To write to a Bishop, I dare not. So I set apart a day for fasting, went into the woods, and laid the whole case before Jesus. I told Him all about it, and asked Him what I must do. And so, because He pitied me, He told me what to do. I then sat down, wrote a subscription, with a warm, but humble appeal to Christianity, to raise money enough to pay my expenses to Africa, and signed no name to it but my own. And even as I was writing it, my temptations were as terrible as the day of judgment. The Devil told me that this would ruin me, for I should not collect one cent on that paper, for all the people would surely think me an imposter, collecting money to run away with, because there was no name to the paper but mine. How will you feel, said Satan, to get up in the pulpit and read that paper? So I told the Devil it was no matter how I felt, when I was doing what Jesus told me to do. Well, said Satan, suppose you do not get anything, then how mortified you will be! But I told him I was never mortified in doing the will of Jesus. Then I told him to clear out (for I did not want him behind me) and away he went.

But not more than three hours after that, I received a letter from Doct. Bangs, stating that a vessel would sail from New York for Liberia, in Africa, in about two weeks, and if I was ready, probably I might get a passage.

At this time I had several appointments for preaching on hand

and immediately began to fill them. The next Sabbath morning, I preached at Adainsville, in Hartford, Washington Co., to a Baptist congregation. And after preaching, I presented, or read my subscription paper to them, and they gave me \$20, in cash. O, may the great head of the Church remember the deed, and deal with them accordingly. In the afternoon of the same day, I preached to the converts in Hebron, and they gave me \$26. May the Lord make them abound in grace, and allow them ten thousand per cent. interest for the use of their money. The same evening I preached in Hartford, north village, to a Baptist church, and they gave me \$5. Good Lord reward them. The next night I preached in Hartford lower, or south village, to the Congregational church, and they gave me \$4. May the Lord appoint them four cities. The next night I preached in Fort Ann, west, and they gave me \$8. May the Lord put eight extra stars in their crown.

I then returned home and packed up my little all for Africa, ready to start for New-York the next Monday. But the next Sabbath I preached at Hebron Meadows, to a Baptist church, and they gave me \$14. May the Lord give them fourteen degrees of faith, extra. I returned to Hebron Centre that evening, met the dear converts, gave them a charge, bid them farewell in Christ, and took my leave of them at ten o'clock at night. It had rained tremendously all the day long. I had addressed four congregations in different places, the water flowed, the mud was deep, and the night very dark, so that I did not reach home until 2 o'clock the next morning. I then had a borrowed waggon to take to one place, and a horse to another. I then returned home, sat down and counted up my money, and behold, I had \$140,92, all cash. There said I, old Mr. Devil, what do you think now, about obeying Jesus? But the devil did not say a word. I then spent about one hour in prayer to God for his direction and protection to Africa. By this time, the indescribably kind family of Mr. Newman, had arose to prepare some refreshment before I left. At 8 o'clock A. M., October 2d, my trunks and boxes being piled on the waggon, I commended the beloved family to God in prayer, shook their affectionate hands, mingled our tears, and bid them farewell. Mr. N.'s son, Daniel, brought me to Fort Edward, where I took a packet boat, and landed in Troy the next morning.

I then took a passage for New-York, where I landed on the 5th October. Immediately after larding and storing my baggage, I went to the Book Room to know the worst of my case. But I went trembling, for fear of some disappointment. The first man I saw at the Book Room was Doct. N. Bangs. He immediately informed me that the Rev. John Seys, Superintendent of the Liberia Mission, was then in town, and where I might find him.

This was good news to me. I immediately started, and found Brother Seys in twenty minutes. To him I presented my recommendation from the Quarterly Conference, which he received cheerfully. And on the strength of the recommend, he told me that I might go with him to Liberia, and there be employed as a school teacher, and that my salary would be \$250, per year, and all travelling expenses paid. O, thought I, what a sweet dream this is! Nor was this all dream, for Brother Seys sat down and wrote me an order on the Treasurer for \$50, for an outfit, and in one hour I had the cash in my hand. Then I was almost sure I was dreaming. I hunted for satan, who had tried so many times to discourage me in this, but I could not find him. Yea, I wept for joy, in the streets of that great city, because the God of Israel had wrought such great victory.

The night before we sailed, we had a Missionary meeting at the Green Street Church, and two hundred and fifty dollars was raised for my salary the first year.

The next morning at eight o'clock, October 15th we were all on board the schooner Portia, with John Keeler, commander. At eleven o'clock we up anchor, spread sail, and before a pleasant breeze, dropped down the Hudson, and by sunset we were out in the main ocean. Rev. John Seys, Rev. Squire Chase and myself were passengers.

About seven o'clock I began to be sea-sick and continued so all night. The next morning the south wind began to blow, the sea to roll and the rain to fall. But my sea-sickness increased. By twelve o'clock we had reached the gulf. The storm rapidly increased and the waves were fearful. Sometimes we were down on one side then on the other. The big waves tumbled over our deck with such violence, that nothing was safe without lashing. So many of our pigs, chickens and ducks, as were not swept overboard, were drowned. The storm gradually increased day after day, without any intermission. Never were two men more sea-sick than Brother Chase and I. The sailors were sea-sick, and the captain could not eat. The cook would kindle a fire in his galley, but the overflowing waves would sweep it into the ocean. Our cabin was uncommonly small and we had scarcely room to turn. We were obliged to keep our hatch-way barred, till sometimes we were nearly stifled. Then we would go on deck and in a few moments we were drenched with ocean's brine. Sometimes our little schooner would mount the swells to an indistinguishable height and then down to darkened depths, where the green slippery monsters of the deep turned their glassy eyes toward us as if we were strangers of another land, on pilgrimage.

The south-east gale and the violent swells and waves of the sea forced us off down east till we reached the West India Islands. Here we sailed along side the magnificent Carvo Island, which is

twenty-six miles long, six miles wide, and at the south end is a majestic bluff of nine thousand feet high. This is the most splendid scenery I ever saw in the Atlantic. Pica is also a splendid Island to behold. However, after tumbling over those thundering waves and merciless swells of the great deep for sixteen days and nights, the storm ceased. At this time for the last sixteen days, we had only seen the sun three times, and then only about fifteen minutes at a time. Last night we were all well nigh worn out, and the sailors much fatigued and discouraged. Brother Chase and I had been sea-sick all this time, and were now now no better. Our little cabin had been so frequently drenched with salt water, and the steward had spilt so much lamp oil on the floor, and there were many smoked herring and onions rolling about, that our cabin smelled extremely offensive indeed. But after prayer, we rolled into our berths and at last fell asleep. We knew no more till daylight this morning. When I awoke, I supposed we were at anchor in some little harbor or on the land. I arose, and lo, my sea-sickness was entirely gone. I went up on deck, and behold a very soft, light breeze came from the west; the sky was clear, the stars glistened, and there was not a wave to be seen more than two feet high. The sun soon arose, and its beams were as the morning of a resurrection to us. The Porpoise leaped for joy, the black fish spouted peace, and the hungry shark which had followed us, was now resting under our rudder. O, how the Missionaries praised the Lord that morning! We now tacked our schooner and made our course due south. And after being barrelled up and rolling on the Atlantic for thirty-six days, we put in and cast anchor in the harbor of Gorree. Gorree is a French Island on the coast of Africa, fourteen degrees north latitude. This is a French colony. The Island is about a mile long, half a mile wide, and contains five thousand inhabitants. This is most powerfully fortified, possessing two strong forts, one hundred and fifty troops, and fifty big guns. It is situated three miles east of Cape Imanuel, and four miles from the main land, north. It is a dry, hard, gravelly, or oary soil, on which nothing grows or can grow, except in the Governor's garden, and that soil is superficially made by carrying earth from the main land. There is no fresh water on the Island. The most of the inhabitants are Africans, and nearly all slaves. Only the soldiers, the merchants and the Roman Catholic Priest are white. Here we went on shore and the merchants received us with great politeness. All kinds of liquors were urged upon us but the Missionaries only took a little of their pleasant syrups. Perhaps this is one of the greatest places in the world for fishing, and assuredly we fed largely while we were here. Fish, chickens, ducks, pumpkins, and pine-apples a plenty.

But the great wonderment is yet to be told. For here, for the

first time, I saw the genuine heathen just as described in the oracles of God. Yea, here is an object worthy of notice, Yea, here is an object which none but God can describe. I can describe what they were to my eye, but who can describe what they were to my mind. Nor was my mind ever so thunderly thrilled and violently wrenched as at the sight of these misterious, wretched beings. Some had a half yard of domestic cotton shirting tied around their hips, and nothing more. Others tied a narrow strip of cloth four inches wide, and one and a half yards long around their loins, and nothing more ; and some had not so much as that.

They talked very fast, but we could not understand one word, except it was the word Daddy, which means Master. O, thought I, if these are not more than a match for the Gospel then I know not what is. As for me, my soul coiled within me, and my former anticipations fell a hundred per cent. For I had long been anticipating the salvation of these poor creatures, or I should never have come to Africa ; I fear it is all in vain.

But after spending thirty hours at this Island, we spread sail and made for Liberia. And in ten days after we put our feet on the solid rocks in Monrovia, December 1st, 1836. O Lord Jesus can it be possible ? Brother Seys immediately conducted us to the Mission house, where we found his amiable companion and children all in good health. And we seemed a welcome guest to them too. The brethren and other gentlemen flocked from all directions to hale us and bid us a hearty welcome among them. O, what an interesting scenery is now around me. Surely this is a new world to me. Everything in it is singular. It is now the first of December and the face of the earth is as green here now as in America the first day of July. There are a countless variety of trees around me, but not one of the kind did I ever see before. A great variety of grass, but all is new. O, the hoasts of birds, but I never saw one of the kind before. Insects of every possible description, all are singular. I have not seen any oxen yet, but there are many pretty little cows in the streets, fat as cubs, and about as large as our two year olds in America. There are several little flocks of sheep in the streets, tame and fat, but they have no more wool on them than an American calf. O, I have seen singularities enough this afternoon, the description of which would fill a large volume.

But what is most confounding and astonishing of all description is the wisdom, power, goodness, mercy, and faithfulness of God my heavenly father, in landing me into Africa. O, can it be that God has wrought thus with his servant. O the temptations, the trials, the fears, the persecutions, the labors, oppositions and dangers which God has brought me through. O that they were all written in a book, and that book placed before the sun, and that all

men were obliged to read it, and praise and thank and glorify the Lord before they saw the sun again. For the Lord God is worthy and he shall be praised. O ye ends of the earth sing unto Jesus, sing Africa, sing, sing unto the Lord a new song, for he hath done wondrous things. O glory be to God, His Almighty arm has wrought a triumphant victory, and he shall be exalted; he shall be glorified by me, both by life and death. Hallalujah, Hallalujah, glory be to Jesus! Amen.

On the first Sabbath after this I preached in the Presbyterian church at ten o'clock, A. M. At two, I preached in the Methodist church, and at seven, in the Baptist church. And I have not felt the heat so oppressive to-day as I have some days in America. For there was a fresh land breeze in the morning, and a fresh sea breeze all this afternoon. And glory to Jesus, I am happy. Yea, I am happy in Jesus.

December 26th. To-day, or rather this evening in a leader's meeting appointed for the purpose, I was recommended to join the Annual Conference at its next session, which sets on the fifth of next month.

O, the thousands of heathens who throng our streets daily. And not one, who has not his god under his arm, and a weapon of death in his hand. Their bodies almost entirely naked, and much more, their poor dark souls.

January 5th, 1837. The Liberia Annual Conference met in Monrovia at nine o'clock, A. M., with Rev. John Seys in the chair. And after the usual services the first general business to be done was to re-organize the whole body. For until now it had not been legally organized. And so the Conference lead off into the new organization. I think I will say nothing of their speeches or arrangements. I will only say that their proceedings and spirit was such, that I was so grieved by it, I left the Conference the second day, before I was called on to join, and went no more among them till Conference closed. Nor was I alone in this matter, for Brother Chase, appointed by a Bishop, from the Black River Conference, retired the same day. But he being a white man, appointed by a Bishop, and having special orders to join that Conference, the brethren compromised with him, and afterwards he joined. But these holy brethren called me a leather hearted Yankee to my face, and let me go. However, arrangements were made for school-teachers, and so I was stationed at Caldwell. Caldwell is eight miles from Monrovia up the Stocton creek, on the south bank of St. Paul's river. Rev. E. Johnson and Rev. J. B. Mathews were my preachers.

Immediately after Conference I received my first attack of chill and fever. But this was so light, they could hardly make me believe it to be what it really was. It came on in the morning with two or three slighty flashes of coolness running down my

back. I felt a little dizziness and dulness in my head, which passed off in about a half hour. And in about a half hour after I felt a little feverish, and retired to bed. Brother Seys fed me freely with quinine for twelve hours, and the next day I walked about town. In two weeks after that I had my second attack of fever, which was quite similar to the first. I only had one light paroxysm, and that passed off entirely in forty hours. I was so encouraged at this, having the chill and fever to operate so favorably, that I immediately became uneasy and impatient to be in business. The ignorance of the colonist, and the wretchedness of the poor heathen burned and bruised my conscience most intolerably. And I began to feel condemned because I was not on my station. But Brother Seys opposed my removal till after another attack of fever, for I was not yet acclimated. But after much urging he finally consented to let me go.

On the second February Brother Seys took me in his boat and landed me in Caldwell. And after placing me, my goods, and hired girls in a little frame house which he had hired, he left me and returned home. So I went to house-keeping. My house-keeper was a pious native girl, brought up by Governor A. D. Williams.

I immediately set a day and gave notice to the people that whoever were disposed to attend my school, old and young, might meet at my house on a certain day and hour, that I might make arrangements accordingly. The day appointed arrived and my house was filled. But while I was talking to them about the advantages of education, a lad came in and presented me a note from Rev. A. Anderson, a Baptist preacher, who was keeping school in the neighborhood. The letter stated that I had better not establish my school there, for there was not scholars enough for two schools, and that he should not be undermined by me. And that if I did not stop where I was he should write to the Board of Missions to stop me. But I did not notice it enough to write him an answer.

The next day I commenced my school, in the same house in which I lived. But I soon found that the number was so large, and the house so small, we could by no means be accommodated, nor could I do them the service I intended. And so we had to re-organize, and divide them into two departments. I gave the children two sessions per day, of three-fourth and two-fourth hours per session. And the adults had one session, five evenings in a week, from 7 o'clock to 9 $\frac{1}{2}$, P. M. The other two nights in a week I intended, as soon as possible, to have spent in the worship of God. I had about fifty scholars by day, and thirty by night. And we always closed school by prayer. The scholars were obedient, studious, and learned rapidly. Here were fathers and mothers, from thirty to sixty years old, by night, and their chil-

dren, from four to twenty, by day. And so we went on harmoniously, and my soul was happy every day.

But as to the Church, when I came to this place, it was more than half buried in idolatry. As a body, they neither loved nor feared God. The holy Sabbath was a day of mirth, and running to and fro from house to house. The first Sabbath my house was crowded with visitors all the day, only when we were at church. They had, occasionally, a class meeting, but their prayer meetings were entirely abandoned. And as a local preacher, I began to preach among them. First, I told them that they must keep away from my house on the Sabbath, unless somebody was sick, or they wanted to talk exclusively about holiness, or for some extreme necessity. Then I began to preach on holiness. I scolded them some, (as they called it) because they set such unhallowed examples before the heathen. Then I appointed Thursdays and Sunday nights for prayer meetings. Then I told them that we must have a reformation in the church, or I should leave Caldwell. This seemed to arouse them up a little, so that I saw they were not hopeless. By this time I had learned that they were all by the ears, immersed in prejudice and jealousy, and so had been for a long time.

The appointment for our first prayer meeting came on, and almost the whole congregation came together. We commenced our meeting by confessing our faults and backslidings, and ardently pleading forgiveness of one and another. Then we all bowed before the Lord, confessed our sins against him, implored pardon, and promised new obedience. Consequently, this led into a mighty struggle for sanctification. The next Thursday night the congregation was so large that a proposal was made by a class-leader that I should preach them a sermon, instead of having a prayer meeting. So I got up in the pulpit, and feeling the Holy Ghost within, I preached one hour, with all the power of soul and body. Yea, I would have preached all night, unless God had put feeling into the people as he did. But after preaching one hour, I felt and saw there was trouble in our camp. I stopped short, went down, and prepared an altar. First, I dedicated myself anew to God, in public prayer, because I was going into public business. Next, I dedicated the altar, in public prayer before God; first, because the altar was for all the penitent public, and second, to bring a solemn awe over the people, and prevent triflers from coming presumptuously into it. I then called on such as then enjoyed the blessing of sanctification to come to the altar, and dedicate themselves anew to God, and two came forth and made a solemn consecration to God. And now, being solemnly organized, we invited all who desired salvation then, to come to the altar and obtain it by faith in Christ. And without any urging, five sinners and seven backsliders came, all trembling, to the

altar. Among these was Perninah Pritchard, well known as a ring-leader of all iniquity and vanity—a disturber of the peace of others, and even of the Church. And after praying about fifteen minutes, Perninah leaped like a hart, and praised Jesus gloriously for a new heart. At this, the Lord fired up the church to such a flame, that it was not possible for me to bring them to praying order again that night. And knowing that the Lord had been powerfully working in my day school for a few days past, I told the people that we would not have any school to-morrow night, but all meet at the church, for worship. The next day Perninah came to school, and her soul was so full of glory and heaven, that she breathed it out on us all. I soon found it was impossible for my larger scholars to study anything but the Bible. I set their copies and gave them their books to write, but not one touched his pen. At noon the scholars went into the woods and had a prayer meeting. In the afternoon, school commenced as usual, but my first and second classes could not read. O, none but Jesus can tell the deep anxiety of my soul at this time. My whole soul was mightily fastened on God, and I knew nothing else. However, my soul was soon eased a little, for while I was agonizing in silent prayer over the broken heart of one of my weeping scholars, Jesus pardoned her sins, happified her soul, and she shouted glory in our midst. At this time school was not half out, but I soon made it out, by calling them to order, and dismissing it by prayer. For I saw that there was no use in trying to keep school in such a state of things.

The evening came on. I went to the church and found it crowded. And after preaching about twenty-five minutes, I saw that prayer was the best means to be used at that moment. I stopped preaching at once, left the pulpit, and invited the weeping ones to the altar. And behold, our altar was thronged at once. By this time, the church was awake, and all entered into prayer like men and women of God. And soon, a cloud of mercy broke over our heads, and the streams thereof made us glad indeed. For the streams were so powerful that six sinners were converted, and two backsliders were reclaimed in half an hour. All of them were shouting happy. I shouted a little, too, I expect. And so the work became general and powerful, and especially in my day school. And from this we had no more evening schools for ten days, but spent every night at the church till a late hour. And so this blessed work went on, until Jesus, the holy, blessed Jesus, had converted forty souls, all young people, and all but two were unmarried. Thirty-six of them joined our church. Twenty-eight of them were put into one class, and I became their leader. And twenty-two of this class were my scholars. O, whoever had such a school before! O, glory, glory to the blessed Jesus! All the glory, all the honor, all the praise be given to

Jesus alone. Hallelujah! Yes, Glory to Jesus, He can convert sinners in Africa, as well as in America; the means are the same, and the converts the same, for all are justified by faith in Jesus.

But being up so much nights, preaching and praying, and teaching by day, soon drilled my poor, weak, worthless carcass so low, that when my chill and fever returned, it seized me so violently that it came well nigh taking me off.

For I had two paroxysms in one day, which run me so low that I, and several others, despaired of my life. I sent to Monrovia, and Brother Seys came up to see me die, and take charge of what property I then had in my hands. But when I revived a little, Brother Seys laid a mattress in his boat, laid me on the mattress, and took me to Monrovia. And when we landed, they put me into a hammock, and four natives carried me up to the Mission House. And when they put me down on the floor, they supposed I was breathing my last. Brother Seys was taken with a chill coming down on the river, and was obliged to retire as soon as he arrived. They spread out the sofa which was in the parlor, and on to it they laid me. Brother Seys was so sick that soon he became deranged. Brother Chase was in the chambers, so sick that he could not come down. One of Brother Seys' little boys was very sick with the fever also. And there was none to administer to us, but Mrs. Seys, for we could not get a physician in town. As soon as Mrs. Seys could go the rounds among her patients, and she went quick, too, she came to me and saw me, briskly wilting away in the flames of the fever. She groaned deeply, and then ordered the stewardess to heat a kettle of water as quick as possible, which was done hastily. And forthwith my feet were in water, hot enough to scald a pig. And hence, a little rubbing easily removed the skin from off my feet and ankles. Nor was it any great wonder that this operation broke my fever, and put me in a flow of perspiration in fifteen minutes. And one would naturally think that this operation would be quite enough, without receiving on their skinless feet and ankles, immediately, a mustard seed poultice, stewing hot, as I did. True, I had my senses, but I was so weak I could not kick a whit, for self defence.

The next morning I was able to get up alone; could have walked across the house, but for my scalded feet, which was very sore. But a little hog's lard and bees wax, soon healed them up, and in four days I was back to Caldwell again.

O, who will help me praise the Lord for His mercy and goodness to my poor, worthless body! O, glory to His holy name, evermore!

In three days after I got home to Caldwell I commenced school again. But Brother Seys broke up our night school, for fear of my health. But there were sinners, old sinners, in Caldwell, who

were never converted to God. Those beloved converts, had unconverted fathers and mothers, and other relations, for whom they groaned and wept, in every prayer. For God had rolled upon these converts an uncommon travel of soul for the salvation of their friends. And quite every day, they were pouring their sorrows and lamentations into my bosom, and it grieved me sorely. So I told these young brethren, that if they would do their part, we would have a reformation among the older sinners, shortly. At first they seemed to think it impossible to have it now, and some of them said, we must wait God's time for it, and they knew not when that would be. But I told them that now, to-day, was God's time, and that God would never be more willing, nor better prepared to bless than to-day. I told them that we might have a reformation just when and where we have a mind to, if our hearts were right with God. But, said I, our hearts will never be right with God, until we are entirely sanctified to him, and by him. Then, said I, God will answer our prayers, give influence to our exhortations, and insure our preaching. And no good thing will be withheld from them that walk uprightly. So these young brethren, anxious to try the uncommon experiment, desired me to unite with them, tell them the way, and all immediately enter into the work. I complied, and the next day and night I preached them two sermons on entire sanctification. God blessed the word to their understanding, and within two days, six of them obtained the blessing of sanctification, and several more were struggling after it with uncommon zeal. Then I told them that we could now begin to pray for, and exhort those old, hard hearted sinners, and Jesus would convert them. So I made an extra appointment, and gave out notice that I should preach exclusively to sinners. The sinners all turned out to hear what was to be said of them. I preached about sin and hell, repentance and faith, Jesus and heaven. And after preaching, I invited all such as desired to escape the wrath of God, and obtain heaven, to come to the altar, and give themselves to Jesus. And eight of those old, hardened sinners came forth, and one young one. The young one was a one Wm. White, a native, about sixteen years old, who had been living in the colony about three years, and was one of my scholars. As soon as I began to pray, all the converts broke forth in prayer, and poor William prayed, too. And after praying thus for about thirty minutes, without ceasing, the door of faith blew open, the power of Jesus came down, and the sound of glory, glory, glory, soon drowned our prayers. We opened our eyes, and behold, William was leaping and shouting as an angel. And these young brethren, being extremely animated to see the native so happy, joined him in praise, and the house soon became a little heaven. This mightily nerved up our faith, for we received it as a token that God was about to open a door of faith to the Gentiles

also. The tall, old hardened sinners in Caldwell, now began to tremble and fall, even those whom we had so eagerly anticipated. So I continued to preach, and the converts to exhort and pray, until God, by the gospel, slew all the fatest, most noted sinners in Caldwell. There were twenty-seven of that class. In all the reformations that ever I saw, I never saw such mighty, shocking displays of the power of the great God, as I saw in this revival. Apparently, it made no odds however much they resisted and opposed, as most of them did, they were conquered by the Holy Ghost.

So the work of God, in converting sinners in Caldwell stopped, only for want of subjects, till another generation grows up.

Immediately after this, Brother Seys invited us all to accompany him to Millsburgh, twelve miles from us, to his quarterly meeting. So we spent a day in fasting and prayer, and then went with Brother Seys to Millsburgh. The meeting began on Saturday. Saturday night we had another manifestation of the power of God. The converts from Caldwell, laid hold of sinners, by exhortation and prayer, as pulling them out of the fire. And the Lord wrought gloriously. We left on Tuesday A. M., having witnessed the conversion of forty souls at Millsburgh, and, shouting on the way, returned to Caldwell. Here we stopped to get some refreshment, and while it was preparing, we held a gospel council, and unanimously resolved to carry the same fire to New Georgia, four miles below us. And in two hours after, more than forty of us were on our way to New Georgia. When we came to New Georgia, the people of the town saw us marching, two and two, singing sweetly, but they knew not what it meant till they saw us in the church. The singular news spread, the people of the town rallied to the church. Brother Seys and I began to preach, and the converts exhorted and prayed. In the evening the Sanctuary was crowded, and the glorious arm of the Lord was revieled. The Saints shouted for joy, backsliders lamented, and sinners wept over their sins. Heaven was opened, and Salvation poured down upon us most gloriously. A remarkable fear came over the wicked, and filled them with horrible anguish.

The sanctified converts took such a mighty hold on the Mercy seat, that by faith in Jesus, sinners were converted about as fast as Brother Seys and I could catch them and bring them to the altar. For some of them were so wild and fearful, that we were obliged to pursue them rapidly to overtake them. But when we got them by the collar they would wilt under us as weeds by a hot fire. Here we all labored till after midnight, and Brother Seys and I could do no more, being fatigued to the uttermost. Brother Seys just made out to get to a house for retirement, and I was only able to crawl up into the pulpit and lay there till sunrise. And the converts kept up an unintermitting strain of sing-

ing and shouting praise to Jesus in highest raptures all the night. The next day and night was equally glorious. And in about three days Jesus converted more than twenty sinners, reclaimed as many backsliders, and raised up the lifeless church to a glorious elevation. One week after this Brother Seys invited us all to his quarterly meeting in Monrovia, and they also shared largely in the salvation of Jesus.

And thus, the experiment of having a reformation when and where we please, if our hearts are right with God, was fully tested. Yea, and may be tested while the world standeth. Only let the people of God get their souls sanctified, and sinners can longer withstand angels than the faith of sanctified men. Among the scores converted during the past three weeks, there are more than twenty of these poor heathens. To God alone be all the glory! Amen.

I now began to visit occasionally, some of the native towns around us, and found some fields well nigh ripe for harvest.

Near the close of this year I recommended by our Quarterly Conference to join the Annual Conference at the next session. I was prevailed upon to submit to this, by the plea that it would help on in the influence of the Mission. I have submitted the more reluctantly, not that there are not good men in the Conference, for there are; but they are not Methodist in doctrine nor practice. However, I closed my school, preached my farewell, and went to conference.

January 4th, 1838. Annual Conference met at Monrovia, with Rev. John Seys in the chair. And after the usual process I was introduced to the Conference. And when my recommendation came in hand, I was asked a few questions, and then sent out. I was received on trial and called in. At this Conference I was elected both to deacons and elder's orders, left without an appointment, and ordered to America for ordination at the earliest opportunity.

February 1st. I went on board the ship Emperor, accompanied by Brother Seys and others, up to Gallenas, in company with the brig Susan Elizabeth. Here we anchored till the next day, when I took leave of my friends who had accompanied me thus far, went on board the Susan Elizabeth, when we spread sail and set for America. Brother Seys and the other friends returned to Monrovia. But a more urksome and aggravating voyage no man ever need to experience. For Capt. Riley, the commander, was one of the most unmanly, rude, drunken, blasphemous infidels I ever knew. Capt. Page and Capt. Freeman, passengers who had sold their vessels to the slavers on the coast, were not drunkards, otherwise they were his equals in toto. Doctor McDowel and I were in jeopardy of our lives all the way. Doctor McDowel was a religious man, but young and fearful. I asked

the Captain several times to let me pray in the family, till at last he told me that if I asked him again he would fling me overboard and send me to hell. And instead of asking a blessing at the table, he, in order to vex us, would roll out the most blasphemous oaths that hell could invent. But the more they did me bad and vexed me, just so much the more Jesus did me good and blessed me. As soon as we came on the American coast, the weather was extremely boisterous and the sea dangerous. We rounded the Bamuda, and after being thrown down on our beam's end a few times by a tremendous north-west gale, it was thought best to lay too for a while. And here we lay for forty-eight hours. The gale moderated and we passed over the gulf. And here a thick fog covered us for forty hours more, till we supposed we were near Sandy Hook. But having seen neither sun nor star for fifty hours, we knew not where we were. We then commenced firing one of our six pounders, to call a Pilot, but in vain. We continued firing once an hour, all day and all night, but no Pilot came near us, till at last we put in our last charge of powder, and when a sailor touched it off, the wad went almost into a Pilot boat. The fog was so thick that morning, that had we waited two minutes longer before we fired, the wad would have reached the boat. The Captain of the boat hailed us, and we talked some time to them before we saw them. So we took in a Pilot, who anchored us at New-York at eleven o'clock, A. M., on the 24th March, after an unpleasant voyage of fifty-two days from Monrovia. And if ever I loved the Lord it was when I had got both feet firmly on the solid dock. I immediately went to the book room, and delivered my letters and papers, among which were my recommendations to the Bishop for ordination. And as it happened Bishop Hedding being then in town, the brethren at the book room immediately made arrangements to have me ordained the next day, which was the Sabbath. The next morning I met the Bishop and Elders at the John Street Church, and after preaching by Bishop Hedding I was ordained Deacon by the imposition of the hands of Bishop E. Hedding, Doct. N. Bangs, and Doct. S. Luckey. In the afternoon of the same day at the Forsyth Street Church, after preaching by Doct. N. Bangs, I was ordained Elder by the same ministry as in the forenoon. This was March 25th.

March 29. I received a Commission from the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society to travel about the country, lecture and take up collections for the benefit of the Liberia Mission. I immediately left New York for Queensbury, my former place of residence, and found my long tried, true friend, R. Newman and all his dear family in good health. And as ever, they received me into their house and bid me to partake of their rich hospitalities freely. I arrived here on Saturday night, and the

next day I had my first Missionary meeting, on Sandford's Ridge. And notwithstanding our congregation was small, having only an hour and a half's notice, we raised forty dollars in short order. On the following Tuesday I left Queensbury and crossed the snow banks on the Green Mountains, and stopped at Palmer, Mass. Here I found my parents, two sisters and their husbands, with their beloved children, all in good health. And undoubtedly I was a welcome guest among them. But after spending three days with them, I left for Springfield. And here, according to a previous arrangement, I met a one Doct. Booth, a Colonization Agent with whom I was to travel. The arrangement was that we travel together, both of us lecture where we could, he get what he could for the Colonization Society, and I get what I could for the Missionary Society. But we soon learned by experiment that neither were like to get enough to pay our travelling expenses. Finally, we went to Wilbraham and here we parted. The Doct. left for Northampton, but I tarried at Wilbraham. And in consequence of a violent cold and tremendous cough, which I brought from the snow banks on the Green Mountain, I was obliged to lay up for a few days before I could do any business. And very fortunately, I found the people extremely friendly. But on the Sabbath following, through much infirmity, I preached at ten o'clock from Mal. 3: 1-2. At two o'clock, P. M., Brother Limon C. Collar preached the most absorbing Missionary sermon that ever I heard. His text was Rev. 11: 15. Brother Collar was their preacher in charge. At seven o'clock, P. M. the same house was filled to overflowing. Nearly all the officers, teachers and students of the Wesleyan Seminary were present. I arose and presented the interest and prospects of the African Mission as exact as possible. Secondly I appealed ardently to them for its support. And thirdly, I pressed with all possible entreaty for personal assistance. And while I was impressing the latter, forthwith came a young man about twenty-five years old, a student, by the name of Henry P. Barker, of good report among all men, well filled with the Holy Ghost, and presented himself at the altar as an offering and sacrifice to the Liberia Mission. At this the very foundation of the crowded audience was moved. This was enough for me, I stopped and set down. At this period, the Lord appeared in the person of Rev. D. Patten, Principal of the Seminary, and fully qualified him to carry out this meeting to the glory of God and everlasting honor and memorial of that people. This Brother Patten tried his best to see how much he could be and act like Jesus. He made a few remarks and every one of his words were like living coals of fire from the heavenly altar. This man of God made a proposal to raise two hundred and fifty dollars for the support of Brother Barker the first year in Liberia. A goodly number of young preachers were on hand

burning with zeal and charity, who with Brother Pattenu led up the sacrificing audience to the treasury of the Lord, by planking down their ten dollar bills, till in short order three hundred dollars were in the treasury. And no doubt that if we had pumped the congregation as sometimes we have to, to get a few shillings, we might have raised three hundred dollars more. O Lord bless thy people!

The next Sabbath I lectured in Springfield, and collected nineteen dollars. I tarried a few days in Springfield, and as soon as my health would admit, I left for New-York. And after paying over the money which I had collected, I then left for Saratoga Springs.

May 13. This afternoon after Quarterly Meeting at Saratoga, I lectured in the Methodist church and collected thirty dollars. May the Lord bless Saratoga!

May 15. This evening I lectured in Schuylerville. After which Brother Meeker requested the stewards to pass through the congregation and receive the collection. The stewards returned with seven dollars. Brother Meeker then proposed to raise ten dollars to constitute me a life-member of the Troy Conference Missionary Society. This was done at once. Brother M. then proposed to raise ten dollars to constitute the first native who should be converted after my arrival in Africa, a member of the same Society, which was also handed over, and we closed. Brother O. Foot then brought me back to Saratoga. The next day I took the car and went to Cazenovia. Here I put up with my old friend, Brother Joel Baudwell and found the sanctified souls far advanced in holiness, beyond where I left them in 1835. I found the region about Cazenovia, sunk in Abolitionism, and therefore our collections for Missionary purposes were not large, still pretty fair. I lectured at twelve different places, and got something at every place. But before I left Cazenovia, some of the gentlemen of that place beset me to give them a Colonization lecture, seeing I was recently from the Colony of Liberia. All they desired was to hear of its feasibility and present prosperity; and that was all which I told them. But for it my good Abolition friends blowed me up sky high. The day following, those warm friends to the colored race published me in their newspaper as a deceiver, a hypocrit, an adulterer, and that I was then on my way running off with hundreds of Missionary money. However, those gentlemen who desired the lecture, rose up in my defence, and the publishers did but escape justice by the skin of their teeth.

June 22. I left Cazenovia yesterday morning and arrived here in Queensbury this evening. My health is feeble, but my soul is happy in Jesus. I was in Queensbury only one week when I was most violently attacked with the African fever. This attack was so rash, that after three paroxysms the most of my friends

thought my recovery to be inevitable. But the Lord wrought skilfully in the brain and hand of Doct. Sheldon, so that in ten days I was able to ride about. But blessed be Jesus I was not afraid to die, for I knew by the Holy Ghost that I had a house in heaven; only that I was not willing to give up Africa. O how good Jesus is to me. Glory to his name! he made me happy when I was sick. And O, how indiscribly kind Mr. Newman's whole family were while I was sick. They spared neither pains, patience nor expense on this occasion. No money nor services on earth can ever meet the claims of their compassion. Jesus alone is able to compensate them. But while I was yet feeble the preacher in charge on Fort Ann Circuit, Brother R. M. Little, invited me to lecture at Glen's Falls the next Sabbath, giving me some encouragement that he would try and raise a collection. A few weeks before this I had asked the trustees of our church to let me lecture there, but they thought not best. They said that there was so many beggars along that it was not likely I should get anything. However, I complied with Brother Little's request.

July 15. At four o'clock, P. M., I started for the church at Glen's Falls. But before I got to the church, I was informed that in consequence of the Methodist church being too small for the anticipated congregation, Brother Little and the Presbyterian minister, Mr. Scofield, had made arrangements to have the meeting in the Presbyterian church. We went and found an overflowing audience of attentive and highly respectable hearers. Mr. Scofield read a very appropriate Hymn which was most charmingly sung. Rev. Mr. Kinsley ardently addressed the great Head of Missions. And after I had represented the Liberia Mission about one hour, Brother Little arose all in tears and inquired of the people what could be done to alleviate the wretchedness of the poor heathen. Mr. Scofield replied, saying, we will take up a collection. Mr. Scofield had taken up two collections the same day. And hence we passed subscriptions through the congregation that those who could not give then might sign and pay another day. The meeting now became uncommonly interesting to me. For those Presbyterian brethren took their plates, hats and papers, and were soon seen in all directions, above and below with all boldness and interest, receiving collections and donations. Those collectors moved as so many bees on the honey-suckle. They returned and counted up \$84 80. I must thank our Presbyterian brethren for this collection, for my Methodist brethren said I should not get anything at Glen's Falls. Jesus, bless them!

July 23. This morning Brother Little carried me to Fort Edward, where we lectured and collected \$45 00. In the afternoon at Sanda Hill, we collected \$23 50.

July 29. This A. M. Brother Little carried me to Fort Ann,

where we lectured and collected \$46 70. But before I had done talking I was suddenly overtaken by a paroxysm of African fever, and in fifteen minutes after I was borne out of church by two good brethren and lodged in the hospitable family of Mr. J. Hillbust. Here I received all possible attention of the dear family, and the next morning I was able to ride home. May the Lord keep in remembrance the kindness of that virtuous family.

August 5. This A. M. I lectured in Hebron and collected \$21 21. In the P. M. I lectured in Argyle and collected \$22 50.

August 11. This A. M. I lectured at Adamsville to the church who gave the \$20 00 before I went to Africa, and now they gave \$12 more for the support of that Mission. Some of the Lord's Jewels are among these Baptist brethren.

August 26. I lectured at the Presbyterian church in Cambridge and collected \$58 45, because the people were in habit of lending to the Lord.

August 30. I preached at a Camp-meeting in Chester and collected \$78 25. And a blessed meeting beside.

September 2. I lectured at a Camp-meeting in Greenfield and collected \$88 46.

Sept. 9. I lectured in Luzern and collected \$14 37.

Sept. 13. I lectured at a Camp-meeting in Pittstown and collected \$200 00.

Sept. 16. I preached in Paulet and collected \$100 00. The same day at Hebron Meddows \$16 00.

Sept. 20. I preached at a Camp-meeting in Orwell, Vermont, and collected \$230 00. Neither would the ministers consent to let me sleep on the encampment, but prepared room in a Civil Inn for fear of my health. Undoubtedly God has room prepared for them all in heaven.

Sept. 23. I lectured in Whitney and collected \$28 00.

September 24. Lectured at West Poultney, and they gave us \$100 00.

October 12. Eleven days since I was severely attacked with chill and fever, and have been confined by it ever since. But thanks to the blessed Jesus I am on my way to the land of the living again. I have lost five appointments since I was taken sick. I would not care for the excruciating pains and fires of the African fever, was it not for being thus totally crippled in such important business. For the poor heathen are perishing for lack of knowledge.

Oct. 14. Through much bodily weakness I lectured in Whitehall, in the Presbyterian church at 10 o'clock, A. M., and forthwith came charity and virtue presenting us a bag of \$100 00 of the solid stuff. No laughing nor whispering here until they began to fill the bag, when every one smiled with out-stretched arms when they saw the collectors coming.

Oct. 25th. I left Queensbury on the 19th ult., to fill an appointment at Nassau. But I had not rode more than four miles, when I was inhumanly seized by the African fever. I rode on through the cold and rain fifteen miles to Schnylerville, where the kind passengers helped me out of the stage into a tavern, and I was not able to be helped in again. So I enquired whether there were any Methodists in that village, and the landlord told me where the class-leader lived. I obtained a carriage and soon I reached the house. And here I found another family of old fashion Samaritans, Brother T. W. Pierce. And having some former acquaintance with this family, I was received in a most affectionate manner. They all immediately made a special effort to display their virtue at full length and breadth, as if it was impossible for one to die in their hands. O who would think that in this proud, selfish, barbarous earth God had such children, for they all acted just as if I was some precious property of the Lord, for which they were directly responsible to Him. None but Jesus can return a sufficient reward to that family for their charity to me on this occasion. For they were all attention and kindness both day and night. Yea, they were sleepless and weariless. But what rendered them far more eminent was their ardeny in prayer to God for my recovery. To conclude the whole I will only affirm that their doings were worthy to be trumped through the paradise of Jesus.

However, after six days I so far recovered as to be able to take stage and return to Queensbury. On the same day I received a letter from the Rev. J. Seys, who is now in New-York, stating that we were to sail for Liberia on the 1st November, and that I must gather up all and come to New York. I, with all possible speed, packed up my goods and prepared to leave my native land and beloved friends, never to see them again on earth. This was no small break away for me.

Oct. 29. This was a serious morning to me. I cannot remember that ever my heart was so wrung by human affection as it was in leaving the beloved family of Mr. R. Newman this morning. The circumstances were these: After living in this family for eight years, in which time I had been greatly blessed of the Lord, and passed through abundance of sickness, in which I had been nursed as a parent would a child, I had become so attached to them, that to bid them a final farewell, was all I could possibly bear. While living in this family, I always went when I chose, stayed as long as I pleased, and when I came home by day or any time of night, all was well. And beside all this I always had a good horse to ride at my pleasure. And not one of the family had ever given me a misbecoming word for the whole eight years. And everything I wanted was always at hand. And to part with such friends is no small consideration

for any body. Few in fact, ever find such friends. Nor were they satisfied to let me go thus, but ladened me down heavily with presents of every description, of such as was supposed to be for my conveniency in Africa. O God, my heavenly father, do thou bless this family, as they have blessed me in all things in this present life.

Oct. 31. I arrived in N. Y. at four o'clock, A. M. And after storing my goods, I went to the book-room, and there was informed by Doctor Bangs that we were not to sail till the first of December. I was somewhat disappointed at this, but being determined to make the best of my time for Africa, I left New-York and came as far as Albany. Here I left an appointment for a Missionary meeting and then went on to Nassau, where I had disappointed them twice in consequence of fever. That thorough going man of God, Rev. J. Alley readily received me, and immediately on making my business known, he sent boys in various directions to notify the people of a Missionary meeting the next day, which was the Sabbath. Brother Alley also took his own horse, and went in another direction, and in fact, made another appointment for Sabbath afternoon. The next morning, at the hour of meeting the rain poured down so rapidly that I despaired of all prospect of a meeting that day. But nevertheless we went to their large church, and to our happy disappointment, found it full of people. This congregation were mostly Colonizationists, and they gave attestation of their zeal, by giving us the full sum of \$165 70. So it goes. In the afternoon, Brother Alley carried me to the other appointment and they gave us \$25 86. The next morning just before I left Nassau, I received a private donation from three ladies of one family, of \$15 00, besides some other necessary articles nearly to the same amount. I do not remember of ever going into a village where I found all the people so pleasant, humble, charitable and agreeable as in Nassau, especially that high famed family of the Hoags.

November 5. I lectured in the Wesleyan Church Albany, under charge of the Rev. F. Smith, who gave us \$60 43 the next morning. The same day I returned to New-York.

Nov. 11. I preached in Chatham, twenty-five miles east of Albany, and collected \$34 58. The same day I lectured in Valletia, and the young gentlemen and ladies gave us \$70 00. This was the most interesting congregation I ever met, because of the valiancy and zeal of these young people.

The next day, about twenty minutes after I left, I was attacked by a most serious African chill, while in the stage, which lasted me till I reached Albany. I immediately took a steam-boat and suffered much that night by a scorching fever, all the way to New-York. I offered the Captain one dollar for a berth, but he denied me. Besides this I was completely drilled down and

worn out by such perpetual travelling, preaching and talking. But I suppose that the being up so much every night is more fatiguing to my body than all the rest of my labor. For I do not sleep two nights in one bed nor in one house once a month. And hence, being in a different family every night, I must answer thousands of questions, till one, two or three o'clock at night, when I become so weary I can hardly talk plain. O, say they, to me, you will not be here to-morrow night, we want to here about Africa, and you can stand it one night well enough. So it goes.

Nov. 20. I left New-York for Utica, at the request of Doctor A. Proudfit, to address a Colonization Convention. I addressed them twice, and Doct. Proudfit Corresponding Secretary of the Colonization Society, called \$1500 00.

Nov. 24. On my return from Utica, I joined Judge Wilkeson at Albany, and addressed a Colonization meeting in Doctor Spring's Church. Here we raised \$500 00 for the Colonial department.

December 9. Sabbath evening 11 o'clock, in New-York.

My health has been so reduced for the last ten days that I have not been able to do any business of consequence. This A. M., I preached in the Willet Street Church, under charge of the Rev. Mr. Kellogg. This being their communion occasion, my soul and body were both renewed. The same evening I joined Doct. Bangs and J. Lee, the superintendant of the Oregon Mission, and crossed the Connecticut river over to Brooklin where we had a Mission meeting and collected \$200 00 at the York Street church.

Dec. 10. This evening Brother Lee and I went over to Brooklin again and addressed the people at the High Street church, and collected \$300 00.

Dec. 12. At 10 o'clock, A. M. the Liberia Missionaries all met on the dock near the Battery in New-York, and after prayer by Dr. N. Bangs, the Missionary band stepped into the boats, and shortly we were all on board the ship Emperor, Capt. Laulin, commander. Rev. I. Seys, Superintendent Liberia Mission, Wm. Stocker, W. P. Tane, J. A. Burton, Henry P. Barker and myself, for the Methodist Episcopal Mission. Doctor Savage and lady for the Episcopal Mission. Rev. Mr. Perkins and lady, for the Baptist Mission. Miss Rachael White, and all for Liberia. At 11 o'clock we were under sail before a stiff north-west wind, which thrust us out the Hudson in great haste. In not more than two hours after we got under head way nearly all the passengers were sea-sick. I was so sick that I scarcely opened my journal on the Atlantic. However we had a pleasant company and a pleasant voyage, excepting our sea-sickness and the one very boisterous night in which our ship broached too, and for a few

moments we were in danger of going to the bottom. But Jesus saw us, pitied us, and just saved us from a watery grave. To Him alone be all the glory and honor.

This was an unusually speedy passage of only thirty-eight days. On our arrival in Liberia, we found that Brother Bartmon, who had been left in charge of the Mission last year, had called together, and met the Liberia Conference the week before, went through all the business and stationed all the preachers. But their proceedings so much frustrated Brother Seys' anticipation, that he re-called the Conference.

January 26. Brother Seys sent me to Caldwell to preside over his Quarterly meeting. I arrived in Caldwell, and was hailed by the brethren as a welcome return. I was soon informed that five of those converts who were converted but little over one year since, had died in the faith. Four of them were of the sanctified, who had lived from the very hour of their sanctification to the moment of death, in the flames of heavenly devotion. They died with heaven in the soul. I also found that there had been a great lack of pastoral labor, and that the rules of our holy discipline had been totally disregarded. But still, they were willing to come back to the old paths when called, and hence we had a blessed meeting. The love feast was glorious, and the communion solemn, heavenly and divine. O, how the sanctified ones burned with holy devotion to Jesus? I thought I could say in sincerity, that sanctification was Bible religion, and everything else was something short of it.

Jan. 30. For several days past, I have been preparing for a jaunt into the interior to hunt up a Mission Station. This morning I took the Mission boat, and four natives to paddle it, left Monrovia, and began to go up the rivers. We first went up the Stoctan Creek into the St. Paul's River. We went up the St. Paul's about four miles, and for a respite, we stopped at King Brumney's Town, on the north bank. This town has a barricade around it, thickly set with plum trees, and about thirty booths within. And those people are of Dey tribe. Their town covers about an half acre of land. We were not discovered by them until we came to the door of the barricade. At this the King, being naked, made haste to cast a blanket over him, which covered him all over, excepting his head. We soon commenced conversation with him through an interpreter, and found him to be an intelligent old gentleman.

Mrs. Ann Wilkins, a Mission school teacher, was with us, on her way to Millsburgh. And when the native children saw her, they ran, crying out "The devil is come! the devil is come!" All this because she is a white lady, in clothing. We introduced the subject of schooling, with which the King seemed to be pleased, and he even invited us to establish a school in his town. But

I concluded to go further into the interior. So we shook hands with the King, bid him good-bye, took our boat, and landed at White Plains the same evening. White Plains is on the south bank of the river, directly opposite of Millsburgh. This is twenty miles from Mourovia. The river will average about one hundred to one hundred and fifty rods wide. And I know not why vessels of a hundred tons or more might not sail up to Millsburgh, were it not for the danger of passing through the Bar at the mouth of the river. But it is impossible for anything to run up over the Cascade, excepting some smart fish. Here are some of the most advantageous mill seats I know of in the world.

Jan. 31. I have been here all day, at White Plains, making further preparations for my tour into the interior. And I now think we shall be off to-morrow morning. But it has been a day of considerable interest to me. First, I feel it my duty to go into the wilderness and hunt up the lost sheep of the house of Israel. This duty I feel bound to me by the three-fold chain of the Commandment injunction, and love of Christ. Secondly, I owe it to the Church, which has appointed me thus, and committed the high responsibility to my trust. But many tell me that the natives will kill me before I return. Well, I feel that all my soul is only love to God and man. My blood flows rapidly, and my heart burns fervently for the salvation of sinners. I have not the least object in going into the interior but to carry the Gospel to the poor, lost heathen. If I believed as some do that the heathen will be saved without the knowledge of the Gospel, then I would not hazard my life by going into the interior. But as I cannot find in all the book of God one single promise whereby the heathen are to be saved on any other condition, by any other means, or through any other qualification than civilized people are saved. I do feel that if I fall a martyr in attempting to carry salvation to such a lost race, then my death will be more glorious than all my life. Hence, I feel that to die with Christ in the same cause, is decidedly my choice. For it must be easy dying for Jesus. Therefore, if I fall in the interior, let none be discouraged by this. Come on, my dear brethren in the Ministry, in the name of Jesus, our great conqueror! If I fall, come on to the battle ground, and though we wade through the blood of martyrs, we will have the victory. And now, O Lord God, my Father, into thy hand I commit my spirit.

February 1. This morning we arose early, took our refreshment, and after Mrs. Ann Wilkins had fitted us out with such necessaries as we otherwise lacked, my escort took up our baggage, and away into the woods we went. My escort consisted of three Americans and three natives. We soon struck a narrow, crooked path, which led off in a South direction, through mud, over and under old logs, and many other impediments. By and

bye we came near to the Nawway Creek*—here we found a few native huts, and some twenty natives cutting their rice farms. But as they were not very sociable we passed on. And soon after we met other natives in the path who, when they were informed of our course, turned back and went with us. And not long after we met a native with a spear in his hand, a war knife under one arm, and his god under the other, ; to him we were introduced as it being King *Thom*. We were then about one mile from his town. Thom had been informed the day before that we were to pass through his town shortly, and what was our business. He (Thom) shook our hands heartily, and laughed, saying, go home to my town, go home to my town. Thom made way, or stepped aside for us to pass on, and then fell in behind, as if he was driving a flock of sheep. As soon as we started Thom began to talk, and inquire of our interpreter where I was going, and what was my business. The interpreter told my whole object. At this, Thom began to scream and hollow, so that he made the woods all ring around us. As soon as we had got into town, and sat down in the palaver house, King Thom presented himself before me, and said, Brown, everything in this town is yours. My sheep, my goats, hens and ducks, and all these people are yours ; sit down, and be at home. Immediately after this he cleared, and gave us two of his best houses for our accommodation, and ordered servants to wait upon us. As soon as we had gone into our houses, the King began to leap, whoop, and laugh, and throw his spear high in the air, and called on, or commanded all his people to shout and dance, because a god-man had come into his town. The women said that they had plenty of devil-men in town, and they knew all about the devil palaver† from their youth, but never heard a god palaver, nor saw a god-man in their town before. The King called all his old men together for council, and all were agreed that if possible, the King should persuade me to stop in their town. Then the King spake to my interpreter, requesting me to tell truly my whole business and design. So I told them that I was a god-man, looking for a place to stop and talk God's palaver, and learn the people to read God's book, as the Americans do. I told him that the first place I found where the people were willing to hear God's palaver and learn God's book, there I should stop. Here the King interrupted me by saying in much earnestness, Stop, you have said enough. Sit down in your town—this is your home. In the evening they gave us a most tremendous salutation of heavy musketry, which made the thickly, densed forest around us tremble. After this they amused themselves for two hours with singing and dancing. Old men and old women, ninety or one hundred years old, with

*Signifies :—No one come nigh it—it is poison.

†A Preacher of the Gospel. ‡Doctrines of devils. A palaver signifies any talk.

middle aged, and even down to little boys and girls, danced for joy. After that, the men entered into a war play for one hour, and which closed up their exercises for the evening. We then attended family prayer, and I began to write. I know not how things will appear in the morning, if we live till then, but at present the probability is rather in favor of my establishing a Mission in this town. The distance from here to White Plains cannot be more than eight or nine miles, and I presume that a straight course would not be over five or six miles. The land over which we came this day, and even all around this town, appears extremely rich, fertile, and as handsome as any I ever saw. And beautiful streams of excellent water all around the town. But I am so tired I can write no more to-night.

Feb. 2. This morning as soon as it was light, King Thom sent Messengers to call in the other Kings around him, to see if they were willing for me to stop in his town and establish a Mission there. King Bango and King Babboah, whose American name is Peter, both came in town at 10 o'clock, A. M. And as soon as Thom had made known the business of the day to them, the Kings all ordered their guards to unite and give us another salutation of musketry. And shortly they made our ears ring again. The Kings then required me to rehearse what I had told King Thom the day before. And so I must needs give them a long talk of about one hour. I told them (through my interpreter,) that their friends in big America had sent me to them to tell them all about God and heaven, to elevate them as a nation by taking their boys and girls into my charge and learning them all the arts, habits and practices of the great civilized nations. I also told them that there was a God in heaven, whom I loved and feared, that the same God had sent me to them to tell His law and the awful consequences of breaking it, &c. &c.

After this the Kings retired to the woods and held a palaver about one hour and then returned. King Bango immediately dashed me (gave me a present,) with a nice, fat yearlin goat, which we butchered in short order, and ate joyfully. King Peter gave us rice in abundance, and King Thom gave us Palm oil and Casava, bountifully. I never saw any people more overjoyed than these natives were when they heard me say I would go no further, but stop and take an abode in their town. They acted as if they were all crowned Kings above all the nations of the earth.

The next thing was for me to select a spot for my dwelling, for King Thom had promised to build me a Thatch house immediately, that I might have a shelter while I was building a frame house. So I selected a spot for my buildings and farm on the west side of the town. The town covers about three-quarters of an acre of land, on which is forty-two native houses, and probably four hundred inhabitants. Besides several half-towns near by.

The timber about the town is thick and very tall, consisting of mangrove, swiss, wismore, wild cotton, iarh, colah, plum, obleah, santa, oak, poplar, bass-wood, red-wood, cam-wood, ebony, brinstone and a great variety, of which I have not learned any name of. And besides all this, the natives inform me that this is the most central town in all the region. So after all the arrangements were completed I dashed the Kings (gave them a present,) with a few fathoms of cloth, and a few bars of tobacco, requesting King Thom to meet me at White Plains to-morrow, and accompany me to Monrovia to see the superintendent. We gathered up our baggage, bid them farewell, and arrived here at White Plains at six o'clock, P. M.

Feb. 3. At 3 o'clock, P. M., King Thom, two of his grand men, and one of his wives, (for he has more than twenty,) arrived here according to agreement to accompany me to Monrovia, but we have concluded to tarry here till to-morrow morning. We are all in high spirits, praising God with all our hearts, because he hath given us such blessed speed in our great enterprise. King Thom is about as much engaged as a Steam-boat agent in America.

Feb. 4. At Monrovia. We left White Plains at one o'clock, P. M. and arrived here at five. The news of our arrival soon spread, and there is much joy all through town at our prospects.

Feb. 5. At nine o'clock, A. M. Bros. Seys, Barker, Jane, Stocker and I took all those natives into our church to examine their sincerity and zeal as to the establishment of a mission among them. And truly it was a most interesting meeting. Brother Seys, the superintendent of the Mission, questioned them closely and critically, and they answered frankly till we all got the fullest witness that the set time to favor Zion is now come. So we closed our meeting, and after Brother Seys had given them dinner and a few small presents, they left for home. O, bless the Lord, how glad I am that ever I came to Africa. If I die to-night all is well. My sanctified soul is happy; O glory be to Jesus. Hallalujah.

If my contemplated Mission be established then I have established the first Mission exclusively among these natives of any other man. And who but God alone has directed it? Yea, who but God alone, dare claim any share in the honor, glory and praise of these heaven born prospects? And who but the devil, can avoid shouting glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will to men?

Feb. 7. This morning I accompanied Brother Seys to his Quarterly-meeting at Millsburgh. This is Friday night, we have been to church and had a blessed time.

Feb. 8. This morning after our 10 o'clock sermon, I went about one mile up the river, to spy out a mill seat. And after

finding a very favorable spot on the north side of the river, about eighty rods above town, I was desirous to know the firmness of the bottom and the feasibility of the river in building a dam. And hence, I off with my boot and stockings and waded some ten rods into the river. I found a hard, gavelly bottom until I came to the rocks, many of which were out of water and very firm. Besides these, there are loose rocks enough, and of good convenient size, which might easily be rolled together to build a dam, without going any further for materials. A dam three feet high across the north branch, (for there is an Island in the midst of the river,) and twenty rods long, then dig a ditch twenty-five rods long, and three feet deep, and we have water enough to carry twenty gangs of saws the year round. Besides a solid rock on which to build the mills. I have built more than twenty dams, and travelled extensively, but I have never seen so feasible, accessible a prospect for water-works as this. I have examined this prospect in answer to a special request of several of my friends in America.

But in wading about in the river for more than an hour, I took cold, and in two hours after I was down with the fever. So I lost the benefits of Quarterly meeting.

Feb. 14. Annual Conference set at Monrovia. On the second day I was admitted into full connection.

Feb. 19. Conference closed this P. M. As to the doing or manner of doing business in this conference, I have but one remark to make, and that is, I was not only surprised, but painfully and deeply grieved, to see so little regard to the rules of our excellent discipline. For in this Conference the discipline was no more a guide for them than a political newspaper is for a mariner; only when it happened to suit the convenience of the entire Conference. And to what this will lead, in time, I wait to see. Brother Wm. Stocker and I contended earnestly for discipline rules, but to no effect; only as it kindled up a hostile prejudice against Brother Stocker, because he is a white man. Brother Stocker was twice on the point of retiring from the Conference in consequence of it, but I urged him to the contrary and he submitted.

However, when the appointments were read off, and I was appointed to the Pessah Mission, that is, to King Thom's, in a moment the missionary fire burned in my soul to a vehement flame, and the very marrow in my bones appeared as strong wine. Immediately after leaving the church, I went down to the dock, and hired four natives to paddle our boat to Millsburgh, that I might hire some help to build me a frame house at King Thom's.

Feb. 20. This morning we left Monrovia at seven o'clock, and arrived at Caldwell at nine. Here we stopped, and while the natives were eating their breakfast, I hired eight Americans to

go with me into the country and assist me in building a house. We left Caldwell at 11 o'clock, and arrived at Millsburgh at five P. M.

Feb. 21. This morning I hired four sawyers at Millsburgh, dropped down the river and arrived here in Monrovia at six o'clock, P. M.

Feb. 22. To-day I have been on the trot from sunrise till dark, buying furniture and provisions to carry into the interior. And I am so leg-weary I am not able to walk fifty rods to church.

Feb. 26. This morning I loaded the mission boat and a large canoe with necessaries for our work, and up the river we came on our way to Heddington. (Last night we named King Thom's town Heddington because Bishop Hedding ordained me, and I love him.) When we arrived at Caldwell I was informed that five of my men left that place yesterday, and were gone to Heddington to meet me there to-morrow morning. But as I had three joiners and their tools to take along, I was under the necessity of hiring another canoe for our convenience, and hence we did not arrive at White Plains until seven o'clock, P. M. And here we have put up at the Mission house for the night. All is well and my soul is happy.

Feb. 27. This morning at nine o'clock we all got under headway for Heddington, and arrived there at twelve. And assuredly there was a hollowing among the natives when we entered town. More than fifty of them must needs take hold of my foot as a mark of dignified honor.

First, I found twelve of my men on the spot waiting my arrival, and four others who accompanied me, making sixteen workmen, all Americans. I also found that Thom had built me a country house twenty feet long and as neat as a new fiddle. Its walls were constructed of a row of sticks stuck into the ground about eight inches, and neatly daubed over on both sides with buggybug earth. (See note A, at the end.) Its roof was covered with thatch and its floor was the firm earth. In one corner of it was a neat little bed about two feet high, five feet long and two wide, made of pretty little rolling sticks about as large as my wrist, and on the top was spread a well seasoned bamboo mat. O what a splendid edifice! I would not swap it away for all the houses in the city of New-York for me to live in; nay, and all the commerce of that great city with them!

But still, we had nothing to eat nor had we anything to cook in. For which cause I hired twelve lusty natives, and started back to White Plains and loaded them all with provisions and furniture and sent them off before sunset for Heddington. But I was so entirely wearied out, that I thought it presumptuous to return with them, and hence I put up for the night. And well I did, for in twenty-five minutes after they left, I was seized by a

stubborn chill and fever, which continued drinking me up till five o'clock the next morning.

Feb. 28. I got into a fine perspiration at five o'clock, A. M., and at six I arose, but found myself very weak. At seven o'clock ten of the Kings strongest men appeared, according to arrangement, for another load of goods. I filled all their kingjars, (see note B, at the end,) and at nine o'clock we all started for Heddington. But we had not come more than half way home, before I was crushed to the ground by another inhuman chill, and could not arise. I then tried to persuade the natives to go on with their loads, leave me there in the woods, and when they got home to send some of my American workmen after me, but all my talking was in vain; for they were determined not to leave me! In answer to my request, the Prince, King Thom's son, said:—Daddy, suppose we leave you here in the wood and a leopard, a lion, or a big snake comes along and eats you up, then who would talk God; palaver to all our people? (Who will preach the gospel to all our people?) And notwithstanding they were very heavily loaded in the outset, yet now they doubled their loads till there were three spare men left to carry me home. They took me on their heads and carried me to my house. O how glad I was when they laid me on my little bed above described. King Thom's first wife (or head woman, as such are called,) came immediately in, took me by the hand, and screamed out, saying;—O daddy, don't die, O daddy, don't die, stop, stop, for Good palaver sake! I never saw more weeping in one house of death in America than there has been in my house this afternoon.

March 1. This morning I am some better, but extremely weak. My laborers are all at work making shingles, sawing boards and hewing timber. Soon after I arose King Bango and his head woman came in to visit me. They live about seven miles from us, and I am informed that his town is about as large as this. He is a Pessah King, and has dominion over a large territory. Thom is a Pessah King under Bango. Bango speaks pretty good broken English, and therefore I was the more interested in conversing with him. He promises to do all he can to help on the Mission.

March 2. I heartily thank the Lord this morning for the improvement of my health. King Peter and his head woman visited me this morning, and a fine old gentleman he is too. King Peter is a Galoo King, under tribute to Bango, and lives in Bango's town.

March 3. Sabbath evening, 10 o'clock.

Blessed be God for the constantly renewing of my health. But I had a troublesome night last night. Not in body, but in soul. For I never before, felt so deep interest, such profound anxiety, and affecting, absorbing sympathy as I did all the night

for these poor heathen. At 10 o'clock, I called the people together, and spent one hour with them, in the Palaver house.* My text was, all the first Chapt. of Genn. I talked of God, creation, heaven, the devil, hell, and their souls. All my laborers were present, and a host of natives besides. And all thought I spoke through an Interpreter, (for the natives could not understand one word I said, nor could I understand one word they said) yet they gave unusual attention to the word, and appeared highly interested. Some of them would occasionally express to others, their surprise at the new doctrine, but it neither intruded their attention or interest. At my request, they all kneeled with us in prayer, which rendered the scene gloriously solemn. No doubt but heaven's countless millions gazed upon us with a lively interest. O, if ever I had liberty and access in prayer, it was at the close of this meeting, yea, I feel the same to-night. O Christ, let me drink in this people till I die. Poor souls, for whom Jesus died, Lord, let me die for them too, O, why has high heaven granted me this; to see the Ethiopians set under my poor ministry, and bow at the majesty of the God of the vast universe. O Lord, let me live to see one of them converted from heathenism to christianity, and then let me depart in peace. Bless the Lord, O my soul!

March 4. This morning my laborers went into a different direction from which they had been, to cut timber for our house. But the kings, Bango, Thom, and Peter, came to me and told me that my laborers must not cut one stitch of timber in that certain valley, for there was their devil's bush. (See note 6.) This valley is about one hundred rods from the town, and they seemed to hold the devil's bush so sacred, that I ordered my men to retire from it. But I made no reply to the kings, as touching superstition.

March 5. This morning King Peter gave me a fine boy, of about fifteen years old, whom I named William Brown. He is to live with me five years. I have now sixteen Americans at work, the most of whom board with me, and the others buy all their provisions of me, by litters. My employment is to deal out and charge, oversee all my men in the woods, and when I am in town, a train of natives are so thick around me that I can scarcely move. These natives bring me chickings, ducks, goats, sheep, venison, palm oil, rice, casava, plantains, banana, &c., and I buy them. Another train of natives are perpetually asking questions about the new doctrine which they heard last Sabbath from me. And besides all this, I have all the cooking to do, and all the dishes to wash. All this keeps me on the buzz continually. But my soul is calmly and firmly stayed on the Lord, and I am waiting to see the salvation of God on these poor natives.

March 9. Saturday night, 11 o'clock. An encouraging even-

*Palaver means almost any active verb; as preach, talk &c.

† Palaver house, means Meeting house, Court house.

ing. We have been here in the wilderness for ten days. And yesterday we raised our American house, twenty-four by eighteen feet, one half story high. This A. M. all the Americans left us, and are gone into the American settlements to visit their friends until Monday. Something must be going on among these natives, for ever since dark the whole town has been perfectly still. Such an evening I have not seen before since I came into the woods. For it is a universal habit among all the natives that, as soon as it is dark they all unite in a country-dance, or a war play,* which generally continues till nine or ten o'clock. And after this they all go into the palaver house, and there sing till 11 or 12 o'clock. There is no sense in their singing, it is only a repetition of the same words in a long, mournful kind of tone, just to pass away time. But this evening all has been perfectly silent. At the hour of prayer, King Thom and eight of his people came in and remained with me and my boy till the services of reading and praying were over. And so here I am in my mudden house, happy as heaven. I was never so happy in all my life, as I am to-night. O, glory be to the ever blessed Jesus. Hallelujah! His presence makes my paradise, and where He is, is heaven indeed, and heaven enough.

March 10. Sunday night, 11 o'clock. Glory be to God, for the gift of my blessed Jesus. This morning, at the ringing of the bell for family prayer, my house was filled with natives, all of which kneeled solemnly with me in prayer, of their own accord. For they appeared like people in the dark, feeling for light. After prayer, they desired me to tell them some English words that they might learn to pray to the American God, also. (O, reader, how think ye that I felt at this expression? Thunder struck, and thunder shaken!) But I told them they need not learn English words to pray to our God, that if their hearts were desirous to pray, and they were willing to serve God, God could understand them as well as me. Ah, said King Thom, which way did the American God learn country palaver? So I told them I would tell them all about it in a few hours.

At 2 o'clock P. M., we rung the bell at the palaver house, and the people came together in haste, to hear another god palaver. I read a hymn, and while I and my interpreter were singing it, some of the natives laughed, and said O, that is fine enough, fine a plenty. But they all kneeled with us in prayer. Then I opened the book of God, and addressed them from Acts 17:22 to 31. In this place I endeavored to show the character of God. Second, why they were so ignorent of God. Third,* God is now ready and willing to bestow mercy on them. And fourth. what is repentence. And I have not a doubt but the seed sown to-day

* War Play signifies a false fight.

will e'er long be as bread cast on the waters, because I know by the appearance of the audience, that the Holy Ghost was in the word. O Jesus, help!

March 14. I came here to White Plains last night, and stopped at the Mission house, and here I have spent the day. At 4 o'clock P. M., Brother Seys came up in the Mission boat, and several other boats and canoes with him, and what do they, but all stop at the Mission house! And at 6 o'clock, right in the midst of all these people, Brother Seys married me to Miss Nancy, adopted daughter of Rev. B. R. Wilson.

March 15. I have just returned from White Plains, and find all is well, and my house nearly covered.

March 18. At 1 o'clock A. M., a messenger came knocking at my door, wherein were sixteen Americans, all asleep, and when one arose, the messenger told us that war was at hand, and we had better all clear out as quick and still as possible. In a moment every American, and finally all in town were on their feet. And as many as had muskets prepared for battle, for we had no notion to leave town. And here we stood till daylight, at which time we heard Thom in the rear of the town, scolding like a madman at a rascally American profligate, for lying, and alarming the people at the American house. For Thom had found out by examining the reporter that all was a lie, just to scare off the Americans, that the thief might plunder the Mission house in the night. At 7 o'clock A. M., King Thom bound the fellow, led him to the palaver house, tied him to a post, and he and his men, in presence of all the Americans, whipped him almost to death.

March 22. Saturday night, 9 o'clock. I get but little time to write in my journal. Many highly interesting circumstances transpire which I have no time to record. This week has been a mixture of joy and perplexity to me. Of joy, because of a constant witness of my present acceptance of God, and the rich fellowship and sweet communion with the Holy Ghost. I feel a kind of living, silent heaven of love to God and man in my soul. My perplexity consists in the being so frequently called off from such ravishing contemplations as I occasionally get into, of the blessed Jesus. For, just as sure as I get on the point of starting off for glory, to comprehend the deeper riches of God's grace, then somebody will call me for something on earth. And this is painfully perplexing to me. My wife is yet at White Plains, detained by a lame foot. But as she is getting better, I hope she will soon be able to be brought in, that I may be discharged from cooking, and especially from washing dishes. But thank fortune, I have no bed to make.

March 24. Sabbath evening, 10 o'clock.

“ Sweet is the day of Sacred rest ;
 No mortal care shall seize my breast.
 O, may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp, of solemn sound.”

I feel much refreshed this evening, than what I did this morning. For last night in my sleep, I dreamed of having a tremendous fight, which so physically affected me that I sensibly felt it this morning almost as much as a reality. Now I am no more in favor of dreams than St. Jude was, nor do I believe anything in dreams at the present day, for the revelation of God is complete. But because of the singular affect which it had on my body, I record it for curiosity sake. Last night I dreamed that twelve lions, as large as oxen, came into our town, and in an awful rage, roaring and frothing, and devouring every living creature wheresoever they went. They spared neither man nor beast, till the whole town was destroyed. They then came to the Mission house and swore they would destroy me and my wife without mercy. (I imagined that my wife was with me.) These lions had the most terrific appearance of any creatures or pictures I ever saw. I concluded there was no use in trying to resist them, and hence I told my wife that I would give up myself to the lions, and while they were eating my body, she should, if possible, make her escape. But she utterly refused to comply with my request and smiling, said “ Husband, where is God ?”

This gave me a little encouragement, for I knew what she meant. She then gave me three keys, tied together with a small red string; they were bright, and of about one pound each.— Then said she, husband fight the good fight of faith, and trust in the Lord for victory. This seemed to insult the largest Lion, which sprang at me immediately, with all the rage of a firey Draggon. His first blow brought me flat to the ground; and I first thought that all my bones were broken; but I soon recovered, and got him by the throat several times, but he was too much for me. I soon found that my strength began to fail, and I was on the point of giving up the ghost; till finelly, he at last turned his head more favorably toward me, intending to give me the last fatal, deadly wound; when I drew upon him with my keys, sunk them in his brains, and he fell dead at my feet. The same moment, and before I had any time to get breath, the next largest Lion, being enraged beyond all description at the misfortune of his fellow, flew at me with double vengeance. His first blow sunk me into the earth, knocking the breath out of my body for sometime: And supposing me to be dead, began to prance over me, and triumph exultingly. But when he saw there was life in me, he renewed the battle, and for a few moments he fought more furious than the first; but not long. For I soon got a fair swing at his head, sinking my keys into his brains, and he also

fell dead at my feet. But immediately at his fall, before I had any time to breathe, all the other ten lions leaped on to me, before I had time to rise off from the ground. They blasphemed the Lord and swore there was no help for me. But they soon began to be self-confident, and awkward, so that as fast as I could swing my keys, I slew at every blow till the last lion fell dead at our feet. My wife then gave a loud shout, and I awoke. I immediately found myself in an overflow of perspiration, and so completely exhausted, that for sometime I was troubled to get breath. But it is only a dream.

When I first established meetings here, I concluded that one sermon once a week was as much as would be profitable to the natives, seeing their intellect is extremely weak in spiritual things. I was aware that what they could not comprehend would not only be lost, but puzzling to their minds. A sermon of two hours long is about the same as twenty-five minutes to an American Congregation. For I have to give it to the interpreter in short sentences, and in consequence of my interpreter being unlearned, I occasionally have to divide a single word into from two to ten sentences, that the interpreter may understand it. But this morning the natives applied for two sermons. But my interpreter was sick this morning, and I doubted of his being able to assist us any part of the day. But Jesus strengthened him toward noon, and at 12 o'clock we rung the bell for worship. They immediately rushed to the palaver house, as if their eternal interests were at stake. And because the people appeared so eager, I thought duty to God to introduce Jesus to them, which had not yet been done. So I carefully and mildly, but clearly explained the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. But I thought it not best to make a close application for fear the devil might take advantage of their ignorance, and turn them against the gospel. For as yet, all is experiment with me. But I know that God was with us to-day. Every eye was immovably fixed upon me, every mouth was open, and every pipe was laid on the ground.* Six of the natives wept freely, and their tears were to me more precious than so many drops of my own heart's blood. Among the weeping ones was old King Suah, who, just before I had done speaking, spoke out in hearing of all the people, saying: "O, I would love and serve Jesus if I knew how." At this my interpreter immediately paused, and told us what the old king said. All my sixteen American laborers were present, who, with me, were smitten, as if the very cross of Christ had fallen upon us. And here I had a fair opportunity of sounding by the gospel lead in these deep waters of heathenism, and beholding more distinctly of the great power of the gospel of Christ, than half the ministers in

*The natives always smoke when they have a eentury palaver.

America for the last century. O, my Jesus, have I seen the heathen weep under the cross? Weep because they knew not how to love and serve thee? O, high heaven, then I have seen enough. I would write ten pages more, but my bosom and paper are so bathed in tears of joy, they prevent me. Glory, glory be to Jesus! My soul is exultingly happy, praise be to Jesus!

March 31. Sunday night, 11 o'clock. The last week was one of great interest to me, but I had no time to write a word in my journal. Last Tuesday morning, I heard a voice in the woods which sounded to me like prayer. I crept along in the bush, and behold, there was old King Suah, praying to God for mercy. And what to do I knew not at first, but finally, I left him with Jesus, and returned, weeping for joy. I might give a score of reasons for not going to King Suah, but all is experiment with me. Last Tuesday morning I brought home my wife. And such another inauguration as those natives carried on, I never thought of before. In the evening of the same day, they saluted her under the burning of ten pounds of powder, in heavy musketry, at the palaver house. Last Friday, Head Man* Andrew, gave me two bright boys, whom he bound to me for three years.

But above all the rest this day has been the most worthy. This morning our family devotion was unusually solemn and interesting. Our wigwam was filled to overflowing, with groaning, sighing natives. This bound me and my praying companion to the throne of grace for more than one hour. After prayer, the natives took my interpreter aside and asked him what made daddy and mammy sweat, and cry, and groan so long. Is their mamma dead? said the natives. When our interpreter told us, we were well-nigh overcome. At 2 o'clock P. M., we went to the palaver house, and found a large congregation all sitting on the ground, waiting to hear the word of the Lord. And after singing, praying, and talking about one hour and a half, from Acts 2:39, I requested all who were willing from this time forth to share in the promises of the text to rise up on their feet, and behold, the whole congregation were on their feet at once! This made me think of Ezekael's vision of dry bones. The trickling tears were now playing about on some of their black, shining faces, as if they were afraid to drop on the ground, but determined not to return. None but Jesus can describe my feelings on this occasion. My greatest mental struggle at this all important moment consisted in this: Whether to take them as they were, then on the foot, and preach justification by faith alone, as of course I should have immediately done to an American congregation. Or let the good seed root deep in their hearts, having the fallow ground of the desert thoroughly broken up, before I preach-

*Head Man, Governor of a half town. See note D

ed on faith, was a decision of no small moment to me. But as all is experiment, I concluded to wait, and watch closely the operation of the spirit. At the close of this meeting, some fifty or eighty of the natives joined us in singing for the first time, as well as they could. For we interpret all our hymns, as well as the word of God. Their voices were angelic, inspiring charm into everything, but no such note order, as such fools as I am, use. I shall never hear such enchanting sounds again, till I meet the first sons of God, who sing together. And to see all these natives, these stones of the wilderness, fall on their knees before God in prayer, was another thrilling instance to me and my dear companion. After meeting, they flocked around us, as sheep around a shepherd, asking scores of questions about God's Son. O, glory, glory! If it was not for my foolish weeping, which is a burthen to me, I would write till morning.

April 2. To-day I have had two boys given to me, for five years each.

April 4. For two or three evenings King Thom has appeared much concerned about something. For from about sunset till 12 o'clock at night, he, or some of his grand men, (under officers) have been walking around our house constantly, or standing at our door watching, and driving off some five or six strangers, who visit us every night as soon as we light our lamps. Those visitors have been in town four or five days, and appear uncommonly friendly. This evening, they had but entered our house, when the King came in with his spear in his hand, and ordered them to retire to the opposite part of the town. I was much dissatisfied at this, but said nothing to any but my wife. Soon after this, the King cleared my house of all except my own family, two of his wives, and four grand-men. Then said the King, "Daddy, I have a palaver to tell you about those strangers." I said, "say on, sir." Then said he, "For three nights passed I have not slept a wink, for there is a company of Griggree men (Magicians) in town, who are waiting to rob you of all you have. And, said he, if you let them come near your lamp while it is burning, they will be sure to rob your house the same night. For they have got some griggree, (Witchcraft) which they will put into your lamp while it is burning, in consequence of which you will soon become drowsy, retire to bed, and in a few minutes you will drop into a wakeless sleep. They will then come into your house, go all through it, and if they cannot find your boys without, they will come to you and ask for your keys, and you will tell them where they are, and they will get them. They will then unlock all your trunks, take all your goods, and be off. And it will be well for you, said Thom, if they leave you alive, in this palaver. They will feign themselves friendly in the day time, but in the night will plunder and kill you." I asked the king what this "grig-

gree" was made of. He said, "only of a small grain, or drop or two of human oil, or man's grease, put into the oil of the lamp while burning," &c., &c.

But the king had but stepped out, when in came the strangers and made me a dash of a fine country blanket. I refused it at first, but Thom came in and told me to keep it. He then drove the strangers out of my house, called his people, and drove the strangers out of town, pelting them hardly with stones and clubs. And I hope they will not return again, till they bring me another country blanket.

A few weeks since those same magicians went to a native town, carried their own lamp, lit it, left one by it, and all the rest withdrew. The watchman fell asleep with all the people. The sorcerers then returned, packed up their wakeless watchman with all the goods in the town, and away they went.

April 6. Saturday night, 11 o'clock. Yesterday morning I and six natives started at daybreak for Monrovia on business, and arrived there at 11 o'clock, A. M. But in consequence of the dullness of the people who seemed determined I should stay over night, I did not accomplish my business till near eight o'clock. P. M., at which time we loaded our canoe with goods and put off up the river. When we started it was star-light. But we had not gone far when all at once it clouded over, became dark, so that sometimes we were on the logs on one side of the river, then in the brambles on the other side. The lightning flashed, the thunder roared, the wind blew, and soon it began to rain. We knew we were in the Stocton creek, but the tornado was so furious, having a stiff head wind and tide against us, that we lost our distance, and knew not where we were. The tempest soon became so violent that we could not make any headway, or touch the banks for the brambles. Nor could we any longer manage our canoe. The gale drove us, as we supposed, among a gang of old logs or rotten wood, and we could not get out. So we hastily concluded to all leap from our canoe and swim, if possible, to the shore for life. But my natives were too true to jump out and leave me in the canoe; I must go first. So I leaped out, expecting to go over my head, then rise and swim to the shore. But to my great surprise, I found the water not more than two feet and a half deep. I cried out, bottom; and all the men leaped out. And as the lightning flashed brilliantly, lo we beheld ourselves in the Congo Harbor, and the old rotten logs as we supposed were the Congoer's canoes tied to the dock. I will warrant you we were glad. The native soon succeeded in getting out my goods, above \$200 00 worth, which I had expected a few minutes before would have been lost. And by the assistance of the vivid lightning we found our way to the palaver house, got our goods under shelter. But not one of the superstitious Con-

gos would let us into their houses to dry or warm our water-soaked carcasses. But after shivering like American puppies for about four hours, the tornado passed over, we loaded our canoe and started at about 2 A. M. and reached home at nine. And surely Saturday night and home are acceptable to me; for I am not only sick but drilled entirely out. But thank God my soul is well.

April 7. Sabbath morning, eight o'clock. I think I never felt so much unpleasant pain, mortification and shame in my soul as I do this morning. I cannot express my feelings. I can only say I am embarrassed in every thing. First, I am sick and hardly able to move. Second, I have no interpreter but a small boy, who never interpreted a sermon, and I am afraid to risk him. My former interpreter became so unsteady that his father called him home last Tuesday. But above all the rest, I so sensibly feel my insufficiency to perform the work in which I am employed, that both soul and body verily recoil at the thought. Where is the angel that would think it a privilege to stand this responsibility to God and his church, as I am made to stand it. Our most able and talented ministers in America are only a match for their civilized congregations. But what am I that I should dare take hold of a ten fold difficult work, where all is experiment, among a people of an unknown tongue, too. Here a very little mismanagement at this difficult period will doubtless overthrow the whole. Last Friday night I was at Monrovia and talked with my superintendent about our prospects here; but he seemed quite cold about it. Others mocked me openly in my face, that I should think of civilizing, and much more, christianizing these natives. Even the Lord knoweth I cannot carry this great work any further. O, O my soul what shall I do in this matter. O that I had wings, I would fly back to America, or somewhere else!

Sunday night, 11 o'clock. At 2 o'clock this P. M., I went to the Palaver to preach to my people. But I had only prayed and talked about ten minutes, when I was cut down by a sudden chill and returned to my house weeping. Nor am I now able to walk across my room.

April 8. About 12 o'clock to-day, even while I was bewailing over my embarrassments, and just ready to sink under them, in came a young man about eighteen years old, by the name of William White, a native of the Goloo tribe, and offered me his services as an interpreter. This Wm. White was converted about two years since at Caldwell, in my arms, and has lived a deeply pious life ever since. I immediately engaged William because I fully believe that God sent him especially by the hand of an angel to meet my present emergency. Now I fear God more than ever.

April 14. For two days past my flesh has been so numb on my bones for want of sleep, that I begin to be alarmed about myself. For some ten days past, or nights rather, sleep has well nigh departed from me, probably in consequence of my multiplicity of cares and interests. Surely I never saw the time in America when my body would bear what it bears in Africa. Some how or other, my uncharitable soul will not be satisfied until it has screwed out the last motion of my body. My family consists of myself, wife, four carpenters and eight native boys, all in this mud house. Last night we had seven American visitors come in to see us, and they are here yet. (Not good.) At two o'clock P. M. we went to the palaver house as usual, and appeared before God for worship. I read the third chapter of John and explained the first ten verses. But as soon as we began to talk the natives began to dispute on which of the various dialects my interpreter should speak. For there was a variety of tongues among us. So, for peace sake, I took my young interpreter, N. Levings on the one side, who spoke the Pessah tongue to the Pessahs, and Wm. White on the other side, to speak the Goloo tongue. They both took the word from my mouth in broken English, and so on we went. And after proceeding thus for about one hour, my interpreters began to weep, and I wept too. So I gave way for them to tell their experience. And this seemed to be more interesting and new to the natives than all the rest. For they now saw and heard the power of the gospel in their own tongue from the lips of their sons. Hence their words were made quick and powerful! Ah, we have had a blessed day to-day.

April 17. This is a most solemn night to me. I have just had information from White Plains that my very dear Henry P. Barker died this morning in great peace. Brother Barker was decidedly the brightest light that ever I have seen in Africa. That is, he was the only practical Methodist that I had any acquaintance with in Liberia. So no more need be said of his character. One year ago this month, I held a Missionary meeting in the U. S. A., at Wilbraham, Mass., when this young apostle to the Gentiles came forth in our midst and bound himself to the Missionary altar, on which he has had the honor and satisfaction of expiring and leaping from thence to glory, to join the company of like zeal and holiness. He was an exhorter, professing and possessing entire sanctification, and the witness of it.

April 19. This morning I settled off with all my laborers, and all are gone. Our American house (as the natives called it,) is finished and well done too. We moved into it this afternoon. O how thankful to my heavenly father for giving us such a comfortable house here in a heathen land. O, glory be to Jesus, who has done it alone, and to him alone be all the glory. Amen, amen.

April 22. Monday night 10 o'clock. We are now comfortably situated in our new American house. And truly it is a great novelty to the natives. We had no meeting yesterday in consequence of my having two paroxysms of chill and fever. We have not been here eight weeks yet, but since we came in, we have taken all our timber from the stump, built us a good frame house, twenty-four by eighteen, one and a half stories high; cleared eight acres of heavy timber, which ground we design to plant soon. We have opened several roads and paths in various directions, that our town may be the more accessible. This morning I commenced my school in the front room of my house, consisting of nine scholars. My family consists of myself, and wife, hired girl, interpreter, six boys and a native girl. Eleven in toto. The natives in our town are all peaceable, rapidly improving in manners, and all goes well so far.

April 28. Sunday night, 9 o'clock. We have not had any meeting to-day in consequence of the absence of my interpreter, who has gone to Caldwell to attend a Quarterly meeting. But having one native man in town, who could understand a few broken English words. Him I called in for an interpreter to aid in organizing a Sabbath school. And truly, we had one of the most interesting, entertaining, sweet little seasons that ever I enjoyed. We had about eighteen scholars, all adults, excepting our children. And after explaining and organizing as far as we could under the circumstances, I arraigned them in proper order, and showed them all how to follow down the alphabetical line with their fingers, and all sound the letters after me as I proceeded. This I did to encourage them, and learn them all to sound alike. This was animating to us all, for some of them could not correctly sound or pronounce all the letters. But all were frank to do their best, and when they could not sound a letter right they would call it what they pleased. This set them all to laughing, and we had jovial doings for about one hour. I then tried to adjourn till the next Sabbath, but not one would consent to the proposal. They kept me on my feet three and a half hours till every one could sound all the letters as well as I could. And as we opened, so we closed by prayer, in the deepest solemnity. My thrice happy soul is still laughing for joy, and my glad eyes are pouring forth grateful tears freely at the feet of my blessed Jesus for what my eyes have seen, my ears heard, and my heart has felt to-day. And who this side the eternal throne can wonder? About sunset to-night it did really appear to me that these great wiles were lifting up their heads to praise the Mission God for this first Sabbath school in the regions of death. O, hallalujah!

May 5. Sunday night, 10 o'clock. We have had the largest congregation to-day we ever had. We have not had any meeting before in two weeks. And for the last three or four days, I

discovered the people were losing what little seriousness they had hitherto gained. And when we began to preach, they were almost as trifling as some congregations I have seen in America, which they never had done before. I preached from Col. 1:21-22. And as I advanced in the subject, they became more solemn. For I spake of the character and design of the coming of Christ. I had a blessed time in preaching, and the people manifested much feeling and interest while hearing. And I am more and more encouraged that I shall yet see the salvation of God on this people. O, Lord Jesus, ride on. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done. Amen.

No body can comprehend the embarrassments under which I labor and groan. All my works are yet but experiments. I once thought I knew enough for any heathen; but I find by experience that this work will require the highest degrees of wisdom, sound judgment, with refined godliness, to make much headway to advantage. The fact is, we ignorant boys can never do it. For I find arts and science among these heathen, though heathenish and erroneous, which a Maffit, a Bascom, a Bangs, a Pitman, or a Fisk, would find puzzling enough in one day, to last them a week. The difficulty seems to consist in this: That it is natural for them to possess a confused train of ideas on almost every subject of which I speak. And it is with the greatest difficulty that they can find words to communicate their own ideas of such sublime things as the gospel reveals, and equally as difficult to simplify words to give them answers to their questions or inquiries. I am under the necessity of making and using all sorts of parables to convey my ideas to the interpreter. And I have to lay awake more or less every night, to think how I shall convey some idea to them the next day. Happy for me, however, that they are apt in applying parables. O, my Jesus, do Thou help me!

May 14. This morning I sent ten natives to Caldwell, to take in Brother Seys and Doct. Gohune to visit the Mission. These were the first two white men ever seen in this town.

June 8. Nothing remarkable has taken place among us since the last date, excepting that the great mercy and power of the ever blessed Jesus, in raising me up from seven paroxysms of severe chill and fever, in which I totally despaired of life. O, glory, glory be to Jesus alone! Surely, He hath redeemed me from the grave, and the gates of death.

Yesterday and to-day there has been a funeral here among the natives, of a deceased head man. And as this is the second of the kind since we have been here, I will just notice its process. Yesterday morning, about 20 natives left our town, and went about 4 miles to a half town, from whence they brought to this place the relics of a dead friend of theirs. At 12 o'clock, they

came within hearing of our town. And another such a screaming, hooping, blowing horns, dubing drums, and ail other kinds of hideous noises that human devils could make. They brought the corpse into town, rolled up in an old country blanket, tied round with barks, and fastened to a pole about ten feet long, and toted on their heads. King Thom conducted them to the dead house, or rather to the slave pit, where they deposited the body for the time being. This recepticle is under a large house near the centralpart of the town; it is a hole dug in the ground, about 8 feet square, and 4 feet deep, originally designed to secure stolen slaves. But having no slaves in it at this time, they cast their head-man into it, while, (as they told me) his soul was going to hell. At about sun-set, they fired several rounds of musketry, which was immediately followed by their terrifying screams, drums and dancing, which continued till midnight. Early this morning hosts of natives gathered from all directions to our town. About 10 o'clock, A. M., they all united together in a general cry for the dead. There were not less than 500 natives, all crying at once, for two hours. It was truly affecting to see and hear this crying, although the whole of it was only affectation. For not one tear was seen in any eye, excepting in my own. I could not refrain from weeping, to see such folly, tradition and vanity over the dead. My loins were literally wrung within me.

At 12 o'clock they dragged the corps out of the slave pit, unbound it, and all of us had a gaze at it, excepting the women, for they were not permitted, nor was there one to be seen. Then they wrapt three or four country mats around him, and tied them fast with vines. Then they fired about 20 muskets, gave a forest-rending whoop, took up the dead, and away to the Devil's Bush we went. And never did I walk in such a ranty bedlamic, ancient tophetical procession before. The grave is within the suburbs of the Devil's Bush; about $2\frac{3}{4}$ feet deep, and about $4\frac{3}{4}$ long, and 3 feet wide. Here they tumbled in the corps. But the grave being about 18 inches too short, they loosened the mats, bent his legs from his knees, backward, left him laying on his left side, and covered him over with earth. In the midst of all this confusion, and from its commencement yesterday morning, there has been a disgustful, terrific screaming in the Devil's Bush constantly, by day and night. Old King Suah performed this latter office, and he is supposed, by all the women, to be the Devil's Agent. Hence, not a woman dare, nor are they permitted to go to the grave, for fear the devil will carry them off.

After the interment, old King Suah came forth from the midst of the Bush, loaded with griggrees, covered with all kinds of skins of ravenous beasts and poisonous serpents, plumaged with the feathers of every hateful bird of the forest; a glittering spear in one hand, and a blazing bamboo torch in the other, dragging

at the end of his long leopard tail, a stinking match of powder, palm oil, &c., and accompanied us back to town again. Here the demoniacal throng worshipped their adorable Devil, by carrying him about on their heads, and kissing his feet for about two hours. But not one native woman was seen through all the process. They then fired six rounds of musketry, roared tremendously, and broke up.

June 9. Sabbath evening, 8 o'clock. We have not had any meeting for the last three weeks, in consequence of my ill health. My health has been so reduced by a train of chill and fever, that I have only been able to pray, weep and mourn over my infirmities. My people are losing their seriousness every day.

June 23. Sabbath evening, nine o'clock. Thanks be to God my health is improving. This P. M. I preached one hour and ten minutes to my people. But there is such a train of wild demoniacal gamblers in town, who yesterday, brought in six gallons of rum, so that half the people are half drunk: so the word preached did not profit them as usual, being mixed with so much rum. O, that the wicked Americans would keep their rum to themselves.

June 25. The natives have become so noisy, bold and impudent, that we begin to be afraid of a loss of our property and lives too. About twenty saucy, notorious gamblers have been in our town for the last ten days and thrown the whole town into a fearful confusion. Those gamblers are boatswain people, and supposed to be a gang of roving robbers. They average about six and a half feet high, large boned but slim, red eyed, salebrous, stern looking fellows. But we have thrown ourselves on God's altar, and concluded to die martyrs rather than leave our post. This is Tuesday morning, and to keep up good spirits in my family, I have just appointed a protracted meeting to commence next Friday night in our house. My wife, hired girl, and interpreter are laughing at me for such presumption; but still, all say amen. So if there is power enough in the gospel to reach the natives, I am determined to put it to the utmost test. There is so much noise in town that it is with much difficulty we make any headway in school. But they make the most noise about the time of family prayer. We attend to family prayer at five and a half o'clock, A. M., and at five, P. M. Nor do we allow any business or excitement whatever, to move us from our steadfastness in this duty and privilege.

June 30. Sabbath, A. M., 8 o'clock. This is an unusually solemn morning. Last Thursday, King Governer sacrificed another little boy to the devil, and the mother of the child, and the Priest who butchered him are now in our town.

Last Tuesday morning I made an appointment for a protracted meeting, to commence on Friday evening. The evening came

on, and I gave the signal for preaching. Some eight or ten of the natives came in, and my family made up our congregation. I reasoned on temperance, righteousness, and judgment to come. and to my great encouragement I saw some trembling. Last night I gave another signal for preaching, and about twenty natives came in. I talked two hours about the rich man in hell, and what we must do to escape the same punishment. And Thom having driven those gamblers out of town before night, all was perfect stillness last evening. But when we closed meeting all my boys kept their seats. On observing this I called my interpreter and began to expostulate with the boys. And in a few minutes twelve of those boys and one little girl, all broke out in tears at the same instant, crying bitterly and wringing their hands most sorrowfully. I then explained for the first time at Heddington, the practical application of faith. I then prepared an altar and dedicated it to God, and after explaining the meaning thereof to the boys they rushed unto it as for life. The excitement now became such as to alarm the whole town, who soon surrounded our house, to see what was going on for the boys made much noise. We even opened our doors and windows that the natives might look on. But none of them were converted. This morning at about daybreak prayer was heard in all directions. We rang the bell twice before we could gather our boys in to family prayer. O, what a morning this! But I am now shivering and quaking under the power of a severe chill.

Twelve o'clock, P. M. In consequence of a lugging fever all day, we have had no regular meeting till this evening. But God miraculously gave me strength at about sunset, so that we have had a glorious time to-night. For although we gave no signal for preaching to-night, nor said one word to the natives about having any meeting, yet, spontaneously, our house was crowded with natives before dark. And I preached two hours (about the same as one hour English) with all the bodily strength, and with far more spiritual strength than ever I had in America. I spoke from Acts 26:17-18. Brother White, my interpreter, just then having his lips and soul touched with holy fire, addressed them about one half-hour in his own Goloo tongue, which seemed to melt them as the fire melts frost. We then closed meeting, but all were loth to leave till especially requested to retire. We then invited my weeping boys to the altar, and I, my wife, my hired girl, and interpreter, all began to pray, and the boys all prayed too. And after struggling about fifteen minutes, the Holy Ghost came down and converted John Emery in a second. John leaped over the bench on to my head, crawled down to my feet, kissed them, and shouted glory to Jesus. And I reckon I shouted some, too. Yes, I will shout. Glory to Jesus! And while I am writing John is still shouting.

July 1. Monday, 7 o'clock, A. M. God has been with us all the night, and He is still with us. For not twenty minutes since, He has converted Geo. B. Hoag, in my old thatch house, under my stick bed, where he had crawled to hide away from the awful presence of God, and where he now lays shouting, and saying: "Tank God, he done find me! Tank God, he done find me! Tank, he feel my heart good!" At this moment prayer is heard from all directions, even from the centre of our town. My soul was never half so happy before, and I know not whether I am in the body or out, nor do I care much. No! Hallelujah! I write just as I feel, nor do I care who sees it. Glory! O, glory to Jesus! Glory! Arise and shine, O Zion! for thy time is come. Hallelujah!

Three o'clock P. M. Hallelujah! Jesus has just converted my little Joseph Ames, in prayer meeting, and a happier little soul I never saw. He knows not what to do with himself. O, Lord Jesus, do ride on; make haste, O Thou hope of Israel! Let Thy kingdom come.

Eleven o'clock P. M. This has been a little Milenium day for Africa. Bless God! We have had a prayer meeting this evening, and Jesus has converted three more of my boys. John Wesley, Reuben Newman and Seymour Coleman. Never was there a house of such a scene before, as ours is at present. The converts have shouted and praised Jesus till they could make no more noise, and some are now weeping because they cannot shout out loud. Some of the mourners have prayed, groaned, cried, and struggled in such agony, that they can hardly be heard to speak. Never did I see the naked Holy Ghost work thus deep and powerful before. Many of those wild heathen in town have not dared to leave their huts to-day, for the awful presence of God., which fills the very air. Not one of those boys ever saw a person converted before this, nor did one of the natives in town, and no wonder all of them fear God. In fact, I, myself, have had singular feelings all day. There has been no schooling, nor working, nor playing, nor eating, in our house, nor in town, since day before yesterday. O, awful day!

July 2d. Tuesday, 11 o'clock P. M. To-day has much resembled the day of judgment. Some have been shouting for joy in the Lord, and others have been weeping and pleading for mercy. This evening has been glorious indeed. Our house has been crowded ever since sunset, so that we could scarcely move in it. I preached one hour, and then we engaged in prayer for the penitent ones. And soon the blessed Jesus converted our little Deidama S. Palmer. This was an uncommonly pleasant, faithful little girl of ten years old. O, how happy she was in Jesus! In a few moments R. M. Little arose from the altar, as if he would out shout them all. And while he was filling heaven with glory

to Jesus, up sprang Mark Brown and Beavly Waugh, glorious as if they were directly from paradise. And against all I could do and say, the converts would and did shout so gloriously I could not bring them into praying order again, and so we were obliged to close meeting in the midst of this heavenly flame. Myself, wife, hired girl, and interpreter, were all so completely worn out that we were obliged to leave King Thom, King Suah, four of our boys, and about thirty native adults at the altar.

July 3d. Brother Seys, whom I sent for yesterday, arrived here at 3 o'clock P. M. and preached to us this evening. After preaching, and several exhortations from the converts, we again prepared our altar, which was thronged with mourners. Here we all entered into prayer at once. And even while we were speaking in prayer, the Holy Ghost passed along through us, and with one sweep, converted nine of those poor heathen. O glory, glory, glory be to Jesus.

July 4th. We had a meeting at 10 o'clock A. M., and the Lord was with us. At this time, we had a middle aged man in our town, unusually bright, a head man of the highest note among all the people, and whom we could never persuade to come to meeting to the present time. But not only so, but he hindered others from coming, and persecuted such as did come. At the commencement of this meeting, I felt an uncommon impression to get this Thom Peter into meeting. I took four adult converts, went out in town, and after a short race, caught him, and dragged him into meeting. Soon the altar was prepared, and among others, came Thom Peter. We all then began to pray. And soon, Jesus converted four souls. Among these was Thom Peter, King Thom's oldest son, and old King Suah. O heaven what a shout. Brother Seys left us at 2 o'clock P. M.

To-day is Independance in America; but bless the Lord, who are more Independant than we at Hedddington?

July 7th. Sunday night, 12 o'clock. For two or three days past, I have done but little, excepting to steady the ark, as it voluntarily moved forward. We have prayed, sang, exhorted, and perhaps shouted a little too, that our lungs have been so stiffened and sore, that I thought it presumption to force ourselves further. But we have not let the fire go out, we have kept the brands together, and fanned them up by secret prayer. My wife has been doing what she could, and the Lord has converted eight souls under her arms, since I have been doing nothing.

At 10 o'clock A. M., we met for worship. I preached from 2. Cor. 6-14 to 18. This I explained with all possible clearness, for two hours. I then read the general rules of Discipline, and explained on them another hour. I then invited all who were willing to abide by those rules, to rise up. And twenty-one of those converts were on their feet at once. I then began to ex-

amine them one by one receiving on probation, by a vote of my wife and interpreter, who were already members in full connection. And so we wrote all their names in a book. We then all bowed at the altar at which most of them had been converted, and lifting up our faces, hand, and hearts toward heaven, we poured out our soul to God in thanksgiving, most ardently, for what he had done for us. O heaven! This was the most solemn scene, that ever I witnessed. Their shining faces, and weather-beaten sunburnt bosoms were literally bathed with tears, they wrung, and clapped their hands for joy, they kissed the altar, (a bench) at which they had found mercy while they trembled before the God of Israel. These proceedings set the whole congregation to weeping. And hence as soon as I could bring them to praying order, prepared the altar, and the weeping ones, as many as could come, fell on it, and cried for mercy.

We again raised our hearts to God in prayer; and O, the blessed Jesus, the only true friend of sinners, heard us, reached forth his hand, and in one minute converted thirteen of these poor souls. Never have I seen such a display of God's power before. For by it many of us were smitten as dead men. Some of those natives lay lifeless, and breathless, so long, that we began to be alarmed. But, bless God, after some twenty minutes or more, they came forth shouting and praising Jesus.

This evening, just as I rose up to begin to preach, up jumped one of the thirteen who were converted to-day, and requested me to let him join the church. I laid down my bible, read and explained the general rules of discipline, and by a vote of the Church, received the whole thirteen on probation. I then preached about one hour, invited the mourners to the altar, and after praying about fifteen minutes, God converted six souls more. And after shouting about thirty minutes, these also proposed to join the church, and were all received as the others. Thus in the course of about one week, more than fifty of these poor heathen have found the pearl of great price, became the people of God, and are happy in the love of Jesus.

It is now 2 o'clock at night; and the lower part of my house is full of those happy spirits, leaping and praising God. Yea, all through the town, in every department, there is some one praising Jesus. Why, the whole earth is full of God's glory. The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. Why it seems to me as if triumphant bells of heaven were ringing over our heads, and the first born sons are shouting for joy.

O, I feel as if I shall never want to sleep any more, never be sorrowful any more.

Heaven here, and heaven there,
 Glory flowing everywhere;
 This I boldly can attest,
 For my soul in the feast.

July 8th. This afternoon, while I was in my chamber, meditating on God's great goodness with astonishment, and contemplating his promises and marvellous works on earth, and while the rain was pouring down in torrents, (for it is now in the midst of the rainy season,) I was interrupted by a noise below, in our school room. I listened, and in about one minute the voice of prayer became as the sound of many waters. I went down stairs silently, and soon learned by my interpreter, that two of my boys, John Emory and Geo. Hoag, whom I appointed class leaders yesterday, had been exhorting some strangers who had just come from the Interior, prevailed on them to look God, (as they call it,) lead them to the altar, and after praying, that is, about twenty of them all at once for twenty minutes, most ardently, the Lord converted four of those strangers, who never heard one word of the Gospel before. This effected the converts in town, like throwing fire into powder.

This evening, brother John Emory had his first class meeting, and truly, it was enough to make angels smile and shout for joy.

July 9th. This evening, I preached from 2 Cor., v. : 16, 17. The converts received the word, as Aaron did the oil, which ran down his garments. We had not talked more than three-quarters of an hour, when we were drowned in their shouting and praising Jesus, that we were obliged to sit down. The fact is, they could not hold their peace. Finally, I let them shout till their lungs were wearied out, changed the order of the meeting to prayer, and the Lord converted six souls for himself, and we closed.

July 21. I have been so sick for the last eleven days, that I have not been able to write one word in my journal. Since the 9th inst. I have had six powerful paroxysms of chill and fever, which has wilted my body to almost nothing. But to-day, I am much better. But the work of the Lord has been going on, and thirteen souls more have been converted. At 10 o'clock, A. M., I preached from Phil. 3: 8. King Thom, or Thomas Bascom, as his new name now is, followed me with the most powerful exhortation, which we have had since the reformation began.

This evening I preached from 1 Pet. 2:11 to 16. And God gave me unusual strength of body in performing this service. After preaching over an hour, I gave way for the brethren to exhort. My interpreter had been speaking in the Galoo tongue, and but only about one half of the congregation could understand him, for they were of other tribes. (See note F.) But Brother Bascom arose and immediately slipped into a mighty high strain of the most sublime eloquence, and addressed the queer people in their tongue; so he raised nearly half of my congregation from their seats, on their feet. My interpreter and others, inform-

ed me that Bascom told them, as near as they can recollect, every word of my sermon, verbatim! Immediately after him George Hoag, a young class-leader, arose and addressed the Pessahs in their own tongue, in the style of an orator or apostle. By this time the spirit of the congregation became so high that I expected every moment the Holy Ghost would fall on us bodily. I presume it would had I not changed the order of the meeting to prayer. And even this hardly prevented, for we had not prayed more than five minutes before the Holy Ghost converted ten souls. As soon as I could get them to order, so that I could be heard, I, feeling a strong impression, proposed that next Sabbath we should all go out to King Bango's town and hold meeting there. For one of Bango's sons had been converted in this mighty sweep. King Bango lives about seven miles from us. But Bascom, being well acquainted with the bad dispositions of Bango and King Peter too, who both lived in one town, proposed that we appoint a committee to go and inform those Kings of our design, and that we send them a dash, together with a note from my hand.

We then appointed a committee of three of our most influential brethren, all grand men, to perform this office this morning. We then closed in high spirits. Hallalujah!

July 22. The above mentioned committee have just returned from Bango's and bring us the following intelligence. Say they, we went to Bango's, gave the dash to Bango and Peter, and read the note. (See note G.) But they both soon became as Leopards. They told us they would not have a God palaver in their town. They told us that if they submitted to it their women would become ungovernable, the devil would kill their children. Their slaves would all run away, the elephants would spoil their devil's bush, the snakes would eat up their cattle, and the people of the interior will bring a great war amongst us, and carry us off and sell us for slaves.

And moreover, say the committee, Bango told us his father was a King in hell, and that he, Bango, wanted to go there too, and be with his father. He told us that the devil was his friend, but the American God was an enemy to all country (African;) people, and could not understand their language. He told us that King Thom wanted to get us all into his town, kill him and King Peter take all their women for wives and run off with them. And say the committee, Bango told us to be off in haste or he would flog us a plenty, and if we came there again or any body else on that business, he would kill them, &c.

Now when King Thom and his people heard all this they wept like grieved children. But after I had comforted them awhile, they began to laugh, because two Kings with their five double forces were afraid of us. Our natives concluded that the two

Kings were afraid of them because they had on American frocks. For Brother Seys, a few days since, sent us a good supply of American clothing.

O, what a host of mighty, but foolish superstitions blind the conscience, fetter the judgment, derange the reason, and hide the true light from these poor heathens.

July 27. All things among us are encouraging up to this date. This evening is my regular night for class meeting. My class were all present, and all just as I would desire to have them. They acted as if they were in their highest element. Our little Gentile church now numbers fifty-three living members. Many more have been converted, who live at a distance, and therefore have not joined. Our church is divided into three classes. I have twenty-seven adults. John Emery and Geo. Hoag have twelve in each class, and including themselves, twenty-six, all youths. I appointed these boys class leaders, that I might train them to it from youth.

I am now laying a foundation, and raising up a church of new materials. The great difficulty in which I have been, and over which I have so grievously, frequently, freely, and painfully wept and groaned, that is, to know whether, and how these heathens are to be converted, is past, thank God. That is no longer a mystery. But the next difficulty in which I am involved is, to know what to do with them after they are converted. O, that I had some one to bear, or at least, share in this responsibility. O, my Jesus, do Thou help me!

July 28. Sunday night, 11 o'clock. This has been a blessed day for us. I have preached two sermons to-day, under which we were all refreshed. This evening we have had a prayer meeting, and the promise of the Father was with us. For as I opened meeting by prayer, I had not prayed more than three minutes, when the Holy Ghost rushed upon us so suddenly that more than thirty of us were smitten to the floor, as if lightning had smote us. I was not senseless, but some of them were breathless for fifteen or twenty minutes. But after a perfect silence in the audience for about five minutes, those who were not smitten, perceiving life in me, all began to shout. When those arose from the floor, they raised the flame to the very heavens. Such sublime volleys of praise to God, as these ravished spirits poured forth toward heaven, I never heard or thought of before. Among those who arose from the floor were six new converts, and this was like pouring pure oil on living coals of fire. For after those natives had been converted two hours, they are nearly as animated as I am, at the conversion of one of their fellows. However, they all got such an advantage of me to-night, that I could no more manage them, than I could so many fowls in the air. A

few moments since, they changed their action. At this moment they are all singing :

Blow ye the Trumpet—blow
The gladly solemn sound, &c.

Some sing English, some sing Goloo, some Queer, and others Pessah. Some sing the tune Carmarthan, and others some as near to it as they can, some others have any, or no tune at all. They have nearly all learned the first two verses of the above hymn, and know their meaning better than many learned men in America; and as for their order of singing, O, blessed Jesus, it goes well! Hallelujah! Sing on, ye redeemed of Jesus, sing on! Let the inhabitants shout from the top of the rock! O, sing, ye waste places of the valley, sing! Glory be to Jesus! I'll sing, too. Amen.

August 14. This is the first time I have been able to write since the last date. Five of the severest paroxysms of chill and fever which I have ever had, have come well nigh working me up this time. But the good Lord has brought me forth once more from the door of death. His mercy endureth forever. O, amazing, amazing condescension of Jesus! What skill, what patience, and what power of the Lord! Glory, honor, thanksgiving and praise be cheerfully rendered to Jesus, from all angels, and all men, in all heaven and earth, for ever and ever. O, my dear people shall now rejoice; yea, they do rejoice. I cared not one whit for death, only for my people, for I knew not whose hands they might fall into. And these are the greatest travel of my soul. And no doubt but my recovery is exclusively in answer to their fervent prayers in my behalf. Glory to God!

Sept. 8th. Behold how good and pleasant it is, for brethren to dwell together in unity. And our dear brethren in this place, truly love one another more and more daily. So that it does not seem to me that I am in a heathen country. Let us sum up the matter, and declare it. When I first came to this place it resembled Tophet of old. The people were all sunken down into Iniquity. The men were clothed with a strip of country cloth, eight inches wide, and one and two-fourths yard long tied around their waist, or loins, and nothing more. The women wore a piece of dirty inferior cloth, about three-fourths yard square, as a little apron, tied around their waist, but nothing more; except when they go into the American settlements, they cast a country blanket around them. Every individual from eight years old and upward, all had their god tied around their neck, hanging down on one side their breast, and their knife on the other. Their great, town God, (a rock, see note, 2d.) hung up in the rear of the palaver house, and their watch Gods at the mouth of every inlet of the town. They were like sluggards in the day time, and in the

night, as wolves howling in a strange land. Dark, lost, not a star to guide, not a fragment of record, excepting a few sticks, notched, to keep the memory of battles fought, of the number of people in certain territories, and the age of some of royalists. Murder, rapery, treason, arson, theft, plunder and finally all that belonged to the train were their glory.

But how is it now! has there been any improvement made? Yes, verily. For now about sixty of our towns people, whom I found nearly naked, five months ago, are now as well clothed as the Americans in general in their settlements. They have also learned broken English, so that I can converse with them on several subjects to considerable extent. When I first came here I was the only praying person in town; the only soul who made any motion toward God; the hosts around me all paid homage directly, and designedly to the devil and their idols. But now, every morning at family prayer, we number sixty-five praying souls, all breathing out glory to Jesus. And at evening it is the same: And I may call on any one of this number when I please, and he, or she is ready to pray. This procedure makes all one family in Christ Jesus. And beside all this, even our town fully resembles that of a camp-meeting, night and morning. For after our general services, all these go directly to their houses, and immediately, particular family prayer is heard from more than twenty houses, at once.

King Thom, or Thomas Bascom, has been licensed to exhort, and a more active, ingenious man I never knew. He speaks in great boldness and demonstration, and there is no end to his talking. He speaks in different tongues, and broken English too.

Simon Peter, formerly called Thom Peter, (once a very bad man,) was licensed yesterday, to exhort in the M. E. Church. And it is my most sanguine conviction that God has called him to the ministry, and to be a St. Paul to this great nation. No doubt but he is especially, already anointed to preach the gospel. And were it not for the ill health of my wife, I might say, "every thing is exceedingly encouraging."

Sept. 14. We are all in excellent health, except my wife, and she is quite sick. She has probably overdone in this reformation, in consequence of so much continual fatigue, day and night. I have frequently admonished her, but to no effect; and I fear she has the dropsy gathering upon her.

My house family now consists of 31 persons. I buy nearly all their provisions of the natives, little by little, which requires much time. I spend six hours in school per day, and three hours on the farm, learning the boys to work. And excepting my school hours, I am perpetually thronged from morning to night, with a train of natives. And having either a meeting or school

every night till a late hour, I get but little time to write or sleep. Still I have to write down all the temporal affairs of the Mission.

Sept. 21. Saturday night, 11 o'clock. I got so happy in class meeting to-night, that I cannot go to bed till I write a few lines, in token of my gratitude to God for what he has done for us. For truly, I have had the richest class meeting to-night, that I have ever had at Heddington, or any where else. For we have just closed our first general class meeting. O what a heaven it was, and still is. At the close of meeting, we reckoned up twenty-one souls converted this week in my house. O, glory, glory be to God alone. Amen.

But my wife is still failing, and I fear I shall lose her.

Sept. 22. Sunday night, 12 o'clock. Another glorious day and night for us. We have spent all the day diligently, preparing and strengthening each others hands by prayer, exhortation, talking of faith, &c., &c., that we might be ready for the services of the evening. For yesterday, a large number of natives came from the far interior, loaded with rice, palm oil, sheep, chickens, &c., to sell to me. But Brother Bascom took me one side, and told me not to buy till near night, and then he would command them to remain in town until Monday morning. And this we did, to draw them into the gospel net. Bascom and Simon Peter said they were very wild, and therefore we had better let them remain in town through the day to tame them a little, and then at night bring them into meeting. So we had abundance of arrangements to make, because they were wild.

And this evening, our Brethren brought thirteen of them into meeting, to hear the word of the Lord. I preached from Eph. 2: 12 to 18. I preached two hours and three-quarters, directly applying my discourse to those strangers. Simon Peter is now my main interpreter, and who looked them fair in the face, and pointed to their right eye. After I had gone through, I gave way to Simon. Simon now showed us all what he was, and what he is destined to be—a Moses to this nation. O, how he looked; and never man spake so before. His face shone through a flood of tears, as the face of an angel. Nor have I seen so much weeping at once, in all this reformation. Bascom then followed Simon in the same apostolic strain for another half hour. By this time the strangers were weeping, and smiting their breasts, and saying, "O my heart hurts me, my heart hurts me."

We then sanctified our altar by prayer, explained its design to the strangers, and helped the poor trembling creatures unto it. But they were not able to sustain themselves, even on their knees, and four of them became breathless before we began to pray. More than fifty of our converts now all began to pray at once. Nor did one of us stop praying, till the Lord had converted ten of these wild men, who jumped and leaped upon us, so that we

were obliged to leave the altar to prevent broken bones. To the ever blessed Jesus be all the glory and honor, forevermore. And here I remark; that it may be asked of our brethren in America and elsewhere, how we can know, or how we dare judge when these natives pretend they are converted, that it is so? Well, brethren, suffer us to ask you one question, and then while you are cogitating an answer, we will tell you how we dare judge in this matter. How do ye judge, when you report that thirty men were converted in this meeting, and eighteen in that? Now we judge thus: First, our people are all heathen; not only ignorant of, but haters of God and religion. (See note J.) They will part with life before they will their idol; they are not in the habit of seeing others converted; they know it is death to embrace any other religion but their own. (See note K.)

But when we begin to preach to them they are trifling; as we advance, they become sober and interested; we advance, and they begin to sigh, deeper and deeper; then the perspiration begins to roll freely—the tears flow—they all tremble like Belshazzar—they groan. We lead them to the altar—we pray God for pardon; then they leap—they shout, glory—immediately throw away their idols—betray the devil—praise Jesus to the top notch, for a new heart. Then we pronounce them converted. Hallelujah.

October 1. Alas! Alas! Alas!

How short a race our love has run,
Cut off in opening bloom;
Our course but yesterday began,
Now ended in the tomb.

In the most crushing affliction I set on the stool of sorrow, and weeping, dip my clumsy pen in the bitterness and cruelty of death, which this day shivered the tenderest, vital, sensible cords of my aching heart.

My dear wife is no more!

The most of our business has been suspended for the last eight days in consequence of the illness of my wife. For she has been gradually failing all the while. Dr. W. H. Taylor has been attentive ever since she was taken, and I presume did his best, but all in van. The dropsy flowed so violently, he could not even check it. Yesterday I discovered that the rapid increase and power of the disease was likely to gain the victory. Last night about 12 o'clock as I sat by her bed-side she spake to me and said: Husband I should like to get a long breath or two that I might talk some with you. I raised her up, and happily, she breathed easier than she had for three days. Then said she, my dear husband, do you think I shall get well again? I said yes, I hope so: for I was now much encouraged at her ease and renewed strength. Then she said, husband let me kiss you for

the last time, for before eight o'clock to-morrow morning my body will be a corpse. But I believed not that I pressed my lips to her pale brow for the last time! I then asked her what she meant by saying the last time, and by being a corpse by eight o'clock to-morrow morning? She answered: Husband do you not know it to be the last time? and why are you so backward in owning that I shall be a corpse before eight o'clock to-morrow morning? You and Dr. Taylor, said she, seem to be afraid of frightening me, by telling me, what we all know to be a fact. I then asked her if she was willing to die and leave me here in the wilderness alone? Said she, husband, the will of the Lord be done; for I shall never be any better prepared for death than I am now; for I feel no fear of death, nor any fear after it, for I know that for me to die is gain. But while she saw me weep she said, dear husband, do not weep nor grieve for me to hinder my going, for I shall soon embrace you in a happier world than this. Only do you be faithful until death. You are, said she, to pass through many fiery trials before we meet again, but God will give you victory in the end. I tried to prevent her talking so much, lest it weary her, but she heeded not. Thus by bracing her up on my bosom, she beliberately talked till daybreak. And about this time she began to vomit; and in about fifteen minutes she hove up three pints of water, which was as black as ink. Immediately after this, she appeared in perfect ease, and rolled up her languid eyes toward heaven, and said, Come, Lord Jesus, I am now ready. At seven o'clock her Aunt Wilson, whom I sent for last night, came in from White Plains. When my wife saw her come in, she said with a cheering smile, good morning aunt. Have you come to see go? I then put my fingers on her pulseless wrist, saw the cold drops rolling down her pale temples; I trembled and left the room. I went immediately into the old thatch house, threw myself on the ground, and began to prepare myself to meet the dreadful shock with firmness! In the mean time Aunt Wilson raised up Nancy's head to give rest from one position, when Nancy exclaimed, saying, Aunt are you lifting me up? Up where said Aunt Wilson? Up to heaven said Nancy. And in the same instant, as a flash, her sanctified soul darted up to the paradise of God. She dropped into Aunt Wilson's hands without a groan or gasp! She never flinched once at the change nor moved a finger or toe, nor even a lip nor eyelid! But all this time, I was thinking how I could stand the test in case my wife should die and leave me alone, under my circumstances.

My mind at this time was all in separate parts before me. Perhaps I could not have been in a more unfavorable state to meet such a stroke than when all at once, I heard Aunt Wilson cry out saying, where is Brother Brown? for Nancy is dead. I sprang into the room, but Nancy was gone. I raised up her head, I called

her again and again, but she answered me not. Her swift winged spirit had already lodged in glory, and her flaming tongue was in too high employment to answer poor me.

Ever since I dreamed of fighting the lions, Nancy has been firmly of the opinion that she should die first and leave me to fight alone. Immediately after that she selected the spot for her own burial. And behold, her corpse is now before me! O, alas, alas, what shall I do! O, what can I do! O God of my fathers must I give her up?

Oct. 2. Wednesday night, 9 o'clock. At 11 o'clock, A. M., Brother W. H. Taylor prayed with us; and after a few remarks led a large procession of us to the grave, where they buried my dear companion out of my sight. O, the bitterness of my poor bereaved soul, and the pangs of my mangled heart. For seven months she has been wrapping her affections around my heart, so that we were of but one heart. But death, what hast thou done? May God remember thee and swallow thee up for this. O my soul, how gloomy is everything around us. O how totally friendless I am now. O miserable world! Prosperity, adversity, friends and enemies, sickness and health, are all alike to me now. I have nothing more to choose. I have none to comfort me now, nor do I wish any. My whole nature has become only sorrow, misery, distraction and the like. O wretched, wretched me.

October 4. Friday morning, 4 o'clock. I have been laboring all this sleepless night, trying to gather up, if possible, some broken fragments of my disorganized, disordered mind. But I had but poor success, till I resorted to the book of God. I have been reading Job. 5:17 to 27, and Heb. 12:1 to 15. And while reflecting on them, I am enabled to say that it is possible, behind a frowning Providence, there may be a smiling face. Who can tell!

I am in affliction's chastening school.
I many lessons read;
But till my crimson blood is cool,
I shall lament the dead.

Who knows the strength of kindred ties,
That twine around the heart?
I've learned them from the throbs which rise
When I with mine did part.

When I review life's gilded morn,
And trace each golden hour,
I find within each rose a thorn,
A sting in every flower.

October 13. I feel it my duty to God to write an acknowledgment of His great goodness, power, and affectionate care over my

poor soul and body, in saving me from entire destruction, in the sore and dangerous trials through which I have passed in the last two weeks. My feet were well-nigh slipped. For satan all but prevailed o'er me four times, to put an end to my life, for the loss of my companion. I do devoutly thank God, my blessed redeemer, that for the last twenty-four hours, I have felt a complete victory over this fearful temptation. Yea, I know that my Redeemer liveth, and though He hath wounded me severely, yet His balm is healing to my soul. Yea, I can say more than this: The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be His holy name. O, who will help me to praise the Lord, that it is so well with me? O, I tremble to think on my temptations! Is it possible that I should come so near to yielding? Surely, I have escaped as a fish from the net, and a bird from the fowler.

October 19. Saturday night, 11 o'clock. A happy evening, too. Last Thursday night I divided my class, and gave one-half of them to Thomas Seys, whom I appointed leader the same night. Seys met his class last night; but as it was the first time, he would not permit one of us to come in, only his class of twenty-eight members. We found out yesterday, that Seys was afraid he would act awkward, and some of us would laugh at him. Whatever bodily motions they made, we know not; but their words and spirits were truly heavenly. For we were in rooms adjoining them, listening to every word, and even the overflowing of their cups, filled us eave-droppers, and we could not refrain from shouting. The very idea that those were all natives, a few weeks ago, offering sacrifice to the devil, and now to see them thus organized, and hear them thus declare their love to Jesus, and the operations of the Holy Ghost in them, were quite enough for me. In the very outset, their leader prayed like a Solomon. He then introduced himself to his class in a sublime, but humble manner. He first told them that Daddy Brown was God's first head man, and that God told him what he must do. And, said he, God told Brown, and Brown told me, that I must be your leader. But, said he, I am not fit for this great work. And, unless you promise me strong, that you will mind me, and pray God for me twice a day, I shall go and tell Brown I cannot be your leader. At this they all responded, as the Children of Israel to Moses.

But, to-night my class met. But Seys took the advantage of us; for just before we met, Seys took all his class into the room and stowed them away in one corner. As soon as we commenced our class meeting, they all knelt down, and remained on their knees till our meeting closed. And this was the best class meeting that ever I attended.

"I need not go abroad for joys—I have a feast at home;
My sighs are turned into songs—the Comforter is come."

October 20. Sunday night 11 o'clock, glory to Jesus. At 10 o'clock A. M. I preached from, Isaiah 40:1 to 6. After I had preached half an hour, I gave way for exhortation. And as brother Simon, my interpreter remained on his feet, and just ready to open his mouth, Bascom arose and began to dispute with Simon, who should speak first. Bascom said he was full, and must speak: No said Simon, I am more than full, and running over already, and have been for some time, and if I do not speak now, all this good palaver will be wasted. And so Simon went on in the flame of overwhelming exhortation, till Bascom began to run over too. And when he saw he could not get Simon down, nor shout him down, he down on his knees and began to pray. In the midst of all this, the sinners began to weep and tremble, and fall from their seats. At this, my three class leaders arose and dragged the slain to the altar. The church gathered around them and began to pray. And when Simon found himself drowned in prayer, he dropped down and prayed also. And after praying nearly half an hour, about fifty of them at once with one voice, their circle was broken by the leaping of eight souls, just now born into the kingdom of Jesus. What says one; in such a confusion as that? No confusion here sir; or God would not have converted these souls. But says another, I rather doubt the reality of such conversion! Well, doubt you may, but if you had stood just without the window, through which they threw their idols, and have met the force of them in your unbelieving face, (as Dowahdad did) you would no longer doubt their conversion, any more than I do. O that millions were converted in the same way.

October 21. Monday night, 10 o'clock. I have just returned from the class room, where my boys, Emery and Hoag met their classes. O how sweet and heavenly it was. Here were two leaders with twelve members each not one of them over sixteen years old, nor under eight, surely, this is a garden closed. The camphire, spikenard, saffron, cinnamon, frankincense, myrrh, and spice, all perfume, and sweeten the very air.

October 27. Sunday night, 10 o'clock, I commenced at 10 A. M. and have spent the whole day, re-organizing, and working in our sabbath school. For since the reformation began, our sabbath school has been suspended. And it was only for the eagerness of the people to learn, that we have spent the whole of this day in school. Our day school is in a prosperous condition.

November 4. Monday night 10 o'clock. Our first quarterly meeting for this station took place last Saturday. Brother Seys presided in good health and spirits. After preaching on Saturday, about forty persons were baptised, and four couple married.

On Sunday morning, our love feast was truly heavenly. Our preaching was animating, and in demonstration. But above all, the Lord's supper, undoubtedly, exceeded all that ever any of us beheld before. And what still increased the glory and interest of it was, that, here was Rev. John Seys, his wife, Mrs. Ann Wilkens, brother W. P. Lane, and Mr. Buston, all white People; and eight or ten colonists, who thought they were white, all at the same time and in the same place, filling the number to about eighty communicants; all commemorating the dying of the Lord Jesus together. And be assured, Jesus was in our midst, and I only need to confess that he fully revealed himself in all our souls. Every step and motion in this meeting was new and interesting. New, because the natives never saw any of those ordinances before; nor did the Americans ever see their ordinances administered to a church so recently brought from heathenism, and on heathen soil too, before. The natives were interested, to watch the friendship, and mark the fellowship of those Americans; and the Americans were still more interested, to mark the deportment of these natives, that they might decide, whether, of these stones, God had indeed raised up children unto Abraham, or not.

We were under the necessity of holding our meeting in the old palaver house, and that being so crowded, that only four souls were converted for want of room. Yes, and our quarterly conference was interesting too. Here we held the first quarterly conference, of these sons of the forest, with Rev. John Seys in the Chair. Nov. 2d 1839.

First: Who are the members?

Geo. S. Brown, Preacher in Charge.

Thomas Bascom and Simon Peter—Exhorters.

John Emory, George Hoag, and Thomas Seys—Class Leaders.

Second: Any complaints? None, sir.

Third: Any appeals? None, sir.

We were then all personally examined, and all returned, safe and sound, &c., &c.

Well, to God alone be all the glory. Amen.

And, moreover, last Thursday I set twelve men to work, getting out timber for a new framed church, in which to worship God.

Dec. 4. I have been confined to my house, most of the time, for four weeks, so that I have not been able to attend to any kind of business at all. I was first overtaken by the chill and fever, and had eight paroxysms in five days. This brought me extremely low again. In this extremity, Dr. Taylor attempted to give me quinine to break my fever, which, after taking four doses, I found to be calomel; and having exposed myself to air and water, it did not agree with me at all. And this salivation reduced what little strength the fever left, to just nothing.

Last Saturday morning I found myself some better, so that I left my chamber, and with a little help, got down into the school-room again. But this soon threw me into another chill, and the brethren carried me up to my room again. This attack was so violent, that by 10 o'clock, P. M., all the natives, and my family too, thought I was dying. At this time my pain was beyond all description. But in the midst of all the distress, about a dozen native women assembled in the palaver house, and prayed so loud and ardent for me, they were heard from every room in my house, till all at once, quick as a flash, my entire distress all left me, and I was perfectly easy. I immediately raised up, got off the bed, and stood on my feet. I told those around, that God had heard prayer, and not only banished all my pain, but miraculously strengthened me. Those native women had been praying about ten minutes, exclusively for my recovery. Nor did they pray more than one minute after I felt the change. And my health has been increasing rapidly ever since. The next morning I walked to the palaver house, and walked back again. This circumstance has had a favorable influence on our whole church. But to God be all the glory.

Dec. 8. For one week past, my people have been much disturbed at the general alarm of war. King Gatumbah, a Day King, who lives about fifty miles north-east of us, has killed two of our Americans, and threatens to kill more, and carry off Hed-dington also. And because he cannot be brought to justice otherwise, His Excellency, Gov. T. Buchanan, is determined to bring him by force. Hence all the militia at Monrovia, New Georgia, Caldwell, Millsburgh, and hosts of natives in this region, are now met at Millsburgh, to carry war into the interior. We have only three of our brethren left in town, except my boys.

Dec. 10. The excitement of war has become so high, that I have been persuaded by my friends to fortify the mission house with arms. Hence, I wrote to my superintendent this morning, who immediately informed the Governor, and his Excellency has just sent us six new muskets, and one hundred ready made cartridges. So, if we can make the enemy find it out, there will be no danger of an attack.

Dec. 15.—Sunday night, 11 o'clock. Times are becoming more favorable. His Excellency has abandoned his contemplated siege, and all my people have returned home, safe. Yea, and we bless the Lord for that.

This morning we numbered fifty-one in Sabbath school, and their ambition for learning exceeded all I ever saw before. We spent two hours in Sabbath School. At 12 o'clock our school-room was crowded with worshippers. After preaching, we received eleven converts on trial, and twenty-five in full connection. This evening we had a most glorious prayer meeting indeed. All goes well, up to this date.

Dec. 28. Saturday night, 11 o'clock. Nothing remarkable has transpired since the last date. Several souls have been converted, but I have no time to write down the circumstances. We have certainly had the best general class meeting to-night we have ever had. I have never seen any converts in any place, who held out equal to those at Heddington. This is the seventh month, and only two have been dropped, and they for working on the Sabbath, gathering rice. Our carpenters, who left us to go to war, have returned, and are working out timber finely. All is well, so far.

January 8, 1840. I have now closed up all my affairs of the past year, and in about one hour, I start for Monrovia to meet the Annual Conference. I have had a laborious, fatiguing year, but a happy one indeed. I have had temptations, long and high, dangerous, fearful and mighty; with trials, deep and wide, sorrowful, crucifying and vital. But God hath brought me through all of them safe, and made me more than conqueror through Jesus. True, I have lost a beloved companion in the siege, my blood has often been benumbed in my veins, and my temples and brains have been burned with fever. But what is all this expense, in comparison to the mighty victory won? Nay, should I be called to lay down my own life to retain our present position, I would do it freely. O, what great things God hath done for us among the heathen! Yea, what I have seen the last year, is more than all I ever saw in my life before. When I came here, last March, this whole town was directly under the influence of satan, wholly under the most palpable idolitry. I now go to Conference, but I leave a church of seventy well tried members, all within one stone's throw of the Mission house; and as many converts scattered through the interior, who have not joined church. I leave two worthy, flaming exhorters to oversee the church in my absence, and under them, three faithful leaders. All is well, up to the present date. And now, unto Almighty God, my heavenly father; to Jesus, my ever blessed savior; and to the Holy Ghost, my Almighty comforter and sanctifier, be all the glory, honor, praise, and thanks, from everlasting to everlasting! Amen. Hallelujah!

GEO. S. BROWN.

Jan. 9. At Monrovia for Annual Conference. I left Heddington yesterday at six o'clock, A. M., and arrived here at eleven. And I being one of the Examining Committee, I met the preachers the same afternoon for that purpose. And it was truly astonishing to me, to hear such answers as they gave us, when we asked them questions. Two or three of them answered quite correctly, on Arithmetic, and that was nearly all. I presume I asked fifty questions, and then had to answer all of them myself, excepting four. Conference met at 9 o'clock, this A. M., with Rev. Jno. Seys in the chair.

Jan. 10. Conference commenced yesterday morning. But we had not proceeded far, before we found ourselves entangled with many difficulties. For the Conference soon became so confused that I could not tell what they were doing, nor see where they were going. I held an open discipline in my hand; but to me their proceedings looked like the proceedings of a body of men organizing a new church, to a new divinity, with new ordinances, new government, and new laws. For the discipline of the M. E. Church is no more a guide for them than any other book. They legislate and make new laws, legislate and reject old laws, just as it happens to suit their accommodation. I contended for discipline rules, till the president told me that if I did not stop contending for discipline rules, he would turn me out of Conference. And so I stopped contending, and held my peace all through Conference.

Jan. 14. Conference closed at 2 o'clock, P. M. The appointments were read off, and I was sent back to Heddington again. If ever I was surprised at the actions of men, I am still surprised at the actions of the ministers of this Conference. Such harsh expressions, boisterous speeches, boyish objections, variance and twisting, I never heard before among ministers.

Jan. 16. I have just returned from Monrovia to Heddington, and find my family all well. I bless the Lord for this.

I have been gone only eight days, and in my absence my carpenters have finished our church.

Jan. 30. I have been down again with chill and fever for the last twelve days, so that I have not been able to do any business since, till to-day. But Brother Simon and my boys have been laboring, and fifteen souls have been converted since I have been sick. O glory to Jesus for that. Bless the Lord. My carpenters have finished our church, and Brother Seys is to dedicate it next Sabbath.

When we built our house, my carpenters went into the Devil's Bush to cut a stick of timber; but King Thom came and drove them out. At that time, no doubt, King Thom would have fought till he died, (as he told us a few days since,) rather than to have had one stick of timber cut in the Devil's Bush. But when we commenced building our church, Thom came to me and asked me, if "their old devil palaver had injured the timber in the Devil's Bush, for building the church?" I told him, "no; it was more acceptable than any other." Then Thom turned to my carpenters, and said—"Come, I go show you fine stick for make we God house." So Thom took them all into the Devil's Bush. There he inquired for the best axe, took it, and after striking a few blows at the root of a tall, slim tree, "come," said he, "this Devil's Bush must all be cut down one time, (immediately.) I can't pray God again," said Thom, "till all this Devil's Bush is

cut down. Cut him down—cut him all down—cut him down—cut him fine—cut him close,” said Thom; “pray God for help, we cut him one time, one time.” This beautiful grove is not more than seventy rods from our house. And all of two-thirds of the timber for our church came out of the Devil’s Bush.

O that the gospel may soon root up every Devil’s Bush in Africa. The gospel only, can do it.

February 3. Monday A. M., 5 o’clock. Our long desired and greatly needed church, was dedicated to the worship of Almighty God, yesterday, at 10 o’clock, A. M., by Rev. John Seys.

This dedication was in connection with our second Quarterly Meeting for this station. Our Quarterly Conference on Saturday was truly interesting. Brother Thomas Bascom, and Brother S. Peter, exhorters; Brothers Emory, Hoag and Seys, class leaders, all pass without one word of reproof, because they needed none.

To say, ali in a word, our entire services on the Sabbath was heavenly and divine. God was in the whole of it. In the evening, Jesus converted three souls, and among them was King Zoda Quee, the King of Robertsville. O my mighty Jesus, do thou make Heddington a Jerusalem for all Africa. Hallelujah.

Feb. 6. Brother Simon Peter is very sick, even at the point of death—I greatly fear I shall lose him. But all business in the town is suspended for the day, and the whole church are in ardent prayer to God for Simon’s recovery. Sister Martha Harris, my assistant school teacher, has, and is giving her whole time to wait on him, day and night. O Lord, do thou spare him.

Feb. 7. Glory be to Elijah’s God, who heareth and answereth prayer as in old times. Brother Simon Peter, who for three days has laid at death’s door, and for whom we have all labored so mightily in prayer, is now setting in the old palaver house comfortable, studying his spelling book. Undoubtedly, this favor is directly in answer to prayer. And to God alone be all the praise and glory!

Feb. 9. Sunday night 11 o’clock. O what a blessed Sabbath this has been for us. I have preached two sermons, received nine persons on trial, six in full connection, baptised seven adults and three children. O bless the Lord, how the spirit and love of Jesus has teemed in our midst all the day. For when high heaven saw those six tall war men bow to the universal command, and saw those weeping mothers, all trembling, giving up their infants in holy baptism, she opened her fullest treasures upon us which melted us all into glorious, overflowing happiness. Even insomuch as, that some of the sinners asked me to baptise them also. The dear children of God became so happy, that they went on from heighth to heighth, till at last they all broke forth with one accord in a most triumphant praise to God for the blessing of our new Chapel. And another such a laudable boasting I

never heard. Their boasting was on this wise: The act of those mothers in giving up their little children to God in baptism brought to mind their former practice of giving their children to the devil in the devil's bush, where they used to sacrifice their children to Moloch, is now converted into a temple of the living, true God, and in it, they now give up their children to Jesus. For nearly all the timber in our church grew in the devil's bush. And this occurred so forcibly to their minds to-day, that they were transported to heaven at the idea. And this was their triumph! They mocked the devil down to the nethermost hell, but exalted Jesus to the topless throne! O, hallalujah!

Feb. 15. Saturday night, 11 o'clock.

The Lord into his garden come,
The spices yield a rich perfume,
The lillies grow and thrive.

Last night Brother Thomas Sey's class met in the Chapel, and I went in and sat down as a spectator. The leader prayed in the Galoo tongue, (for his class are all Galoo people,) but with Apostolic fervency. Then they all in tears sang one verse,

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed, &c.

They sang, to appearance, as if the Saviour was literally before their eyes. I never was so shocked by any singing before. They then proceeded as usual, and the holy fire burned! O how I did and still wish there had been a dozen old Methodist preachers there to see the bush burn. Why, it was just like heaven.

This evening I met my class, and truly it was the richest time I ever experienced. My forty members were all present, and the blessed Jesus in the midst. Its commencement was glorious, its middle was paradistical; but for me, we had the best of the wine at the last of the feast. For after all had spoken of the goodness of God in redemption, and of their love to Him for redeeming their souls, they could not forget His benevolence in building us a house of worship. Then I arose and immediately improved the favorable opportunity of telling them of all the means, process, why and wherefore the house was built. I then gave way to Brother Bascom, who had been on his feet about ten minutes waiting for an opportunity to speak. Then Bascom addressed the church as follows, (for the other three classes were present as spectators.) My dear brethren, You see God's path in which he came to us; He came to big America first; He blessed those American people and made them love every body, as we do. Only I know not how those white Americans came to love us poor wicked country people so much. True, said he, we love every body because every body else are better than we are. And if those Americans, said he, love us so warmly, then how ought we to love them. Come now, said he, let us all get Brown to make

a book (write a letter,) of all our thanks and send it to big America, and tell all those people how glad and thankful we are for this great gospel which they have sent us, and especially for this great God-house. And Bascom repeated this in two or three tongues that all might understand it. Then, said he, we have not got anything to send to those American people, but we can all do something toward sending this good gospel into the interior, and so many of you as are willing to do what you can to send the gospel to all our people, all rise up and let us see who you are. At this, every one in the house arose at once. One said, I have but one sheep, I will give him. Said another, I have but two chickens, and will give them. A third said, suppose you find anything in my house which will help God's palaver into the country, go and take it every bit. But others said, I have not one thing to give, but I can go myself and tell the country people what Jesus has done for my soul, and tell them to seek God too and be happy, &c.

Now, I like the proposition last made, better than all the rest. O that God would scatter these converts in all directions, and make the wilderness glad for them. O Lord, spread the heavenly light.

Feb. 16. Sunday night, 10 o'clock.

Sweet is the work, my God my King,
To praise thy name give thanks and sing!

At 10 o'clock, A. M., we had forty-two scholars in Sabbath school, all filled with animation and interest, by which I was renewedly encouraged. The scholars would not consent to a close till they had kept up on the drill two and a half hours. Immediately after school Sister M. Harris having organized a female prayer meeting a few days since, met her associates in a class room in the church for that purpose. And in not more than five minutes after Sabbath school had closed, the voice of prayer was heard, louder and louder, till in a few minutes the flame seemed to join on to heaven. At this, Geo. Hoag said to the others of my boys, What thing is this we are doing to hark here and hear those women pray? Come, said he, let all we go into the woods and pray too. So they went about thirty rods from the house and commenced a prayer in the woods, and some how or rather they ran into the spirit at once. At this, Brother J. Seys, who loved to pray as well as any body else, called the male members of his class together at his own house and said to them: Suppose we do not all pray God-strong (in faith,) this time, then all those praying women and those praying boys will all get blessed, get the start of us, and then when we go into prayer meeting or class meeting our hearts will be so cold we shall be ashamed too much. So Seys and his class began to pray, and the Holy Ghost seemed

to pour his spirit upon them ; and which of the three fires were the hottest, I could not decide. For I, being in the centre of the three, thought I was in a gospel furnace sure enough. And these flaming ones became so engaged in prayer that they forgot our 1 o'clock preaching till 2 o'clock. I then preached to them on the duty of keeping the Sabbath ; after which I baptised four children and thirteen adults. This evening I preached a Missionary sermon, had a blessed prayer meeting and the Lord converted two souls. O bless the Lord all heaven and earth.

Feb. 23. Sunday 10 o'clock, A. M. Yesterday morning nearly all my people left town and went out to Robertsville to a Quarterly-meeting. Robertsville is four miles from us. And I am informed that they worked well till about 4 o'clock P. M. For at this time they all gathered together for coming home. The Presiding Elder and all the brethren at that place, said all they could to persuade them to remain over night, but in vain. They had not said anything to me about staying over night nor I to them, nor had I any expectation of their returning till to-night. But they were not to forget our general family worship nor their class meeting, for we have a general class meeting once in four weeks, and last night was the regular night. Our meeting last night was glorious.

This morning, after family prayer, they all went back to Robertsville. And because my hired girl gets but little privilege at our own quarterly meetings, I remain at home, and all the rest are gone to meeting.

And as this is a convenient time, I proposed to enlarge a little on some of the above statements. For I get but very little time to write, all I desire to write. But it may be asked, why I write at all? And much more, why I write so particular as I do, on certain, or on the same points? And here let me answer: First, because my work is still an experiment, at least, to the general church to whom I am in part responsible. And as this is the first of the kind, and God having proceeded as he has in raising up a new church here, I feel it my duty to give as full a description of its foundation as possible.

For instance; it has already been reported, both by colonists, natives, and even by some of our missionaries, that those natives whom we report as such, are not converted: It is also reported, by some of our enemies, that these natives make a profession, only for the sake of obtaining money from us. Probably, they have erroneously imagined this from two circumstances, First when strangers come in to visit us, they see the most of our people decently clothed, and some of them have occasionally a few leaves of tobacco to trade with.

But how do they get those articles? Why as follows: First, brother Seys, the superintendent of the mission, receives clothing

form America for this very purpose, sends a certain quantity to me, and directs me to give them to the natives of our town. So I deal them out to any of our people who will consent to wear them, whether they are converted or not. And all who are converted readily consent to wear them; but it is very rare that we can persuade any one to wear American clothing till they, or he is converted: and to such I do not give. And hence, some who wish occasion to reproach us, and envy the work of God, when they see the christians clothed, and in their right mind, and living comfortable, they say, these people serve God for money.

But, secondly; where do they get their other articles? I answer; They work and buy them. And truly, this is one effect of the gospel; yea, I do give them the gospel freely, but nothing more; excepting to the sick, and to the starving, and this I will do still. But there is another circumstance, which the ungodly are casting into our teeth: That is we are sometimes imposed upon by these natives: For it is true, we have had two or three instances, wherein some of those natives would come to our altar, and try to mimic the true penitent; they would whine, and would tremble; and by and by they would jump as high as the true convert. But is there any possibility of our being deceived in any case of this kind? by no means. For they have not shed one tear yet, as every true penitent has; neither has the perspiration rolled in big drops down his temples, nor did he pray the prayer of repentance as the true penitent; and although he told us, he had got American religion, yet he could not tell us any more about it. He was still totally ignorant of a change of heart as a brute, and unanimated as a dry tree. Neither will they give up their griggree voluntarily as all the true converts do: And such will turn right around, and say, "daddy! I be godman, I beg you, give me money." But not one whom we have ever pronounced as being converted, have ever asked, or gave us the least hint of any such thing. And we have had two such instances, and no doubt but we shall have many more, if the true work of the gospel goes as it has done, so far. But I ask; is it a strange thing in civilized America, to see the devil work thus in times of revivals? By no means. But do they throw away all their converts because one or two infidels imposed on them? O no. With regard to the genuineness of this work, I refer the reader to document 1. (read preface).

Feb. 26. Wednesday night, 10 o'clock. Last night, we had a most powerful prayer meeting, in which four souls were converted. At the close of meeting, I felt impressed to tell the brethren, that the next morning, I was going to see King's Bango, and Peter, who both lived in one town, and make one more attempt to get the gospel into their town. At this proposal, many objections were made, because, that at the last attempt we

made, Bango threatened to kill us, if we made another attempt. But when they saw I was bent on going, they all said amen. We then all knelt down, and prayed to God fervently for protection and success in the dangerous enterprise.

This morning at 9 o'clock, I took Simon Peter and Rufus Spaulding for interpreters, twelve barrels tobacco, and eight yards of shirting for a dash, (present) and away we went to see the two kings. As soon as we arrived, I told the kings that I had a little palaver for them, and if they would let me tell them, I would give them a dash. For I knew it was a universal custom among them, to hear any message whatever, on condition of a present, and taking, or laying the hand on their feet. So they accepted the dash, and we told them our business. That is, we told them that we wanted to come there the next Sabbath, and hold meeting in their town. But they rigidly objected to it, and offered us our dash back again. But we were determined not to receive the dash till we had told them something more of the consequences of rejecting us. So I and my colleagues walked up to the kings, and squeezed their feet in our hands. Then Simon and I waxed bold, and told them that the American God had sent us, and that if they were determined to reject our message, they must expect to receive all the woes which God had pronounced on all cities and villages, people and nations, who reject the gospel. And when we pronounced those threatenings, and expostulated with them, they both trembled just like Felix. Finally, Bango arose in the midst of it, told me to sit down, and he and King Peter would go aside and talk the palaver to themselves. As soon as they had left us, Simon blamed and reproved me sharply; for, said he, if we had talked ten minutes longer God would have converted them both, and the palaver been let. But after about one hour, the kings returned, still trembling, and told us that if it was true that the American God was going to make a palaver about it, we might have their town next Sabbath, but no longer. Then we left them, and returned in good spirits. My people are praising God all over the town, for the prospect of carrying the gospel to Bango's.

Feb. 29. Saturday night, 12 o'clock. This morning I sent to Robertsville, and invited King Zoda Quee and his brethren to come over and help us carry war (as we called the gospel) to King Bango's town. We have been making preparations all this day, for the campaign, and are ready for a march to-morrow morning. The natives call our anticipated enterprise to Bango's a war; first, because Bango threatened not long since to kill us as he kills war men, and second, because we are informed that the natives in the interior are making preparations for war, to kill us for our religion.

Brother Zoda Quee arrived here at sun-set, with eight of his

most pious brethren, and met us in general class meeting this evening. In this meeting, our whole gospel troop were faithfully inspected, both their arms and ammunition. And all whom we found deficient, we set aside to watch the paltry stuff, which we were to leave behind. And all we found efficient, according to the Law of the Lord, and who would lap water like a dog, we marshalled. That is, we found some who were afraid to risk their lives against Bango's former threatenings. We have laid all our plans for the besiegement, what to do, and what not to do; what to say, and what not to say. Every one of us have agreed to go, speak and act as in the immediate presence of God, so that if old Bango kill us, we may die innocent martyrs, and go right to heaven.

Some think we are extremely hazardous in this attempt. But still, I am of sanguine opinion, that nothing is of equal importance to us at present, as that Bango and Peter be subdued. They own the people all around us, and but little can be done by the gospel, unless we first subdue the kings by it. Bango's son, the Prince, has experienced religion, and is under fearful persecution. There is no probability of our enlarging our Zion, till those kings are brought under the power of the gospel. And if we prevail, the victory will be glorious; but if we prevail not, then we hazard our lives. But if I, or we fall in the battle, heaven is our home.

March 1—Sunday night, 12 o'clock. This morning, at day-break, our sexton rung our sweet sounding two pound bell, all through our town, and awoke the people. And according to arrangement, those who were going to Bango's, all arose, and while their rice was boiling, all came into the church for prayer as usual. At 7 o'clock, we all met at the old palaver house, organized ourselves into platoons, under officers, in a regular train, and took up a line of march for Bango's. And as our army consisted of men and women, it may be inquired, whether there was not some laughing in this organizing? I answer, no, not so much as one smile. And from its first commencement, till we reached this place, there was never a more solemn procession walked the earth. And well we might be solemn; for every one knew that his life was at stake that day. We traveled seven miles, in a very crooked path, over big logs, mud holes, and creeks, and trains of drivers, (see note L.) but not one word was spoken by any person, after we left Heddington, till we reached Bango's town, where I am now writing. We were met at the entrance of the town by Prince Bango, who conducted us all to their palaver house, which he had comfortably seated yesterday. He then sent for the two Kings to come out and see us. But these old men were very indifferent. However, they came and shook our hands coolly, but looked very crabbed. The Prince

then conducted me to his own, new, neat, little mud-house, which he evacuated this morning for my accommodation, and in which I now sit, writing. As soon as I left the palaver house, the two Kings and their head-men went aside to consult, whether they themselves should hear the preaching or not. And after about one hour they returned, and told us that they were ready to hear the palaver. So Simon and Prince Bango seated the people, and at 11 o'clock, I and my interpreter stood in the midst.

After prayer, I read the first and third chapters of Genesis, and then explained on them for two hours, as plain as possible. First, I told them who, what, and where God was, as well as I could. I then referred them to God's works, and so led off on depravity. I tried to convince them that they were sinners by nature, and sinners by practice. Brother Simon then expostulated with them fifteen minutes, and then closed. But immediately after we had pronounced the benediction, the devil entered into Prince Peter, and took full possession of his heart. He roared and screamed, he blasphemed the true Deity, and cursed the name of our holy religion.

A few moments after, another crazy, ranting devil took possession of King Peter's head woman, and she soon became more fractious than Mary Magdalene. She cursed every body, every thing, and herself, too. But my people remained calmly stayed on God. At 2 o'clock we called the people together again, to have another God palaver.

I read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, and explained on it for two hours, till I had got the character, sufferings, and design of Jesus, pretty well before them. Brothers Simon, Bascom, and King Zoda Quee, all exhorted them in a most powerful manner. The words cut, and must have pricked the hearts of our hearers. And we all discovered it, too. But we closed our meeting, in expectation of going home in a few minutes after. But immediately after meeting, the hour and power of darkness overspread the whole town in two minutes. For King Bango went immediately to King Peter and asked him whether he intended to embrace religion or not. And in the same moment, two or seven devils entered into King Peter, and made him act far worse than the man of the tombs, so that no one dare go nigh him. He raged like a fiery dragon. King Bango is a Pessah king, and King Peter is a Goloo, under tribute to Bango. But he insulted Bango to the utmost, till we had no idea but blood would be shed in the town. Finally, King Peter called all his people to his part of the town, and they armed themselves for battle. He and his people threatened to murder me and my people for disturbing their town. The prince declared he would kill somebody, any way. But King Bango called all his people to the other part of the town, and told all his people that if they would turn from their

idols and seek for God, he would turn with them. But notwithstanding they were all convicted of sin, they every one denied him, and called him crazy. Then said he to his people: True, I am an old man, and I love all my people. But I must die by and bye; and if I die as I am, I must burn in hell fire eternally. But, said he, suppose I give myself to God now, and then die on God's side, I shall go to that good place, and always be happy. Here, said he, take my hand, for I bid you all good bye, I shall try hard to settle my palaver with the American God to-night. And if you will all go to hell, I will not go with you. He then came to me, took hold of my foot, and begged me to stay over night, and to command all my people to remain also. And to this I consented gladly, and so did all my people. But all this time the whole town was in a high confusion. My people all were perfectly calm; and as soon as I requested them to stay over night, Brother Simon immediately called them all into the palaver house, where they commenced speaking as in a love-feast, in perfect order, which soon checked the confusion in town; for the wicked gathered around them to hear what was said. As for Bango, behold, he prayeth; but his long struggling prayer and flowing tears, soon became irresistible, for several of his people loped their heads and began to weep bitterly, before sunset. Yea, King Peter and all his people became silent as death, under the power of Bango's prayer. The evening came on, and our officers gathered the people to the palaver house for preaching. But not one of King Peter's people was to be seen.

My first work at this time was to remove their last, and most stubborn objection to embracing religion. That is, their fears of being destroyed by war, by the savage tribes around them, who are invariably hostile to all religion but their own. And to remove this objection, I commenced at 1st Samuel, 17th chapter, and went on telling them war stories for about half an hour. I told them how God had ever fought for his people, and gave them victory in every case, whenever he found his people true. I told them that the only sure way to overcome their enemies was to embrace the religion of God, and live holy. I told them that if their enemies came upon them while they were living holy, they might fight them without fear, and be sure of gaining the victory. I also told them of the reports of war from the east, preparing for Heddington, but, said I, we shall not run one step if it comes, but stand and fight in the name of the Lord. And from this, I lead of on repentance, and from that to faith in Jesus. At this time, the very air and all things else seemed to change where we were. After talking two hours, we saw there was trouble in the camp of the enemy. After me, the exhorters, kings, and some of the women spoke as I never heard man speak before. The speakers and hearers were all in a flow of tears, and perspiration, as if the

judgment day had come. And while the people were reeling, wringing their hands, and groaning deeply, Bango tumbled from his seat. We then immediately prepared us an altar, consisting of a long pole extended across the palaver house, sanctified it by prayer, dragged Bango, who could not creep, to it, and invited his people to follow him. The altar was thronged in a moment. One part of our arrangement last night was, that when we arrived here, none of our people except the exhorters, class leaders, and kings, were to enter into any debate with this people, or walk about their town as usual, nor shout, nor pray loud, unless we got some one to the altar, and then they were all to come forth at once, and all pray at once. Our object in this was, to convince the people that the excellency of the power was of God, and not of us. For we knew that to them, we were putting our God in opposition to their gods, and we knew pretty well what our God would do. And as soon as I gave the signal, our whole company, forty-two in number, dropped on their knees, and as one man, all began to pray as one voice. They stopped not to compliment the Lord, as backsliders do, but immediately began to climb the skies by faith. They prayed as if they knew the Lord would answer now. They prayed for nothing but those broken hearted ones before them. Nor did they pray in vain; for after such a struggle as I never witnessed before, for fifteen or eighteen minutes, old King Bango and seventeen of his people, were leaping as if they would leap to heaven. They were all so happy in Jesus, they knew not what to do with themselves, only to jump, and as did he who was laid at the gate of the beautiful temple in the days of Peter and John, and praise Jesus. My people now thought they were at liberty, and surely they used it too, for another such a shouting never rolled through these dark regions before.

It is now 4 o'clock in the morning, but no one is weary. Ever since 10 o'clock last evening there has been a continual praising and shouting to Jesus. But while I am writing in my little mud house, all my people with these new converts are in a solid body marching to and fro through the town, shouting and praising Jesus. At this moment they are in the midst of King Peter's part of the town, singing,

Blow ye the trumpet, blow, &c.

King Peter and all his people have shut themselves up, and barred all their doors. O, glory to God! who among men or angels can half describe my feelings at this time? How high above all description is my triumphant gratitude in Jesus. O glory, hallalujah to God. I must go out now and help my people shout a little louder. Hallalujah!

March 29—Monday night, 12 o'clock. This, morning at 6

o'clock, King Bango came to me and earnestly requested me to remain with them through the day, and to require all my people to remain also. I called all my people together, and although we had important business at home, yet, for the sake of souls, every one agreed to stay. But here were forty-two of us on the ground, and we had not eat any thing since we left Heddington, yesterday morning. For when we left home, we thought to have returned that night, and hence, we brought no food with us; moreover, we pledged ourselves, not to eat any thing belonging to Bango's people, through the whole campaign. But I was determined that this should not hinder the work of God. So I took three of our standards, and away went to Heddington. We took breakfast in haste, loaded ourselves with provisions at the mission house, and returned at 11 o'clock, A. M.; and my people not having eaten any thing for thirty-five hours, were all ready to receive us when we arrived. At 2 o'clock we met for preaching, and telling experience. But before the meeting closed, I organized King Bango and seventeen of his people into a society, and appointed Simon Peter to be their leader. These eighteen added to our forty-two, made us a fine regiment of sixty soldiers, all well equipped for another engagement. Now look out, King Peter!

Soon after we had closed our meeting, this whole church made their own arrangement to attack King Peter and storm his castle. Here were Kings Thom, Zoda Quee, and Bango, with Simon Peter, Brince Thom, and Prince Bango, all laying a plot to ensnare poor King Peter. And very soon the church began to walk, as one would suppose, indifferently about town, as if they were bidding every body a final farewell, and all were about to clear out. King Peter's people had opened their doors, supposing the war was all over. King Bango, pretending to be walking by King Peter's castle, asked for a drink of water, stepped in, and sat down; and, in fact, before Peter's people mistrusted any evil, every house of theirs had one or more of those Christians in it. And after they had thus stationed themselves, some one gave Bango the countersign, at which he sprang at King Peter, wrapped his arms around his neck, and began to pray with all his power; and as soon as the rest heard him, they immediately began to pray in every house. Peter tried to get away, but Bango held on to him, till he began to melt and weep under such powerful prayer. But as soon as I heard King Peter begin to weep, I went in among them and gave bail for him till evening, for I doubted whether he had sufficient knowledge of faith to receive pardon in the right way to retain it; and all the warriors gave them quarters till evening. At this King Peter called all his people together, and gave them a melting address, all in tears, and begged them to seek the Lord with him. Night

came on, and Peter, with a goodly number of his people, were the first in the palaver house. His raging Prince came in sobbing like a poor broken-hearted child.

I went in among them, and first of all, I could but mark the eyes of the Heddington brethren, how they snapped and sparkled. I preached from Romans 3:25. After I had preached one hour and three-quarters, I gave way for exhortations. Then Simon and the three converted Kings, one after another, opened their gospel artillery on King Peter, till his poor heart was all broken in pieces, and he had no more strength left in his body, and his Prince was but little better. We then prepared our altar, dedicated it to God, explained its intent, and invited the broken-hearted to come forth. And of the broken-hearted, they needed no urging, but rushed forward. Some came as if they were hurled by some almighty supernatural hand; and in a moment, the whole church appeared as if they were literally at a throne of grace, pleading the merits of Jesus. As for Prince Peter, he prayed like a man wide awake, sensibly dropping into heil. Of all prayers any of us ever heard, his beat all for horror. But, O, the blessed Jesus came at last, and brought salvation with him; yea, he came in power, for in not more than two minutes after he came, he converted nineteen of these poor souls. Some of our brethren think that twenty-four were converted, but some of them are not quite clear. King Peter is for kissing every body's feet; his head woman is sitting on the altar, and says that is her home; she kisses the altar every few minutes. Prince Peter has built a large fire, and is walking about with a blazing torch in his hand, gathering up their gods and burning them. And my dear people are all alive after the dangerous engagement, triumphing and shouting victory through the blood of Jesus, on this consecrated ground. They give all the glory to Jesus, O Hallelujah to Jesus, Hosanna forevermore. I have shouted to-night till I cannot make any more noise, and I now must write, shout!

March 3. Tuesday, 9 o'clock, P. M. My holy army arrived home at Heddington at 11 o'clock, A. M. And not a man has been killed or wounded. At 6 o'clock, A. M. we had a most heavenly love-feast on Bangs' Hill (we named Bango's town Bangs' Hill this morning, in honor of Dr. N. Bangs in America.) in which I organized or added sixteen of those converts to the church, which makes thirty-four converts in about twenty-six hours, for only two days work. The two Kings would not let us leave, till we all promised to return again next Saturday night and hold a big meeting (as they call it.) over the Sabbath. Bango and Peter have engaged to call home all their people who are living off on farms and in half towns, and command them all to be present so long as we shall require. They are all extreme-

ly anxious that all their people should hear and embrace the gospel. I appointed Simon Peter to be their preacher in charge and class leader; and in a general flow of tears from every eye, shook hands, committed them to God, and at 9 o'clock bid them farewell.

O glory, glory be to my ever blessed Jesus. O God of my forefathers spread the everlasting gospel. Call the north and south together. Hasten the concentration of the east and west. O make them all gravitate to the perfect centre, Christ. O come down and shake this dark, wicked nation!

March 6. Friday night, 11 o'clock. This evening we have had another general class meeting; and as my manner is in such meeting, if there be any business to do, I attend to it in the commencement of the meeting; that when the members leave, they may go in the spirit of devotion rather than in the spirit of anything else. And our first business this evening was to make our arrangements for going to Bangs' Hill to-morrow night, to commence our general meeting. And it was highly amusing indeed to me, to hear what and how many different plans my people proposed to get the gospel net around Bango's people, for a wilder tribe is not known in the bush. Hosts of them ran away last Sabbath after we arrived there. However, we made our arrangements in several particulars, and from our eighty members present, we selected fifty-six, to which King Zoda Quee is to add twenty more to-morrow afternoon, which will make us an army of seventy-six choice soldiers for Christ. We expect to take up march for Bangs' Hill, at 2 o'clock to-morrow, P. M., and attack the powers of darkness at 6 o'clock.

To prepare my people for this engagement, I preached last night from 2 Cor. 10:3-4-5. And this analogy being so familiar to them, that by their actions I presume they have never understood a sermon better! All my people are in high spirits, but uncommonly solemn. And at this moment 11½ o'clock, P. M., more than fifty of my people are struggling mightily in prayer in their houses, that Jesus may go with and preside over us on Bangs' Hill to-morrow and next. O may our great conquering General go with us, and show us his great salvation to the uttermost. O may the breaker come up before us and head our feeble army to glorious victory. O Christ, shake this dark bloody kingdom of violence until the heathen shall know thee, and bow to the shrine of the victorious gospel of Jesus. O let the little stone smite the beastly image, conquer and reign over the whole realm of the universe.

March 7th 1840. War indeed,—Fire and blood! This morning at four o'clock, we were alarmed at the firing of a musket at King Thom's farm, about a half a mile from us: And while we were thinking what it meant, for near half an hour, we heard

some one hollowing in the woods, making toward town as if in great haste, crying out, war in the path, war in the path. This was an old native woman, probably sixty years old. Thom turned out at once, met the woman, and examined her. She informed him, that a few moments since, the farm from whence she came was thronged with war people, that they had caught her, but was rescued by her husband who shot her antagonist dead on the spot, and that she narrowly made her escape in a by-path, and came to us. By this time Thom's people were all up. And while the woman was talking, and King Thom was doubting, (I was yet in bed) behold the enemy appeared in sight. The day had just broken upon us, but not so as to give much light. The stars glistened over our heads, and the bright rays of the morning star, beamed on their polished muskets and spears, which gave us the first discovery of them, within twelve rods of us. King Thom hailed them in four different languages, but they gave him no answer. They were discovered to be in three divisions, one standing still, the other two were making each way around the town. S. Harris, an American, happened to be at our house at this time, and one more American in town by the name of Bennet Demory. Harris went out in town, saw the enemy; and when he returned to get his musket, he told me to get out of bed and load all our muskets as quick as possible, for war was at hand. I immediately got out of bed, and dropped on my knees in prayer to God, to know what to do. And while I was praying, Harris went out, and after hailing the right wing and receiving no answer, he fired into it. This righted them about, and they returned to the main body. By this time, Thom, and eleven of his men sallied down on the left wing, and all twelve fired into it. The enemy returned him a fire of forty or fifty muskets at once, wounding one of my brethren (mortally, I fear) who came into my chamber with nearly all his bowels in his hands. But Thom's fire wheeled the wing, and they also returned to the main body. By this time, I was loading muskets; for we had at this time, twenty-one muskets, and a hundred ready made cartridges in the house. All Thom's people, except the twelve who had muskets, immediately ran into the thick bush. Thom, and nine of his men retired under the lee of the mission house, ready to fire on the enemy, when they came up to put fire to our houses, as we expected every moment they would do. One of Thom's men joined me in the chamber, and Demory joined Harris below. At this time I had in my house, Harris's wife, two hired girls, and twenty-six children. Three of my boys were large enough to handle a musket, and these I retained: But I ordered the three women, and the other children to escape in a certain direction, where I supposed no danger was: They attempted to do this, but they had not gone more than six rods from the house, when

they saw the slave-catchers within three rods of them, leaping to catch them. But they wheeled in an instant, and did but escape to the house. At this, the enemy raised the most awful, terrifying screaming, yelling, hooping, blowing horns and shells, rattling old irons, clattering drums, that the world ever heard, by this time the engagement was fully organized, and the enemy's balls and slugs were flying as hail stones through my house. I was now pretty full of business. I commanded all the children and women, to retire in a bedroom in the chamber, and all lay flat on the floor, that the balls might pass over them. The enemy were now in a solid body in rear of the mission house, in an open field of about four acres, and hundreds within six rods of us, pouring their balls, slugs, and poisoned arrows at us, like a terrible storm. Demory and Harris were the only two men who stood below, in front of the enemy, and Jarvis by Nichols at the window above, facing the enemy, firing muskets as fast as a boy could hand them, and another boy to return them to me for loading. We had a fair view of the enemy from the chamber window, and there could not have been less than four or five hundred of them. Demory and Harris happened to have four or five pounds of buckshot, which they used in a sweeping manner. The enemy drew up within three rods of us, to a weakly picket fence, and while some were trying to break through others were pouring their slugs and arrows at us. Nichols, a native, at the window, made an awful slaughter among them, till at last, he received two heavy slugs in his breast, which brought him to the floor, and I supposed him to be dead. I dragged him into the other department with the first wounded man: He had probably fired about twenty shots before he fell. I then ran to the window at which he had fallen, and having eleven muskets loaded I renewed the fire from the window. At this time the sun was up, and old Gotarah made his appearance near the picket fence. They ran up and down this fence, not knowing its weakness, though they caught hold, and shook it mightily, yet they did not shake it down as they easily might have done, had they known it. But when old Gotarah, the great war chief came up, he got behind our store-house broke through the fence, and came into the yard with hosts behind him, while they roared like Demons. But others still continued on the other side of the fence firing. The balls and arrows flew and whistled thick and fast around my head, while I stood, as it were, looking down from the window, over them, loading and firing with all my ability into their thickest huddles. Gotarah rushed on, roaring like a mommoth leopard, and saying come on, come on my fine fellows; till he finally drove Harris and Demory into the house: Here they stood in the open door, and continued the fire, while the enemy were within two rods of them, firing. This was an awful moment.

I stood at the window, and saw in the groves as I fired, men hewing down each other, as if a third party was in the field. Their screams were terrific; our ammunition was just gone; and Gotarah attempts to force the house. But at his first leap for the door he falls a lifeless corpse at our feet. The enemy now in water too deep, and the current rather strong, and a warm fire too, took their slave ropes which they brought on purpose to bind us, slipped two of them around Gotarah's neck in haste, and went off in a hurry. And from day light to that time, as I saw from the window, they were carrying off their dead. And no doubt but we were glad to see them turn their backs. The engagement continued one hour and twenty-two minutes. But they left us in horrible confusion. When they left us, Demory and Harris had only two charges of ammunition left, and I had only one loaded musket, and one cartridge. So that one half minute more, we should have been signed over, to their cannibal glutony. But we were now brought to another important conclusion. For we knew not at first, that the enemy were gone off home: We knew not but they were still near us, in the bush, recruiting for another attack, and perhaps creeping around to give us a sudden attack on the other side of the town, as their manner is. But the question was, shall we now try to make our escape, or not? A host of highly important circumstances now rushed into my mind. That is, if we do not make our escape, while, perhaps, we may, and the enemy return and murder us here, then our blood will be on our own hands. But if we flee to save our lives, then what will become of all the war stories, which we have told Bango's and Peter's people? For the very substance of all those war stories which I told on Bangs' Hill only last Sabbath, have literally and fully come to pass, in less than one week. And if I flee now for fear of the enemy, then all my people, and the whole nation, will have the most strong, consistent grounds, which they possibly can have, to doubt, and set themselves in defiance of the entire revelation of God. For all who have been converted, have trusted in what I told them about God, just as the children of Israel did to Moses. All those things came up in my mind far quicker than I can write them. Finally I concluded that I had rather die a martyr, than betray the Gospel. Thus I immediately began to try to strengthen the hands and confidence of the brave few who were fortunately with me, and told them we would not fear, but stand the ground in the name of Israel's God, and trust to his salvation. To this they all submitted.

The next business was to attend to the wounded. We returned to the chamber and found Brother Nichols, who was wounded at the window, able to stand on his feet. Brother Baker, the native who was wounded at the first shot of the enemy, was in his

full senses, happy in Jesus, but nearly all his intestines lay on the floor. We gathered them up, and returned them as well as we could, and sewed up the wound. About one hour after the battle ceased, king Zoda Quee, from Robertsville, drew near the town, and hailed us, to know who was in town, and whether we were alive or not, for he had been hearing of the whole battle. At first, we supposed it to be a hail from the enemy; but we soon knew his voice, and answered him. And to our great joy, Zoda came in with sixteen old warriors, well armed. At this, we soon ventured out on the battle field, to see what might be discovered thereon. And O, such a scene I never saw before, and devoutly hope I never may again. Blood, brains, fingers, pieces of flesh, knives, arrows, and griggrees in great abundance. But O, the that in which they went off exceeded all the rest; for this also was a gore of blood, not only on the ground, but streams of blood from their wounded lit on the bushes and bodies of trees as they passed along in haste. Flesh and griggree were strewed along in the path also. I should not have thought that a thousand men had so much blood in them, as is on the ground within one mile of Heddington. All the natives around us who heard the terrible firing this morning, immediately prepared for battle, and began to flock into town at 2 o'clock. And from that time till dark this evening, they have been flocking in. All the natives of the land have an invariable practice of carrying off all their dead in battle to their homes; but they were so overloaded on this occasion, they were obliged to leave thirteen very heavy, six feet, four inch fellows, but a few rods from our house. Our natives dragged them together on the bloody field, where they are to lay till tomorrow, for a witness against all the idolatrous heathen of the interior, as they flock in to view the awful scene. At 4 o'clock P. M., Capt. C. Barker, from Caldwell, arrived here with twenty volunteers, all Americans, and well armed. And who can tell how they refreshed us, and how welcome they were into the Mission house! Capt. Barker and all his men, with as many more natives, are all on guard, while I am now writing at 12½ o'clock at night, we all expect another attack every hour, or at least at day break. But beside the Americans we have about three hundred Native warriors in town, who are to remain through the night, they are all well armed and eager to meet the boat-swains, our enemies.

And of course I shall not sleep any to-night, therefore I propose to notice the process and providence of God in this battle. First. Last December there was an excitement of war among us, and Heddington being threatened by the savages, the governor sent me six muskets and one hundred ready-made cartridges. At that time the governor ordered all the war men of our town to meet him at Millsburgh, to carry war into the interior. Our

men went to Millsburgh, were there equipped with arms, but the campaign was abandoned, and the men of our town were permitted to retain their muskets for the time being, and they brought them to Heddington. About three weeks after this Col. Prout wrote me to collect in those muskets and keep them until he ordered them home; I collected fourteen of them, so that, including my own gun, we had twenty-one muskets in the house all this time. And last Thursday Harris and Demory went to Monrovia and brought home five or six pounds of buck shot, and two pounds of fine powder for hunting deer. Those two men were my head carpenters in all my buildings, and having been faithful I told them I would board them two weeks for nothing, and they might hunt. Harris's wife was my assistant teacher. But we had no more idea of a war at this time than if we never had heard of war. True, we heard that the natives one hundred miles east of us were making up a war to carry somewhere, but no one knew where. And we constantly hear so many such reports that we pay no attention to them. We had not heard one word of war from the north, from whence we were threatened three months since, and from whence this war came.

But again, the mysterious providence of God in the engagement. Our house has no ceiling, and only covered with half inch boards, which was but very little impediment to their iron slugs and leaden balls, when they were so near to us. There were over 30 persons in my house, and the balls flew thick among us; yet, excepting the two wounded Bre., but little harm was done. Sister Harris while sitting by side the first wounded Bro., had a ball, after passing through two half inch boards, cut a round hole through her ear-lock, and the ball passed through another three-quarter inch board, and went out in town. The very last musket, which had six or eight cartridges in it, and when it went off it kicked violently, bruised my thumb, and frightened the enemy horribly; for its contents passed through a keg of powder which a native had on his back, and it exploded in their midst. This was the only musket which missed fire on our side through all the battle. Again, after a few scattering shots at the commencement, there were only three of us permanently to fight the battle against such a mighty host. It is impossible for me to tell the exact number of the enemy, but according to my most sanguine judgment I should judge there were three or four hundred who bore muskets, and one hundred with bows and arrows, who kept scouting about, and another one hundred with spears, knives and javelons. I stood at the chamber window where I could overlook every foot of ground, and see every motion. And from the time that my boys were ordered to lay on the floor at the commencement of battle to its close, they were all praying loud and ardently for deliverance. But how many of the enemy were

slain we know not as yet, but a horrible slaughter has undoubtedly been made among them. And it is my opinion by what I discovered in battle among the enemy, that they must have slain more of their own men than possibly we could have slain.

Surely, the God of the armies of Israel hath done this. And this must be the conclusion beyond all dispute or possible doubt.

March 8. Sunday night, 9 o'clock. Our dear Brother Baker who came into our chamber yesterday morning lugging his bowels in his hands, died at 8 o'clock, A. M. He died just as I wish to die, in his full senses, and heaven already in his soul. He embraced religion last July, was without any reproff till three weeks ago to-day, at which time God sanctified his soul. Since that time he has been a flame of holy fire. And there being a number of Americans here, who were acquainted with him, and who insisted on burying him under arms. We buried him at 1 o'clock, at the feet of my dear wife, at whose feet he first found the Saviour.

At 9 o'clock, A. M., thirty or forty men left town and entered the war path of the enemy to see what might be ascertained therein. At 4 o'clock, P. M., ten volunteers, all Americans, arrived here from Monrovia, and not only came well armed, but brought us five hundred ready-made cartridges. But just before sunset our scouting party who went out at 9 o'clock, returned. But before they came in sight we heard them screaming, and all of us supposed them to be the enemy returning to give us another attack. Hundreds seized their muskets and prepared to fire on them as soon as they came in sight. But fortunately they sent a messenger forward to inform us who they were. The causes of their screaming and hooping was this: They had followed the war path about twelve miles, at which place or distance they saw a side path much trod, as if the enemy had turned aside to waylay them unawares. And here they saw abundance of blood also. At this, all the Americans, fifteen of them, turned back supposing they had overtaken the enemy, for they heard a groaning off in the woods. But King Zoda Quee, with twenty of his men were determined to follow the side-path and know, if possible, its intent. He ordered his men to follow him with their muskets in hand ready to fire on the enemy at his order. Zoda led them on slowly for about four rods, when at once they found themselves amidst the dead. Some were partly covered with sand, some with leaves and many not covered at all. He stepped near to one partly covered with sand, and behold it was the great champion Gotarah. King Zoda Quee stripped him of his armor, his ornaments and his griggrees, fastened his fingers in his long, neatly braided hair, and with one stroke of his heavy javilen, severed his head and came off with it in his hand. They overtook the Americans before they reached town, and this head

caused the triumphant screaming. They came into town and as soon as the head was known by others who were familiar with the features, the whole concourse of people made nearly as much noise as was in battle.

Gotarah was a boatswain man. A war King of high renown in that numerous tribe of Cannibals, but an absolute terror to all other tribes so far as he is known. For years he has been famed as the most successful warrior on the Continent. He has five or six hundred blood-thirsty villains at his feet constantly roving over the land, plundering slaves at every town, to glut the markets on the coast, while their bread and meat was only human flesh. The Americans have been acquainted with him for years, and they all brand him as a notorious, offensive, treacherous, detestable, lying, cruel, impudent, barbarous Cannibal. But the cup of his iniquity was filled up. (See his character, document second.)

NEWS FROM THE ENEMY. Soon after the scouting party came in, we received the following intelligence from well qualified witnesses. One of our reporters is a Mandingo man whom the enemy brought with them for eating, and the other is one of our own townsmen, who was taken prisoner yesterday morning at the farms or half town, where we heard the first gun fired. The Mandingo informs us that the enemy crossed the St. Paul's river last Wednesday night on rafts, and retiring a few rods from the bank, lay still all day Thursday, till dark. Thursday night they started with an intention of giving us an attack on Friday morning, but soon lost their way, and were obliged to stop where they were till morning; and being, they knew not where, they concealed themselves through the day in a ratan swamp, and sent out spies to seek and prepare a path. On Friday evening they started, came within four miles of us and there encamped, to prepare for battle in the morning. Here Gotarah killed another Mandingo prisoner whom he had brought along for this purpose, and he and his officers eat him up. And, says our informants, Gotarah and his officers swore they would never eat again, till they had eaten Brown's liver and drank his blood. He would not suffer his soldiers to eat anything that night, and told them he would kill the first man who attempted to eat, till they could eat King Thom and such of his people as were not fit for market. After this they lit their torches and came on. They intended to have passed through the half town unnoticed by the farmers, but their torches shown into their houses, and an alarm was made at once by the farmers. And as they started to run, the enemy caught three of them. They caught one woman as she passed out the door before her husband, but he coming out with a loaded musket in his hand, stepped up to the man who had hold of his wife and let the heavy contents of his musket into the liver

of the plunderer. And this was the report which we heard yesterday morning, and this was the woman who came screaming to alarm us. The man made his escape also with all the rest of the farmers, except the first two who were immediately bound. Our informants also tell us, that Gotarah came on and set down about fifty rods from the Mission house, and sent on his under Kings to take the town. Gotarah remained there until we had shot down six of his under Kings, which was all he had, and then in a terrible rage he arose up, and swore he would kill the American God or have Brown; and thus he rushed on as aforesaid. They farther informed us that when the enemy fled they went in great distress and confusion. That all such as were not too badly wounded to bear any burthen, were loaded with their dead. That many who were able to bear burthens when they left the field, being but slightly wounded, bled so much on the path they became weak and were obliged to leave many of their dead on the path. Those who carried Gotarah and his dead officers, became weak, kept falling back, while the stronger rushed ahead; and by and by they imagined that we were after them, they turned aside, left Gotarah and his dead officers in the bush, and went on. The informants say that there could not have been less than one hundred dead men carried off. But they went on to the St. Paul's where they crossed thither, and while they were rushing on their rafts to cross the river, the prisoners who were taken at the half town yesterday morning, and this Mandingo, all three, wheeled about, marched through their midst unmolested, and came off. The Mandingo and one of those prisoners are in town with us, have been under examination more than two hours, but what has become of the other man we know not. All the old men in town tell us that we shall assuredly have another attack from the same enemy as soon as they can recruit and raise a reinforcement. And what accorsoog to their general custom, this will be done immediately.

We have now in town thirty American volunteers, and about three hundred native warriors, all well armed, and should the enemy attack us to-morrow morning there would be a bloody battle; but my whole trust and confidence is in the Lord God of Israel exclusively.

March 9. Monday night, 10 o'clock. Our town is yet in a great confusion. The natives are flocking from all directions constantly to help us fight the boatswains, for every man's hand is against them. This morning about one hundred natives left town to follow the war path still further into the interior. Four or five of us have been at work all this day lining our house with thick plank to screen us from the balls and slugs in case of another attack of the Cannibals. At sunset our scouting party returned, and brought us the following intelligence.

We followed the war path till we came within three miles of the river, where we found the dead dropped occasionally by the sides of the path, and all the way from that to the river which was about three miles we were sickened with the smell of the dead. We came to the river's bank, saw a vine stretched across the river, (the Americans say that the river at this place is about a quarter of a mile wide,) two rafts on this side and three on the other. They describe the path as being an entire new path about four feet wide, thoroughly trodden and marked with blood to the river's bank. They picked up several griggrees in the path and brought them home. It is supposed to be about sixteen miles from this to the river's bank where they crossed.

The conclusion of six or eight kings who are now in town, and many old men with them is, that either the enemy were so slain that they needed only two rafts to return over home on, or that they have recruited or kept two of their best rafts on this side, and sent the other three back to bring over a reinforcement to night, while the first who came over are now probably cutting a new path, and that with their re-inforcement they attack us to-morrow morning. The Mandingo who is with us, has no recollection of any vine being stretched across the river when he came over. O may the good Lord prevent another battle. For more than four hundred native warriors now in town have leagued together, and sworn that if they get the advantage of the boatswains they will not spare one man's life, though they should all surrender; and of course there is not enough of my people and Americans to prevent them from so doing.

I have no fear of dying nor of being dead, but who can describe my feelings at this hour. Here I am in the wilderness, immediately surrounded by four or five hundred savages, and no doubt but half of them would take my life if I was in their towns, but they are so brutally blood thirsty for the boatswains there is no danger of their hurting me. At this hour they are all engaged in a war play, (a false fight,) and their forrest rending screams and whoops and other clammering is quite equal to the boatswains at the time of battle. Hundreds are screaming as if they were mortally wounded, some are giving command to rush on; cut off his head says Old King Gray; run him through says King Governor; and others are crying for quarters, but no quarters given. But the worst of all is the church is scattered in all directions, and should God even spare us, I fear that many of them will backslide before they can be gathered. We have no worship now except in the family.

March 10. Tuesday night, 8 o'clock. I am almost wearied out with so much confusion. By confusion, I mean the boistrous, exulting of the heathen, over the downfall of the boatswains. They act like men who have always been kept in prison, but now

let loose. We have indirectly heard from the enemy to-day. We have been informed by a day man, who was not in the battle, but declares that many of the Day tribe (who live among the Americans) joined the enemy, and were in the battle field and fought us. He tells us that Gotarah's design was not only to take Heddington, but to have swept all the small towns around us, before he returned. And the kings who are with us say he might easily have done it, for no one would have thought of fighting him on any occasion. And certainly we should not have attempted to have fired one gun, had we but seen, or mistrusted that Gotarah was in their campaign. Nor should we have fought, had we have known there had been one-fifth the number which there were. But we only supposed them to be a roving clan of plunderers, who came with an intent to fright us with a few shots of musketry, thinking we would yield at once, and then carry us off for slaves. Hence the battle was arrayed in haste, in the dark, for we had no notion of leaving home that morning, and going to the slave market before breakfast. True, we may go to-morrow, before breakfast, if we live till then; the Lord in whom I trust knoweth. But the great Goliah will not eat me.

March 11. Wednesday night, 10 o'clock. Thank the good Lord, we are all alive. This morning, all our American volunteers left, except four whom I have hired to remain with me till I hear from my superintendant. At 10 o'clock A. M. about thirty of the natives, who had joined the big war at the east, came in town. They inform us that, that war was abandoned last Monday. And by that abandonment, kings Bango, Peter, Thom and Zoda Quee, have fully decided that that war was designed for our town. But King Bango is rather of the opinion that the war is not abandoned; that those men who pretend to be so friendly are only spies, and that the Boatswain people have probably sent to them to come out and help take revenge on Heddington. There are now not less than five hundred savages in town; and were it not for their hunger to fight the Boatswains there would be no confidence in more than one-fourth of them. But I have wrote a note to the Governor to-day informing him of my circumstances.

It is a wonder that I am not entirely crazy, in such confusion. But the greatest mystery of all is, that my mind is so firmly, and calmly stayed on God. I know not what he means by all these strange proceedings; but I am glad that he knows. Whether he intends to scatter my people, in order to scatter the gospel, or whether he is offended at us, I cannot tell: But one thing I do know: that is, he fought valiently for us in the battle with the cannibals, he got himself a renowned victory, but whether he will overthrow the people, after leading them out of Egypt, is not yet decided.

March 13. Friday night, 9 o'clock. We are all yet alive, praise the Lord. At 8 o'clock A. M., we had quite a moving alarm. We heard the beating of a drum for some time, in the direction of the war path, as if making directly toward our town. And surely there was a rallying among these native warriors. I had no idea, they knew enough, and were zealous enough, to come to battle order so soon, and to station themselves to such advantage. But as the drum drew near, we distinguished it to be an American drum. And when they came in sight, to my great joy, but to the grief of the natives, they were Americans. And soon, Rev. Maj. E. Johnson, at the head of twelve American soldiers, all of whom were drafted from the militia at Monrovia, come in town. They came up the St. Paul's last night in a large boat, and brought with them, as far as White Plains, a six pounder gun. After breakfast the Maj. took forty natives, returned to the Plains, and although the gun was not mounted, they hung it on poles, and brought it to Heddington. They also brought ammunition enough for an engagement of four hours. The Maj. also brought authority with him to press every American and every native who was in treaty with the Americans, and whom he found at Heddington, into his service. So I and all my people are greatly encouraged by this reinforcement. And in fact the Lord may save us, after all.

March 15. Sunday night, 11 o'clock. Miserably spent indeed, has been this holy day. We have our family worship as regular as ever, but this is all. It is only folly to think of worshipping God in such a clamorous confusion, except in family and private prayer. But if any of us happen to live through this siege, and have one spark of religion left, I shall think we can stand it through any thing. More than one hundred and fifty of our converts ran off on the morning of the battle, and have not dared to return since. We have been expecting another attack of the cannibals, every morning since the battle. And if they are going to attack us at all, I do hope it may be to-morrow morning, that we may know the conclusion of the whole matter. For to live as I do, in a state of such suspense, is worse than death. Maj. Johnson did not finish mounting his big gun, till 10 o'clock A. M., and since that he has had more than two hundred men at work, building block-houses, and five of them are finished. O, miserable Sabbath! But, God is good.

March 16. Monday night, 10 o'clock. To-day has been another noisy day. At 1 o'clock P. M., a terrible screaming was heard in the woods, in the direction of the war path. The cry was made that the enemy was at hand, and every man was called to his post. But happily, the screamers sent two messengers to inform us who they were. The Major gave license, and who should tumble into town, but the great Goloo champion, Ballasa-

da, with fifty-five royal Goloo warriors behind him. This reinforcement made us all breath easier, because they are more to be depended on than all the other six hundred native warriors in town.

It will be recollected that when the enemy fled, and came to the river, that three of their prisoners walked away from them; two of them came to this place, and the other started from that, and went directly to Goloo, about one hundred and fifty miles. And as soon as Ballasada heard the news, he selected fifty-five of his most sanguine warriors, and started off, in hopes to meet the enemy on the river's bank, at their crossing place, as they came to give us a second attack. He arrived on the river bank last Friday night, and has been there waiting since, till this morning. He is the most bold, successful warrior in all the tribes of the region, since Gotarah is no more. Ballasada is in treaty with the Americans.

March 17. Tuesday night, eleven o'clock. This evening we were informed by a native from the enemy's side that more than six hundred Boatswain and Day people warriors are on the island in the St. Paul's river, about four hours walk from this, waiting for a reinforcement to give us another attack. He also informs us that hosts of the enemy died by their wounds, after crossing the river, &c. Now, among civilized people, we should suppose that such a slaughter would be sufficient to quail them. But we have slain their champion, and according to the invariable decree, they must give us another attack. To-day, the Major has had about four hundred natives at work building a war-fence around the town. Every man has labored with his gun in his hand, or laying by his side. As for me, I am on the trot all the while, only at family prayer. I have not undressed me since the battle, only to change my clothes, nor have I slept more than two hours in each twenty-four, for the last ten days. And certainly, I cannot stand it thus, much longer.

March 22. Sunday night, 11 o'clock. I say Sunday, because it is Sunday, I expect, but we only know it by the name, not in spirit. Last night we heard directly from the enemy. Two natives are now in town, with whom we are acquainted, and who bring us the following intelligence:

Last Wednesday we left Boporah, (the chief town of the Boatswains,) for the lamentation of the whole tribe was so great, and their rage so high for the loss of Gotarah and their other Kings that we Pessah men dare not stay there any longer. A great many people died of their wounds after they got home. We saw several dead men by the path as we came along. Last Friday night we stayed at Gatumber's town, where a great host of Boatswain and Day people were talking a great war palaver. The palaver was this: King Gatumber (a Day King) had been hired

by old Don Pedro Blanco, (or Blanko.) of Golenas, to break up Heddington, and bring him the slaves. And Gatumbah being a Day man, and the Day tribe being in treaty with the Americans, he dare not do it in his own name, but engages Gotarah and his army, and puts in a host of his own people with them, to be sure to accomplish the job.

Gotarah came on, attacked Heddington, lost his own life and near one hundred of the lives of his people. The Boatswains now demand of Gatumber the lives of the slain. But Gatumber has nothing to pay. Therefore the Boatswains have decided to put in what warriors they can raise, and Gatumber must make up the rest. Then Gatumber must head the army himself, and if he does not destroy Heddington, bring off all the people for slaves and bring back the heads of Gotarah, Brown, Thom, Harris, and Demory, then they will kill Gatumber and all his people.

And so Gatumber has consented to head the army and fight for his life, (poor fellow.) The reporters say that the army are at Gatumber's ready for a march, more than one thousand of them. And that they have been ready and made several attempts but could not get a chief who dare head them. The probability is that the battle will be far more terrible than the first.

O that the omnipotent God would do something to frustrate and discourage them from coming at all.

March 23. Monday night, 9 o'clock. Notwithstanding the great courage of Mr. Harris, who fought so nobly in our battle, he has become so timid at the probability of another attack of the Cannibals, that this morning he took his wife and has moved back to Caldwell, bag and baggage. As for me, I am drilled out so as I never was before. I have had so little sleep for the last two weeks, the perpetual bodily exercise, the tumult, and above all, the weighty interest which hangs on my mind, has pressed me till my very flesh is so benumbed, that I begin to be alarmed. But I am at the disposal of the Lord; all is the same to me. Many advise me to gather up all the Mission property, and retire into the American settlements. But it is enough for me to answer, that the Superintendent has not ordered it yet. He has informed me that I might leave if I thought myself in danger. But what does that amount to with me? Just nothing! For I feel like this: To me it appears the strangest and darkest thing under the whole heavens, that after God has wrought and fought as he has, under such peculiar circumstances, too; having exhibited before the eyes of thousands of these heathens, and given them attestations brighter than sun beams, undeniable as his own eternal omnipotence, that he intended to make his power known on the vessels of wrath; and to give sanction to his own eternal word preached to the heathen; but now after thousands are convinced of his omnipotence, omnipresence, omniscience and truth

will he now turn about as their gods do, and deny himself the honor and dignity and majesty of such triumphant doings, by giving victory to the enemy? If he will do so, then I shall assuredly be eaten up by the Cannibals; for if they were now within one mile of this town, (and they may be nearer,) and I knew I might save my life by clearing out, I would not run one step. But I should have gone out long before now, had it not been for having told my people so many war stories. I have only told them such stories as are in the bible; how God has ever fought for his true people, and always conquered. And by telling those stories, their fears has been removed, and hundreds have been converted thereby. And now we have all fallen into the same difficulty our own selves. And the whole facts which we have preached of God's protection of his people, have gone out through all the land, and thousands of these heathen are now waiting with the highest interest to know the conclusion of this very one battle. And thank the God of the Prophets, so far he hath vouchsafed his immutable word, and all has come to pass up to this very moment exactly as we told them. Yea, we told them that if the enemy came upon them and kill a true christian, God would pour his terrible wrath upon such enemies. And so it was, for the enemy killed Brother Baker in the very outset, and that very circumstance with the prediction is in every native's mouth. Yea, I will die and be eaten by the Cannibals before I will betray the Almighty in this juncture. For suppose we should all leave the ground and the enemy should happen to not come, what then? Why, away with the gospel for five centuries. If we can maintain our ground at any expense, it will be as the purchase and redemptions of millions, but if we loose it millions are lost with it. With regard to the reports of others concerning our war matters, I refer the reader to document third.

April 8. Wednesday night, 8 o'clock. For the last seven days I have not been able to leave my room, till this morning, in consequence of six severe paroxysms of chill and fever. The religion of a few of us, at least, is now on a pretty fair test. A little difficulty has recently taken place between Brother Seys and his excellency, concerning whose duty it is to be at the expense of protecting Heddington. And both declare they will not be to one cent's more expense to guard Heddington. Hence, all the American soldiers are withdrawn, and the natives who do not belong to our town, are all dismissed. And at this failure, in this critical moment, my people have nearly all retired again into the interior. Only eighteen men, five of my largest boys, and myself, are left in town. What I mean by testing our religion is this: The danger and probability of another attack of the cannibals is so great, sure, and thrilling, that almost every body quails and revolts at the idea of a battle with them. And hence, no one

dare come near us to assist or comfort us. But the few who are with me have joined me, and we have dedicated ourselves to the cause of the gospel, to be disposed of by life or death, as God shall see proper. We have made solemn vows that we will not abandon this consecrated ground, till we are eaten up, or carried off by the enemy. We feel that our lives are in God's hand, and if He will give us to the cannibals, Amen. We know of no sufficient reason why we may leave this holy ground, only to save our lives from the enemy, by sacrificing all our buildings, and Mission property to the plunder and fire of the savages. And to what will all this amount? Why, to he that seeketh to save his life, shall loose it; but he that looses his life for my sake, shall find it. The hireling seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth, and the wolf catcheth them, and scattereth the sheep.

But as for me, I feel myself identified with Christ in the salvation of this people, to the utmost of my little ability. And as Christ gave His life for the sheep, I also will show him my free will, by laying down my life, so far as it goes, for others. Nothing can be more obvious, than for me to flee at this juncture, the blessed influence of the great gospel will be cut off for many years, among the heathen. But if we remain here, and even slain, then it may be pleaded by my successors, that I and my people wers bad people; and the gospel, on this plea, may take root again. For I have been careful to preach to that effect, for fear of these same consequences. And all the natives, far and near, are watching with interest, deep and high, to see my movements, and the result of this war. The name of the American God is in every native's mouth. No merical whatever could have thundered so loud, and carried such sweeping, irresistible force of demonstration of the character of God, as this war has, so far. A mighty miracle has been wrought, and they all acknowledge it. Had a man called up the sun at midnight, or have raised thousands of the dead, it would have been no comparison to our battle with the cannibals, in convincing the heathen of the character of God. For the whole nation are immersed in perpetual warfare. And the sanctified ones who are with me acknowledge the same. Some of the Americans call us enthusiasts; some say we are mad, and others call it presumption to remain here.

April 12. Sunday night, 11 o'clock. This has been a blessed Sabbath to many of us. This morning I went to visit my brethren at Bangs' Hill. At 9 o'clock we had the best class meeting that ever I enjoyed. O the power of the blessed gospel, the richness of God's grace. O how surprised I was to see and find so much evangelical piety among those people after so much excitement as they have passed through.

At 12 o'clock I preached on the subject of baptism, then bap-

tised thirty-one adults and four children. After this I preached to them on the trial of faith, by which they manifested much renewal of confidence. And after shaking their hands, their tears floated me back to Heddington again. Brother Simon, their pastor, doubtless, does better service among them than I possibly could.

O, thanks be to God who always cause us to triumph in Christ. To God alone be all the glory and honor.

April 26. Sunday night, 8 o'clock. For two whole weeks I have been confined to my house by the chill and fever. I was attacked by a severe chill the night I left Bango's and have not been out doors since till this morning. I have not had any one to help or assist me in any refreshment, except the natives in native style. And such is the danger of coming to this town that none of the Americans who knew I was sick, were disposed to come in to administer medicine or any thing else.

And as soon as I became unable to fight, in case the enemy came every person in town, except six men, left us and went back into the interior. And as I was not able to fight in our defence, I sent off all my smaller children to Bango's, and only retained the five larger boys, who in fact, would not go unless I suffered them to carry me off also. And still we have every possible reason to expect the enemy at least every morning, unless God forbid. But never could any people be more kind after their fashion than those natives have been in this affliction, both day and night. These few sanctified ones have expressed the most sanguine confidence ever since I was taken sick, that God had insured our town till my recovery, at least. And it is my reasonable opinion, that the safety of this town, and so far, the recovery of my health, is directly in answer to their constant ardent prayer.

But in this affliction and danger, thank the Lord, I felt perfectly resigned to my fate. I was all prepared for the spear, or knife, and had the enemy have come, I intended to have received their instruments of death with calmness.

But glory be to Jesus, we are yet alive.

May 4. Monday, A. M. 9 o'clock. All is well thank the Lord. Yesterday and day before was our Quarterly-meeting. Brother Seys was present in rather poor health. And notwithstanding all our difficulties with which we have had to contend, we had a blessed meeting. Seventy-six of our brethren, natives, were present, and several Americans who accompanied Brother Seys, besides.

O bless the Lord for this; praise Him, O praise Him all ye people, above and below. We have had another Quarterly-meeting at Heddington in spite of the Cannibals! Hallalujah to Jesus.

May 9. Yesterday morning we were informed that Gatumbah has made up his army, got them out in the bush, and is on his

way to give us another attack. This has somewhat confused my people again, and such as are not ready for the slaughter have retired to the bush. But we have about sixty of our own town's people who say they will not run off again till Gatumber comes in town. Last night we were all of us up all night screaming in all kinds of languages as if a thousand Americans and as many more natives were in town, and all wanted to fight. And occasionally we would fire our big gun; for we knew there was no danger while such proceedings were going on. About 2 o'clock at night we heard the report of a gun about two miles from us in the direction of the enemy, but they did not come nigh us. Thank the Lord we are all alive yet. And although our heads are all on the block, yet we are trusting in God and happy in Jesus. My people are waxing strong in God!

May 10. Sundry night, 11 o'clock. We have enjoyed a comfortable Sabbath, notwithstanding our outward excitement and exposure. This morning we resumed our Sabbath school, and had a highly interesting time, too. At 11 o'clock, we had preaching, and at 4 o'clock we had a powerful prayer meeting, in which three war men were converted. And this circumstance has given my people more confidence in war than a thousand American soldiers would have done. At 7 o'clock, Brother Bascom arrested two spies in town, both of whom had been arrested only two weeks since, at Millsburgh, for the same thing, sent to Monrovia, tried, condemned, and put into jail. But they broke jail six days since, and made their escape. We have examined them thoroughly, and there is not a doubt but they are directly from Gatumbah's Army. They came in at dusk, just as we were closing the gates, and undertook to hide themselves in a block house. But Bascom has got them both in the Stick,* and four men to guard them. So there is no danger of an attack to-night. Bascom will send them to Monrovia to-morrow.

May 16. Saturday night, 10 o'clock. We have had the richest general class-meeting to-night that ever I witnessed. And my soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoiceth in God my Saviour, for the prosperity of God's dear little flock in the wilderness. I already see that our afflictions are working for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Hallelujah to God! We have re-established our whole round of worship, school and all, as before the war, and all goes well. O, praise the blessed Jesus!

May 21. All is well, bless the Lord! God is indescribably good to us in every thing. We are yet alive, and all in good spirits. We are all increasing in devotion, and dying to sin. We all feel more and more like nailing the flag to the stump, and

*A hole cut through a large sapling, as a bar-post, to receive the foot, and an iron key drove through by side the ankle.

casting our all on the altar of God. Many of our dear brethren who were by the war scattered, have returned to us again, mostly in the spirit. They saw our steadfastness and confidence in God, against the enemy, and finally concluded to return. Old Gatumbah would have eaten us all up before now, had not God prevented him. He has made several attempts to give us another attack, but every time he meets with bad luck before he gets here, and has to turn back again. A few nights since, as we are informed by good authority, he led several hundreds on to the river bank, where their rafts were prepared for crossing, but no one would be first to step on the raft. And those behind began to turn back, one after another, and by and bye, old Gatumbah, having no notion of coming alone, turned back speechless, and went with them. I have, and still do feel it our duty to be constantly on our guard, day and night; but still, I begin to have my doubts whether the Lord will let them come here again. We have all made a solemn promise, that if the Lord will keep off the enemy, we will praise Him while we have any being. O, bless the Lord, forever and ever! Last night I heard the natives boasting of God's great power toward us. One said, He is my high barricade; another said, He is my big gun, when my little gun breaks. Said another, He is my war knife.

As for me, God is my high horn—my Almighty rock, to smash the worlds—my entire armour—my fortress—my entire salvation, from men, devils, sin, and all else. O, Hallelujah to Jesus!

May 27. Wednesday night, 11 o'clock. Last Sabbath I preached two sermons on entire sanctification. And another such a mighty struggle as most of my boys and eight or ten adults are in and have been in ever since, I never witnessed before. Three of my boys and two adults have obtained the witness of entire sanctification. It is with much difficulty I persuade my boys to eat or sleep. Last night some of them were praying all night, except the hours in which they were on guard; for we keep out a guard all night, and have done every night since the battle. As for me, there is but little animal substance left in me. My body is all warp: no woof! I am as a handful of flax under the swingling knife. I am on guard nearly every night from two o'clock till daylight. And if I attempt to get a little sleep about midnight some of them will call me once in ten or fifteen minutes. The guard are changed once in two hours. But they are so drilled down and wearied, and some fears withall, think every moment to be an hour almost. And hence every once in ten or fifteen minutes some of them will come to my window, rap lightly and speak low, saying in broken English, "Daddy how much clock live dar? (what o'clock is it.) I have not undressed me to go to bed in six weeks. Nor do I care a whit about any fatigue whatever if God will only let me live to see victory on Israel's side once more.

But thank the blessed Jesus I feel a lively, sweet, calm, heavenly peace in my soul. And to God be all the glory!

June 6. I am beginning to recover from four paroxysms of fever, which has confined me for seven days. Thank the Lord we all yet alive. Five of my boys and three adults have obtained the witness of entire sanctification. To-night they have had a class meeting, and never has this town experienced so glorious a time before. It was heaven on earth began.

June 9. Tuesday night 11 o'clock. For two days past we have been fixing our gospel net to catch one man who lives in our town, and who has ever been so wild and superstitious, that we could never persuade him to come to meeting. He was the son of a high griggree man, (Priest,) and extremely zealous of the religion of his fathers. But when the bell rung for prayer meeting to-night, Brother Bascom, according to previous arrangement, went to our neighbor and told him that it was prayer meeting to-night, and that it would do him no harm to go and hear them pray. And, said Bascom, Brown and I have some palaver which perhaps we may talk over at the commencement of the meeting, and I want you there for a witness. And now, said Bascom, come quick, and I will hide you where Brown cannot see you, and I charge you to remember every word Brown says, so that you can tell me after meeting." Bascom took him by the hand, led him to the church, tucked him under the stairs out of my sight, placed a bench before him and filled it with people so his witness could not escape. He then sent a messenger to inform me that all was ready. So I went in, read a chapter, sung and prayed. I then arose and began to make some remark on the chapter which I had read: Jno. 3:16 to 22. And after talking more than two hours out came poor Dowardah crawling over the shoulders of the brethren, all weeping and sobbing like a broken-hearted child, saying: "I beg all you people to tell me what thing I can do this time for God's palaver has catched my heart hard," (seriously.) I told him to pray to God's Son, for I had told him all the rest of his duty and the way to obtain salvation, while he was under the stairs. "But O," said he, "God's Son cannot understand Mumbooh, (he was of the Mumbooh tribe,) and how then can I pray to him? I told him that God's Son could understand a Mumbooh man just as well as an American or any body else. "But," said he, "my inside heart has done him so bad, I am afraid to ask him to settle my palaver. O what other thing can I do this time?" So I told him to get down on his knees and pray, and all the rest of us would pray in his behalf. So he dropped on his knees and began to pray and all of us followed him earnestly in prayer. And in about twenty minutes Dowardah leaped like a young heart, and praised Jesus with all the strength of his body and new born soul. And O, what a

triumphant shout now arose in the church! And I shouted too, blessed be God. But to God be all the glory.

June 11. Tuesday night, 10 o'clock. This is our established night for preaching. I preached from Ept. 1:18 to 21. And my dear people took hold of it as fast as I preached it. After preaching we sanctified our altar, and three Mumbooh war men were converted to God. This made us so happy that even the men on guard shouted and praised the Lord.

To Jesus be all the glory for evermore. O may God send the gospel to the poor Mumboohs!

June 13. Saturday night, 11 o'clock. This evening we have had a general class meeting; sixty-two of our members were present and Jesus in the midst. Brother S. Peter was present and lead the whole meeting. This man of God has the most ingenious faculty to kindle up holy fire in class meeting of any man I ever saw. And if ever God called o man directly to preach the gospel then Simon is annointed. This morning he came from Bangs' Hill with all the appearance of a man just from a sick bed. His feet and ankles have been cruelly scratched by briers, poisoned, and swollen badly. He was pale and feeble. I asked him how he became thus reduced? He answered as follows: "I have been walking about to catch Jesus' sheep. For some of those sheep you put into my hand, every time they hear Gatumbahs' war is coming of a truth, they run off into the interior, some to one town and some to another. I go to one town and find two or three sheep, I bring them home and set them down. Then I go to another town I find one sheep, I bring him home, I set him down. Then I look for, said he, those other sheep I brought home, and they are gone again. And so I go, I go, to try to keep God's sheep in one place. But suppose they were my sheep, said he, I would let them all go, and if the devil caught them I would let the devil keep them. But they are Jesus' sheep, he died to buy them, and he has no body to watch them, but me one. And, said he, you put those sheep into my hand and told me that if I lost one sheep I must hunt him, and suppose I do not find him, I must pay Jesus in the day of Judgment. And that is the way I run, I run, to keep those sheep in one place till I am almost dead. But Jesus died for me, and I can die for his sheep," said my dear Brother Simon Peter.

So I took Brother Simon into the house, washed and bouud up his precious feet, fed him, took him into my chamber, and locked him up till this evening. And having rested through the day he came into meeting this evening as an angel.

June 21. Sunday night, 11 o'clock. We have not had any meeting to-day, except family worship morning and evening. Yesterday at 5 o'clock, P. M., we were informed by two Day men with whom we have long been acquainted, and in whom we have

the fullest confidence, that about one thousand men, or savages, under command of King Gatumbah, intended to cross the river last night, and to have attacked us at day-break this morning. This morning we were informed by three Day men, with whom we have long been acquainted and who have formerly been inhabitants of this town, as follows :

We were coming from Boporah and stopped at Gatumbah's town.* But we had not been there more than two hours, when Gatumbah told us that if we did not join his army immediately, he would kill us.

"And," say they, "we told him that we came on purpose to join him, and were glad of the chance. They were with Gatumbah's army four days, and about one third of that army were Day people, and the remainder Boatswains, in all about one thousand. We, say they, helped one day in building a large raft on which to cross the river. But the raft kept breaking apart, and they were hindered. Last night we were all three put on guard to watch others from running away. But as soon as the army got well asleep, we all three walked off, took the big country path and came on to Millsburgh." An American with whom they were acquainted rowed them across, and they arrived here at 7 o'clock, A. M. They say that Gatumbah's army trembles at every step, and starts back at the sound of a falling leaf. And to stimulate their courage, their leaders have promised to crown the man first King of the nation who shall cut off Brown's head and have the honor of bringing it to Gatumbah's town.† We fully expected them here this morning, were all up all night last night ; but thank the good Lord they have not destroyed us yet, and if they do not attack us to-morrow morning, I shall think that God intends to deliver us out of his hands. But if I thought the enemy would be satisfied with my mean head only, I would stop writing, meet them on the river's bank, and give it up freely. But this would only encourage them to farther plunder and carnage.

But the church has expended more than \$2,000 on this station. We have twenty-three fine boys and two little girls. All these are well clothed and partly educated. Four of my boys read well in the book of God. On this little consecrated spot God has converted more than one hundred and eighty souls in less than one year. We have more than one hundred copies of the new testament, thirty bibles, a good supply of school books, and forty volumes of first rate divinity. And what is more dear (except the bible,) here is a house of God, a beautiful temple ; the first and only asylum standing exclusively on heathen ground in all the vast region. Here she lifts up her sanctified head, looks over the shades and tall mangroves of the forest. She reaches

* A new town lately built.

† I did not know before that I had a King's head on.

forth herhand of heaven born charity smiles² and beckons. She is to the perishing millions around her, inviting them to her covert from the storm; to her 'sure balm for every disease; to her precious dainties, without money and without price. She is the great light of the nation, and hundreds already rise up and call her blessed. She has already thrown her rays into these dark abods like burning comets.

O my Jesus, be thou assured that if the Cannibals burn this thy house, I solemnly declare I burn on its altar after I can fight no longer. O Lord God of my fathers, do thou trouble Phariorh's hosts that they overtake us not in the morning!

June 29. Sunday night, 11 o'clock. This morning about twenty of my brethren accompanied me to Bangs' Hill. And as we arrived in town, we found about thirty of them in a Holy Ghost prayer meeting. And as soon as Brother Simon could bring them to order, I began to preach from Rev. 3:18. This was an entire new subject to them, and just calculated to meet their present emergency of the times. And more especially because several of them were acquainted with the process of preparing gold. Many of them exclaimed, saying, then Lord, give us more trouble! After preaching, six or eight of the brethren gave us some break-down exhortations, which made the sinners tremble like old Felix. We prepared our altar, and eight weeping souls came forth, and five of them were converted to God. And as night was coming on, I left some shouting, others weeping.

June 29. At 1 o'clock, A. M., a messenger came from Bang's Hill, and informed us that Bango was very sick. Brother Bascom immediately started off to visit him. And when he came to Bango's, he found the king so sick, that he ordered his people to bring him immediately to Heddington. Bango has been out of health for several months, but has been braced up by a kind of medicine which I have administered occasionally, and which I brought from America, called "Corbin's Physic." This medicine is, undoubtedly, far superior to any one, or any other one article ever brought into this country. I gave Bango another dose as soon as they brought him into town, and he soon revived up, and began to praise the Lord.

July 5 Sunday night, 11 o'clock. This has been a high day for us at Heddington. So far as Sabbaths are reckoned, it has been just one year, since the God of Missions began to convert souls at Heddington. And to-day has been a kind of anniversary with us.

This morning, little before day break, and at the time that we had reason to expect the enemy, all my boys began to pray ardently in their chamber for sanctification. Simon Peter's voice was soon heard in their midst. At about the same time, prayer was heard in several houses in town. In their prayers they pour-

ed out their souls in most adoring gratitude to God for His marvelous work, and wonderful preservation through the year. They were so sensible of their responsibility to God, that they pleaded the necessity of entire sanctification, as a necessary qualification to meet the claims of God's goodness. At day-break, I went out as usual, and stood by the big gun, which is constantly loaded, ready for the enemy. The time arrived to fire the gun, and I touched it off. But the praying ones paid no regard to it, only prayed the more ardently. If the enemy had been at hand, I must have fought alone. But God kept the enemy back this morning also. But our people were so fervently engaged in prayer, that I did not ring the bell till near sunrise. They obeyed the bell, rather than the big gun; and soon the church was crowded. The dew of paradise fell gently, generally, and sensibly upon us in family prayer, as a token that Jesus was in our midst. And while our breakfast was preparing, several of my boys remained in the church, in a violent struggle of prayer, till one more (John Wesley) obtained the witness, of the Holy Ghost, of sanctification.

At 2 o'clock, we had fifty-eight scholars in Sabbath school, and this was far the most interesting of any we have ever had. At 12 o'clock, I preached from Mathew 6:21 to 24. And according to arrangement, our brethren had led in several wild strangers, who came in town last night, and who were sent by their kings, as a committee, to make inquiry concerning this great, new, God palaver. And while I was preaching, there came over us a heavenly breeze of glory, which gave the whole congregation a sensible shock. And even some of our best brethren, being surprised at it, dropped on their knees and began to pray. And in about two minutes, eight of them were so mightily engaged in prayer, that not even my interpreter could hear one word I said. And so they prayad me down. In the midst of this, Brother Simon got so remarkably blessed, that he doubted whether he was ever fully sanctified before this. And after about fifteen or twenty minutes, I tried to call them to hearing order, but they had, or felt so much heaven in their souls, that they would not mind me any more than so many eagles in the air. I pronounced the benediction, and left them in prayer. At 2 o'clock, we met again. And by singing low and slow, and praying low and short, I succeeded in keeping them quiet, that those sinners might hear the gospel.* So I gave them my comment on Romans 3:1 to 24.

And while I was describing the characters represented in this passage, and applying it to those strangers, they were seen to be very uneasy. But I had only got to verse eighteen, when the head man of this committee, an old, gray headed savage, arose,

*Low toned, slow, drowned singing checks holy fire; and low, lazy, short prayer puts it all out.

all trembling, and said to my interpreter: Which way is this you and King Thom do to me, to tell Daddy every thing I have done all my days, in my country? And which of my men has told you and Thom, and you have told Daddy all my palaver, so Daddy can make a hard palaver for me? I came here, said he, to hear what the big American God palaver is, and now what is the matter, you all want to make a palaver to catch my heart? True, said he, I have done all those things in my country, a long way off, but I no do your people bad, what is the matter you talk this palaver this time, to make Daddy kill me? Simon told the old, affrighted gentleman, that the American God had seen it all, wrote it in a book, and gave the book to Daddy, and that Daddy was telling him the palaver; and that if he would sit down, Daddy would soon tell him how to settle it. So the old man sat down, all trembling, as was his men. We then gave our visitors the length, breadth, and authority of the law of this all seeing God, and which cut them all in pieces. Then we preached Jesus and the resurrection. And while we stood in the pulpit, talking of salvation, and how to obtain it; and as we mentioned the consistency of the altar, forthwith came eight of them, and dropped heavily on their knees. Simon and I out of the desk at once, and with our whole church, all united in prayer, exclusively for the strangers. Here we had a mighty struggle with the powers of darkness for about fifteen minutes, when God converted seven of these wild men, who gave us the fullest testimony of the soundness of their conversion. Then we had another general shout in the camp, and it may be that I shouted a little with them. O, glory! To Jesus be all the glory! We care nothing about war to-night. Hallelujah!

August 1. Saturday night, 11 o'clock. Our fourth quarterly meeting for this station commenced at 2 o'clock, A. M. But in consequence of the ill health of the presiding elder, he was not present. I preached from Mathew 16:18. And the Lord wrought marvelously, as if He intended to make the word easy to be understood, and to apply it to its original design. After preaching, I baptised thirteen adults, and one infant. This was a solemn time indeed. Our quarterly conference was also interesting. Here were two exhorters, four leaders, and three stewards, all natives. And all on fire to spread the gospel. This evening I have preached from Romans 8:35 to 39. And it seems that I never preached so easy before, as on this occasion. Surely, we had a heaven-like time.

Aug. 2. Sunday night, 11 o'clock. To-day has been decidedly the happiest day that ever I enjoyed. At 8 o'clock A. M. our love feast was as a paradise indeed, till our discipline cut it off. O that forty Methodist preachers could have been in this love feast, we should not want for money again for this Mission. We

had sixty-three members present, and among them were eight sanctified souls. Nor were they ashamed, nor afraid to tell of it as some whom I have seen in America, for fear of persecution. And these gave the clearest evidence of entire sanctification by faith in the blood of Jesus. O, who can describe my feelings in this love feast; After 10 o'clock preaching, I administered the Lord's Supper, when Christ unveiled His glory. And every one received this ordinance with faces bathed in tears, except a few backsliding colonists who were present. Brother Moses Jacobs, a local preacher and brother beloved, preached this afternoon, and the Lord made His word to fall on us like manna in the wilderness. This evening we have had what Brother Simon Peter called a love supper. Any one spoke who pleased. Here these champions showed us what they were. And although I have been with them all the while, yet I never saw them make such a display of piety and talent before. The holy fire burned like a furnace—they shouted like Joshua's priests at the front gate of Jericho; but yet there were none of that disagreeable screaming, and pawing as is some times seen and heard from some Americans. For every movment indicated that they felt God's presence and saw His majesty. There is not a doubt in my mind but that this war has been a successful means to deepen the piety of my people. But, to the everlasting God be all the glory. It is my opinion that if the enemy does not overcome us, that, that battle will prove to be the greatest instrument that can be put into our hands to get hold of the natives, of any other.

This work shall make my heart rejoice,
While I have breath to pray or praise.
The Gospel is my only choice,
In which I'll spend my latest days.

Aug. 9. Sunday night, 10 o'clock. Happy is the people whose God is the Lord. To-day we have had two sessions of Sabbath school, two sermons, and an old fashion Holy ghost prayer meeting, in which three souls were sanctified. Glory to Jesus! As for my own part I am blessed in every thing. My faithful, blessed Jesus nurses and encourages me to his utmost ability. It truly appears miraculous to me that I should be so extremely happy under my peculiar circumstances. I am rising higher and higher in glory every day. I know that my redeemer liveth in me, and that his blood clenseth me from all sin. Yea, the Holy Ghost himself beareth witness to my conscience that God has taken up his residence in my sanctified soul. O glory be to Jesus! I already feel the kindling sparks of the resurrection power in my happy soul, raising me above, far above all my toils, trials, temptations, pains, persecutions, and cares of this poor confused world. I shall soon, soon lodge my burning soul on the eternal

throne of God, and with all those who have gone up through great tribulation, shout victory through the blood of Jesus forever and evermore ! O hallalujah !

O earth, total corruption, dark,
 And like a vapor, just as light ;
 No substance to endure, feint,
 Borrowed, limited, spiritless too ;
 Not one stream, much less a fountain ;
 Nor one single bud of bliss to open.
 Hopeless !

I have often heard people say that they could not enjoy religion because of so many worldly cares, and so much opposition in their way. And some think that God makes provisions in such cases for coldness. But I fully believe that all the provisions God makes in such cases is, to give the more grace if we ask in faith.

July 16. Sunday night, 10 o'clock. To-day I have been at Bangs' Hill, held class meeting with them and preached two sermons. At the close of the last sermon we discovered some weeping sinners. We prepared our altar and invited them forward. But while they were pressing through the crowd to come to the altar, the Lord converted one young woman, which made a great shout in the camp. But I finally succeeded in keeping order, till three others came to the altar, and after the church had prayed about twenty minutes, those three found the pearl of great price also. I returned home at sunset and we have had a glorious prayer meeting here this evening ! And no wonder it was glorious, for our brethren have had two prayer meetings here to-day and one exhorting meeting.

O ! to the blessed Jesus be all the glory ! Amen.

September 2. I am just recovering from four paroxysms of chill and fever, which has been grinding me violently for six days. Yesterday I received a note from Brother Seys, informing me that he has been prosecuted by the Commonwealth for duties on goods brought into the Colony for the benefit of the Mission. And I am required to be present at the trial on the 4th instant, as a witness.

Sept. 5. I have just returned from Monrovia, and glad am I to reach home. The case above mentioned, of Seys and the Government came on yesterday. The Jury had held the case all night, but no decision when I left at 8 o'clock, this morning. But by what I can predict from the actions on both sides, a foundation is laid for a serious jangle. That is, Brother Seys had promptly promised twice, to pay the duties, (about \$50 00.) but afterward flatly refused. Seys made several objections to being tried by that Supreme Court, and on one of those objections his excellency the Judge offered to withdraw the suit, but Brother Seys ob-

jected. Brother Seys knows his own business better than I do, but I thought there were some strange proceedings in that case.

Sept. 12. I have just been informed that the Jury on the above mentioned case did not agree; and that the Governor dismissed the Jury, suit and all. Is it for the best?

Sept. 26. This afternoon we have heard directly from King Gatumbah. He has concluded to let us alone till after the big rains are over, because he wants to burn our town when he comes and he thinks it will not burn well while there is so much rain as at present. A very smooth excuse. I discover more and more every day, the unparalleled influence of our battle with the savages, on the whole land around us. Even Gatumbah himself, acknowledges that whoever or whatever the American God is, he certainly fought that battle for Heddington, and followed them home to their towns. From all directions, so far as we can hear, the circumstances of that battle have convinced its thousands of the overruling power and Government of the Christian God. Those who have heard nothing about him, only that he will defend his people, call him the great War God. Yea, the present probability is, that if we can maintain our ground against the enemy, and stand firm our ownelves for three months longer, a door will be opened into this heathen region, large enough for fifty Missionaries to enter peaceably.

O my God, do thou cut this vast wilderness all up into rail roads, and do thou roll Ezekiel's fire engine through every devil's bush in this superstitious Jopet, till every tongue confess and every knee bow before thee!

October 18. Sunday night, 10 o'clock. Last night I went to Bangs' Hill, held class and prayer meeting with them till a late hour, and two sisters obtained the witness of sanctification. The remainder of the night was spent in asking and answering questions on the divinity of Christ. I found these dear brethren growing rapidly in christianity, and working deeply into the deep things of God. And for this I do praise the Lord. I have preached two sermons to-day, and closed up with a glorious prayer meeting, in which five old, gray headed men were brought into the marvelous light of Christ. O, who can describe the joy of King Peter and his people, at the conversion of these old men? O, the glory, the glory! And to the ever blessed God, be everlasting glory! Hallelujah! Amen. In going and coming from Bangs' Hill, I waded through deep mud, high and strong current-ed streams, and a heavy tornado all the way home. But bless God, none of those impediments were burdensome. For my soul is full of joy. Our own brethren, here at home, have had a blessed day also, and they have had one sinner converted in an exhorting meeting, and that has set them all on tiptoe, because a sinner has been converted, and I was not present. O, I do thank

the Lord for this conversion, to so encourage my brethren. All goes well, bless the Lord. We are all making our high arrangements for pushing out into the interior, as soon as the big rains are over, and the water dreads off, so we can travel. And this is the last rainy month for the season. Never were a people more animated at any idea, than the converts are at the anticipation of carrying the gospel into the interior. Both old and young, males and females—all, are missionaries, and all want to go with the story of Jesus. O, sweep, Lord, sweep! Fill those dark abodes with the blessed gospel.

I AM NOT ASHAMED OF THE GOSPEL.

O the gospel, the gospel, how sweet is the sound!
 All the solitude regions are made to abound;
 And the darkness is changing to light of mid-day,
 And the kingdoms of error are made to decay.

O the gospel, the gospel, what power it displays!
 How it triumphs o'er death, and the dead it doth raise!
 See its majesty chasing the pagan to hell;
 And its love brings its millions in glory to dwell.

O the gospel, the gospel, the devils all fear,
 And hell trembles whenever its heralds appear.
 But poor sinners are quickened, and glad when they find
 That the gospel is pardon and peace to mankind.

O the gospel, the gospel, how rich is the store!
 It abounds, and its fullness reigns evermore;
 It has faith for the faithless, and balm for disease.
 It has strength for the feeble—its labor is ease.

O the gospel, the gospel, for all it is free,
 And inviting its millions who happy would be.
 All the poor and the needy, their wants all redressed;
 Without money or labor, they feast on the best.

O the gospel, the gospel—O, heaven-born theme!
 It's the song of the angels—the glory of men;
 It's a heaven on earth while the saints here remain;
 It's the life-spring of heaven, its bliss to maintain.

O the gospel, the gospel, the prophets foretold,
 'Twas the fire of apostles who preached it so bold.
 And now we are their offsprings—we've nothing to fear;
 So we'll preach free salvation till Jesus appear.

The Gospel in the wilderness.

Here, I have spent one whole hour in making poetry, to empty my soul, so I might sleep a little, but the more I write and think about the blessed gospel, the more happy and wakeful I am. Hallelujah to Jesus! O, I wish some of my friends in America knew how happy I am to-night, they would want to be here too. O, glory be to my blessed Jesus, evermore!

October 21. Good news good news. I have just received a note from his Excellency, giving me information of the declaration of peace, declared between the Americans, Boatswain and Day people. The Boatswains and Days have paid a heavy sum of money to purchase reconciliation of his Excellency, and they were glad to get off by paying money. O what can I say; what can I render to my God. About seven months have passed since the battle at this place. At that time, our fields and paths were clotted with human blood: The stains of which are yet to be seen in many places, as standing monuments of God's high reigning power and special government. Many times the enemy gathered themselves together for war against the righteous, and against his Christ: They imagined mischief against us, saying, let us break their bands assunder; let us swallow them up whole as the grave. But the God of David set in the heavens and laughed at them in derision: He spake unto them in his wrath, and vexed them in his sore displeasure. O come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolation he hath made in the earth: He maketh wars to cease unto the ends of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in asunder, he burneth the chariots with fire also. Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth. The Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah. Psalm. 44 Yea, he put a hook in their nose, and turned them back. 2. Kings. 19-28. Yea he turneth them all back that hate Zion; and throweth the horse and his rider into the sea. The God of Jacob is with us; and this God is our God for ever and ever.

Ever since the day of battle, there has not been more than four or five days at any time, but some fresh vivid news would come, that war was at hand. This news would confuse us, and frustrate all our arrangements for devotion. My people were afraid of the Cannibals, and no wonder: It was only duty and prudence to be on guard day and night. And such constant fatiguing naturally brings on dullness. But we pushed ourselves forward, and by a kind of holy violence of faith, kept ourselves in devotion. Many times I have trembled like a leaf in the wind, when I was trying to encourage my people, to stand their ground and trust in God. I knew that if the enemy came and slew them, their blood was on my head; but I have heretofore given all my reasons, why I did it. Sometimes, for a whole six weeks at a time, I have not undressed me, only to change my clothes once a week. Much of my sore and painful affliction has consisted in this fact: that many of our children are small, and consequently having passed through such an awful scenery as was that battle, at ever report of war coming, of course they were filled with fears and horrors. Then they would often ask me

with tears in their eyes, to let them go home to their parents, for fear of being eaten up by the Cannibals. But crucifying as it was to me, I dare not let them go, for two important reasons. First, because several of them belonged to King Governor's jurisdiction who was in league with the Boatswain and Day people, for himself is a Day man: And we knew he would not join the Boatswain to fight against his own children. We have children belonging to several other tribes, yea all the tribes around; and this circumstance, not only prevented those tribes from joining the enemy to fight us, but rather forced them to an interest to fight for us, to defend their children. And further, these children were a screen to us against the Boatswains: For they knew, that to attack Heddington again was as to attack all the tribes in the region, who with the Americans, would doubtless, return the attack, and sweep the Boatswain country to destruction. But second, I was afraid that God would think we distrusted his goodness, power, and faithfulness to save us, after all his wonders, and so being angry thereby, he might be induced to give up us, who did remain, because of our unbelief. And with all the rest, I wanted to learn those children to trust in God in case God should deliver us. I knew also, that it must be that God loved these dear children, and that perhaps he might spare the rest of us for their sake. But surely, this many times made me almost feel like Abraham sacrificing Isaac. O, how many times, my very soul was wrung within me, because of their grief. Then I would ask my conscience, (all in tears) will the Lord suffer the inhuman Cannibals to eat up or carry off these little converted children, who are praying and praising his ever blessed name for salvation? It seemed impossible.

Then I would point, and appeal to my library; to books of divinity; to books of God; His will to man, and man's duty to Him, and ask my conscience: Will the good, merciful God see all these books burned in fire by idolaters? Will they burn God's own book? Then I would say, it shall burn in my bosom. Then I would turn my weeping eyes to the sanctuary, but recently built, and dedicated to His service. Herein we offer the sacrifice of praise to God at least twice a day, every day in the week, with our whole church. Here we baptise in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Here we commemorate the dying of the ever blessed Jesus, and proclaim His glorious gospel to souls for whom He bled. O, can our Heavenly Father sit still in the heavens and see this beautiful temple burned to ashes by idolitrous man-eaters? Then my soul would exclaim: Hide yourselves, O ye heavenly hosts, when this temple burns! And by such like appeals, I have many times stayed my flickering spirit. Yea, I made use of every possible object I could think of to strengthen my faith, that I might stand the fiery trial. I fully expected another battle with the enemy, but I was in hopes to overcome them by the power of Almighty God.

But the Lord hath triumphed gloriously: His own arm hath gotten him a victory to his memorial forever. He hath wrought a great salvation for his people. Now I know him to be able, and faithful to his word, from personal experience. O sing unto God all ye land; sing praise, O ye missionaries of the cross, sing praise, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth; sing too, ye woman of the wilderness, for thy God hath awoken for thy deliverance; awake, ye that dwell in the dust, for thy dead bodies shall live; behold thy Redeemer cometh with salvation, he cometh clad with vengeance to disperse thy enemies; O shout ye heavenly hosts; ye too, ye old prophets who foretold these very things which have now just came to pass: Now I know ye were all inspired by the Holy Ghost, or ye never could have put your finger so minutely on these notes. O Hallelujah, the great battle is won. I shall never again be ashamed to say, glory be to God; to whom be all the glory, honor, praise, and power forever and ever amen. Hallelujah.

Oct. 22. Thursday night 11 o'clock. This morning King Zoda Quee came into town and brought with him twenty men who were all strangers to us, only they were Pessah people. Zoda told us that they came more than two hundred miles, directly from the interior, to hear a God palaver. At four o'clock, P. M. we led them all into the sanctuary with our whole church, at Heddington. I preached from 2 Cor. 5:20. And truly, I never saw men more attentive than those strangers were. I was soon convinced that as Zoda told us, they came on purpose to hear the word of the Lord. I preached about an hour and a half, while our whole church were in silent prayer to God for a blessing on the strangers. I really felt as if every word was as seed falling into good ground. Nay, I never felt so before while preaching to any people. Finally I gave way to Brother Bascom for exhortation. Bascom received a touch of the Holy Ghost as he arose. Bascom is a Pessah King, and here are his unconverted brethren before him, as Joseph and his brothers. His whole soul is rung with sympathy, while he pauses a moment, looks up to heaven, and the tears roll in streams, he says: "Now Lord help me to tell my strange brethren how to believe in thee and make their peace, that they may love thee, and find life in thee, and live." He then turned to the strangers and in one of his high, sublime strains, he seemed to sweep the darkness from before these strangers, and poured upon them the light of life as a flood; he exhorted them eighteen minutes, when we saw they completely wilted, and were all but consumed with sorrow and with grief; he waits not for me, but invites them to the altar. And so many as had strength to come, came, and others we brought. Eighteen of them were at the altar. About forty of us then all began to

pray as one man, that Jesus would have mercy and pardon these strangers. Every one prayed as if all was on the brink of hell, and each of us were responsible for these souls. This was the most awful time we have ever had, because of the sensible presence of the Almighty. Nor was any one more ardently engaged in prayer than most of those strangers were. But we had not prayed more than five minutes, when one of them was converted. He leaped on his feet and cried out, saying: "God's Son has settled my palaver; God's Son has settled my palaver. I feel him; I feel him in my heart." And soon up sprang another, then another, all praising God's Son for a new heart. But we continued praying for about thirty or forty minutes without ceasing, till sixteen of these broken hearted sons of the forest, gave us undeniable evidence of a thorough conversion to God. But the holy fire was so kindled in my brethren's hearts, that I could not bring them to praying order for the other two. O, who is able to describe half our happiness to-night?

O glory! glory be to Jesus, more and more! Ride on, thou conqueror of nations! thy Kingdom is glorious! only speak, and all nations shall obey thee! Why, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, and the whole world is full of his glory! Glory be to God!!

'Tis heaven here and heaven there,
 Glory flowing every where;
 This I boldly do attest,
 For my soul has got a feast.

O that I had an angel's heart and voice, how I would fill heaven with loud hallalujahs to-night. O that my lungs were brass, that I might shout out what I feel I cannot contain. Were it not for these poor heathens I would say:

My soul while I'm writing is ready to go,
 A moment for heaven I would leave all below.

But I cannot say that till these natives are so far advanced, that they can manage the gospel themselves; but, bless God, this much I can say with full confidence, that,

I would not live away, no, welcome the tomb;
 Since Jesus has laid there I dread not its gloom.
 There sweet be my rest till he bid me rise,
 And hale him triumphant descending the skies.

Who, who would live away, away from his God;
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode?
 Where the raptures of glory eternally roll,
 And the smiles of the Lord are the feasts of the soul!

O, I bless God for a free, full and present salvation, a salvation from inward and out sin, and which brings heaven into the soul on earth. Hallalujah!

Oct. 23. This morning a post-boy came into my house and gave me two letters, and a copy of the Colonization Herald. Those letters were: one from R. R. Wilson, and the other from J. A. Burton; both of which requested me to read the report of the late trial between the Mission and Commonwealth, which report differed materially from that in the Luminary. They therefore request me to write a protest against the report in the Herald, and acknowledge the report in the Luminary as matter of fact. Both sides have made out their reports of the same general transaction, differing from each other as midday from midnight. But according to the best of my memory, there are so many mistakes in each report, that I am by no means disposed to touch either. For I fear that my very first prediction of this matter is coming to pass, and therefore I am determined to have nothing to do in the matter. I am sent here to save souls, and I therefore feel it my duty to keep entirely clear from all such difficulties.

Oct. 27. Tuesday night, 11 o'clock. This is our regular night for prayer meeting, and we have had a blessed time too. God was with us. And He who causeth us to triumph in every place, causeth us to triumph at every attempt to bring sinners to Jesus. For the Lord hath converted three sinners this evening, and last Sunday night He converted four more (all Goloos) through faith in Christ. O, how many souls I lost when I first came here, through ignorance! For I then thought it necessary to preach to them till they knew almost everything about God and Christ, before they could be converted. Whereas, in fact, we may take a man who never heard any thing about God and Christ, and by preaching an hour and a half, or thereabouts, directly on certain points of doctrine arranging these points to the advantage of their intellect, and they are ready for prayer. And as all must pray before they are converted, a few minutes prayer in faith, brings them salvation. We do not have to quote and explain fifty passages of scripture to prove their original depravity, and fifty more to prove that there is a hell, &c., &c. But we only tell them the simple story, as Peter did, Acts 10:35 to 44; and so I follow Peter's arrangement as to doctrinal points. And I suppose Paul sometimes preached about the same. See Acts, 16: 31 and 36. And these converts are just like the converts of Peter and John. They leap up, and leap after they are up, and praise God. They are not ensnared in such unreasonable scepticism, and disgraceful, soul damning pride as I have seen in America, many times.

The fact is, these are justified by simple faith in Christ. They never wait to be happy before they firmly believe, or rely, (as I used to do once,) but they first rely on the naked word of God, regardless of any happiness whatever. (See Fragment B.)

Oct. 30. Saturday night, 11 o'clock. Our quarterly meeting commenced this afternoon. Brother Seys arrived here at 11 o'clock, A. M., and at twelve he commenced an examination of my school. My first class read quite correctly in the old and new testaments, as Brothes Seys selected their chapters. After this, he had them parse grammar till they had applied nearly all the rules. Our second class read in several different places in the new testament to high satisfaction, and gave examples on all the nine parts of speech. Our third class spelled about ten minutes, in three and four syllables, and missed only one word. It has been only about eighteen months since I took most of these children out of the bush, when they knew not one letter of the alphabet. And for four weeks of that time, at the commencement of our reformation, we did not assemble once for school, only on the Sabbath. And for the first six weeks after the battle, we had no school. And since that time, we have been on guard so much, it has sometimes rendered us stupid and dull. But we think that, including all our excitements, the children have done well. And hence, Brother Seys came prepared and gave each of them a present. The Lord hath blessed us. At 2 o'clock, Brother Seys preached to us, and then presided over the quarterly conference. This conference consists of two exhorters, four leaders, and five stewards. And this was truly an entertaining time to us. This evening Brother Seys preached again. We closed off with a glorious prayer meeting, in which three sinners were converted to God, to whom be all the glory.

November 1. Sunday night, 11 o'clock. Our quarterly meeting has just closed, and nobody ever had a better one. Over one hundred members were in the love-feast this morning, and eighty-one of them spake in an hour and a half. After morning preaching, thirty-six were baptised. At our communion, one hundred and fifty members were present at the table. And this evening, God in mercy has converted six of these poor heathen. Truly, we have had a rich, heavenly meeting. The ways and manners of this people have become pleasant indeed. O, what a pity it is, there are no more faithful laborers in this vast, ripe vineyard! How much better it would be, if one half the missionaries in the colony would stop their mercenary traffic, and turn into this ripe harvest, and gather souls for eternal gain. But I thank God for what He has already done for poor, benighted Africa. For the everlasting gospel has reached her at last, and it is spreading far and wide. So bright does the gospel shine into these dark regions, and so glorious is its moral and spiritual influence, that the natives, both converted and unconverted, are ashamed to acknowledge their former practices in presence of any christian. When I first came to Heddington, the natives were very frank in telling

me all their habits and practices. But I have preached so much against them, they are ashamed to acknowledge the very practices in which they were daily living when I came here. O, what mighty power in the gospel of Christ! How these idolaters quail under it! It seems far better adapted to these heathen than civilized sceptics.

O, my God, forbid that I should glory save in the cross of Christ, by whom the word is crucified to me, and I to the world. Lord, give me the gospel, and I desire no more; for all but the gospel is vanity.

The things eternal I pursue,
A happiness beyond the view;
Of those that basely pant,
For things by nature felt and seen,
Their honors, wealth and pleasures mean,
I neither have nor want.

I have no babes to hold me here,
But children more securely dear,
For mine I humbly claim,
Better than daughters or than sons,
Temples divine of living stones,
Inscribed with Jesus' name.

No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in the wilderness,
A poor way faring man;
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my heaven gain.

Nothing on earth I call my own,
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all its goods despise;
I trample on its whole delights,
I seek a city out of sight,
A city in the skies.

O glory be to God! another bright beam of glory has just lit on my transporting soul, and sensibly I feel the immortal flame burning in my bosom. O how dreadful is this place, 'tis God's own house, it is heaven's gate. O shall I ever want to sleep again. How can I sleep while angels sing and all the hosts on high cry glory to the eternal King, the Lamb that once did die!

I am happy. I'm happy. O wondrous account
My joys are immortal, I stand on the mount,
I gaze on my treasure, I long to be there,
With angels, my kindred, and Jesus my dear!

Nov. 3. Tuesday night, 10 o'clock. King Bango was brought to this town about five weeks since, sick, and has been confined to his house most of the time since. This morning he gave up the ghost. King Bango's decease was peculiarly afflicting to him.

His was the sleepy disease, which is very common to this people. Bango often complained that when he undertook to pray as soon as he closed his eyes he would fall asleep. This seemed to be a grief to him for which he often wept. When he was awake his whole conversation was religion. For the last two weeks he slept so sound that he was senseless nearly all the while. About two hours before he died, he revived and came to his senses. He then opened his eyes, and not having strength to speak, he continued to wisper till he died, saying: "God palaver be good; God palaver be good; O my God palaver be good. And such was his last wisper.

O, I truly thank God for the lively hope I have of Bango's eternal salvation. Ever since his conversion he has been very devotional, nor have we seen anything in him contrary to christianity. It was this same Bango who broke loose from his people at our first meeting on Bangs' Hill last March, and who so violently decided, saying: "Good by; I will seek the Lord." I had a coffin made for him, in which we deposited the body in full American style. I made a bier on which to convey the corpse. I then addressed them as appropriate as I knew how, for one hour. Then I appointed eight Pessah brethren to carry the corpse. I organized the procession in proper order, placing King Peter immediately after the corpse, King Bascom and King Zoda Quee next, Bango's wife and I next, then Bango's children, his people, and King Peter's people in the rear, &c. And notwithstanding the procession was very large, I never saw one more solemn; nearly every one wept.

Nov. 26. Thursday night, 10 o'clock. I have just returned from Monrovia, where I lodged the last night. But O what a fearful confusion the people and church are in there. Nothing is known or heard of there, but twitting, quarrelling backbiting, cursing and slander. All this in consequence of the law suit between the Colony and Mission. Our church in that place is more than half shivered in pieces by it. Brother F. Burns, a preacher who has been a member of this Conference for six years, is suspended and turned out of the Seminary in which he was a teacher. Rev. E. Johnston, their preacher in charge, and the oldest preacher in the Conference, is forbidden to preach or make any appointments for preaching in the church, without special permission from Brother Seys. So much these two preachers get for not opposing the Government of the Colony, and not favoring the proceedings of Brother Seys in the suit. Some will hear Brother Seys preach and no one else, some will hear Brother Johnson preach but no one else, and others will not hear either. O how the devil reigns among them. Both parties were very cross to me, because I would not take sides with either. O thank

the good Lord that I have a place prepared here in the wilderness, at least for a half time, war or no war! My business is to save as many souls as I can, and the law of the Lord is my study.

Nov. 23. Saturday night, 11 o'clock. Yesterday morning Brother Simon Peter had six friends come to visit him from the Vie County. Two of them were his own brothers in the flesh. They had come over one hundred and fifty miles from this place. Simon Peter is a Vie man, but he had not seen these brothers nor any of these men for eight years. They came as a committee sent by their Kings and head men, to make inquiry concerning the great God palaver, which so excited the whole land. The Vie tribe are the most intelligent, unoffensive tribe of the forest. Simon brought them to me, and they introduced their business and directions from their rulers, in an ornate, reverential manner. This was the most dignified exhibition that ever I witnessed among any of the unconverted in Africa. They said that their Kings had heard all about the great battle we had with the Bontawains, and how the American God had fought and well nigh spoilt that hostile tribe of Gambia in one day. Indeed, this committee told us nearly every circumstance of the whole proceedings in battle. And said they, all our people are afraid of that God, lest his palaver catch us also. And therefore said they, we want to know what that God is, who made him, which way (why) he came to this country, and what is his palaver with this people, &c.

At 4 o'clock, P. M. we led them into the church to tell them who God is and what is his palaver, &c. Our whole church were gathered, and never have I seen so much manifested interest before for the salvation of souls. I preached from Rom. 1 19:26. And here I preached two hours because the word Creator pushed me into the divinity of the God head, which led us all into Jesus. O that desirable, glorious, but awful name, Jesus; how it made these sons of old Belshazzar tremble. But I gave way for Brother Simon, who in a masterly manner worked up his brethren as a potter would his clay, till they screamed for mercy as if the Judgment day had come. We led them to the altar of sacrifice, and more than one hundred of us all began to pray as one man; and having made a covenant not to stop praying till all were converted, the last one held us to it for forty minutes. But Jesus converted them all. To his eternal honor and praise, and to him alone be all the glory! So God is bringing his sons from afar and Gentiles are coming to his light. The north has given up at last, and the south is coming to Zion!

The set time to favor Zion has come. (See Document 4.) The breaker has come up before them, Mic. 2:13, and the veil that was spread over the nations is removed, Isaiah 25:7-8; and all flesh

are beginning to see the salvation of God. O, hallalujah, hallalujah to Jesus!

Thus, in the course of two weeks, there has been three committees, sent from three different foreign tribes of the interior, to see and hear, and carry back words to their Kings, concerning this great God palaver: and all those committees have been converted! Besides all our neighboring towns and half towns who are thronging me and Brothers Simon and Bascom, asking thousands of questions, and inviting us to come to their towns and preach. But we both have as much as we can possibly do at home at present.

To the great King, eternal, immortal, almighty, be all the glory and honor and praise; hallalujah. Amen.

How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and Kings desir'd long,
But died without the sight.

The Lord makes bare his arm,
Through all the earth abroad,
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Nov. 29. Sunday night, 10 o'clock. Another laborious but blessed Sabbath indeed. At 8 o'clock we had fifty-six scholars, and which was far more interesting than any Sabbath school we have had. At 10 o'clock, because there were many strangers among us, I preached from Mat. 16:26. Those strangers were attentive and manifested a deep stirring interest hearing so much about their immortal souls. Some of them wept and grieved bitterly. I gave way to Brother Bascom, who came down upon them with the gospel like a storm. And while he was yet talking one of the strangers arose, and said, "God's palaver done catch my heart dis time." "God done bring he palaver for heart too," said another. We invited them to the altar and nine of them came forward. We all entered into prayer in their behalf. And while we were praying one of my little boys came up behind me, took hold of my arm and gave it a shake. I stopped praying, and as I looked round to see what it was, the boy whispered in my ear and said: "Daddy, I can't pray any more this time, because one of these strangers has got a devil's heart yet, and he has come to the altar to fool us." I asked him how he knew? He said: "I have put my hand on all their breasts, and all their hearts move quick and strong, only that one man, and his heart is asleep all this time. His heart is thinking of some devil palaver, said he, and that is the way his heart can't move, and so he can't pray a bit. But we let him go, and the Lord converted seven of them. Those seven with the church shouted and praised Jesus.

This deceiver shouted too, but he only said over the same words which the rest of them had spoken. But the brethren were so disgusted at his hallow sounding and mock actions, that they soon crowded him out the church. The time has come when it is not an easy matter to deceive these saints in these matters.

At 12 o'clock I left town for Bangs' Hill, where I preached at two. Here we had a blessed time again. My dear Brother Simon remains a growing, faithful, successful laborer in the vineyard, and several souls have recently been converted through his instrumentality, five of which joined society this afternoon. I left Bangs' Hill at 4 o'clock, and arrived home at 5½ o'clock, which made fourteen miles travel since 12 o'clock. At six I preached from Acts 9:9-13. And before I had done preaching Brother Bascom began to lead up some weeping sinners to the altar. I stopped preaching, we all began to pray, and the Lord converted three more Pessah men.

To God alone be all the glory for this blessed day!

December 3. My Superintendent has at last consented to let me leave this station at the next annual conference, and go further into the interior and establish another station. (See Document 5.) My present arrangement is, to start next Monday for the interior, on a general excursion among the tribes, and when I shall return, I know not. We have been preparing for this for several weeks. The fullest probability is that the set time to favor Zion is come, and the fullness of the Gentiles has already entered. The natives from all directions, to a great distance, are constantly urging us to come and establish missions among them. More than forty of these converted natives are all on the wing for carrying the gospel into the interior. But I shall take only fifteen of them at first, till we find a suitable station. O, that there were fifty able missionaries to start with me, to meet the claims of these poor heathen, and answer the commands of Christ! But if the Lord will send some one to water, then by the help of God I will go forward and plant. And perhaps this is best; for if I am martyred, or die other wise, I have neither wife nor child to weep after me, and none but these natives to lament for me. Thank God, I am what I am. The quarrel between the American church and the Commonwealth rages high and fearful. The Commonwealth party say hard things about me, because I will not join their party. The missionaries of the Seys party say they will assuredly expel me at the next annual conference, unless I join the Seys party. The Seys party hold every body as their intended enemies who will not come out publicly and quarrel against the Commonwealth. But both my bible, discipline—yea, and conscience too, forbids it. What is to be the result of this, I know not. But if I live, thank God, I shall soon be in the interior, beyond the slaywringing uproar, for I am sick of it.

Dec. 5. Saturday night, 9 o'clock. Yesterday morning we commenced a society meeting in our church, which continued until sunset this evening, including an intermission of eight hours last night. And assuredly it has been an interesting time to me. It may appear strange to some, why a society meeting should last so long, and what could have been the business. But I answer: The meeting was on this wise. Nothing is more common than for preachers, going on to a new station or circuit, to complain that all is out of order. But I am determined that it shall not be so with my successor. And hence, eight days ago, I appointed a general meeting, and required all under my charge to be present at its commencement, for a general inspection of character. The design of this was to get hold of every error, and every little difficulty which could not be gotten hold of without such a process. Every difficulty which I knew of, was all settled before this meeting commenced. But I knew not but there might be some private difficulties which might hereafter grow into public ones, unless they were killed in the bud. And I thought I could settle such better than a stranger. Here we began at the leaders, and followed the roll on the class books, one by one, as we called each one up to the altar. Here every one was required to tell every objection, and every variation which they knew of that one person, or forever after hold their peace, on peril of being expelled from church. For as I am soon to leave the station, I intended to sound the whole church to the bottom, before I leave. There were one hundred members present, and all were sifted as wheat.

Yesterday we expelled four members for accompanying a griggree woman (a witch) into town. It is true, that few would have thought of expelling persons from an American church for doing what those have done. For as the griggree woman came up to the big gate of our town, accompanied by hundreds of Devil Bush people, a few days since, four of our members stepped down to the gate, and walked back beside the procession, for about six rods. Nothing would have been said about it, had not every one have pledged themselves to tell all they knew. But when it got started in this meeting, the zeal of the church arose so high that it was impossible for me to save them. They confessed their fault, and begged pardon, but nothing would satisfy the church but expulsion. But all four of them spent the whole of last night in repentance and prayer, and to-day they all came into church and wept and begged so fervently for restoration, that their tears broke down the church, and we received them again. It was truly interesting to see how like men and women of God these beloved ones acted. They were not backward in speaking of the faults of others, nor were they offended to hear of their own faults, nor was there anything like sharpness, nor passion, nor

partiality among them. The design of the meeting was so fully explained, that every one felt a high interest in its proceedings. And in all the proceedings only two men and one woman were presented to the chair for reproof, except the four who were expelled. Just before we closed, I baptised eighteen adults and five infants. And a little after sunset, we closed in sweet fellowship and heavenly love.

This meeting was the more interesting, because it was a conclusion of the whole matter.

Next Monday I leave for the interior, and whether I live or die, it matters not to me, for I am full of glorious victory. Hallelujah! To God alone be all the glory!

Make us into one spirit drink—
Baptise into Thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak the same.

Dec. 7. Monday morning. 11 o'clock. My tour into the interior is all upset for the present. Yesterday morning we were informed by good authority, that King Gatumbah has raised up, and got out another war in the bush, and is making way to give us another attack. The intelligence was so well authenticated that we spent the day, yesterday, in preparing for battle. The whole town was on guard all the last night, and I with them. My people are by no means willing for me to leave for the interior, nor do I think it prudent at present. For I must fight before Heddington is given up, unless some one else has charge of it. If we must fight, then we are already for battle. For no savage may carry off nor eat up the saints, without resistance. O, may the God of Moses rescue us from them!

Dec. 9. Yesterday morning we sent six men into the bush, to see if they could spy out anything of the enemy. But they were to return last night. To-day we were doubting whether they were not taken, or slain by the enemy, But at sunset they returned, and bring us the following intelligence: We took the old war path, and went directly to the St. Paul's River. There, on the opposite bank, we saw about one hundred men preparing a raft. We watched them about two hours, and saw them work. We hailed them, and as soon as they saw us they ran into the bush. But we concluded to remain on the river bank all night, and watch their proceedings. We remained there till noon, to-day, saw nothing more of them, and left for home.

Dec. 18. We have received good news from the enemy. Gatumbah has met with so much perplexity and bad luck, that he has abandoned all his army, and declares he will never make another attempt to attack Heddington, for it is of no use to try. O, bless the good Lord for that! To God over all, be all the glory.

Dec. 31. And so closes up the year! O, what a year; who that is now liveth on the earth, hath ever experienced, as I have, such a year!

Salvation, carnage, blood, hail-stones and coals of fire! Mercy, wrath, pity, indignation, war and peace, hell and heaven met, and Sinai and Calvary become one!!

Christ hath shown me, O what wonders,
Thrilling to my flesh and blood,
Awful scenes, as Sinai's thunders
Rolling down the mount of God.

God hath shaken this great nation,
Hell's deep groans have round me rolled,
Christ hath spoke a new creation,
Broke the devil's strongest hold.

Calvary's streams have reached this forest,
Hosts of sinners wash therein,
Abram's promise, I'm a witness,
Soon will make an end of sin.

Zion's King hath brought salvation,
Zeal and vengeance clothe his arm,
I have seen them round this station,
Hence, the tribes are all alarmed!

But it is not at all probable that ever I shall experience another year of equal interest. For the greater probability is that if I am not expelled at the next Annual Conference, which sets on the 14th of next month, I shall either locate or withdraw from the travelling connection of this Conference. I would not do this, if the members of this Conference had even the form of Methodism; which they have not, and far less the power. Therefore I consider it neither duty nor privilege to walk with such men. They do not pretend that they have any thing against me, only that I will not join the Seys party, and have my name published as such. And for this they say I shall be expelled at the next Conference. O thanks be to God for his great goodness to me the last year!

January 10. Sunday night, 9 o'clock. This is the first day for the last two weeks that I have been able to do any business. I have had eight paroxysms of chill and fever, which well nigh worked me up again. But in answer to the prayers of my dear people, God, by a sudden impulse of his mighty power, raised me up again. Glory be to God for his goodness and loving kindness to my poor soul and body.

This morning God gave me strength to preach a little farewell sermon to my people, and hold a general class meeting this afternoon. And never have I seen such a heart melting, soul affecting day before. O who can describe the grief of my dear people on this occasion. It may only be told in the Paradise of

God, where our superstitions will be deeper and stronger. Tomorrow, if my health permit, I leave for Monrovia to meet in Conference. And how I shall stand it to leave such a peaceable, heavenly place as this, and go into such a clamorous place I know not. O may the Lord give me faith and patience to endure it with calmness and firmness.

Jan. 12. At Monrovia. I arrived here yesterday at 4 o'clock P. M. But all the preachers had arrived here before me. The committee on the examination of candidates for admission into Conference, were notified three weeks since to meet in the Methodist church at Monrovia, at 9 o'clock this A. M., for examination I am a member of this said committee. At 9 o'clock I went to the church but found no one there. At 10 o'clock I went again but no one in the church. At 11, I went again, but not a preacher there. At 12, I went again and returned as usual. Brother A. Herring, is chairman of this committee, and he and all the members of Conference are in town.

Surely, it is high times here in Monrovia. Nothing is heard of but the Seys party, and Government party. Boys, girls, men, women, and every preacher boasting of their strongest party, and ask me to which I belong.

Jan. 14. Annual Conference commenced at 9 o'clock A. M., with Rev. J. Seys in the chair. All has gone on well to-day, only they have taken in some members for whom I could not vote. For one of them was so intoxicated yesterday that he staggered badly as he passed by me.

Jan. 15. Business went on rather stubed to-day. At the afternoon session I asked for a location. A debate then took place and continued to the hour of adjournment; so that my case is put over till to-morrow. Their debate was neither against my moral character nor against my doctrine or doctrines which I had preached, but against the expediency of locating. For I had only told them one of my designs, and that was to visit America. For I have the fullest confidence that unless I visit America, the gospel will stop where it is and not reach the interior for years. True, I did not tell them this, but only that I had important business in America. The objects of my locating are these: First, There is not the least probability of my going into the interior to establish a Mission, even if I remain in Conference; for by what I can learn, the greater probability is that unless the Missionaries stop their clamoring against the civil Government, that Government will soon banish all who are not citizens from the Colony for the sake of peace. And I am fully confident that those Missionaries will not stop till Government stops them. The whole of their unjust proceedings, on both sides, are published in their papers, (for each has a press,) and hundreds of those papers go to America. And unless some middle-man rise up to reconcile those

conflicting reports, then what will become of Colonization and Mission too? For this Colony and this Mission for the time being, depend essentially on each other; and if the house be divided against itself how then can it stand. But I am the only middle-man in all the region. I am for the Colony and Mission both together. All the rest are, some for breaking down the Colony, and others for breaking up the Mission. So are the publications. But small as my influence is, it may possibly have a little secret influence if I can get to America, in reconciling the furious parties; for America is the head of both. The fact is, I fear the Mission will be broken up. O Lord save it!

Again, these Brother Missionaries say, that if I do not come out on the Seys party, they will operate against me while I live. But if I locate they may not think me worthy of their vengeance, and so I may escape their wrath. And if they do not locate me then I shall withdraw from these men.

Jan. 16. Business has dragged rather hard in Conference, today. But little has been accomplished except to grant me a location. The day has been spent in disputing on a previous trial of F. Burns. It looks and sounds very strange to me to hear so much debating and legislating on almost every rule in the Discipline of the Methodist church. That is, whether they will abide by those rules or not. I know not what they may become yet; for they may improve, and may yet become a sound, methodical body. But so far as ever I have read of the character of Methodists, they are very far from them.

Jan. 17. Sunday night, 10 o'clock. This has been a day of some joy and much grief. Brother Seys preached to us at 10 o'clock, A. M. After which we commemorated the death of our ever blessed Jesus. But it was an occasion of grief to me, to see so many who were once pillars in the church, standing or sitting at a distance from the table of the Lord, and would not partake thereof, because of their unreconciliation touching that law suit. O, what a break in the church of Christ! Nor are there any means in operation to heal the sore. The sermons, exhortations, prayers, and all common conversation are poisoned with that old law suit. But nothing can be more unpleasant to me.

January 19. Tuesday night. At Heddington. I left the Cape at 8 o'clock A. M., and arrived here at four. And thank the good Lord, all is well, and safe. But I am the more thankful, to find some body, with whom I talk about religion. I have been gone eight days, but I have not found one, who would talk more than two minutes about religion, before they would break into the law suit, between the Mission and Government. I tried every preacher at the conference, who would speak to me at all (for some will not speak to me) and I tried the private members, but I got nothing but the old law suit. And rather than starve for

spiritual bread, I packed up before conference closed, and returned home. Here thank God, I have bread enough for a feast of my soul. For even as soon as I came within hearing of Heddington, I was saluted by the voice of prayer. And as soon as I came into the house, the dear brethren flocked around me, and first of all, they inquired how my soul felt, and began to tell me how good their hearts felt. O how quick my soul was nourished. Bless the Lord for such food. I am to hold charge of this station, until another preacher shall be sent on by the conference.

January 22. Before I went to conference, King Peter of Bangs' Hill, told me that if I did not remain on this station another year, he should take all his people, and remove to the Goloo country. This he said because I had given him some encouragement of visiting that country, on my own expense, before I go to America, And King Peter is so anxious to have a mission established in the remaining part of his tribe, who are already in Goloo, that this morning he started off, and took twenty of our brethren with him. He has done this to secure my services, in case I select a station before I go to America. May the Lord bless King Peter.

January 23. Saturday night 10 o'clock. This morning, two messengers, sent from two Goloo Kings, came into our house, and each of them presented me a dash. They told me that their Kings had sent them to invite and persuade me to come up to their country, and establish a mission in either of their towns, as there was but little distance between them. These head men have been urging me all the day, to consent to make them a visit. Yesterday morning, King Peter, as above stated, left this place for another section of the Goloo country.

And since sunset, brother J. Canady, one of our stewards of the church, who has been absent for four weeks, visiting his tribe in big Pessah, returned. Brother Canady brings us news of the highest interest. He informs us, that he found more than thirty of our brethren in one place, in big Pessah, holding their regular, weekly class and prayer meetings, keeping the sabbath ridgedly, and asking God's blessings on their food, every time they eat. They do all this in open daylight, without the least molestation. And moreover, the first King of big Pessah, sent me a dash of a fine, fat sheep, a gourd of palm oil, and one chicken, earnestly requesting me to make no establishment of any mission, till I first visit him. Big Pessah is supposed to be about two hundred miles, north-east from this place.

Brother Canady says, that the whole country are expecting a visit from me every day, according to a previous arrangement. Those brethren of whom brother Canady speaks of as praying, &c., are some of our converts, who left Heddington in consequence of the war; and among them are five men who were sent here

about three months since, as a committee of inquiry; and were converted on the occasion. And now if some one does not go up, and strengthen the hands of those brethren, I fear that the mighty current of heathenism may by and by turn upon them, and overcome them. For the devil is not dead yet. Our quarterly meeting comes on next Saturday, and then, if the superintendent will pay one half of the expenses, I will pay the rest, give in my time, and visit big Pessah.

January 24. Sunday night, 11 o'clock. This has been a sabbath of high interest to us all. This morning, we had an interesting sabbath school, of forty scholars, since that, I have preached three sermons, and had prayer meeting this evening. The blessed Jesus has been with us all day, and he has converted four souls: Two men, and two women, all queer people. The conversion of one of these women is what I allude to, more especially, when I say, high interest. For this woman is that same of whom I speak, on December third, and on whose account we expelled four members. A Griggree woman is, to the natives, what the Americans understand by a witch. They qualify themselves as follows. First they go into the devils bush, and there remain from six to twenty days, before they come out. They have waiters to bring their food, daily, and food for the devil also. And after being fully anointed by the devil, they come forth, proclaiming all the powers and arts of witches in olden times. Before they leave the devil's bush, they have a witch robe prepared, which well corresponds with their profession. When they leave the bush, they are accompanied from town to town by hundreds of men and women, all under the most terrifying hoops, screams, bells, shells, horns, &c., attended by a heavy, perpetual sound of musketry. And this is the pomp, in which this woman came into our town, on the third day of December last. She is a very fair, pleasant looking woman, about twenty-six or twenty-eight years old. But she has been a great curse to this town, for the last two years. But to-day, at our 10 o'clock sermon, she was discovered to be listening at the window of a house, about four rods from the church. At 1 o'clock, preaching, she took a seat under the eave of an old house, about two rods from the church, where she could look into the pulpit, see us, and hear every word. At four o'clock preaching, she came and stood at the corner of the church till I had got about two-thirds through my sermon. At this time, I was about to speak to two of our sanctified, sisters for whispering, and rolling up their sleeves in meeting which I had never seen before. But just as I was preparing to speak, they both arose, and walked out of church. And when the Griggree woman saw them coming toward her, she run. But Rhoda, and Bampho, being well shod with the preparation of the gospel, took after the witch, and chased her about town, caught

her, and pulled her into the house while I was preaching. But notwithstanding all her resistance, as soon as she touched the altar, she dropped as a dead person. There, said Rhoda, lay there, till God takes away your devil heart, and gives you one like Jesus. Rhoda and Bampho stood by the witch, and very deliberately, unfolded their sleeves, while I was preaching, as if I observed them not. And after they had stood there about two minutes, Rhoad looked up to me, smiling, and said with calm boldness; daddy you have preached long enough, come down and help us pray for this Griggree woman! We immediately stopped preaching, and went down into the altar. The witch had not breathed yet. In the same moment, the Brethren caught hold of some weeping sinners, and led them to the altar also. And at this, we all engaged in prayer, without one word of ceremony. And soon three men were brought into gospel liberty. They leaped up and praised Jesus for a few minutes, and then down and joined us in prayer for the witch: And I have never seen any converts at any time, pray with such power and zeal as those three. Nor have we ever had such a long, mighty struggle before, at Heddington, as with this witch. But glory to Jesus, at last, the heavens began to yield to faith, the witch began to breathe, and groan: And soon after, the marvelous light of Jesus filled her whole soul. She manifested more sublime joy, than any convert I ever saw. Nor have we ever had such a triumphant shout in our church before. To the ever blessed Jesus, be all the glory especially and exclusively; for the devils are subject unto us through his name. Hallelujah to God. Amen.

Jan. 30. Saturday, night 11 o'clock. Brother Seys arrived here for quarterly meeting at 11 o'clock, A. M. And first of all, I was surprised to learn by him that he also was going to visit America at the earliest opportunity. He also informed me that the governor and council had protested against him, Dr. Goheene, and T. B. Burton, and passed an act that all three should leave the colony; saying, for disturbing the peace of the Commonwealth, by the instrumentality of the law suit between the Mission and Commonwealth. Brother Seys has divided the Mission into three districts, and appointed three presiding elders over them. He has also called off all the laborers at White Plains, who have been at work for months building a saw mill for the Mission, and for which about \$5,000 have been expended, and the work but little more than half done yet. And all the mechanical operations of the Mission are suspended. No more new mission stations are to be established. Brother Seys preached to us at 3 o'clock, P. M.

Near the close of the sermon, a brother gave me a wink, and I followed him out of the church. We went into our dwelling-house, and there I saw a lady, smiling, all dressed in white. I

took her by the arm, and a gentleman and lady marched us back to the church, and Brother Seys presently pronounced us man and wife, in the midst of all the people. The lady's name was Harriet Ann Harper, aged thirty-five years. Harriet has lived in our family for twenty-two months, and acquitted herself so well as a stewardess through all our difficulties and dangers, that I thought it not good to turn her off at this juncture; for a bird in hand is worth two in the bush.

Brother A. C. Utridge was appointed to this station at the last annual conference, but has not arrived here yet. Why he is not on his post, we know not. We have had the Lord within us this evening, and three sinners have been converted. I yet have charge of this station, and seven souls were converted the past week. O, to God be all the glory!

Jan. 31. Sunday night, 10 o'clock. This also, has been a blessed Sabbath. Our love feast, and all the ordinances of the day have been heavenly and divine. We have all renewed our covenants with God, and taken fresh courage to live holy and devotional. To the all wise God be all the glory.

February 14. Sunday night, 10 o'clock. Brother A. C. Utridge arrived here yesterday, at 5 o'clock, A. M. I immediately surrendered the charge of the station to him, and gave up all the books.

This morning I preached my last farewell sermon, from Acts 20:17 to 33. But indeed this meeting was more like a funeral than any thing else. For such a heart-rending scene, I never before witnessed. As for my boys and girls, their agonies were indescribable. Indeed, after I had done preaching, I was sorry I had preached as I had, for fear that their grief might overcome them. O, may high heaven take especial charge of these beloved children.

But I cannot, in conscience, retire to rest till I make a further acknowledgment of the goodness of my heavenly Father. For God has truly wrought most gloriously for me, and with me, since I came on to this station. I have ever aimed to tell the people God's truth, and nothing but truth. I have told these people some things which I have found in the bible, which made me tremble the moment after. (Shame for me!) That is, I have told them what God would do for his people, on certain conditions on our part. For I feared that the people might err through ignorance, and that therefore the Lord might not feel himself bound to fulfil His promises. I do not mean spiritual promises, for I had no fear of them, but of temporal promises. Such, for instance, as these: I told these people, that if war came to us while we were serving God faithfully, that if we fought with all our power, fought in the name of the Lord, only in our own defence, God would certainly give us victory. And so it was. I

told them that if the enemy happened to kill one of us, how God would pour out His wrath upon them. And so it was. I told our brethren that if we stood our ground, and watched day and night for the enemy, that God would not suffer them to come nigh us. And so it was. Immediately after the battle, all the wild beasts of the forest retired beyond our reach, and the fish left our creeks for the ocean. The hosts who came to our assistance were obliged to eat, and they were with us so long, they eat up nearly all the domestic provisions in our region, and were obliged to retire to the interior also. Soon after this, my people began to feel the want of provisions. Many were about leaving the town, saying that God had sent a curse upon us, by driving back the beasts and fish beyond our reach. But I told them to stand their ground, for the wild meat would soon return again, and we should have abundance, only let us trust in the Lord. True, said I, God has driven off all the wild meat and fish; but it is that our enemies may not lurk in the bush near us, live on wild meat, and wait for an opportunity to take the advantage and slay us. Wait, said I, only a ten days longer, and if no wild meat appears, then you may go. But in ten minutes afterwards, I was sorry that I had been so presumptuous to those poor natives. However, in three hours after that, they shot a hippopotamus, which weighed about four hundred pounds. And from that time the wild meat increased, so that in one month after, we began to salt down venison. Our creeks were never so full of fish before, and the wild beasts were far more plenty and tame than ever known before. I could but remind my people of the quails in the wilderness. And these remarkable circumstances have stamped the true deity on the consciences of these natives, too deep to be effaced by heathenism, in this generation. For God has fulfilled every promise, as found in his word, in alphabetical order. O, what a siege I have experienced on this ground for the last two years! And had it not been for the Lord God of my fathers, I should have been swallowed up by my enemies, whole as the grave. But my mountain has stood strong as a rock, immovable, and everlasting. The arms of my hands have been strengthened, and made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob. O my soul, how thou hast trodden down strength! But the best of all is God, I mean Jesus, has converted more than four hundred souls on this station, since I have been here. And thank God, that by these living epistles, the gospel has already been spread into nearly every town for thirty miles around us. God sent that war here on purpose to scatter the converts, and spread the gosel in all directions at once. The blood of our enemies has thundered an eternal command of silence to the clamoring idolators of the whole land, and forced a conviction of humble submission on these pagans, that the God of the bible rules o'er the kingdoms of men. Ethi-

opia has long travelled, but she has come forth at last, through a violent struggle and an abundance of blood. O, ye first born sons of God, now give us your highest song of triumph, for the Lord hath redeemed your younger sister, by a high arm, and great judgments The Lord doeth valiently. Hallelujah! The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth! Amen.

Thou, Lord, hast magnified thy name,
Thou hast maintained thy cause;
And I enjoy the glorious shame--
The scandal of thy Cross.

Superior to my foes, I stood
Above their smile or frown.
On all the strangers to thy blood,
With pitying love look down.

Feb. 30. Sunday night, 9 o'clock. I know that God alone giveth the increase. But after all, as God commonly works by means, there is some little dependence on the manner of our using those means. For if Paul does not plant, nor Apolos water, who then will give the increase? If I live one year, I shall have an opportunity to learn a lesson of great importance. Now I am confident, that all, we the first Missionaries among these heathen, should keep journals, or records, of all our proceedings, for after generations, that wherein we fail in attempting to christianize these heathen, others may shun our defects. For if I have erred in my proceedings here, then God forbid that others should follow my examples.

Now Brother Utridge takes an entire different course with these people from what I have. True, it may, perhaps, be all for the best. I cannot condemn his proceedings yet, but I wait to see the result. He has been here for two weeks, and spent the most of his time, in buying Calm wood and Ivory. He says he will not have so much time spent in the worship of God, least it become formal, and burdensome. But I wait to see the result.

March 7. Sunday night, 11 o'clock. This has been truly an interesting evening. One year ago this morning, was the hour of the memorable battle at Heddington. And this evening, from 7 o'clock, has been our celebration of that great victory. We have had eleven addresses from our brethren, all completely adapted to the occasion. Several of the brethren, and two sisters spoke in a sublime, oratorious manner. Another such confident boasting of God's miraculous goodness, and preserving mercy over us for the passed year, I never heard before. There was no laughing among them, but a modest lively smile, breaking through the tears which bathed every face. Nay we have not enjoyed a more interesting season at any time. This was the more interesting to me because this is the last night which I spend at Heddington.

To-morrow morning I leave this place, and move down to Caldwell, where I leave my wife, while I visit America. But we shall probably burn a little powder, in the morning, before we leave, and I am also to deliver an address. We could not fully carry out our celebration to-day, because it is Sunday.

March 8. At White Plains. At 5 o'clock, A. M. The people at Heddington, with King Zoda Quee and a host of his people, raised a tremendous firing of musketry on one side of the town, and a few Americans at our big gun, on the other, and this firing was kept up for one hour and twenty-two minutes. This was our Anniversary, of the time and hour of battle, one year ago yesterday morning. At 8 o'clock, the natives from all directions, began to come into town, supposing we had been fighting a terrible battle, because we began to fire, at the usual time in which natives make their attacks on towns. And we had said nothing to the neighboring towns, that we were going to have such a firing, that we might see what effect it would have on them. For we wanted to prove them, to try their confidence in war. But we found their confidence strong.

At 10 o'clock, we all went into the house of God, in solemn order, to make our acknowledgment to God, for his great acts and kindness to us, in delivering us from the hand of a hostile enemy, and to thank him for his wonderful works among us, since we first met at Heddington. After singing and prayer to Almighty God, I read the 48th Psalm, and explained it nearly all, by analogy to what has transpired among us for the last year. The house was crowded and I talked for two hours, in a pretty high strain. But the time of our separation was at hand: A gospel Father is about to depart, and leave a host of gospel children in the wilderness, in the hand of a stranger. The sheep have not yet learned his voice. The dear lambs of Jesus bleat, groan, and wring their little hands. Their souls were weeping. The older fall on the floor, scream, and smite their breasts: They fell on my neck, and on the neck of my dear companion. They kiss our feet, and bathe them with their tears, saying, O Daddy don't go, O don't go. Never have I witnessed such a lamentation before. The whole congregation appeared to be in the deepest pangs of crucifixion.

At 2 o'clock twenty natives took up, our baggage, and we left the whole town in a soul rending cry. We arrived here at White Plains at 4 o'clock, P. M. Our dear brethren laid down their loads and returned weeping. In fact this has been the most solemn day that ever I experienced. O Lord God what wonders thou hast shown me in the wilderness!

Blest be the dear united love,
That will not let us part,
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

Joined in one spirit to our head,
 Where he appoints we go,
 And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
 And show his praise below.

Feb. 9. Tuesday night, 9 o'clock. At Caldwell. We arrived here at 11 o'clock, A. M. Here I have hired part of a house, wherein I design to leave my wife while I go to America and return again. I design to sail at the earliest opportunity, but when that will be, I know not. O how astonishing it is, to find the church at Caldwell so perfectly dead to devotion in religion. Several of our brethren have been in to see us this afternoon and evening, and almost the first thing with them is to know which side I am on, Seys' party or Government party. But I tell them that I am only for Jesus. Brother G. Simpson and M. Jacobs are the two preachers on the circuit. Brother Simpson has charge of the circuit, and is a strong Seys' party man, and preaches on the difficulty as his main hobby, calling it holiness, as I am informed, as all the others do.

Feb. 31. After remaining in Caldwell a few days my soul become afflicted to see the church completely dead and lifeless. I talked with Brother Jacobs till I persuaded him to drop the old difficulty, and try to help awaken the dead church. I also found here a local preacher by the name of Isaac Lawrence, who was a Government man, but not so badly deranged as some others. And five days ago we three commenced a protracted meeting here. That is, we preached every night, and had a prayer meeting after preaching. For in fact, the church had not only lost the power, but nearly all the form of godliness. We took hold of the people where they were, and began to try to raise them by the doctrine which we preached. Last Sabbath I preached two hours on entire sanctification by faith in the blood of Jesus. And the proof of the absolute necessity of it to secure eternal salvation seemed mighty to awaken them from sleep, and to arouse their consciences to newness of life. Several of them arose and declared their determination to immediately seek the blessing. The same night we had a prayer meeting, and one of them obtained the witness of entire sanctification. O glory be to God, for evermore!

April 1. Thursday night, 10 o'clock. This evening we preached and then had a prayer meeting for sanctification. And after a mighty effort in prayer, two souls received the witness of entire sanctification. And we left eleven more at the altar who were deeply convicted for the same work of God in their soul. O bless the Lord!

April 3. We had a blessed meeting last night. Five souls got the testimony of perfect love. But so many of the church as are not convicted for sanctification, are as mad as satan can make

them and persecute us to the uttermost, just as satan's people always do, where the work of sanctification is going on. They say that they were enjoying religion well till Brown came here with his sanctification, and since that we have not enjoyed a spark of religion, &c.

The church presents an entire different aspect from what it did, For several have been thoroughly reclaimed who are not yet sanctified. To Jesus be all the glory!

April 7. Wednesday night, 11 o'clock. The sinners in Zion are afraid; fearfulness hath seized the hypocrite and formalist. We have had an old fashioned Holy Ghost prayer meeting to-night, in which two monstrous old sinners were converted, and four souls were sanctified to God. We left nine persons at the altar, besides many in the congregation weeping. Our prospects are now very fair for a sweeping reformation. But some of the dear brethren are becoming more and more mad every day because of the work of sanctification. All the preachers around us, except the two who are with me, have risen up, and call it madness and wild fire. But never mind, ride on, blessed Jesus, ride on, and fill the world with the very same kind of wild fire and madness.

April 11. Sunday night, 11 o'clock. Rather dark. We have had three sermons preached to day, from, or by three different ministers. But not one of them helped our present emergency. The first sermon was on the fore-knowledge of God. And in my opinion he made very bad work of it, too. His mind was too much embarrassed with the old law suit. The second sermon was on the subject of all sorts of righteousness but two. He left out the first two commandments, which imply all God's righteousness to man, and the only righteousness which is acceptable with God. The third sermon was on the subject of brotherly love. This minister of the gospel only varied the common distance there is between vital godliness and heathen morality. But God knows when and how to doctrinate his own church, far better than I do. Immediately after the third sermon we invited the people to come to the altar for prayer. But not one soul could we urge to come forth. The atmosphere became heavy, stagnated, and thick darkness. I only say, the will of the Lord be done. Come Lord Jesus, carry on thine own work. Send by whom thou wilt, only do thou work.

April 21. This morning I received a note from Brother Seys, giving me information, that a brig is in harbor, which will sail for America in five days. This afternoon I have been down to the cape, and engaged my passage for America.

April 26 Monday night, 10 o'clock. At Monrovia. I arrived here last Saturday, at 3 o'clock P. M., supposing to sail the same afternoon, and here we are yet. Yesterday we had three sermons

preached. But O, how the cold chills ran over me. For I heard nothing in all those sermons, only what pertained to the rangle between the Mission and government. Such harsh denunciations, such severe exhortations, of every body who did not think and act just as these preachers and their party, I never heard before from gospel ministers. My poor heart was broken in pieces, and my grief greatly multiplied.

At the close of the last sermon, a brother asked me to preach to-morrow night, and to give out the appointment in that congregation. I did so, being informed that we should not sail until Tuesday morning. And hence, I went to the church this evening, and found a large congregation already collected. So I preached from, 1. Cor. 13-1 on christian charity. And giving several borrowed definitions of the word charity, I went on to show how it compared with the mind of Christ. Then I applied the subject by proving that without this charity all religion is vain. The whole congregation remained silent and attentive. I was extremely careful, not to say one word about any vice, which is in opposition to charity. In the course of my sermon, I explained, and applied the following passages of scripture. Rom. 8-9. 1, Cor. 2-16. 2. Cor. 5-17. and 6-14 to 17. Gal. 5-24 Col. 3-2. Heb. 12-14. James 1-26. 1 Jno. 1-6. and 2-3. and 4-17. &c. &c. But all to no profit. For as soon as I said amen, Brother Seys, superintendent of this Mission, came up into the pulpit, and said. As for this charity of which we have heard so much of, I do not believe there is a man in the world who has got it. But the preacher said, he would make us think, that all our religion is vain without it, and so damn every body who has not that charity. Away, said he, with such doctrine. Here said he, if you want to know the mind of Christ, then go the temple, and see him with a scourge in his hand, driving out the buyers and sellers and overturning the changer's money: And hear him reproving the doctors and lawyers, calling them vipers, hypocrits, whited sepulchers, &c. &c; and as he and his disciples did, so shall I, said he, &c.

Now the whole congregation knew why he talked as he did. For Brother Seys and others have been in a habit for several months past of doing and acting directly contrary to the doctrine I had just been preaching. And two of his own party told me, before we got three rods from the church, that they were afraid Brother Seys was beside himself, in conducting as he did on that occasion, for they feared it would injure the cause of religion. As for me, it is high time I go to America or some where else.

April 29. At 5 o'clock P. M., we all left Monrovia, dropt down the Misserada River in boats, and in about thirty minutes we were all on board the brig, Rodolph Groning. We are, twenty-one passengers, all for America, under charge of Capt. Sexton. At 7

o'clock we were well under sail. Twenty of us are professors of religion, and five of us are preachers. And may the good Lord in mercy preserve our lives.

June 12. Atlantic Ocean. This is the first time I have attempted to write since the last date. Four days after leaving Monrovia; I was seized by a chill and violent fever. The captain persuaded me to take an ametic, and I did so. But we were instructed the next morning, by my symptoms, that the captain's ametic was only a good round, six double dose of calomel, which sativated me to the very marrow bone. Two days after I was taken sick, we cast anchor at Sierra Leone, an English colony, two hundred miles north of Monrovia; the captain having business at that port. All the passengers went on shore the first day. But I was not able to be moved. Three days after some of our Brethren, with some of the Brethren at Sierra Leone, assisted me to the land. The Rev. Thomas Dove, superintendent of the English Mission, conducted me to the mansion of one Captain Hall, where I found the richest hospitality. For this gentleman and his kind pious lady spared no pains in making me comfortable. And may the God of the afflicted reward them accordingly. But as soon as I got able to walk a few rods, the good Brethren of the town persuaded me to preach, and I consented. And not having sufficient strength, I broke down in the attempt, and have not got over it yet. But thank God, I am gaining strength again.

July 1. At Staten Island, America. We dropped anchor at 3 o'clock, A. M. And the first thing which arrested our attention was a schooner loaded with cotton, at anchor a little distance from us, all on fire. At 7 o'clock the Inspector came on board, and quarantined our brig for forty-eight hours, but gave all the passengers license to go on shore. Staten Island is nine miles below the city of New-York. And assuredly we were glad to see the land. We have had a passage of sixty-two days, from Monrovia. We have not had a storm nor a gale since we left our own port in Africa. All the crew and passengers are in tolerable health, and pretty well ganted up and down, as so many racers. For the last two weeks we have been fed on prime beef, boiled in salt water, dried, muxed apples, and navy bread which had been shipped so many times across the Atlantic, and had become so mouldy and wormy that we were obliged to kill our last African pig a long time since, because he could not stomach the same quality of bread which we had to eat. Captain Sexton has used us all as if we were so many slaves on our way to market. He has been very cross and turbulent, and some times pretended to be crazy.

July 3. In New-York City I have been at the book room two or three times since we landed, and found the brethren much

cast down, because of the difficulties between the Mission and Commonwealth of Liberia. My dear Brother Simon Peter is with us, and although he has seen but little part of the city, yet he calls it God's big house, and thinks all the people belong to one family.

July 9. At Queensbury, Warren Co., N. Y. I arrived here at 8 o'clock, P. M. I am now in the house and family of my long tried friend, Reuben Newman, and find them all in good health. But all appears as a dream to me. For when I left his hospitable family, eighteen months since, I had not a thought of ever, ever returning here again. O, mystery, indeed. How God leadeth me through the land, and carryeth me over the seas! O, what meaneth it?

July 22. In New-York City. Night before last I received a letter from Judge Wilkison, General Agent of the American Colonization Society, requesting me to come on to Washington, to appear before the Board of Managers of that society, as a witness in the case of the difficulty between the Mission and Government of Liberia, which is to be tested at the city of Washington. But I did not receive the letter until two days after the trial was to commence. But nevertheless, yesterday morning I left Glen's Falls (Glen's Falls is in the town of Queensbury) with anticipation of going to Washington. And stopping at New York, I was advised by a colonization agent not to proceed further, for the probability of its being too late. So I tarry in New York till I hear from Washington.

July 27. I have just seen Dr. George Peck, who returned from Washington last night. He informs me that the colonization board have concluded to detain Brother Seys in America for one year, at least. And that Dr. Gohune be recalled also. The mission board are to meet in a few days and consider the matter at large.

July 30. Friday night, 8 o'clock. A gentleman called into my boarding house at 2 o'clock, A. M., and requested me to attend a funeral at a certain house in West Broadway, at 3 o'clock, inst. And at 3 o'clock I appeared at the house of mourning. And after going up three pair of stairs, I was introduced to the relic of a dead female. I was informed by an elderly Scotch Presbyterian lady, the mother of the deceased, that they had applied to five ministers since 10 o'clock, of different orders, to come in and pray with them, before they buried their corpse, but failed in every attempt. Then, said she, my servant girl told me that there was a colored preacher, a missionary, at a certain house in Leonard street, whom she thought I might obtain. The pious old lady told me that she had asked several ministers to come in and talk to her before she died, and tell her to flee the wrath to come. but no one came nigh them. She died without instruction, and

without hope. The corpse was twenty-two years old, and the family were very poor. Her disease was the yellow fever. But the good old lady told me why she was so anxious to have a minister attend the funeral. For, said she, I am a widow woman, and I have two daughters younger than the deceased, who are also sinners, and a minister at this time might take advantage of this occasion, to fasten some awakening impressions on the minds of my daughters, lest they also die hopeless. Surely, thought I, God has exalted me highly, in leading me to this house, whether I take the yellow fever or not. So I prayed with them, and then talked about thirty-five minutes. I prayed again, and then gave up the corpse to the bearers. This was a weeping, heart broken time. But the mourners urged them strongly to accompany them to the grave yard, and I took a seat in the coach with them. We rode about two miles and a half north-east, and came to a grave yard. Here we took the dead and carried it into the grave yard where there were several graves already dug. But the Sexton would not let us leave it, unless we paid him \$9 for a grave. So we took up the corpse, carried it out, and placed it on the herse again. We then rode about two miles north, and here we found a place of interment. Here the sexton unlocked a kind of trap door, which they lay nearly horizontal on the ground, and we soon had a peep in the region of dead bodies. There was an entrance or descent, about seven feet square, and steps to go down in to it. Here were long halls, or lanes, dug in the ground, wherein hosts of coffins were all in sight, and so many as were not robbed by the physicians, had their dead in them. And here we left our dead. Here is a cavern to bury strangers in. But the atmosphere came forth so offensively from the pit, we were obliged to leave our dead just within the mouth of the vault with the sexton, and make a speedy escape to avoid suffocation. We stepped into our coaches, and without further ceremony, returned home. Finally, it has been a solemn, interesting afternoon.

August 3. At Glen's Falls. I left New-York at 7 o'clock last night, and arrived here at 5 o'clock, P. M., two hundred and fifteen miles from New-York city. I find the cause of religion extremely low among all the people whither I go, and my poor soul is hungering to find a Holy Ghost society.

27. Aug. At Palmer, Mass. For the last two weeks I have been visiting my friends and kindreds here in America. I arrived here at my fathers this morning, and found my aged parents in comfortable health. Not any of my relatives have died since I saw them three years ago. They had not heard from me for the last year, and the last they heard of me was, that I was dead. Hence, my appearance sunk them below the strength of human nature.

Nothing is heard of in this region but Abolitionism.

September 2. In New-York. This afternoon I was called before the committee of African affairs, of the Liberia Mission, to tell what I knew concerning the difficulty between the Mission and Commonwealth of Liberia. But night came on and they adjourned till to-morrow. But I first told them the substance of what I knew in the case. This evening I received a commission from the Board of Managers, to travel, lecture, and take up collections for the benefit of the African Mission. Last week I received a commission to travel and take up collections for the New York Colonization Society. So I have business enough at present.

Sept. 4. In Queensbury. Yesterday I left New York and staid in Albany last night. This morning I came up to Lansingburg, visited Bishop Hedding one hour, took stage and arrived here at 8 o'clock, P. M.

Sept. 10. I have just returned from a blessed camp meeting in Chester, Warren county. Here I saw probably three hundred of the church with whom I had been acquainted for years. This was a great refreshment to me, because their devotion sounded so much like our devotion in Africa, at the reformation of Heddington. I preached a Missionary sermon at this meeting, and raised \$1 20, for the Mission Society. Every preacher so breathed out his soul there was no difficulty in getting money. But to God be all the praise and glory.

Sept. 10. This afternoon I lectured in Hebron, and collected \$7 21; and thankful too.

Sept. 12. This evening I lectured in Pollett, and collected \$22 68. I thank the Lord.

Sept. 14. This evening I lectured in West Poultney in the Seminary, and collected \$29 50. In this village I found my old associate, Brother Wm. Rider. He has been confined to his chair for about two years, by a kind of Rheumatic disease. He has laid or sat in one position for more than one year. His limbs are perfectly inflexible, so that he cannot turn even his head one way or the other, nor raise a hand or foot. But his senses are as bright as ever and his memory strong and correct. He still enjoys the peace of God in his soul, and his prospects for heaven are glorious. This is the same Brother Rider of whom I have mentioned before. In his outset he was as a root out of dry ground. But suddenly he sprang into renown, and became one of the most popular preachers in the Troy Conference. He continued to rise rapidly in esteem as a mighty champion, until his disease cast him down. Thus, the sun retired in the morning, and the blossom cut down at mid-day.

Sept. 17. At Queensbury. I have just returned from a camp meeting in Brandon, Vermont. We had an excellent meeting, too. I lectured on Thursday and collected \$61 00. But while

the preachers were gathering the collection, I was attacked by an Abolitionists, who barefacedly charged me with being a murderer because I fought in the battle at Heddington. He even desired the Presiding Elder to let him go on the stand and inform the people that they were giving to a murderer. But the Presiding Elder rejected him. This man's name was Murry, editor of the Vermont Telegraph. He raged just like the Cannibals in Africa.

Sept. 19. At Albany. At 10 o'clock, A. M., I lectured in East Troy, and Brother H. L. Starks gathered up a collection of \$112 65. At 3 o'clock I lectured in this city in the Wesleyan Chapel, and collected \$26 00. At 7 o'clock I lectured in the Garrison church, and here we collected \$100 00.

O glory; to God be all the glory!

Sept. 20. In New-York. I have just returned from the book room, where I paid over my collections, \$435 00, and gave them a report of the same.

Sept. 22. At Queensbury. I returned from New-York this evening. Last night I lectured in West Troy and collected \$34 03. This morning I crossed over to East Troy, called on Rev. H. L. Starks, in whose church I lectured last Sabbath and took up \$112 00, and he gave me \$47 87 more, which he had collected since, from the same congregation. This man of God and his evangelical congregation say that Africa shall be redeemed.

Sept. 26. This afternoon I lectured in Fort Ann village, and collected \$17 85.

Sept. 28. Last night I lectured at Schuylerville, and collected \$25 36. This evening I lectured at Mechanieville, and collected \$20 13.

Sept. 29. In New-York. I have just paid over my collections to the Treasurer, and gave in a written report of the same.

October 3. This morning I lectured in Nassau village, and raised \$50 50. This evening I lectured in Volatia and raised \$13 78.

Oct. 4. I left Volatia this morning and this evening I am with Bishop Hedding, in Lansingburgh.

Oct. 7. Night before last I lectured in Schenectady, and collected \$15. Last night at Jonesville, \$30. To-night at Saratoga Springs, \$30 00.

Oct. 11. Last night I lectured at Sandford's Ridge, and collected \$16 30.

Oct. 15. At Albany. I am now on my way to Africa. This morning I left all my one thousand friends at Glens' Falls, and my two thousand enemies at the north, until we all meet at the Judgment seat of Christ.

As for Mr. R. Newman and all his household, high heaven can only reward them for their charity and humility. This hospitable family, for years, have been a parent to me in very deed.

And on this visit to America their kindness has been more deep and lively than ever before. They have indulged me to be entirely at home, and to my deep mortification they surrendered with their own cause, to be subservient in every thing pertaining to my interest and comfort. And, beside doing all this without any recompense, they loaded me off with all precious gifts.

It was truly afflicting to leave this affectionate family, and to enjoy their society no more in this world. For there is no probability that ever I return again. I expect to sail for Africa in eight days from this.

Oct. 17. Sunday night, at Albany. Last night I preached at Sandlake. This morning I lectured at the same place and collected \$21 00. The good brethren brought me back this afternoon, and this evening I lectured in Brother N. Levings' church, in Division street, and Brother Levings gathered up \$100 75.

Oct. 20. In New-York. I left Albany at 6 o'clock last night, and arrived here at 5 this A. M. This afternoon I have had the honor of meeting with the Board of Managers, and of hearing their deliberations on the interests of Missions. But I was extremely sorry to hear them vote to abandon the South American Mission, for want of funds, and call home their Missionaries. Hear it, O ye rich men; witness it, O ye heavens!

Oct. 21. In Albany. I left New-York at 6 o'clock last evening in the steam-boat Rochester, and after grounding her four times, we landed in Albany at 8 o'clock, A. M.

The arrangements of the Bishop for several weeks past has been, to not send over any superintendent to the Liberia Mission this fall, because of the difficulties there. But recently he has seen fit to appoint the Rev. Square Chase, of the Black River Conference, to the Superintendence of that Mission. But as he cannot prepare himself to sail at the present opportunity, I am requested to continue to travel, till the last of next month, and then both sail together in another vessel. I am now on my way to the Black River country, to visit Brother Chase, and lecture in his neighborhood.

Oct. 23. In Lowville. I left Albany yesterday at 9, A. M., and arrived in Utica at 3, through the cars. Last evening at 5 o'clock I left Utica in the stage and arrived here at 1 o'clock this P. M. I am now with Brother Chase and his family. But my health is quite poor, and the ground is covered with snow. I am completely drilled out.

Oct. 25. This afternoon I lectured here, and the good people gave us \$40 00. This evening I am not able to attend meeting.

Oct. 28. This evening I lectured in Watertown, and Brother Bowdish the preacher in charge gathered up \$64 00. This man of God is one of the most pleasant, zealous ministers I have found.

Oct. 31. At Adams. Sunday night. Last night I lectured at Evans' Mills, and collected \$62 00. Ten dollars of this amount was to constitute my wife a life member of the Black River Conference Missionary Society.

This morning I preached in the Baptist Church in Watertown. This afternoon I preached in our Methodist church in Watertown. This evening I lectured here and collected \$50.

November 3. At Oswego. Night before last, I lectured in Pulaski, and collected \$76. Last night I had an appointment in Mexicoville. But just before I reached the town, I was seized with another break-down chill, just as I was last Sunday night, and here I lost my appointment. But thank the Lord, I fell into the hands of some good Samaritans. (Mr. Orrin Whitney) who set up all night, and nursed me so faithfully and skillfully, that this afternoon I rode on to this place. Here I have lectured this evening, and collected \$27.

Nov. 7. Sunday night, 10 o'clock. In Fulton, I came here last Thursday afternoon, in a violent rain storm. But just before I reached the village, I met my unwelcome colleague again, who not only shook both of my hands, but my whole frame also. In Africa, we call this colleague, John Bull: But here, he is called, African Fever.

But here also, the Lord has stationed another family of Samaritans, to which he directed me, by the name of I. Stone. This Reverend man of God, is preacher in charge on this station. Both he and his amiable companion are large partakers of the disposition and spirit of Christ: And what less, or even what more need I, or can I say about them.

For there is healing virtue in their very breath! They seem to glory in washing the Disciples' feet. But I can describe their characters better in Paradise. This forenoon I preached a short sermon on holiness, and this evening I gave them a mission lecture, and they gave us \$36.

Nov. 11. At Lowville. I left Fulton last Monday, arrived here on Tuesday. I find it necessary to lay by a few days and if possible gain a little more strength.

Nov. 14. At 10 o'clock A. M. I lectured at West Martinsburgh, and collected \$28. At 2 o'clock I joined Brother Chase again in Lowville, but I know not the collection. This evening at East Martinsburgh, I collected \$26 75.

Nov. 15. At Turin Corners. I left Lowville this morning at 10 o'clock, and am now on my way for New-York.

Rev. Mr. Erwin, with whom I have rode for a few days, took me from that place, and started to bring me to this. We came on in a waggon, through deep mud, half frozen, facing a pelting snow storm, whistling about our ears. He brought me within six miles of this place, when his big, fat horse gave out. There

was no going any further, for the depth of the snow. But I had an appointment at Turin, and I must go on. We called on a good old Methodist Brother, who soon saddled a noble horse, I mounted, and on I came. I did not arrive here till a late hour, but I found several in the Church, notwithstanding the storm; I gave them a short lecture, and they gave me \$24.

Nov. 17. At Albany. I left Turin, yesterday, at 4 o'clock P. M., and after riding all night in a stage, over a very rough rode, we reached Utica at 5 o'clock this A. M. We took the cars at 7, and being conducted on by three engines in consequence of the deep snow, we reached here at 5 P. M.

Nov. 19. In New-York. I left Albany at 6 o'clock last night, and arrived here at 8 o'clock this morning. I have had an introduction to Brother John G. Pingree, whom the Bishop has appointed to accompany us to Africa as a Missionary. But he does not look to me as if he would stand the climate.

Nov. 28. Sunday night. Hartford, Conn. Night before last, I lectured in Forty-first Street Church, in New-York City, and the People gave us \$30. To-night I have lectured here in old Hartford city, and the Preacher, Rev. F. Hodgson, collected \$200. Glory to Jesus, that is good for Africa.

Nov. 30. This evening I lectured in Simsbury, and collected \$12.

December 2. In New-York. This evening, Brother Charles Pitman, Brother Chase, Pingee, and myself, all went to the Bedford Street Church, and pleaded the cause of Missions. Here the good Brother gave us \$160.

Dec. 5. In Wilmington, Delaware. Yesterday morning, Brother C. Pitman, our Correspondent Secretary, and Brother Chase our Superintendent, and myself, all left New-York at 7 o'clock A. M., came on in Steam Boats and Cars, through New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, and arrived here at 6 o'clock last night. So we have visited four cities of the United States in eleven hours. This morning, Brother Pitman preached a sermon, and took up a collection of \$60.

This afternoon, Brother George Gary, the Preacher in charge, took Brother Pitman, Chase, and me to the African's Church, and set me to preaching, so I preached on the subject of entire sanctification. And we had a blessed time too. And notwithstanding they were slaves to men, yet they expressed and acted out their freedom in Christ. There were a goodly number of white gentlemen and ladies present, but those slaves were by no means afraid to shout like thunder before them. Yea, the white people shouted with them.

This evening, we met a large congregation at the Church where Brother Pitman preached in the morning. Brother Chase

and I addressed them one hour and fifteen minutes, at which time we took up a collection of \$180.

To God be all the glory. Amen.

Dec. 7. In Philadelphia. To-night we had a Missionary Meeting in the Willet St. Church, and raised \$200.

This evening we had a meeting in the Second St. Church, and raised \$150.

To-day, we have been informed of the death of his Excellency, Thomas Buchanan, Governor of Liberia, and also, of the death of J. A. Burton. The death of his Excellency is greatly lamented.

Dec. 13. Last night we had a meeting in Mullberry St. Church, and raised \$300.

To-day I have settled off all my accounts in money matters, and to-morrow morning I expect to leave this city, for Philadelphia, and from thence we expect to sail in six days, for Africa. Arrangements are already made, and directions are already given, by the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society concerning my work in Liberia. I am to return to Liberia, hunt up a new Mission and establish a Manual Labor School in the interior, where I think proper. But I am fully confident, that had I not have come to America, this arrangement would not have been made. In fact, this very thing was the main object for which I came to America. And now I thank God with all my soul, that he hath given me such good speed.

Dec. 14. In Philadelphia. Brother's Pitman, and Chase, and myself arrived here at 2 o'clock P. M. This evening we have attended a Missionary Female Anniversary, in the Union Church. It was judged that 1500 people were present. The collection and pledges amounted to \$500.

Dec. 16. Brothers Pitman and Chase left us yesterday morning, and returned to New York. I am left here to purchase goods for my new station in Africa. Report is, that we shall sail in eight days.

Dec. 19. Sunday night, 11 o'clock. This morning I preached in the Union church, to about one thousand people. And there being a host of sanctified ones in the congregation, made it easy preaching. At the close of the meeting, the saints crowded around me, to shake hands. And nearly all who humbled themselves thus left a piece of money in my hand, until they shook nine dollars into my pocket. This afternoon I preached in the St. Paul's church, to a numerous congregation. And after preaching, here was another shaking of hands. And in the proceeding, somebody gave me a cent, rapped around with two ten dollar notes, and I knew it not till a few minutes since. It is probable that some gentleman christian made a mistake in this, and therefore I shall publish it, that the mistake may be rectified.

May the God who seeth in secret, reward that person openly, and credit him in eternity. I conclude, by the handiness of this people, and by their uniformity in the manner of thus shaking hands of silver and bank notes, they have a kind of masonic school some where here in the city, where they learn gentlemen and ladies too, this singular art. For I received \$30 94, at the St. Paul's church this afternoon in the same way. But it ought to be remembered that there are hosts of saints in this city who profess entire sanctification. May God increase their number. This evening, I crossed over the Delaware River, into Camden, New Jersey, and lectured in the Methodist church, to a large attentive, congregation. After the lecture, Brother J. K. Shaw gathered up \$150. Brother Shaw is the preacher in charge of the station. To God be all the glory, for this blessed Sabbath.

Dec. 21. In New-York. Yesterday afternoon I received a letter from Brother Pitman, requesting me to come on and aid him in a missionary meeting. Hence, I left Philadelphia this morning, and arrived here this afternoon. The report is that we shall not sail till the last of next week.

Dec. 25. At Sing Sing, Westchester Co. Brother Pitman and I arrived here last evening. We found the brother here, engaged in a protracted meeting. Hence, Brother Pitman preached us a powerful sermon last evening, on repentance. But this evening he left for New-York again.

Dec. 26. This morning, a good brother took me in his carriage and brought me here to Pleasantville, and here I preached at 10 o'clock, A. M. This afternoon I preached at Allen's Mills, and took up a collection of ten dollars. This evening I returned to Pleasantville, where I preached in the morning, and here I lectured. This was the most amusing meeting that I have had. They had a captivating choir of singers here, who mysteriously wrapped the entire congregation in enchantment. We made several attempts to close, after we took up the collection, but in vain. For just as we were about to pronounce the benediction, the choir would carry us all off in the air, when the people would begin to throw money from all directions toward the altar, and so continued time after time. This was in a small house, in a small country village. But our collection amounted to \$100,79.

Brother Francis, one of their preachers, was with us in this experiment, and worked well too.

Dec. 27. This evening I joined Brother Pitman at Sing Sing in a missionary meeting, and our collection amounted to \$96.

Dec. 28. This morning, as we started down to the dock, to take boat from Sing Sing to New York. A gentleman hailed me at the door of his iron foundry, and presented me with a very nice cook stove, as a personal present, to carry to Africa. The gentleman's name was Wm. Verdenburgh. May the Lord reward this good man, a hundred fold.

Dec. 31. At New-York. And so this great year closes to-night. O, what a year it has been to me. O what important interests have weighed me down, till I almost sunk under them: How many changes of circumstances I have been in: And how many dangers I have escaped. O how much I owe to God, my heavenly father for his great and wonderful preservation of my worthless body and immortal soul.

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines,
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

But in all the trials, fears, anxieties, dangers, and temptations of the past year, I have daily felt the everlasting arms beneath me, and the witness of God in my soul. I have not doubted for a moment, my acceptance with God, or the sanctification of my soul. I have tried to walk exclusively by faith on the Son of God, and considered myself as crucified to the world, and the world to me. And for this one cause I have got to myself many enemies in Africa, and some in America. Some say I am a fool, some call me mad, and some say, he is proud. All this because I do not follow the popular customs, and apish manners of wicked men, who never pretended to profess religion. But God makes up all this loss, and more too.

January 1. Yesterday afternoon, Brother Pingree and I, took the cars, and rode out to Patterson, New Jersey. Here we had a missionary meeting, under charge of Rev. D. P. Kidder. This meeting was extremely interesting. Our collection amounted to \$150.

Jan. 3. Monday night at New-York. Yesterday at 10 o'clock A. M., I preached in centre, Methodist church, in Newark, under charge of Rev. Mr. Winner. Here we all communed together at the Lord's table, and Jesus was evidently with us. In the evening, I joined Brother Pitman at the North church, in a missionary meeting, and our collections amounted \$130. We then took the cars, and returned to New York. This evening Brother Pitman and I went out to Jersey city to a missionary meeting and raised \$150.

Jan. 4. This evening we had a farewell, missionary meeting at the Green street church. But as our superintendent was absent, the missionary charge could not consistantly be given, and therefore the meeting was adjourned. But our collection amounted to \$250. Glory to Jesus.

Jan. 10 Last night, Brother Pitman and I, held forth in Rahway, New Jersey, and collected \$100. Fine people in Rahway. To-night, we have had another highly interesting, farewell meeting, in the Forsyth street church, and our collection amounted to \$160

Jan. 17. At Philadelphia. I arrived here on the 11th and have been gathering up articles for Africa, and visiting from place to place ever since. Yesterday morning I preached in Camden, to a numerous congregation. Last night I preached at a school house, five miles up the river, and within a hundred yards of the spot, where the first Methodist missionaries to America, first landed. And some how or other, I wanted to kiss their very footsteps, and so I took up a handful of earth, and kissed it sweetly.

Jan. 18. A wonderful ramble. At 9 o'clock A. M., the Hon. Mr. Parkhust Shurlock, agent of the house of Refuge, and his aimable lady, the matron of the same establishment, took me, and Mrs. Ann Wilkins, the lady who is to sail with us to Africa as a teacher, in his carriage, and away we went to Lorril hill, to visit the cemetery. We lighed from our carriage, and as we passed through, the gate, we were first introduced to old Mortality and his pony, talking with Sir Walter Scott. That is their imagery in wax figures. Old Mortality stands by a grave stone, with his mallet and chisel in his hand, recruiting the superscriptions and epitaphs which by the storms of centuries of years have become defaced on the monuments of the sainted dead. This representation is truly affecting. But we passed on among the tombs. Here the great men of this world are intombed in marble, fine, high and broad. Yea, here is the end of worldly honor and pomp. A splendid marble city of the dead. Tombs and vaults of every possible description. Far more splendid, than any I ever saw before; but all were locked. Surely this is a high place of the dead. At 11 o'clock, we left this lifeless depot and rode to the Girard college. This establishment is not finished yet; but as it is, it is the king mammoth of the present age, at least, I was informed that more than two millions of dollars have already been expended on it, and much more is to be expended still. This is erected of the finest marble, and wrought in the most ingenious manner. It is surrounded by thirty-four columns, fifty-feet high, standing on a platform of a hundred and sixty wide, and two hundred and seventeen feet long. There is no wood in all the fabric, excepting the doors. It is ninety-seven feet high. It is a wonder of wonders indeed. We left the college at 1 o'clock, and rode to the House of Refuge, where Mr. and Mrs. Shurlock resides. And here we dined. We were then conducted all through the entire establishment of unparalleled mercy, of all the institutions of men on earth. It is a kind of prison, as they call it: But I should rather call it "run home to mother."

For it is designed exclusively for juvenile delinquents, or offenders. Here are about two hundred young people from six to eighteen years old. Here are such as are disobedient to parents, and guardians, and will not submit to be governed at home. Others are, or were violaters of civil law, and are sent here in preference of going to State's prison, or to escape penal punishment. Here they are all put to moderate labor, good schooling, uniform devotion, profitable trades, wholesome food, and decent clothing. They are not confined here for punishment, but to morally reform and keep them out of further mischief. And their overseers are men and women of the most genuine piety. At 3 o'clock, we left this hospitable institution, and rode to the State's prison. Here are a hundred and eighty prisoners, whose countenance was sad indeed. But the prison is clean, and convenient. I have visited two State's prisons in New-York, one in Connecticut and one in Massachusetts but have not seen so much propriety in any, as in this. The whole premises are neat and clean. At 4 o'clock we left these cells and chains, and rode to the water works. This establishment is on the bank of the Schoolkill river. Here are pumps constantly in operation, throwing up six thousand gallons of water per minute, into a large basin on a hill, a hundred feet high. The basin contains about four acres of land, from whence nearly the whole city of Philadelphia, containing two hundred thousand inhabitants, are watered. A dam is built across the river, and the pumps go by water, night and day. We left this water spout, and walked a few rods, to visit the new wire bridge. Here is a bridge built across the Schoolkill river which is about forty rods wide. This bridge is wholly suspended on wires, about as large as a small pipes-tale. Four pillars are built, two on each side of the river, which are nearly twenty feet high. Wisps of wires are twisted, about as large as a man's leg, and which connect the suspended bridge to the top of those pillars. The pillars are some six or eight feet higher than the bridge. This work is said to be strong and durable. But it is a great singularity. This evening, after spending an hour and a half at the museum, Mr. Shurlock landed me at the door of my boarding-house, and he returned home. To give a full description of the scenery of the day, would fill a large volume of interesting matter. Mr. Shurlock conferred this diversion upon us, to give us a little ease of mind from the powerful pressure of our cares and toils which have well nigh worn us out. Hence I shall ever feel a high respect for Mr. and Mrs. Shurlock, and Miss Bourn, who have so highly entertained us, all this day.

Jan. 23 Sunday night, 11 o'clock. This morning I preached in the Fifth street church, to a large assembly of praying souls who loved the doctrine of holiness. This evening I preached in the St. Pauls's again to a numerous multitude. Here were a

host of sanctified ones, whose very breath filled the house with paradise. The saints are not afraid nor ashamed to shout in this city, as they are in country towns. But they must needs shake hands again, and by it I got \$8. I have found here in Philadelphia, a goodly number of sanctified souls, who have enjoyed the witness of entire sanctification for many years. And having intercourse with those for several days, I have been greatly edified, and highly strengthened in the faith of the gospel. For the personal experience of many of them, is a more broad, and full explanation of the revelation of God, than all the comments on earth.

Jan. 26. Wednesday night, 10 o'clock. Our brig in which we are to sail for Africa, is at last laden, pushed out and gone down the river to receive a few barrels of powder, and to-morrow we sail for Africa. So, to-night is our last firm footing, till we reach the African shore. And as I can never write much on board a vessel, without becoming sea-sick, I must cast up at least a part of my account to-night. I do not ever expect to put foot on the American soil again. I now sign a final farewell to the land of my berth. I have many endearing relatives in America, and some choice friends, which twine around my heart; but farewell my dear friends till Gabriel's morning trumpet summons us together. Farewell my enemies, only prepare to meet me in peace at the Judgment seat of Christ.

But chiefly, the city of Philadelphia. For I have never found so humble, agreeable, pious society in all my travels before, and I never expect to find another till I reach heaven. A few months since I was advised not to go to Philadelphia for a mob was there ready to kill me at my first entrance, because I am a Colonizationist. But I have not been mobbed yet. But I have been received, both in public and private society, as if I was a welcome representative from some foreign region of high interest, and to whom they were about to commit an incomprehensible trust. They have used all possible means to steady my hands, strengthen my soul, and spur up my courage, confidence and patience in the work of the Lord. They have not done this in word only, but deed and in truth. For within the last six days they have made me private donations to the amount of \$150 00. All this, besides hundreds which they have given to the Mission. Yesterday and to-day, I had nearly twenty inquiries asking me if I could not think of something more which I wanted to carry to Africa. But I have looked over my list of goods again and again, but I cannot think any thing more which I need for my expedition. The Missionary Board gave me two hundred dollars to purchase books, tools, and furniture for the new establishment; and my personal donations have supplied all our private necessities for me and my wife.

The immortal Mrs. Rachael Blanding, spreading her silvered wings of golden charity, from the frozen rock-bound streams of the far west Oregon, to the uttermost beach of poor, suffering, dying Africa, weeping over such as are ready to perish, with her associates, Mrs. Carrigon, Mrs. Shurlock, Mrs. Weaver, Miss Bourn, Miss S. Steward, and a host of the life craft have all deeply engaged in this outfit. And now, Lord Jesus, do thou fulfill the promise which thou made unto thy servant Abraham. For these have blessed us, and now do thou bless them. O glory be to Jesus who giveth the people a mind to word. O praise God, my soul is happy, happy in Jesus. For Africa shall be redeemed speedily. Rejoice, O city of Brotherly Love. Hallalujah! And so may the Lord God spare me to see Africa once more, to cry, "Behold the Lamb of God."

Jan. 27. At Wilmington, Del. At 2 o'clock, P. M. Brothers Chase, Pingree, Mrs. Ann Wilkins, and myself, all of the Methodist Mission, and Rev. John Payne and his lady, Miss Chapin and Miss Coggesdale, all of the Episcopalian Mission; all of us took the cars and came on to Wilmington. Here we expected to have boarded our brig to-night, but in consequence of a south wind, she is about twenty miles behind. So we have put up for the night.

Jan. 28. At Newcastle. At 9 o'clock A. M., we all took stage at Wilmington and arrived here at 11. Here we were expecting to go on board the brig, but she is yet behind. We waited till near sun set, and as she did not come in sight, we appointed a meeting, and a few people gathered in on short notice. I lectured forty minutes and then took up \$35 78, because I would not be idle.

Jan 29. On ship board. This morning we all visited the State Clerk's office, in Newcastle, and among other important documents, we saw and handled the original hand-writing of General Washington, and of others, of the Declaration of the American Independence. At 2 o'clock, P. M., several of the beloved brethren of Newcastle accompanied us down to the dock, shook our hands, bid us farewell, and we came on ship board. So we have bid adieu to our native land. We are now dropping down the Delaware in the fine brig Grecian, R. E. Laulin, Master.

O, shall we be spared to tumble o'er the great waves of the old ocean and kiss the sweet soil of our African home? Lord into thy hand I commit my spirit.

Jesus, at thy command,
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Till we in Judgment meet;
For thee I do my friends resign,
And sail to Africa, for thine.

Jan. 31. We are now near the middle of the gulf stream, under a heavy gale of wind, under close reef topsail. Nearly all the passengers are extremely seasick, and I am not much better. But Jesus is with us.

Lord, whom winds and seas obey,
 Guide us o'er the watery way;
 In the hollow of thy hand,
 Bring us safe to Africa's land.

February 1. Tuesday, 5 o'clock, P. M. Melancholy! We have been under a most violent gale ever since yesterday morning. This gale struck us soon after we entered the gulf, and has been increasing ever since, till about one hour ago. At this hour the sun shines, but the sea is troubled, and the great majesty of the God of the deep is prancing and parading around us as an army of raging thunder bolts, attempting to terrify the very heavens. Our brig has been on the canter nearly all the day, and yet we have made but little head-way. Our brig is very heavily laden, and our deck has been immersed in brine once in five minutes all the day. The owner of the vessel is so eager to make money, that he was not satisfied by stowing every part of the ground work with goods, but must needs pile on the deck, twenty barrels of meat, twelve puncheons of water, two large, long boats, and a variety of other heavy lumber. And at 2 o'clock P. M., while our faithful Steward was passing from the galley to the cabin, and the brig leaping and diving under the tremendous billows, the ring bolts on deck broke off, and all those casks were let loose at once. This set the brig to wallowing from side to side, and soon became unmanageable for some time. The only hope now remaining was, that every time the brig came well nigh on her beams end, that those heavy casks might break away the stanchion walls and roll off. At last the rudder caught the water, we put before the wind and scud. At the instant of the break away, our Steward was unfortunately caught in the snare, a full cask of water rolled over his legs, and smashed them to his body. But as the brig rolled on the other side, the Captain caught him, and dragged him to the cabin door, and we, the passengers, drew him in. The Captain then fortunately seized an axe, sprang on the pump, and as the water casks rolled to and fro by him, he beat in their heads, till he had four empty casks. He then called all hands aft, who made a breast work of those empty puncheons and began to cast overboard the barrels of pork. They cast over nearly all the meat, and their best long boat being smashed in the violence, was cast out also.

Doctor McDowel is on board with us, but thinks it of no use to amputate the limbs of the Steward, there being no reasonable hope of his recovery. We have bound up the broken bones as well as we can, under our circumstances, and laid him in a berth.

Feb. 5. Our poor Steward's soul left his suffering body at 7 o'clock, A. M. But thank God he died in a lively hope of a blissful immortality. For before we left Philadelphia, we conversed with him and found him deeply pious, and a member of the Baptist church. He has conversed freely with us ever since, and all of us have been much interested with him ever since. He has been perfectly patient in all his sufferings, but very devotional. Last night his pain was crucifying, but in the midst of it he requested us to sing,

Jesus my all to heaven is gone,
He, whom I fix my hopes upon, &c.

But after singing this he lay entirely easy till he died. At 3 o'clock this P. M., we wound him in a clean, new sail cloth, loaded the foot with iron, laid him on a plank, and let him into the sea. The ocean is still high but not so rough as it was.

March 2. At Sierra Leone. We cast anchor here at 5 o'clock P. M. An unusually speedy passage of thirty-two days to this port. Hallalujah! Hallalujah to Jesus, for his great mercy, power and glory! Glory be to Jesus evermore!

After our gale above mentioned, which opposed us for the first six days, the wind shifted around in our favor, and remained so till we reached this port. My dear Brother Pain and I have had happy times too. Immediately after we anchored I landed and came up to the Mission house. The beloved Mr. Dove embraced me and bid me welcome to his abounding hospitalities. But I was soon informed that there was to be a Missionary meeting here this evening.

In this meeting I was introduced, first to Chief Justice Carr, the Governor, and the Chairman of the meeting, and then to a numerous audience, with license to address them. This was a truly interesting meeting. There had been a missionary sermon preached at 1 o'clock, P. M., and a collection had been taken up of over £20, and to-night the collection was over £30. This Mission consists of a superintendent, eighteen preachers, twenty-two exhorters, forty class leaders, two thousand, four hundred church members, and twenty-five chapels in which they worship.

March 6. Sunday night, 10 o'clock. This morning I preached in Grassfield Chapel, and the Lord was with us indeed. This afternoon I attended a love feast in Catherst street chapel. And O my soul, what an interesting time it was to me! There were sixty of them who spake in an hour and a half. And who, in big America, or in old England, would believe that God has raised up such children unto Abraham, on the coast of Africa? Why it is enough to astonish angels, to see these recaptured Africans burn thus in the Holy Ghost. Surely it was heaven on earth began.

March 9. Last night a fire broke out here in town, and ragged to the destruction of one hundred houses. But by a singular interposition of God, the fire did not touch any of the Mission property, although it consumed all immediately around some of it. Many lost all they had, but Jesus, as one poor old lady told me this morning, she had.

March 10. Sierra Leon is a beautiful colony on this coast. The British planted it about forty years ago, at the mouth of the Sierra Leone river, which river is navigable for several hundreds of miles up into the interior. Fifty years ago, this was the greatest slave market on this coast; and it is now so strongly fortified by the English, that it would require a powerful fleet to pass in the river. A standing army of two hundred and fifty soldiers are posted here by her majesty's authority. Those troops are mostly recaptured Africans, except white officers. That is, the higher commissioned officers are white men. Many of the inhabitants have splendid buildings, and live in high English style. The merchants have made themselves rich by trafficking with the natives who throng them from the interior. The land is not so fertile as at Liberia. Their provision market is large, and generally well supplied, especially with meat. Their fish market is well nigh equal to any fish market in New York. Tropical fruits in abundance may be obtained in the streets, and ground peas, strong beer, palm wine, and a plenty of brandy in the groceries. Their harbor has a bold shore, and extremely mild.

March 12. We left Sierra Leone at 8 o'clock, A. M., after a detention of ten days, in consequence of the good success of our captain in trade. But we have had a rich visit with the dear brethren, and I trust it may not soon be forgotten.

March 15. At Caldwell, Liberia. We cast anchor in Monrovia harbor at 4 o'clock, P. M. I left Monrovia at seven, and here I am with my dear family. I found my beloved companion in good health, and in her arms a little daughter, three months and a half old, by the name of Hannah Ann. O my Lord, what a race I have run, and what mighty protection thou hast thrown around me! O, I thank thee, I bless thee, I will magnify thee while I have any being. The great deep rose up to swallow me down as a monstrous glutton, that I might not be any more. But I called on thee, and O, thou didst deliver me from the madness of the sea, and from the belly of hell. Nor will I ever forget thee and thy loving kindness while I have any being. Five times I have been preserved across the Atlantic. But God has ever given the winds and waves charge concerning me, and spread a table on the great deep. Hallalujah! Hallalujah! praise God evermore!

March 16. As to my visit to America, I think it was timely and profitable, both for me and the church and colony. For my

confidence in the church is greatly renewed, by seeing their zeal and knowing their determinations in this serious difficulty. And they also have a much fairer opportunity to make up their judgments in this matter, by hearing from one who was equally interested on both sides.

When we sailed from America last April, there were delegates, one party authorized by the government, and another authorized by the Missionaries, to represent the difficulty to the Mission and Colonization Boards. And these parties are even poison, one to the other. However, the Seys party met with a total defeat.

On our arrival we found that the brethren had already collected, and held their annual conference among themselves. But as they had no authority so to do, Brother Chase designs to call them together again soon.

March 19. There has been destructive work in the M. E. Church, in Liberia, for the last year. Satan has undoubtedly tried to show what he could do to destroy the work of Christ. Many of our best members have been expelled the past year, because they thought a little different from the Seys party concerning the difficulty. The whole church is lifeless, cold, and in a distracted state. I am requested by the Board to apply to the Society for re-admittance in the traveling connection again. But one of the members of this conference told me this afternoon that unless I acknowledged myself to be a Seys party man, he should vote against me. But I shall not feel very badly grieved if such men do object to my coming into very close connection with them. But the Lord is good. Only give me close connection with him, and I ask no more. Glory to Jesus!

March 20. Sunday night, 10 o'clock. I have preached two sermons here in Caldwell to-day; but with the exception of a few souls who were sanctified before I went to America, all are dead as cobs.

Rut as for me, I do bless the Lord for what I enjoy in my soul. It is truly mysterious to me, that God gives me such constant joy and peace in the Holy Ghost. True, I am still trying to walk by faith alone, by naked faith, which many call presumption, but bless God, that or something else, gives me sweet peace in Jesus, and rich fellowship with the Holy Ghost. In all my temptations, cares and opposition, I feel the witness of the Holy Ghost, that I am sanctified to God that I am the Lord's, and he is mine. I feel a desire to ever be praising Him. I only feel a panting to engage in one uninterrupted series of vocal praise and glorification to God, without cares or business of this morbid life. For I sensibly feel shackled by this heavy lump of clay, which for the time being, hangs on the wings of my flickering soul. And here I am some times tried, because I find but few who seem to feel as I do. For I am sincere, when I say that, with these professors of

religion, the act of worship seems to be rather a burden than a blessing. But not so with me.

Praise ye the Lord—'tis good to raise
 Our hearts and voices to his praise.
 His nature and His works invite,
 To make this duty my delight.

March 26. Saturday night, 10 o'clock. This afternoon I attended quarterly conference here in Caldwell, and received a unanimous vote of recommendation to, or of re-admittance into the annual conference.

Feb. 31. Thursday night, 2 o'clock. At Monrovia. Annual Conference commenced its session at Monrovia, at 9 o'clock A. M., with Rev. S. Chase in the Chair. But in a few minutes after its commencement, B. R. Wilson, and A. Herring were on their feet, first, to inquire why this procedure, and then to oppose the necessity of another session of this conference; since they had held one but three or four weeks since, and done all the business necessary to be done. Their warm contention arose on this wise: Brother Seys, who was appointed by the Bishop, to superintend this Mission, at their last conference, Brother S., being about to go to America, he appointed three Presiding Elders to oversee the Church, and stationed them over three Districts. Then Brother S. left for America. And so when the time came around for the next Annual Conference, the Preachers came together, selected one of their presiding elders to preside, and went on with their session. And now, these Brothers declare and contend that their doings were legal, since Brother Seys being a Presiding Elder, he could confer that office on whom he pleased, and that therefore their proceedings were according to discipline. Those Brethren declared that they had full authority to have ordained deacons and elders at that Conference, had they have been so disposed. But Brother Chase reasoned, and decided in favor of the discipline, and his instructions from Bishop Hedding, that Brother Seys had no power to confer that office, legally, on any one, because he was not a Bishop. And when they saw that Brother Chase was determined to proceed, they said, for peace sake, we give up, but we beg to differ from Bishop Hedding, and from discipline. And so after a few slangs on the general Conference, for keeping them down, and not granting them the privileges of other Conferences, they proceeded to business.

These dear Brethren are always just about so far from discipline.

April 1. Conference convened at 9 o'clock A. M. Soon after proceeding to business, Brother Wilson and some others stirred up a violent debate, by opposing the appointment of a committee to report on Temperance. This contention was warm.

and harsh, and took up a great part of the A. M., but a committee was finally appointed. Not long after, the character of A. F. Russell was called up. At their Conference, three weeks since, this preacher's character stood fair: but now he is met by B. R. Wilson, his former presiding elder, with a full charge of buying slaves, four or five months since, and Brother W. proves it against him by some of the other preachers then present in Conference. And Brother Russell escaped expulsion, by acknowledging the fact, begging pardon, and promising to do so no more. With regard to this circumstance, I suppose we may all think, provided we do not tell our thoughts.

April 2. My case, of re-admittance into Conference, came on this morning. When I located from this Conference last year, there was not one word of objection against my moral character, or any doctrine which I have at any time preached. But now, B. R. Wilson, and A. Herring were both on their feet at once, to oppose my re-admittance. First, I had reported in America, and it had been published in the newspapers, that I had seen the natives eating human flesh: and this, said Brother W. is a falsehood, for there was never any Cannibals known on the western coast of Africa. But as soon as he had set down, Rev. Elijah Johnston, the oldest preacher in Conference, arose, voluntarily, and said; there certainly are Cannibals on this coast, and I have even seen them bring human flesh into Monrovia for sale, since I have lived here; dried, or smoked human flesh.

Another preacher, Rev. J. W. Roberts arose and said, that he had not seen it in Monrovia, but he had frequently seen it, as he had been among the natives, carried about in Kingjars for sale, and even saw many eating human flesh. Secondly: Brother W. objected to me, because I had told in America, that the natives in Africa were formerly in habit of sacrificing their first born sons to the devil, and this was a falsehood, said Brother W. But Brother J. W. Roberts arose, and testified, that he never saw the act of putting to death, but that he had seen a body of an adult, immediately after it was slain to sacrifice to fish. This Brother Roberts was formerly a trader, and has traveled extensively among the native tribes around us. Others of the Conference said, that they had often heard of the natives around us, sacrificing their children, but never saw it. Thirdly: Brother W. opposed me, because I located from Conference last year.

Fourthly: Brother Wilson, Herring, and others, now united, in bringing up what I kenw to be a general objection against me by fifteen out of sixteen of the Preachers of the Liberia Conference: for that was this: "He preaches a doctrine which I, nor any of the Conference believe. For said he, he taught the people every where in Africa for this five years, wherever he has been, that although a man be justified or regenerated, yet, if

he be not sanctified, he will be lost. I was then called upon to answer to those objections. Then I arose with a full determination to withdraw my recommendation to re-unite with that Conference: - But first, I thought it my duty to answer to some of those objections; and proceeded as follows:

As to Brother Wilson's first and second objections, if it seem a new or strange thing to the Conference, that I told such things in America, including the testimony which you have heard, then I stand ready to prove that I have seen the natives eating human flesh, and that the natives have told me that they were formerly in habit of sacrificing all their first-born sons to the Devil. And as to your third charge, the general Conference have decided that any one has the right to locate whenever he pleases, and therefore I had a right to locate. And as to the fourth charge, I would explain how I had preached on every occasion as touching that point, as follows: God has instructed me, that, without holiness no man should see the Lord. And I call holiness, "God's moral image in the soul, or the work of the Holy Ghost in the soul, purifying it from inward sin, and filling it with God's love and the holy spirit. And this work of the Holy Ghost, in purifying from all sin, and filling with perfect love," I call sanctification. And I have preached, that whatever may be called justification among men, or regeneration, if it, or if they do not reach to the accomplishment of sanctification, and the man die unholy or un sanctified, then he will be lost. Then said I, I have preached every where, and I so firmly believe it to be the doctrine of the Book of God, that I am not now prepared to acknowledge it to be error, nor to promise any amendment for the future on that one point. (See my sentiment—fragment A.) Then said I, since you have so many objections against me, and seeing we cannot agree on points of doctrine of such vast importance, I therefore give the Conference to understand, that I now fully withdraw my recommendation of re-admittance, and proceed no further in this Conference; and I set down. Immediately after this, Conference adjourned, and I returned home at 8 o'clock. All is well.

Now whether I am right or wrong, on the doctrine of holiness, it is, and ever has been at the root of all the prejudice of these Brethren against me, from the first day in which I landed in Liberia. And was it not that the Methodist discipline expresses so much holiness, I should have been expelled from Church long ago. But they thought it a little too barefaced to expell me for that, for fear of the Church in America, by which they are supported. But holiness is still my motto forever.

April 9. Saturday night, 10 o'clock. Last Monday, Brother Chase was attacked by chill and fever, so that they adjourned Conference till next week. Last Tuesday morning I was attacked by chill and fever, which detained me two days. On Thursday

I began to prepare for the interior, for which region I expect to start next Monday, the Lord permitting. My escort are all on the spot, and we have all our baggage packed up. But what is more singular or providential, than this circumstance? For just before sunset, even while I was tying up the last kingjar of baggage, a committee came upon me, sent from the Goloo country by two kings, to invite me to come up to their towns, and establish a Mission among them. They had heard that I had returned, and was about to visit the interior to select a Mission station; and as many tribes are contemplating a visit from me, this Goloo tribe intended to secure the first, by sending a committee to conduct us onward. This circumstance at this period is extremely encouraging. Full arrangements were made with and by the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society, for this expedition before I left America, whether I joined the travelling connection or not. And Brother Chase is extremely anxious to have me make a tour into the interior as soon as possible, because of the big rains which will commence in about two weeks. Our present design is to go directly to the Goloo country first; but when we shall return we know not. This tour is contemplated by the church in America, and among our laity with interest deep and high.

April 11. Monday night. At Robertsville. This morning I arose at 3 o'clock to finish all our arrangements for the interior. At 4 o'clock I routed the whole family, called them all to the family altar, where I committed them all to the father of our spirits, in prayer. By 5 o'clock we had taken breakfast and were ready for a start, but chose to let the natural sun shine on our heads once more, before we plunged into the forest. At 6 o'clock we took up our baggage and steered our course directly toward the new rising sun. My escort consisted of four of my boys and six men, all natives. We arrived at Heddington at 10 o'clock. And after spending two hours here, King Thom accompanied us here to Robertsville, where we arrived at 12½ o'clock, P. M. At Heddington we found the Mission house and church in a state of declension, for want of care in keeping the doors and windows shut to prevent the driving rains and heavy dews of the night from decaying the buildings. The fences which I left there are all burned up for fire wood, and only eight families living in town. Brother Utridge, the preacher in charge, is in good health, but doing nothing at all excepting the buying cam-wood, ivory, &c., for speculation, as I am informed by his people.

When I arrived from America, I found that soon after I left Liberia for America, nearly all the children which I left at Heddington, scattered in all directions. About one year since, I left twenty-one children at Heddington, and now there are but two. But as soon as I learned that fact, I consulted Brother Chase, my

superintendent, who ordered me to collect as many as I could find and take them into my family, as I am authorized to take boys, as formerly, at Heddington. I did so, and have already collected thirteen of them.

But I have found Zoda Quee, the King of Robertsville and all his people, in good health. And here also we were saluted with many greetings, as at Heddington.

And here I thought it wise to call a council of the two kings, and several older men of our brethren, to inquire out a map of the country around the Goloos, principles of the tribes, and forms of worship, and deities of the people, &c. Finally, the decision of the council was, that as Kings Thom and Zoda Quee are acquainted all through the land, that they send three delegates with us to introduce us into the towns where we may not be acquainted, to prevent all unnecessary suspicion and jealousy, of our designs. But the kings have only selected two, one from each of their divisions, and such as are the most talented, and deeply pious. Those are to be our witnesses. And our arrangements not being completed till sunset, we concluded to remain here over night.

This evening we had a most sweet, heavenly meeting of prayer and exhortation, as any one ever witnessed. Many of the church whom I left at Heddington have located in this town, and here we all spent four hours in the very flames of heaven. O, glory be to God, what a blessed time. Hallalujah to Jesus!

April 12. Tuesday night, 10 o'clock. At Sweet Creek. We left Robertsville at 10 o'clock. A. M., and arrived here at 4, P. M. I judge this to be about twenty or twenty-five miles directly east of Robertsville. And here we have encamped for the night, fearing we may not find water again till after dark. For this is the utmost of the dry season. The creek by which we are encamped is decidedly the most stimulating, palatable, and nourishing water that ever I drank; and for which cause we have named it "Sweet Creek." The natives are in the habit of bathing in every stream they pass, but here they were not at all disposed to bathe, because of the coldness of the water. And this little stream might easily pass through a four inch spout, but as clear as the very crystal.

God has wonderfully strengthened my body in coming thus far, for yesterday morning when I started I was quite feeble in body, so that I was on the point of giving up the jaunt; but now I am better. But we have been travelling in the shade nearly all day. The timber has been thick, but mostly small. This part of the country, over which we have travelled to-day, as I am informed by my escort, was thickly inhabited only about thirty years ago, by the Queer tribe. But the Boatswain people continued their wars, carnage, and plunder so long and violently among them,

that they completely demolished the whole, and all is grown up to a wilderness again. We have passed over the remains of several old towns to-day, and turned aside to see others. This region must have been very thickly settled at some latter days. Human bones are occasionally seen lying about on the ground, as witnesses of the carnage of war. We have also seen several graves where the natives had buried their officers who were slain in battle. Those graves are somewhat in shape of American graves, only wider, and not so long. The graves of the chiefs are all paved over with small stones from the brooks, round, and about as large as my fist. The ground around some of those graves is far more trodden than the main path, in consequence of the grig-gree men, visiting them, to inquire of the dead concerning important matters. This being but eight or ten miles from the St. Paul's River, the country is quite level, and in some spots rather sandy, but not so as to prevent a heavy growth of grass, even in this dry season. The timber is mostly mangrove, plumb, and cotton. Most undoubtedly, the forest abounds with wild beasts, for the earth is well nigh covered with tracks. In the midst of this we have pitched our tent for the night.

At 7 o'clock this evening, our family altar being prepared, and lamps lit, I read the 13th chap of Genesis, and called on my dear Brother Simon Peter to pray. And O, my soul, another such a prayer I never heard of, nor read of from man. He prayed with the fullest confidence that God would give him all he asked, and as if he could not ask too much. After reading the chapter, I saw that Brother Simon was uncommonly fired up by the explanation which I gave on it, for I explained on it half an hour. In prayer, his voice was entirely the voice of another, to us all, and his sublime arrangement of words, his angelic boldness and choice selection of matter in his petition, and the manner in which he approached the mercy seat, made every one of us fear and tremble terribly. The little stream by which we were encamped hushed its gurgling, the wood-cock restrained her gab, the bush-cat stopped her squall, and nightingale suspended her sweet song. The crashing of the big elephant among the vines and dry limbs was not heard, nor the leopard's growl, nor lion's roar.

Simon prayed more than half an hour, without any repetition. Nor could I see any consistent period in his prayer where he might have stopped with propriety, before he did. Nor would he have stopped where he did, had not all his strength have failed him in a moment. The whole of his prayer referred directly to our Mission.

I lay my body down to sleep :
 Peace is the pillow for my head ;
 While well appointed angels keep
 Their watchful stations round my bed.

April 13. Wednesday night at Vorey Creek. We left sweet Creek at 7 o'clock A. M., and arrived here at half past four P. M. And by my compass, we have made our course about north east by east. We intended to have reached Queer, and have slept in that town to-night: But when we came to this Creek we found six of our Goloo Brethren, already encamped. And they besought us so fervently in tears to remain with them over night, that we finally pitched our tent with them. Those Brethren were going to the Colony with backloads of camwood for market. We have not seen one dwelling-house since we left Robertsville yesterday morning. The face of the land over which we have travelled to-day, lays in rather low ridges, averaging about one mile across them. The timber is extremely thick, very tall, slim, and straight. To-day the timber has consisted mostly of swiss, wismor, gour poplar, oak, live oak, plumb, mangrove, poke, bartee, red wood camwood, white camwood, colah, cotton, basswood, black ebony, brimstone wood, cherry, lime, lemmon, orange, coffee, &c. &c; But let it be understood, that more of this timber, to which I have added American names has any resemblance at all, to timber of the same names are in America. These American names are such as the Colonists have given them, because it is hard for them to pronounce the native names. See a comparison of the timber. (Note O.).

The soil is a mixture of loam and clay, and by the spontaneous growth of grass and herbage, the tallness and straightness of the timber, the land must be extremely rich to produce it. At 10 o'clock A. M., we crossed the lions big path, leading from east to west, and saw two monstrous lions in it, about fifteen rods from us. But they had such big heads, long mains and long tails we thought we might as well pass on, seeing it was not dinner time yet; and so we did not fire on them. The tracks of wild beasts of almost every description have been seen in our path to-day. To describe the elephant paths would be almost incredible. O how entertaining it is to traverse this theatrical forest. Our path to-day has been extremely crooked, and narrow, but shady all the way. Those Brethren whom we met here, tell us that we are expected in Goloo every day by their friends, and that we shall be a welcome guest when we arrive. Those Brethren were converted in our house at Heddington, about eighteen months since, and four of them, I have not seen since, until this evening. When we met them here, and attempted to go on and leave them, their grief and tears broke us down, and we submitted to remain. Here we built us an altar also, and offered sacrifice to the God of Jacob. Thirteen of us, one after another made our prayer to Almighty God. And truly, I never enjoyed myself so sweetly in any place before. O, happy, happy night is this, indeed. At this late hour, all my comrads and Brethren are asleep. At this

moment, half past one o'clock A. M., one of our Goloo Brethren having sat at my feet since I began to write, became drowsy, let himself down, and his head is now on one of my feet, fast asleep O angels, angels, how dreadful is this place; 'Tis God's own house, it is heavens gate. Glory be to God, O glory Hallelujah.

April 14. Thursday night. At Jargbergway. We left Vorey Creek at 7 o'clock A. M., and arrived at Queer at half past nine o'clock A. M. There is not a single inhabitant living between Robertsville and this town, except the hosts of wild beasts. Queer is a neat little town, of about forty houses; but the people are indolent, poor, and ignorant: But we found five of our Queer Brethren here, who were living in much better style. Their land is the first quality, and they generally raise considerable rice and cassava: And here we had calculated to have renewed our stock of provision; but in vain; for they were living on natural productions themselves. (See Note P.) We left Queer at twelve o'clock and had not travelled more than one hour, before we were obliged to pitch our tent, to shelter us from a tremendous tornado. This being the first violent tornado for the season, it swept down old trees around us on every side, as though we could not escape. But the angel of the Lord did not suffer a branch to meddle with our tent. After the storm was over, we wrung the water out of our tent, and came on. But we had not gone but a few rods, before we were thoroughly soaked through, from the grass and weeds on each side the path. But we have found a fine little town here standing on the west bank of the Junk River. We are now in the Goloo dominion, and in a Goloo town. King Jargbargway being acquainted with the most of my company, soon learned that I was a God man and what my business is. He immediately had a fine chicken caught, with which he dashed me according to their usual custom, as a token of welcome to this town. At the same time he ordered his people to hasten, and build a large fire in the palaver house to dry us; and to prepare houses for our baggage. And this moment, 11 o'clock P. M., I am setting on my bed; my lamp stands on a kingjar; my trunk is turned upside down, which I use as a table, my fire is on the ground in the middle of my parlor, and the room full of smoke: My bed is made of a solid pile of blue clay, eighteen inches wide, and five feet long. But I am only six feet long, But O hallelujah, how happy my soul is. It is heaven here.

I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear,
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

While blessed with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear,
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

April 15. Friday night. At Minor's Town. This morning we arose about sunrise, and called all Jargbargway's town together for family worship. I read the second Psalm, and explained on it for thirty-five minutes. I then called on Brother Nicholls, one of our delegates, to pray in the pure, Goloo tongue. Brother Nicholls soon grasped the throne by faith, and in a few moments he threw Jargbargway's people into a tremble, and into tears. Brother Simon purposed that we spend the day there, and thought God would convert the whole town: I was for coming on. We left them at 6½ o'clock A. M. crossed the Junk River, and arrived at Gabro at 8½. Gabro is a fine little town on the east bank of the Junk River. Its head man's name is Capt. Sam. Capt. Sam is a Rinas man by birth, born at Sierra Leone, and speaks tolerable good English. The Goloo and Pessah Kings have stationed him here to keep the path, (as they call it.) That is, to let no stranger pass by, unless he knows what their business is, for fear of war, and to break up a clan of plunderers, who formerly used to lurk on this ground, and plunder all who came along. I was much interested with this man, because of the propriety with which he spoke and acted. He was acquainted with all my company, and in fact he soon seemed as one of us. And on inquiry, we found that in case we go to Mumbooh, or big Pessah, it was well for us to take Capt. Sam along with us. And finally he consented to go with us. But the best of all was, that in this town, we found seven of our Brethren and sisters in the Lord, who had been converted at Heddington, and who left that place the week before I left for America; taking church letters with them. And we had not been in town five minutes, before five of them brought their letters and put them into my hand, and they were all of my own hand-writing. Daddy, said they, these letters have made us remember God, every day and night since we left Heddington. And said they, every night we pray, having our letters in our hands, and every morning we pray with our letters in our hands, so God can know who we are. They told the story so simple, and loving, that it well nigh overcame me and all my comrades. As soon as they learned that we were out of provisions, they immediately dashed us with a noble fat goat, two large fowls, a bottle of oil, and four quarts of rice, which was all they had in town. So we soon had a fine breakfast, which much refreshed and encouraged us. Thank Jesus.

We left Gabro, at 12 o'clock, and arrived here at 5½ o'clock. Our course from Gabro, has been northward. The land over which we have travelled for the last two days, certainly must be of the richest quality and a more beautifully faced country is not known. We have passed through one-half town, since we left Gabro, where we bought about ten pounds of an elephant's

trunk, which my men are now cooking, and it smells bad enough to gag a dog.

Here we have stopped for the night. This is a Mandingo town, in the Goloo territory, whose head man's name is Minor. With this Mandingo, I have been acquainted every since I first went to Heddington. And therefore we all feel at home. Minor is a Mahomaton christian, has the Alkoran, speaks and reads the Arabic language. Minor speaks broken English, so that I can converse with him without any impediment, on any subject. By this man, and Simon Peter, I have learned much of the habits, practices, and manners of the natives, which the natives are ashamed to own at this day, to any American. I would to God, that one hundred of the strongest enemies to colonization and the Liberia Mission, had travelled with us to day, to see the improvements which these sons of the forest are making here in the wilderness, directly through the instrumentality of colonization and mission. Jargbarguray, three years ago, had not an inhabitant short of Queer: these people all then lived in central Goloo, and had never cultivated one foot of land, but lived on the natural productions of the soil, and plunder. But they found they could make more, live better and easier, to cultivate rice, make palm oil, and gather cam wood. So they followed down the path as far as they could, and not intrude on the Queers, and there they took up a farm and went to clearing land, to raise rice for themselves, and to carry to the colonial market. And when their farm is burnt over which they now have already for the fire, they will have about forty acres under improvement. And Captain Sam, at Gabro, has only been there eighteen months, but has twenty acres under improvement. The half town which we passed this afternoon, has only been built twelve months, and they have about thirty acres of land under improvement, all rice, corn, and casava. And here is this Mandingo, with fifteen acres of rice, now about eighteen inches high, which resembles a stocky wheat field in America. I have inquired at each of those four towns, what their motives were in thus proceeding along the big path. They told me that they had seen the American manner of living, and preferred it to any other. That the American colony had shut the slave market, and opened a commerce far more profitable. And as rice, oil, and cam wood was always ready market in the colony, they chose to get as near the market as they could. That before the battle at Heddington, all were engaged in war through the whole land; that they had no courage to clear off and plant the soil, for fear of being driven off by war, and others take possession thereof. But since the Heddington battle, wars had ceased, so they were not afraid to live in small towns, break up and cultivate the soil with confidence. O blessed report.

Minor, and all his people kneeled in prayer with us to-night, while Brother Simon prayed in the Munbooh tongue, which all Minor's people could understand. Minor, and two others, wept freely.

April 16. Saturday night. At Ballasada. We left Minor at six o'clock A. M., and made our way northward. At 9 o'clock, to our higher gratification, we entered old King Peter's town. King Peter was converted in the American colony, on Bangs' Hill, two years since. But he is now dead, and gone to Heaven. He died eight months since, in the fullest triumph of the gospel of God.

Here I spent the most interesting three hours, that heaven ever granted me. For here I found twenty living converts, all of whom had been converted on Bangs' Hill, and baptised under my ministry about two years since. At our first appearance, their joy was more than the joy of harvest. They all at once burst into a flood of tears, wept aloud, fell on the ground, and rolled to my feet in the dust. They arose and literally bathed my bosom with tears, crying, and saying with a loud voice, Daddy has come, Daddy has come. O, I crumbled in pieces, as if I was made of dry sand, and all my bodily strength fled away. Nor was my dear Brother Simon a whit stronger.

King Peter led these converts into this wilderness, a few weeks before I last left for America, that he might introduce the gospel the more speedily and forcibly to his tribe, the Goloo nation. King Peter was deeply, and uniformly pious from the first day of his conversion. He was much given to prayer, was in the habit of falling into midnight struggles for the spread of the gospel, and ardently advocate it till he gave up the ghost. I was informed by his people, that at the hour of his death, he called all the converts around him, and exhorted them all to continue steadfast in the faith of the gospel as he had done, and try to spread its influence everywhere. He told them Jesus was waiting for him, and he must go now. He then committed the unconverted part of his people to his Prince, Babbooh, and the converts to Brother Bow, until Daddy Brown should return from America, and take charge of them all. He then bid them all farewell, his head dropped, and like a flash, without a struggle or flinch, he expired. Since that hour, Brother Bow has had them to the family altar night and morning, held class meetings, and exhorted them on the Sabbath.

But we left King Peter's town at 12 o'clock, and travelled a north-west course, until 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ P. M., which brought us to this town. Since we left Peter's we have passed through three half towns, and several large farms. This Ballasada is a war king, and of high renown in all the Goloo nation. He is the same Ballasada who came to Heddington to aid us in time of war. But he re-

ceived us with open arms and many greetings. He immediately prepared two of his best houses in town for our accommodation, and soon gave us charge of his whole town. He said he should feel bad if we asked him for any thing more than their services. If you find any thing in this town, said he, which you want, then go and take it, all is yours. Ballasada has been on tiptoe ever since we came in town. At 7 o'clock, Ballasada called all his people to the palaver house to hear me tell wherefore I had come forth. And I arose and talked about one hour through Brother Simon. Ballasada then arose and expressed his highest thanksgiving and gratification to us that we had come for such purposes, and assured us that nothing should be lacking on his part, to aid us in this enterprise, provided we would be content to establish the Mission among them. For we are now in central Goloo. And as their manner is on such occasions, arrangements were also made, to call in as many kings and head men as we could, and have them meet on next Monday, to hold a council for the establishment of a Mission. We have found ten of our brethren here who were converted at Heddington, six of whom have been baptised and joined society. And how naturally do they hang around our feet and on our necks. Soon after we came in, Ballasada caught a fine fat sheep and gave us, which we butchered. He set his people to beating out seed rice for us to eat, and gave us a plenty of oil to eat, and burn in our lamps. And although we are all much fatigued, yet we all feel that this is our earthly home. Hallalujah to Jesus!

It is not much wonder that Ballasada feels proud of his guest; for we are the first civilized company he ever had in his town before. True, there has been two Americans in some of the towns around this, trading; but they can hardly be called Americans, much less civilized. For when they came in they stripped off their clothes and came in as naked as a heathen, and why call such civilized. My escort consists of twelve persons, all clothed in American style, and all eat with knives and forks.

April 17. Sunday night, 11 o'clock. This morning Ballasada arose at day-break, and started off to see old King Yardo, the head King of the Goloo nation. We made arrangements last night to have had preaching at 12 o'clock to-day in the palaver house. But at 10 o'clock, I was cut down by a violent attack of chill and fever. And Simon being not willing to leave me for a moment, was not disposed to preach, and therefore we have not had any public worship to-day.

At 2 o'clock, P. M. Ballasada returned, and King Yardo with him. This old gentleman is about ninety years old, and far the most intelligent of any native I have seen, except Brother Simon. Since 12 o'clock the natives have been gathering in from all directions, and among them are numbers of our brethren. As for

King Yardoo, all we could say could not persuade him to be content, and to hear my palaver to-morrow as was calculated, but he must hear some of it to-night, so he might be thinking his head, (as he called it,) until morning. Finally Brother Simon braced me up as I lay on the ground, in my house, and I talked to the old gentleman nearly one hour, till I had told him all my business and all my arrangements. The old King listened with the deepest interest, even with tears in his eyes. And after I had concluded, Yardoo arose and said: "Now my people, I will tell you how God made us all. First, he came down in the morning, and worked all day long, making white men in America, and he gave them plenty of good sense. Then he came along in the night which was very dark, and made we country people all black. And because he wanted to get home soon in the morning, he never waited to give us any sense. He gave us to the devil and told him to keep us in war, eat casava, doum-boy, palaver sauce and pepper, till God comes back, and gives us sense as other men." "But," said he, addressing his people, "I have been telling you a long time, that God would get up by and by and give us sense as he has the Americans, and we shall be a people." This old Simon then, (lodging his clenched hands on his white silvered head,) exclaimed, saying: "O my head my head; I see it now." He then wrapped his long slim arms around his swelling breast, and said: "O I feel, I feel it now." And here the old King melted, and melted all the rest of us. I immediately arose with renewed strength, got out my journal and began to write, and at this hour, 12 o'clock, I feel perfectly well.

O, glory, glory to the God of all flesh and spirit, that I have my existence in these days! Glory!

April 18. Monday night, 9 o'clock. At Yardoo. We left Ballasada at 11 o'clock, A. M., and arrived here at 4 o'clock. I judge we are about twelve or fifteen miles from Ballasada. We have passed through five half towns, in coming to this place and more than twenty farms. This is far the most pleasant and fertile section of country that ever I saw. This town is situated on the south-east bank of the St. Paul's river, about twelve rods from the brink, and surrounded by a strong barricade. Three Kings, eight head men and several old men accompanied us here and are all now in a house together, holding a council concerning the establishment of a Mission in this pleasant region. Never can there be a more convenient place for a Mission than in this section.

April 19. Tuesday night. At Ballasada. This morning at about sunrise, the three kings, Yardoo, Ballasada and Jago, who had been in council all night, came into my fine mud palace, and told me they were ready to report their decision, and they had come to conduct me to the palaver house to hear it. At this mo-

ment I was in the midst of a heavy and violent chill, and had been for a half hour before. Nevertheless the Lord strengthened me in a moment. I arose, and followed them to the palaver house. Then said King Yardoo, "I am the first King in all the Goloo nation. But when any big palaver comes up it is our custom to call all the Kings together, and all talk over the matter, and then I do as I please. Then, said he, your palaver is national, and bigger than all palavers that ever came to my country. And you told me last night that you could not wait for me to call my Kings from a distance. But I, the two Kings with me, the eight head men, and these old men, have agreed to become responsible to, and for all the other Kings, because we are confident that no one can say no. But if they do, I and my war King can do as we please. And now this one thing I do this morning. Go on yonder hill, (pointing to a mountain,) and all the land you can see is mine, on this side the river. I cannot sell the original right of the soil, without the consent of the other Kings, but I give it all to you, so far as your Mission has any concern. Here are fifty thousand people, all are yours, so far as your Mission is concernd. Talk your God palaver where you like. Pray God where you like. Build your houses and make your barns where you like. And call on any of my people to help you when you like.

I do not see, said he, as you need to buy land to carry on your operation; if you are a mind to make us a dash then do it; if not all the land is before you. (I was directed by the board of missions to purchase three or four hundred acres of land for a manual labor school, and had made it known to Yardoo, in the outset.) And now said he you cannot go to any other place, for I have granted you your entire request: And now here are five of my strongest men, whom I send to carry you home, for you are sick now, and you must not walk that long busk path, lest you die: And here also are five boys, whom I give you for God's palaver, that you may know I am not playing in this matter. Take these boy's home with you; and when the rainy season is over, then come home all of you; and bring all your boys, and and your wife, and little babe and a plenty of God's people: And I will take good care of you, and I will give you two hundred boys and girls for your school, when ever you want them &c., &c. Thus the old King addressed us, for about one hour, like a Moses of old, and as if he was a father to us all indeed. He then gave us a noble fat sheep, a krod of rice, six fowls, and a gourd of oil. The King then took hold of my foot, and I of his; we then shook hands, and I left him in tears. We started of at ten o'clock, and a train of natives nearly a half a mile long followed us from town to town, till we arrived here. O how I might have fattened myself on alligator's eggs, if I could have eaten, for they offered them to

me at every town between this and Yardoo's. But my poor stomach was quite too weak to receive the monstrous looking thing. The dear people saw I was sick, and thought an alligator's egg or two would strengthen me. Our full arrangements are now made for the establishment of a mission in this town. And it would be all folly for me to wish for a more convenient location for my operations than this town. A host of half towns are immediately around us, from one to four hours walk, first rate of land in all the world, and well watered. This town is on a gradually elevated swell of land, and the pompous, half circled mountains on the east, north and west, lift up their beautiful crowns in a most lordly manner. But I cannot move in my family until after the coming rainy season, which is at hand, is over, in consequence of the scarcity of provision at the present time; for we cannot subsist on the natural productions of the country. The present crops of rice, which is to be our staple, will not be gathered under six weeks, which will be in the height of the rainy season, and then we cannot come in. Heretofore, the natives have not cultivated the land in any comparison as at present, for fear of being driven off by war. True every year, they would plant a small farm of rice and casava, which would last them a month or two and then live on natural productions. See their manner of cultivation. (Note two.) But now the wars are over, and they have gone extensively into farming: The gospel has done it.

April 20. Wednesday night. At King Peter's. We left Ballasada at two o'clock P. M., and arrived here at six. I wrote last night till one o'clock. And immediately after, I was arrested by a most aggravating chill, followed by a high fever, and I passed a miserable night of racking pain. This morning I saw it important for me, to make all possible diligence in getting home. King Ballasada was utterly opposed to my leaving town, until I was better. He even pleaded his responsibility for me, he being in treaty with the Commonwealth of Liberia. But when he saw I was bent on leaving, he also turned out three men, to aid in carrying me, provided I became so weak, I could not walk. Ballasada, and many of his people wept when they saw me leave, with such a high fever on. But fortunate for me, we came within three miles of this town before I entirely failed. And even then, after my bearers had brought me about two miles, and I lit on my feet, and walked, till I fell at the entrance of this town. But thank my blessed Jesus, I have fallen among my gospel children, who seem willing to pluck out their very eyes, to make me comfortable.

April 21. We are still at Peter's town. About sunrise this morning, I and all the people totally despaired of my living till this hour, 5 o'clock, P. M. But Brother Simon and Brother Row called their people together, and all of them entered into solemn,

fervant prayer to God for my recovery. And after they had prayed about one hour, my fever retired, and in a few moments I was in a flow of perspiration, without any pain. (The reader may call this what he pleases.)

They have been praying occasionally all day for me, and I have been gaining strength, so that at this hour I am quite comfortable. But if I never see my dear family again, all is well. Farewell!

April 23. Saturday night, 8 o'clock. At Queer. We left Peter's town at 9 o'clock yesterday morning, and by a violent perseverance we reached Gabro at four. Soon after leaving Peter's my fever came on, as if it would consume me. But I walked nearly half the way. At one time I entirely fainted for want of a swallow of water. But my dear Brother Simon found a gither bush, scratched the bark, and put it into my mouth, and I revived and came on. I had but just reached Gabro, all burning with fever, when I was stiffened by another chill, which continued for three hours, violently. And I passed a distressed night indeed. But my soul was happy in Jesus. We left Gabro at 10 o'clock this A. M., and arrived here at six. Certainly, God must have given me supernatural strength to-day, to have reached this place. For since last Sunday night, all the food I have taken was a few swallows of weak chicken tea occasionally, and a few cups of green tea. If I was well, I could bear double the substance at one meal, except the tea, which I have taken to break my chills. My whole company from Goloo consists of twenty-five persons.

April 24. Sunday, 5 o'clock, P. M. We are still at Queer, because we will not travel on the Sabbath. But we have not had any meeting to-day, except family worship, as usual. I am too feeble to talk, and Brother Simon is all worn out in waiting on me by day and night.

April 25. In the wilderness, drenched with rain, and burning with fever, on the ground. But, glory to Jesus, my soul is happy!

April 26. In the wilderness, conveyed in a hammock, burning with fever, on the ground. But my soul is still happy in Jesus. Hallalujah!

April 27. At Caldwell. Glory to Jesus! This morning my faithful bearers took me in a hammock, and brought me to Robertsville, where King Zoda Quee prepared me a chair on poles, in which I rode home. I am once more by the side of my dear wife and little babe, and my soul is happy, exultingly happy in Jesus. Glory to God!

April 28. To-night I feel much better, not having had any chill or fever for the last sixteen hours; having comfortable nourishment since I came home. I still feel much prostrated by the fever, and fatigued by my jaunt, but whether I live or die in con-

sequence of it, it matters not with me ; for I have realized enough in this one expedition, for one man's life. I have traced, step by step, until I have seen the way of the gospel open for hundreds of miles into the interior, which is my glory and triumph. Yea, I have seen the whole visable process by which God has opened a door of faith unto the Gentiles. And I am fully confident that the long struggle to plant the gospel in the interior of Africa, is already terminated in glorious victory. I may not live to see the whole harvest reaped, but thank God, I have seen the seed sown ! O, ye missionaries, arise and thrust in your sickles, for the field is ripe, already, for harvest. Hallalujah ! O Lord God, I thank thee for what thou hast shown me, and done for me. Glory be to God, evermore !

Say not four months, then comes the harverst ;

The fields are white—the harvest near.

He that reapeth receiveth wages,

As in scripture doth appear.

Then through the wilderness I'll travel—

O'er mountains high, and valleys low,

To seek a bride for my dear master,

For now the word to me is " Go !"

May 13. This morning I went down to Monrovia on business, and to my utter astonishment, I was informed by Brother Chase that all my native boys who had formerly belonged to Heddington must be sent back there again ; and all my American boys who formerly belonged to the Mission, must be sent to White Plains. But the boys which I had recently taken, I was directed to keep. But those boys whom I was to send off, I was to keep until I could hire clothes made to clothe them, and then send them away.

This order is the most bold thrust that the devil ever made at me, and the most deadly he has ever made at this Mission.

When I left Heddington for America, last year, I left twenty-one boys and two girls there, all of whom I had either taken out of the bush, or were given me by their parents to train up, excepting two, which Brother Seys had bound to the Mission. And these boys were in my hand for two years, approved and supported by the Mission. But soon after I left, these children scattered in all directions, and did not return, because they could not agree with Brother Utridge. But when I returned from America, I was directed by Brother Chase to gather as many of those boys as I could, and take them into my family, in preference to taking strange boys, and I did so.

Eleven of those boys had been absent for one whole year, yet no one had enquired after them, nor sent for them to return. Several of those smaller boys, who were not large enough to work and earn their living, were sent off home, therefore they did not

return; and still Utridge had \$30 per year for keeping them. Two of these small boys had been legally bound to the Mission by the authorities of a poor widowed mother, an American, by the Superintendent of the Mission, and by a colonial magistrate; yet turned back to a poor mother. But as soon as I had gathered those boys, been to the expense of preparing buildings for our convenience through the rains, got them in school, and was training them for help to our new mission, Wilson and Utridge lay claim to the boys, and Brother Chase orders me to clothe and give them up. So all I have done and suffered for those boys for two laborious years, and all the expense which they have been to the Mission for three years, is a total dead loss.

I feel fully confident that the scattering of those boys on this wise, is not of God, but directly of satan, through the instrumentality of my personal enemies. One of them, Rev. A. C. Utridge, has this day been brought before the civil magistrates, to meet his love, who swore upon him the act of adultery. And the annual conference knew the whole of this matter, and talked it all over in conference, but because he was a strong Seys party man, they passed his character without confession, and sent him back to Heddington again.

May 23. This morning has been a time of sore affliction to me, and to all my family and neighbors. For having clothed my boys as above directed, I was obliged to drive off my beloved little boys and girls this morning, by threatened chastisement. I have sent eleven native children to Heddington, and four American boys to White Plains, to Brother Wilson's manual labor school, and I have ten left. Brother Simon Peter also remains with me, as my interpreter, and a beloved one he is too.

Last Thursday night I was appointed class leader. I, and all my boys, put ourselves under the watch-care of this church, soon after we returned from Goloo. Brother Simon is class leader of all our boys, but is now robbed of his class.

May 25. Yesterday morning, three of our American boys came back, and their parents with them. Those parents frankly declared that their children should not go to White Plains, under Brother Wilson, at any rate. They pleaded that the boys were bound to me, and that if I would not take them back into my family as usual, then they would take them home and set them at work. Finally, as I needed some American boys in my school, and these being so far advanced, I consented to retake them. And this afternoon, four of my native boys returned from Heddington, which I sent off day before yesterday. But at the same hour in which I sent them from here, Caldwell, a sheriff, seized on Brother Utridge, and took him off. So that while my boys were on their way to Heddington by land, the sheriff had Brother

Utridge in a boat on the river, taking him to jail for adultery. But Brother Utridge is still in good standing in the M. E. Church in Liberia. And thus the boys fell into King Thom's hands. But the King not having any thing for them to do, nor any thing for them to eat, sent them off this morning. Four of the largest boys came home to me, and in tears, begged me to take them as usual, and I did so. The other six or seven children are gone to visit their parents, and it is doubtful whether they return again.

June 8. For several days passed we have been at work with the gospel on those boys, whom we brought from Goloo, and such as have since been sent to us. To-night we have had a most powerful time at our family altar, and six of those boys were converted. I have now twenty-eight persons in my family, and twenty-one of us are happy in Jesus. Glory, glory, hallalujah to God! I am happy, soul and body! Hallalujah!

Come and haste along with me,
 Consolation running free,
 From my Father's glorious throne;
 Sweeter than a honey comb,
 Goodness running like a stream,
 Through the new jerusalem;
 And by constant breaking forth,
 Sweetens earth and heaven both.

Hallalujah! God is healing the late wound which satan has thrust at my family. O satan, thou hadst better let the Lord alone, lest he converteth two souls where thou destroyest one. O Lord Jesus, ride on triumphantly, for we know thy kingdom is glorious. To God be all the glory! Amen.

July 29. Saturday night, 10 o'clock. This evening, I have attended Brother Simon's class meeting, and a most glorious time it was indeed. Brother Simon has charge of all the converted boys, in one class. I presume that a better qualified man was never raised up of God, nor ever will be, than this beloved one. These dear young brethren are kept in a constant frame of devotion, by Brother Simon's skill, and yet they make rapid advancements in learning their books. O what a glorious prospect we have for our Goloo Mission. Some of those boys have become so far advanced, that they write letters and orders for the colonists who cannot do their own writing; some are parsing Grammar, and others in figures. Those boys are a selection from the following tribes. Goloo, Pessah, Queer, Day, Bussah, Vie, Mumboo, and Mandingo. And all these tribes have a different, independent dialect. We have nineteen of those native boys, and three American boys; and the most of those boys converse with one another without embarrassment.

July 6. Yesterday I received 5 visitors from the Goloo country, who brought me two bright boys, and eighteen kroos of rice. They inform me, that their people are anticipating our Mission

with increased interest, and great preparations are making for our reception. Ballasada has built me the largest house in all that region, and is preparing a farm for me and my boys according to arrangements, when I left his town.

This morning, I received three visitors from the Boatswain Country, who are now asleep in our kitchen. They are sent as a committee by the Boatswain authorities, to invite me to establish my Mission in their country, which is about fifty miles west of my selected station in Goloo. One of those men were in the Heddington battle, and fought us through the whole siege. He is very free to converse on that subject, and gives us more important information than we have ever had before. Indeed, some of his own reports are well nigh incredible. But still, they appear to be sincere. They say, that the slain in battle, including what died on their way home, and those who died after they got home, amounted to over 200. But now their kings want their boys to become acquainted with God's book and to know how it was that God fought so terribly in that battle. But we, or rather, Brother Simon gave them a lecture this evening, about two and a half hours long. And the poor fellows trembled under it. We have used the Boatswains with all the friendship and tenderness we possibly could, to convince them that we had no enmity nor prejudice against them.

But again, at 4 o'clock P. M., King Ballasada, and twelve of his men, came into my yard, loaded with sheep, goats, chickens, and Palm oil. When I arrived from Goloo, last April, I sent a dash of \$60 worth of goods to the kings for their license to establish Missions in their country. And they took that property, and laid it out in purchasing provisions for the expected Mission family, and fearing we might be scant, they brought down a supply. It is now in the height of the rainy season, and how those men could bring out this stock, I know not. The St. Paul's river is about six feet above low water mark, and has been still higher than that.

July 7. This morning, Ballasada having a desire to see my superintendent, Brother Simon and I took him to Monrovia, and I introduced him to Brother Chase. (See Doc. 6.)

July 28. In the course of the last two days, six more of my boys have been converted to God. O glory, glory be to God, for evermore! Three more of my boys are now in the chamber, crying and praying for mercy. O, my soul, how can I praise Jesus, to meet the claims which his goodness has bestowed upon me! What a debtor I am to his grace! O, what a happy, loving family he has given me!

August 25. A great man in Israel is fallen. My greatly, and dearly beloved Brother Simon Peter is no more. And I am now setting by his lifeless right hand, writing his dignified memoir.

On the 13th inst. Brother Simon left home, and went to Heddington to a quarterly meeting. He remained over the Sabbath, and on Monday also. Monday night he was taken sick. Tuesday morning he started to come home, and having travelled about half way, he became so weak, that he was obliged to stop at a native town and remain over night. He was so feeble, that he remained there until the following Friday morning, when some of the friendly natives brought him home, I immediately went to work with what medicine I had, but none seemed to check his pain. Monday following, I sent to Monrovia for a physician, but we got none: On Tuesday I sent again for a physician, but in vain. On Wednesday Dr. Prout came up, and did all he could; but to no effect: Brother Simon's poison (as I believe)* was too deep rooted for extraction. At half past ten o'clock last evening, he gave up the ghost, without a sigh, groan, flinch, or shorter breath than usual, and flashed up to his eternal home. Brother Simon was a Vie man, by birth: His father was a most successful war chieftain; and Simon has told me, that he began to follow his father, in war, as soon as he was large enough to travel and keep up with him. Simon followed this business for several years, until he became more expert in war, than any of his fellows. At last, his father fearing Simon would supplant him, bound him out as an apprentice to a Griggree man, to learn devil worship, and all the ordinances and arts of the devil's bush, for nine years. Simon tells me that he has seen hosts of human beings sacrificed to the devil. But at the end of his nine years, he was taken prisoner by the Boatswains, where, for four weeks, he subsisted exclusively on human flesh. He was then taken prisoner by the Arabs, who carried him to Congee. And they being acquainted with Simon's subtlety, fearing he might escape from them, cut the bottoms of his feet, from toe to heel, quite to the bone. And after eight months, he was bought, or rather exchanged with other prisoners, by the Goloo people, and from the Golooos he was redeemed by the Vies, his own nation. Simon now became an extensive trader in cam wood, ivory, oil, gold dust, and slaves, until the Boatswains drove him and several of his people, or tribe, over into Goloo again. And from thence he wandered off down to Heddington, and settled with King Thom, and here I first found him. And in our reformation there, Simon was numbered among our first converts. He joined the church at the first opportunity, and was baptised. He immediately began to pray and exhort the people, as if he alone was responsible to God for the salvation of that nation. In a few weeks after his bright conversion, he became a licensed exhorter in the church, and in ten days after he obtained the witness of entire sanctification through faith in the blood of Jesus. At our reformation at Bangs' Hill, I appointed Brother Simon to be the preacher and leader, and the Superin-

*By our personal enemies, no doubt.

tendent of the Mission well approved of it. (See Doc. 7.) And here Peter acquitted himself in an apostolic manner, and gave the fullest attestation of his anointment of the Holy Ghost to preach the gospel. He was decidedly the most successful exhorter that ever I knew. There is scarcely a town in all the region around, in which he has not some fruit of labor. His long and extensive experience in the habits, manners, practices, idolatry, and devil worship of the heathen, just qualified him to meet all their multifarious, complicated prejudices and objections against our holy religion, and to give him a complete advantage. When we last visited America, Brother Seys took over Simon, where he spent four months. But after Simon returned, his zeal was four fold more than before. He was a man of deep piety, and his whole life was uniform. He was a mighty champion against the kingdom of satan—a bright morning star to this whole heathen nation, and a gem of the church to which he belonged. But O! here by my side lays the corpse of my Jonathan—my Aaron, yea, my dearly beloved son in the gospel. Here lays my richly anticipated instrument of carrying salvation to thousands of these poor heathen. O, he has gone, he has gone! But he went to be happy. A few minutes before he expired, I asked him if he was afraid to die. “Die!” said he, “what is that? I shall not die, but soon I shall sleep sweetly.” But at that time, only fifteen minutes before he left me, I had no idea that he was so near his end. Hence he did not give me opportunity to bid him good bye, nor he me. But I only, only I, can comprehend the loss. O, never was there such a beloved brother! O, Simon, Simon, my beloved Simon, would to God I had died for thee! O, his very corpse smiles while I write. Brother Simon was supposed to be about thirty years old.

With solemn delight I survey
 His corpse, though his spirit is fled;
 In love with the beautiful clay,
 A longing to sleep in its stead.

His eyes, which so seldom he closed,
 For sinners so freely did weep,
 Now sealed in their mortal repose,
 And in the above stated sleep.

To mourn and to suffer is mine,
 Alone in this prison beneath,
 And still for deliverance pine,
 And press to thy issue of death.

What now with my tears I bedew,
 O might I this moment become!
 My spirit transformed anew,
 My body consigned to the tomb.

My dear Brother Simon was buried at 3 o'clock, P. M. And may the Lord comfort his broken hearted class of little boys, and heal our deep sorrows.

September 27. I am just coming up from a long series of chill and fever, which has run me extremely low. For the last six weeks, I have had more or less of the chill every week, and have not been clear of fever more than five hours at a time, in all the six weeks. But I have taught school when ever I was able to hold up my head; and when I was not I have hired an assistant, so that my boys have made good advancement in learning their books, and serving the Lord, too. Two more of my boys were converted last night, and we have had heavenly times all through the rains, so far. But the whole American church in this Colony, far and near, are as dead as blocks of wood. My whole family now consists of thirty-four persons, and nearly all of us are happy in Jesus. But we still realize the loss of Brother Simon Peter.

November 4. We are making all possible arrangements, and bringing every thing to a close, that we may leave the Colony, for the interior one week from next Monday, 14th inst. We had made our calculation to have started next Monday, but were informed that the path was very muddy. The rainy season is but just over, but the natives say they can carry us over it. Ballasada is to be here with thirty strong men, on the 12th inst., to take us in.

Nov. 5. Tuesday night. Dark, dark, dark. This morning I went down to Monrovia, to settle with Mr. Chase, my Superintendent, before I left the Colony for the interior. For I knew not as I should return from Goloo for a year or more. And to my utter astonishment, Mr. Chase protested my entire account of all my expenses which I have been at, since I arrived from America.

And here a most serious difficulty is commenced. And here let me inform the reader, as I am now copying only an abridgment, that much of this difficulty was published in the time of it; and as I design to republish all those former publications, it will be but superfluity to have them appear in two places. And when I come to what is published I shall refer the reader to the documents. Hence, for what took place between Mr. Chase and me, at the above attempt to settle with him. (See Doc. 8.)

However I left Mr. Chase, and come home. And as soon as I arrived I called all my boys together, and gave them the sad information, that all of them must leave to-morrow morning, and return from whence they came. But O my soul, what a mighty thunder-bolt was this to these dear little lambs of Jesus. The Judgment day breaking upon them would have been no comparison. Some of them immediately dropped on their knees and

prayed aloud for mercy ; while others cried, saying, "What shall I do, what shall I do?" The hearts of me and my dear companion were also broken in pieces, at the grief of our dear children. O, what a world this is! O, what men there are in the church! Surely a Judas, an enemy hath done this; and may the Lord look upon the men who hath done it. "Wo be unto the pastors that destroy and scatter the sheep of my pasture," saith the Lord. "Ye have scattered my flock and driven them away, and have not visited them; behold I will visit upon you the evil doings," saith the Lord. "Therefore, they shall not prosper," saith God.

Nov. 11. I have been trying for two or three days to obtain men to accompany my boys home to their Kings in the interior, but could not obtain them until this morning. First, I sent one company of seven to King Thom, at Heddington, under charge of J. Ames. Secondly, I sent a company of ten to King Yardoo, at Goloo, under charge of John Peter. Thirdly, I sent a company of six to King Bowat, at Vie, under charge of William Gray. Five others, whose homes were near by, went separately. I have now left with me one Goloo boy who is lame, and was not able to travel with the others. I have also one Mandingo boy whose King lives so far into the country, five hundred miles, I know of no way to send him home safely. My interpreter, R. Spaulding, is also with me.

This has been a trying morning for Africa. "A voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation and bitter weeping; Rachael weeping for her children, refused to be comforted for her children, because they were not." A cry was heard from all directions as they went, till they were beyond hearing, saying, "O daddy, I shall die; O daddy, I shall die," said these dear little lambs of Jesus. O, I am confident that had the savages have seized on those little ones and burned them alive in the fire, I could not have been more painfully affected, than when I told them they must go. But I could not do otherwise. For, solely to favor the Missionary Society, and not to draw on them till the utmost extremity, I have spent my very last shilling, and am now two hundred dollars in debt for goods which I have bought to carry out our operations. Our Missionary Board are now fifty thousand dollars in debt; and I thought to favor them by these proceedings according to Mr. Chase's directions. And so, after I have paid out of my own pocket about eight hundred dollars, Mr. Chase protests my entire account. And hence, as Mr. C. declares he will not pay one cent of the expenses, it is not possible for me to keep those children longer. And I alone, being responsible to the Kings for those boys, dare not send them off without some trusty man to guide them home. So here is an entire church of twenty-eight members between ten and sixteen years of age, all scattered into as many different places as there were individuals.

All are violently driven back to the devil's bush to pass through the fire of Molech. We were expecting to have taken this whole band up to Goloo, and to have started next Monday morning. But all is sunken into the mighty deep. And a mighty triumph among some is ringing from Missionary to Missionary here in the Colony, for the great victory they have won through their great chieftains Chase and Wilson. But I have concluded to remain here on the ground until I can write to America and get returns; hence, as I am obliged to leave the room and tenement which I have been occupying, I have begun to build me a thatch house to shelter my wife and little babe, till I hear from America.

O, if it was not for the Holy Ghost in my soul, how quick I should fall into total derangement. I am completely burned and well nigh consumed with grief, but the blessed Jesus does not let me sink. He even communes with me sweetly, and sympathies with me sensibly.

December 25. I thank God for what I enjoy in my soul. A calm, sweet, rich, heavenly, lively peace in my soul. Glory be to God, I find the eternal rock on which I have been building, to be firm and immovable as an impregnable mountain against all the temptations of satan, and wrath of men. My enemies do gnash their teeth upon me, but God is my hiding place and my defence. Glory be to God!

But as to the church in Liberia, all things stand as if they were fixed unalterably by an omnipotent hand. No revivals, no war, no peace, no enmity, no friendship, of course neither light nor dark.

January 7. Saturday night, 11 o'clock. At last the devil has accomplished what he has long been aiming at, and wept to see it accomplished. Our Quarterly Conference met this afternoon and suspended me from all official services in the church until the next Quarterly Meeting Conference. (See Doc. 8.) and Mr. Chase's answer immediately following. (See Doc. 9.)

February 18. Saturday night, 11 o'clock. My soul continues happy in Jesus my God! The thunder-bolt clouds are all around me, low, black, and angry, but the sun shines on my deck. The wind blows as if it would rack the very heavens, and the sea tumbles together like the crash of words; but here in the harbor the face of the waters are not ruffled. I have a sure anchor, and a matchless cable which secures me from the sandy shoals, and iron bound shores.

Great spoils I have win, from death, hell and sin,
Midst outward affliction, shall feel Christ within,
And this I do find, we two are so joined,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind.

March 5. Sunday night, 7 o'clock. The great struggle is

over at last, and I am no more a Liberian Methodist. (See Doc's. 10, 11 and 12.) My soul is still happy in Jesus.

March 9. Mr. Chase left Monrovia this afternoon for America. He has gone as a man in complete confusion. He has left much unsettled business, as I am informed, and but very few of us had any idea of his going so soon.

April 3. I am just recovering from a violent attack of fever and black janders. I was taken on March 11, and for the first eight days, I nor any one else, thought I could ever recover again. I am still under the influence of a powerful salvation, but am getting better. O, glory be to Jesus alone!

May 13. Our beloved little daughter, Hannah Ann, changed worlds at 11 o'clock P. M. This beloved little one has been like a bud, opening, and blossoming for one year and four months and a half. Ten days ago, she was taken by the whooping cough, and soon became an extreme sufferer. Our physicians tried their utmost skill to save her, but in vain. But the Lord hath only taken what he hath given; and blessed be his holy name. I had the privilege of consecrating her to God, about three months since, in baptism, and therefore, though I grieve, I dare not murmur. The will of Lord be done.

The morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold,
As careless of the noontide heats.
As fearless of the evening cold.

Nipt by the winds untimely blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short liv'd beauties die away,

Yet these new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine,
Revive with ever during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

May 14. Sunday night, 8 o'clock. I have enjoyed a peaceful glorious sabbath, to-day. I have read six of Watson's sermons, and four of Wesleys, all on holiness. Ever since I was first suspended, I have been studying the Bible, and read it twice through by course. My main object in so doing is to learn from thence, what that holiness is, without which no man can be saved. And when I came to a passage which referred directly to holiness, after making up my own opinion on it, I would consult Benson's comments, Clark's comments and Theology, and Watson's institutes; the sabbaths, I have spent in reading sermons, and other works on holiness. And in all this diligent impartial study, I have not found one word in the Bible referring to holiness, which is contrary to the doctrine which I have preached ever since I first came to Africa. I have studied thus far, with the deepest interest, and

most sanguine impartiality, because I knew that my persecution was exclusive for my preaching and contending for present inward, vital holiness. And what greatly aggravated the dear Brethren, was that I preached entire sanctification, obtainable by faith (without previous good works) in the blood of Jesus, by the Holy Ghost. And this very doctrine alone, I have been diligently studying for the whole of the last six months. And whether I be right or wrong, I cannot see it otherwise, and therefore I feel that wo is me, if I preach it not. Look again at holiness, (Fragment A.) And to what I have learned from the book of God from the writings of good men, I add my own experience: And in all, I cannot see wherein I have given my Brethren any just cause for their bitter prejudice, and deadly enmity. Nor do I see any way how I can change my sentiments, consistently, for the sake of conforming to the preachers, while I hold it as truth and a majority of the Laymen are begging for it all the while. And since I began to review the Bible on this blessed doctrine, it has increased in interest and glory, five hundred per cent in my estimation. The Lord has a small remnant of good people here in Caldwell. But there is such a mighty opposition against them, that they have hard work to enjoy perfect peace. Brother Isaac Lawrence, a preacher, is the only man in Caldwell who enjoys the blessing of sanctification, and he has ever been with me in it since a few weeks after I first came to Caldwell. There are also six sanctified sisters. There has been several more who were heretofore sanctified, but in time persecution, they feared to call it by the right name, and so lost the witness: Others thought it would not be best to be called singular, and separate from the formalist, and so they lost their witness also. But holiness is still my motto.

June 26. The thick gloomy cloud which has long hung over this Mission, remains steadfast. No religious excitement, or revival movements are heard of any where in the Mission. I have not attended any public meeting for two months. I cannot feel it my duty to associate with such preaching or praying as we have in Caldwell at present. My nearest neighbor is an exhorter, and class leader in the church, and a very active man too. But his grocery is a complete sink, by day and night, and Sundays too. He is more or less intoxicated every day. His customers are mostly members of the church. And the preacher in charge is there frequently in the week time, spending a half day at a time. And almost every Sabbath, the preacher in charge, even Brother W., is there, in the midst of a crazy gang, laughing very loud with his brethren and others. This rum depot is not more than five rods from my house. My family worship is as regular as the day, at 6 o'clock, A. M., and at 5, P. M. But they make it a practice at this grocery to raise a special clamor

nearly every time of our prayer. Now, with what propriety can I go to meeting to hear such men preach and pray?—since more than one half of the church are the most giddy-headed triflers in the town of Caldwell, and where so many cases of adultery are tolerated? And where the preachers tell the brethren that every man has the right to whip and mall his wife whenever he pleases—and the brethren frequently do it? I dare not worship, or attempt to meet with such men in the worship of God. I write not these things for reproach, nor reproof, but to shew cause why I do not go to meeting, to hear them preach and pray. However, the blessed Jesus is none the worse for all this; his goodness and mercy is as the great ocean, and his pity endureth to all generations. My soul is still happy in Jesus, who really gives me great joy and peace in the Holy Ghost. And for this I truly thank God.

July 29. If the reader demands an explanation of my speaking so often of my sentiments, feelings and enjoyments, then I must answer, mainly for the following cause: First, it is rare that such a miracle of God's mercy appears on earth at the present day. I feel that I have been, and still am, one alone, as to experience. Heretofore, I have spread the sentiments of my religion from nation to nation, and from kingdom to kingdom. And for this last twelve years, I have been preaching sanctification by faith. Hence, I have urged the people vehemently every where to walk by faith, as a condition, or an instrument through which cometh perfect love, and perfect peace. I have often told the younger, how God had dealt with me in answer to faith, and exhorted them to walk by the same faith. And as God still continues his faithfulness to me in a miraculous manner, I wish to publish his faithfulness to his eternal honor, and for the encouragement of others who may hereafter be placed in similar circumstances, that they also may not fear to trust in God, if God sustains me in this trial. And even so far as the Lord does sustain me, I feel it my duty to publish.

It is now about fifteen years since God for Christ's sake forgave me my sins. And since that time, to the time of my suspension last January, I have never had one week, of what we commonly call leisure time, except while we were sailing on the Atlantic. That is, there has always been a present necessity, with a good opportunity of action, and I have tried to improve it. My whole concern has been to know what God would have me be, and do, rather than what he would have me enjoy. But more especially, since God sanctified my soul, twelve years ago, I have enjoyed perfect peace, and perfect happiness. But in the course of this time, I have passed through many, very many fearful temptations, and most sore trials.

I have thought more than a hundred times that, now my religious profession is undergoing a thorough test to the very bottom.

But if every trial through which I ever passed were all summed up in one, it would be no comparison to this in which I now am. This seems to be a general trial, of all former trials. As if God would see how long I would hold on to him by naked faith. And hence, he suffers it to be as aggravating, and agonizing as it is. The crucifixion consists in this: I see so many thousands of poor heathen around me, all ready to receive the gospel, and begging for it every day, but no one offers them even the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table. And such are my circumstances, that I cannot move had nor foot to save one of them from hell. That these natives might be prepared as they are, I have carried my life in my hand, for month after month. And surely, what can be more aggravating to the husbandman, than after breaking up the land and casting in the seed, and the crop is ripe, to look on and see the fowls and wild beasts carry it all off. For I would not care one whit, whatever else would betide me, only leave me an opportunity to save sinners. For to labor for the conversion of sinners is the breath of my soul, and to be instrumental in the sanctification of believers is the food of soul. But now I have to live on naked faith in the son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.

It also appears to me that God is not only trying me, but trying others by me. That is, giving others the opportunity to act out, just what I have many times told them was in their unsanctified hearts, and they denied it. O, how mysterious it is, that God communes with me so friendly and sweetly, and keeps my heart in perfect peace in all this affliction! O, I thank God for learning me how to rejoice in tribulation.

August 30. Glory be to Jesus, I am yet happy in God! To me the Lord is more and more precious. Not that there is any change in God, but he puts me in more fair circumstances to comprehend his loving kindness and blessedness. If it was not that my soul keeps dodging about after sinners for whom Christ died, I should be glad that I am as I am. For truly, I never was so happy in Jesus before, as I have been for the last four weeks. It is not probable that the Lord intends to leave me much longer on the earth. Amen. Hallalujah to Jesus, any way! I have been trying some new experiments of walking by faith, and, glory be to God, I came near flying off several times, and should if I had dared to. I have no doubt but a man may be as happy as he will, if will only believe far enough in God. Why may not a man fly off bodily to heaven now, as well as in Enoch's day? O Hallalujah! hallalujah! the Lord God omnipotent reigneth! Heaven and earth are full of his glory! Glory be to God, for ever and ever. Amen.

September 12. This evening I received a letter from Mr. Chase, who is now in America. This letter brings me a full discharge from any further services in the Liberia Mission, and directs their agent to pay up my salary on the reception of the letter. But nothing is allowed for my expenses to which I have been at since I left America. So the Missionary Society of the M. E. Church orders Mr. Chase to slip out of my pocket \$791, to help them out of a debt of \$50,000. Well, thank God, my soul is happy in Jesus, and that is enough. Well, then, what is the loss of a paltry little \$800, in comparison to what I have gained? Why, bless the Lord, I would not take eight hundred doubloons for what I have gained since I came to Africa. Well I have not another dollar left, for if I had I should spend it in the same way.

I feel it my duty to make an attempt to collect my little bill, that my wife may not starve at once. But whether I collect one dollar or not, blessed be God, I have a subject of triumph, which all the liars on earth cannot rob me of.

How vain a toy is glittering wealth,
 If once compared to thee,
 Or what's my safety, or my health,
 Or all my friends to me?

Let other stretch their arms like seas,
 And grasp in all the shore,
 Grant me the visits of thy face,
 And I desire no more.

Oct. 12. To-day I have taken ten depositions, before a Justice of the Peace, referring to my claims on the mission, to carry with me to America, at the first opportunity of sailing. Mr. McGill, the Mission agent was present, and with him five of the Seys party preachers. And although there were six in the company, they only influenced one man to swear false, and that was Brother C. Carter. Sion Harris' wife was my main witness, had been legally summoned to appear, and had received the advanced fee. But when her name was called in court, she was absent. Squire Pritchard ordered the constable to go, and bring her forthwith. But Sion Harris was present with his pistols in his pocket, and threatened to shoot down the first man who undertook to bring forth his wife. Why, said he, in presence of more than forty people, if my wife should come here and tell all she knows in this case, it would undo me. For said he, you all know that if she should tell all she knows, the Missionary society would never employ her again to teach school, and then I loose \$250 every year, and I will fight before my wife shall come, &c. &c.

This Sion Harris is the man who keeps the rum depot within five rods of my house, and he is a class leader and exhorter in the M. E. Church, at Caldwell.

Oct. 28. Glory be to God for the heaven which I enjoy. My Lord still feeds me on sweet Manna, my soul is all the while in a rising rapture: I can best express my feelings for the last ten days, in the language of the poet.

Says faith look yonder, see that crown
Laid up in heaven for you,
Says hope it shortly shall be mine,
Says love I'll wear it too.

Desire says that is my home,
And to that word I'll flee,
How can I bear or longer stay
The rest I fain would see.

But stop, says patience, wait awhile,
That crowns for crowns those that fight,
For those that badly run the race
By faith, and not by sight;

While faith is fighting for the crown,
Hope waits, love sits and sings,
Desire flutters to be gone,
But patience clips her wings.

November 17. We have just been informed of the death of Mr. Chase the Superintendent of this Mission. He died in a few weeks after he arrived in America.

Brother Ware, the preacher in charge on this station, has become so fatigued and overrun in Church difficulties, that he has been obliged to appoint a standing committee of three men, two stewards and one local preacher, to whom all difficulties are first to be referred, and then if they cannot be settled without expulsion, they are to be brought before the preacher in charge, and struck off. And this odd way of doing such business keeps the Church in a constant wrangle. And since both doors are thrown wide open to adultery and fornication by long indulgence, a large majority of the Church are filled with prejudice and jealousy, which keeps them all the while in a quarrel. Drunkenness and Sabbath breaking are not regarded at all.

December 1. God is still precious to my soul. And I feel it my duty to make a written acknowledgment of his faithfulness, bountifulness and goodness to my soul and body. I feel the more obliged to write because I believe it every man's duty to confess the Lord's goodness in the great congregation, and make known his act among his people. But I have no access here to God's people: And the devil would be right glad, if he could cheat Jesus out his honor in keeping me happy, and preserving me so blessedly in this furnace. But just so long as satan works thus I will praise Jesus the more a great deal. If any body reads this after I am dead. O do praise Jesus loud and long, in my behalf, for his untold mercy to me and my dear wife, in our persecution.

For so far, as you live, reader, Jesus could not do any more for us to make us happy, than he is all the while doing. O thank God we are happy enough for this world. Yea I do bless God, that I was ever learned to walk by naked faith. My very inmost soul burns with God's love, and I sensibly feel that my body is a temple of the Holy Ghost. This afternoon I have been visiting good old David, in Psalms, 27: 47: 62: 91: 103: 125. And some how or other, I read till I became so happy, I could not read longer. Yesterday I read Benson's comments on the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, and ere I was aware, I was fairly baptised with the Holy Ghost: And that fire was still burning in my heart, when I joined good old David. O glory, glory to Jesus, my soul is in a rapture of true glory. Amen.

Dec. 31. Sabbath evening, 10 o'clock. I said in one of my publications, this M. E. Church was degenerated from Methodism; And so they have. I said also that I should not feel myself disgraced, should they expell me from their church. For let us look, at the administration and present position of the M. E. Church of Liberia. Yesterday and to-day has been their quarterly meeting. Elder J. W. Roberts baptised two adult persons to-day. One Miss Rachel Carter, had once experienced religion, been baptised by sprinkling, joined the church, and been expelled. The other, Mrs. Martha Harris, experienced religion, joined the church ten years since, was baptised by sprinkling, has been in full communion for nine years, and decidedly the most pious of any member in Caldwell. But those two sisters having heard the Methodist minister preach on the doctrine of baptism, must needs be re-baptised by immersion. Rev. J. W. Roberts performs the administration in the St. Paul's River, while the other elders holds his hat and watch: And all said, Amen.

Now I understand by this administration, that those preachers and people, frankly and publicly renounce, and deny the whole validity of infant baptism, and all other baptism, and hold to the form of immersion. And what sort of Methodism is this? And what may it lead to in time? I withdrew from it, because I was not it by any means. Again, but few days since, sister Patience Scott was called up by the preacher, in the public congregation, charged with lewdness, with a one J. B. Proof to the point was present, and strong, Sister Patience arose, and held up her tall head like a pillar of brass, and said, I am a poor widow, and I have to support myself as I can: And I think it hard and cruel for all you to oppose me in this manner. Seeing you have indulged Brother S., and sister W. for this whole two years in the very same thing, &c., &c. But bring them up first, said Patience, and just as you dispose of them, so you may well dispose of me. Then Patience sat down. The house was now in confusion. Brother Ware, the preacher, speaks in a low voice, to his Brethren

in the altar, saying sister P. has stopped our mouths completely. True said Rev. P. Pritchard, she has flogged us out: She has broken us down, said Rev. I. Lawrence: Let her go, said S. Harris, an exhorter: She carries too many guns for us, said H. Tann, a class leader. So Brother Ware arose and told the audience that it was late, we must close. He pronounced the benediction, and all went off laughing loud, and triumphing with Patience, at her great victory. Now Brother S. is one of the conference preachers, stationed on this circuit. What meaneth all this? What kind of Methodism is this? I withdraw from the degenerate plant, went out from it, because I was not of it. I might copy pages of similar circumstances of corruption and administration. But I only copy what I have, to show, at least in part, what kind of Methodism I withdraw from, &c., &c. And hence I have not undertaken to explain the evil effects of the trafficking of those missionaries, from 1810 to 1843, nor sabbath breaking, nor drunkenness, nor the inhuman beating of wives, nor false doctrines preached, nor the leagues of those missionaries. But thank God, I am to close up the year 1843 in great peace and consolation. The Lord God hath wrought gloriously in my soul, and graciously preserved my body from those who sought to slay me. I call all victory and triumph, so long as I enjoy God in my soul; because he is all and in all to me. He alone is my defence, my horn, my rock, my tower, my bow, my shield, buckler, my helmet; And finally all my springs are in him. And to him alone be all the holy honor, praise and glory of my salvation so far, forever and ever, Amen.

January 1. Monday night, 8 o'clock. The brethren of this Quarterly Meeting Conference, held their fifth Quarterly Conference for the year, at 8 o'clock this A. M. And Brother Mumford, a member of the Annual Conference, and Brother I. Lawrence, a local preacher on this circuit, both of whom inform me that I am expelled from the church. The reader will find all the necessary remarks referring to this expulsion, immediately following, (Doc. 12.) where the whole proceedings are explained in connection.

Jan 12. I have just returned from Monrovia, where I saw the Rev. J. Seys, and spake with him. He arrived yesterday to the Superintendency of the Mission again.

Jan. 21. I am waiting for the return of the bark Latrobe, from Cape Palmass, in which I am to sail for America. The difficulties with which I am connected, can never be settled here in Africa. And I sail to America that they may be digested there. Thus my life is broken off in its midst, nor can the breach ever be restored in this world again. I am too far advanced in years, to hope of ever seeing Africa in so favorable a position again. The disappointments and disgust with which the heathen have

met with in consequence of these difficulties, will undoubtedly be a stumbling block to them for many years. I know it is the Lord's business to convert these heathens, but I cannot but feel deeply interested to see its farther accomplishment. However, I am forced to give it up.

Jan. 27. Saturday, 8 o'clock, P. M. I left Caldwell at 7 o'clock, A. M., leaving my dear companion to the mercy of the Lord. I have spent the day in settling up my accounts at Monrovia, and at 7 o'clock we were all on board the bark Latrobe, Captain John E. Allen, Master. A Catholic Priest, Mr. Kelley, a naval lieutenant, Mr. Celden, Mr. Wood and Mr. Curl, passengers. Here we are in harbor, at anchor.

Jan. 23. Sunday, 8 o'clock P. M. We got under sail at 6 o'clock A. M., and are now off Galeas, before a lively breeze, at five knots per hour. Our Roman Catholic Priest talks of every thing but religion, and has been intoxicated every day since, before breakfast. He has spent eighteen months at Cape Palmas, and because he cannot work a miracle to convince the people of his Mission, he has reprobated the whole Continent, and left them in total despair. As for me, it may be my duty to make another, and perhaps my last acknowledgment to my heavenly Father, of his amazing mercy and goodness to me in my trials, and temptations, especially for the past year, which has been a year of unparalleled affliction to me. I am now sitting in my state room; and when I reflect back on scenes of temptations of various kinds through which I have passed, I am lost in wonder and surprise. The inquiry of my soul is, Lord, can it be a fact, that I am yet alive, and again on my way to America? Have I so far escaped the vengeance of those who have been hunting my animal life,* as well as to destroy my soul in hell? If so, then the Lord alone be everlastingly praised, and magnified. For the Lord only, in a miraculous manner hath wrought this great salvation, and to him only be all the glory, evermore. But will this same Lord sustain me over this mighty deep, which is now beneath me, till I reach my native land again? I shall watch him all the way. For my enemies in Liberia say, the Lord will drown him if he attempts to go to America. Hence, Lord, into thy hand I commit my spirit; dispose of me, as seemeth thee good; only glorify thyself. Nor will those fatigues be ended, if I ever reach America, for I must return again to my companions whom I have left behind. And my design is, to return at the first opportunity, after our difficulties are settled, between me and Mission.

Feb. 12. Monday, 5 o'clock P. M. We are trying to make our way into Gambia, but a stiff head wind is keeping us off. We should have anchored in Gambia last night but we are now about eighteen miles further off than we were yesterday at this

*Meaning my enemies.

time. We are trying to put into this place to freight our vessel.

Feb. 18. At Anchor. We have spent the last eight days, tossed, and beating about on the Bassows, against a violent north-east wind. Our bark has but little balance, the sea has been rough, and hence we were knocked about in an unpleasant manner. We made land at 8 o'clock A. M., at 10 we hoisted our signal for a Pilot, but no Pilot came. At 4 o'clock P. M., we attempted to enter the mouth of the river. But not knowing the exact channel, which is very narrow, with a high sea, and a stiff wind on our beam, we ran on to the horse shoe, (as they call it,) and grounded our bark four times. But very fortunately a big swell took us off into four fathoms of water, where we threw down anchor at once. And here we are for the night.

Feb. 19. In Gambia Harbour, at anchor. This morning the mate and three men took the jolly boat, and surveyed the channel up to the bar. At 11 o'clock we took up anchor, and put up the river. At one o'clock we took in a Pilot, and anchored here at 5 o'clock. Twenty-one days from Monrovia.

Feb. 23. Friday night, 9 o'clock. Gambia is an English Colony, situated on the Gambia river, about fifteen miles above the mouth. This river is about ten miles wide at its mouth; up here at Bathurst, it is four. It is navigable for vessels of eighty or one hundred tons for one hundred and eighty miles from this harbor. There are two strong forts, one on each side of the river just opposite of us, and a standing army of four hundred soldiers. Here are about one hundred splendid buildings, and probably three hundred native huts. I should judge three thousand inhabitants. The people are neat and clean. They have a fine market well supplied with beef, pork, mutton, venison, monkey, cat, coon, rat, mouse, snake, fish, elephant, fowls, potatoes, casava, yams, beans, greens, roots, plantans, bannas, oranges, limes, lemons, pine apples, sour sarpes, gwavers, poppaus, plumbs, cherries, cocoa, grapes, eggs, corn, ground peas, &c.

The land up this river is said to be rich and fertile. They have two mills here which go by horse power, day and night working up ground peas into oil. They work up at both mills one hundred and fifty bushels of ground peas every day, (or pea nuts.) The Wesleyan Methodist have a society here of eighty members, and several fine buildings. Brandy, gin, and brown stout is common drink.

Feb. 28. Atlantic ocean, 8 o'clock, P. M. We up anchor and got under sail at 8 o'clock, A. M. Our freight consists of forty puncheons of palm oil, fifty tons of cam wood, and eight thousand bushels of ground peas. Bound for America!

March 30. We made Cape Henry at 6 o'clock, A. M., and at 9 o'clock we were within the Capes. It is now 10 o'clock, A. M. The morning is most delightful, the breeze favorable, and the

Chesapeake bay is thronged with ducks, and land on both sides in sight. O glory to Jesus for his mercy and great goodness.

March 31. Yesterday at 3 o'clock, P. M., we were struck by a most violent gale while all our canvass was spread, and in a moment we were on our beam's end; but we righted up again. Orders were then given to haul in sails, but in vain. Orders were then given to throw off all the rigging. And this operation put things in such a confusion as I wish not to see again. Our rigging now became so confused and unmanageable that for a while no one dare move on deck. One sail after another left the bark, and flew away. Our bowsprit broke into three pieces, and being hung by the rigging, it thrashed the bark in a fearful manner. But at last we put about and scud for twenty-five miles down the bay and cast anchor here in Fair Hope harbor. Thank God!

April 4. At Baltimore. We cast anchor here at 6 o'clock, P. M.; sixty-eight days from Monrovia.

April 6. Saturday night, 9 o'clock. New-York. I left Baltimore yesterday at 5 P. M., and arrived here at 3 o'clock this P. M. I have a neat little room at 62 Leonard street, where I intend to praise my blessed Jesus all this night. O glory to Jesus! Is it possible I am again in America. O what a protecting God.

I've sailed o'er the ocean, I've roam'd o'er earth
And left far behind me the place of my berth.
In Africa's desert, surrounded by war,
But I never forgot that my Saviour was there.

When out in the forest all drenched with rain,
I've sought for a shelter but sought it in vain;
Then I'd look up to heaven, being fully aware,
'Twas the rock of my shelter, my Saviour was there.

When storms and tornados have darkn'd the sky,
And sharp-forked lightnings have flashed from on high,
I've heard in the thunder a voice to declare,
'Twas wicked to fear, for my Saviour was there.

When sickness had seized me, and hope fled away,
My flesh burn'd with fever and rapid decay.
Then I'd down to the altar and pour out my prayer,
For I knew in affliction my Saviour was there.

Now my danger is pass'd and my wandering is o'er,
I've returned again to my own native shore,
To the altar of mercy I'll ever revere,
For I ne'er shall forget that my Saviour is there.

When the Angel shall sound the last trumpet with might,
And the earth and sky shall be shrouded in night,
And I with the millions of saints at God's bar,
I shall not be afraid if my Saviour is there.

April 9. Tuesday night, 10 o'clock. At Queensbury. Last Saturday night, I visited the book room, and saw several of the

brethren who are members of the board. I also introduced the business for which I came to America. On Monday I visited them again, and desired them to make arrangements for a settlement. But as some of the members were absent, it was thought best to postpone the business until those members should return. But I was advised to make out my bill anew, seeing I did not now belong to the church, and then send it in. So I left New York at 7 o'clock last evening. I arrived here at 5 o'clock this evening. And to my great joy, I found the hospitable family of Mr. Reuben Newman, my long tried friend, all alive, and in good health. I was again permitted to enter his house, with all the pleasantness and politeness, as usual. And indeed this seems like home again. And here is the end of my contemplated journey. And now, what shall I, or what can I say of the power, wisdom, goodness and faithfulness of God? Six times have I crossed the great Atlantic, climbed the thundering billows thereof, and dove down among the monstrous inhabitants thereof, where no hope existed, but God only. I have ranged the hills and valleys of both sides of the ocean, facing violent storms from kingdom to kingdom for the gospel's sake; under scorching sunbeams and pelting rains from the torrid zone, to the ice-bound hills of the north. In war, I have stood before the glittering spear—deadly poisoned arrows have flown thick under each arm, while the archers' slugs have whistled around my head. Amidst these operations, I have buried an amiable, beloved companion in a heathen land, whose corpse rests under the mangrove shade. An only daughter, portrayed with all loveliness, now lies bleaching in the sands of Africa.

But I have felt myself in the greatest degree of all, when my soul and body has been so fearfully exposed to the vengeance of false brethren. But amidst all these dangerous conflicts and crucifying perils, God has been my Shield and Buckler, and by a great salvation, and the strength of his omnipotent arm, I am again in the little bedroom, where, for years, God and I have communed together so sweetly. And why not triumph in the God of Israel? Have I not seen the Gentiles come to the light? have I not laid the formation on which others are building, and sowed the field which others are reaping? surely I have. But has not God been all in all, in the whole of this matter? does not all the wonders in this book bear the naked stamp of God? And whatever may become of me hereafter, surely God hath wrought gloriously for me, and in me thus far. And beside all this, I still feel the abiding witness of the Holy Ghost in my soul, that I am sanctified to God, by faith in the blood of Jesus. O my soul is happy, happy in Jesus. O glory Hallalujah to Jesus. Heaven and earth, man and Angels praise the eternal I am. I do thank thee, O my Jesus; thou art ten thousand times more lovely

than ever before. To me, thou art all and in all. O Lord Jesus, I melt under thy goodness; stay thy hand Lord for my cup runneth over, glory Hallilujah be to God. Amen, amen.

April 15. I find the cause of religion to be extremely low and formal here in Queensbury. But I have found two such preachers on the circuit, as that I shall expect to see it prosper. Brother S. Coleman, the preacher in charge, has visited me, and made arrangements for an investigation of my difficulty. In about two weeks, we are to meet in New-York, to make inquiry concerning it. I have been acquainted with this Rev. Seymour Coleman for several years, and he is the right man for this business.

May 1. Wednesday night 8 o'clock. In New-York. I arrived here yesterday. To-day has been anticipated for two or three weeks past, as the time to make inquiry concerning my claim on the Board of Missions. At three o'clock P. M., according to appointment, I met Brother Coleman, at Brother Pitman's. Brother Pitman is Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society of the M. E. Church. But our conversation was soon over. For Brother Pitman pretended to know nothing at all about the matter. Nor was he inclined to talk about it, nor hear us talk about it. So we came away as we went. I sent them a bill, with the items, on the 9th of last month, but they have done nothing about it as yet. I have been trying to get an investigation of this case, every since I came from Africa, but the Board puff at it, as not worthy of their notice. Surely there appears to be something wrong in this matter.

July 14. Sunday night, 8 o'clock. On the 25th of last month, I was seized by a most violent attack of chill and fever, which was far the most obstinate of any which I ever had. I had two of the most skillful physicians among our many, and both were put to their utmost ends, to match my fever. For about one week, we all supposed that all was over with me at this attack. As to the young men in the vicinity of Sandord's Ride, it is due to them that I make an acknowledgment of their faithful, virtuous and deep humility toward me on this occasion. For they spared no pains; their care was on the wing; they made their own arrangement that I might have watchers every night, yea, day and night, I therefore subscribe myself to a thousand obligations to those gentlemen. May the Lord reward them.

But O, what can I say of the charity and perseverance of Mr. Newman's kind family? Assuredly there was nothing lacking on their part. They were neither slow nor weak at any time.

For a whole three weeks they bore up under this fatigue in a mysterious manner. True, heaven, and heaven only can reward them for this.

But, O! the ever blessed, ever merciful God—he alone imparted the virtue of life, gave all the spirit, and put his quicken-

ing finger on all the means. O, thanks be to his holy, ever blessed name! I will praise him while I have any being.

One may then ask me, how did you feel when you totally despaired of life, and felt that death was at hand. O, blessed God, I felt happy; and who could but feel happy, when he knew he was going to heaven? For the Holy Ghost bore witness in my very soul, that should I die then, heaven was my eternal home. What is a religion good for that will not cast out all fear of death, and make heaven a present desirable object? True, I may yet backslide, die, and be damned. But bless God, I have never been afraid of dying, since God sanctified my soul. Last Wednesday, weak and feeble as I was, I started for New-York. While in New-York, I met the auditing committee, who then had my bill under consideration. And not till now did I know the ground of their objection to my bill. It had all the while been a mystery to me, that the Board of Missions should conduct themselves as they had. The position of their ground was this: Mr. Chase came from Africa to America, and told the Board of Managers that all my reports of my establishing a mission in Goloo, Africa, were all falsehoods. He also told them that I had not done anything worthy of one cent. And because Mr. Chase was superintendent of the Mission, a great white man, and I a little black man, (or black scoundrel as C. called me) they took Mr Chase's report as matter of fact, without the least hesitation or inquiry. And here I found this committee ploughing in the dark. Mr. C.'s report was recorded in the minute book, and this committee read them to me. But I told them that I had full testimony then in my pocket, to prove to their utmost satisfaction that Mr. Chase's report was false. I then offered to present that testimony, but that committee utterly refused to look at it. However, they regarded my statement so far that they acknowledged the case assumed a different position, and thus they voted to return the case to the Board without any further action. And I left them, and returned home last night.

August 3. I have just received a letter from the Board of Missions, giving information how they have disposed of my account. They have submitted the whole account to their Superintendent in Liberia, to settle as he and a committee of their own choice may feel disposed. But I have no notion to submit to any such folly. If they will first look over my papers, and then if we find it necessary to refer the bill to Africa, I have no objection; but not until then. The fact is, I was employed by the Board while I was here in America. I then went to Africa where the difficulty took place. I wrote the whole concern to the Board. But before I sent these letters, I took them to a Justice of the Peace, and took my oath to the report. And the Board acknowledged that they received these same letters. But with these let-

ters before their eyes, protested my claim, because of Mr. Chase. But why did they not authorize Mr. Seys, who arrived in Liberia before I left, to inquire into this difficulty, and have saved me the expense of coming to America? But not a word said about that.

Now, suppose I submit this case to John Seys, my most deadly enemy; then I must submit it to him and his party solely, right where it was before; or I must leave the States with the thing still unsettled, and when I get to Liberia have nothing to do in the matter, but "stand off, you black scoundrel." I never should have thought that such men as our Board would have presumed to impose on any one in such a manner. All I want of the Board is a fair settlement. That is, I want to do what is customary;— Let them take their accounts, and I mine, just sit down, look over, and compare the whys and wherefores, and then what is right, let it be right, and no more. But the Board seem determined not to do that.

August 27. To-day I have met seven church Brethren, who had been previously invited as a council, to look over my papers, and then to judge whether I should be justified in eternity into a process of civil law, to bring our Board of Missions to a settlement. True, I am not a member of the church, nor was I under any obligation to do this, but still I was determined to not say, or do any thing more with the Board till I had consulted their own Brethren: For should I proceed other wise, then it might be brought up against me whenever I wanted to join church again. These Brethren spent four hours, looking over my documents, and comparing them with my demand on the mission. At last, they unanimously decided, that I should be justified in prosecuting the Board to bring them to a settlement. But it was thought advisable, that I first write to the Board, and inform them of my intention.

But blessed be God, my soul is still happy in Jesus. I yet enjoy communion, warm and sweet with God my saviour. The Holy Ghost still comforts me on the right hand and on the left; Yea, I am more than conqueror through Christ who loveth me.

September 27. In New-York, I left Glen's Falls yesterday at 8 A. M., and arrived here at 4½ this A. M. At 10 o'clock I visited the book room, to make inquiry concerning my account. I soon got into conversation with the treasurer, Rev. George Lane, who informed me, that this Board is to meet to-morrow at 3 o'clock P. M. But, said he, it is not at all likely they will notice your account, unless you first make a deduction in it. Thus he advised me to first make out a written statement of my deduction, and then add to it the sum of my evidence, give it to him, and he would present it to the Board. But I do not say, that the good man intended to blind my eyes.

Sept. 28. I went to the book room, this afternoon, and put into the hand of the treasurer, a written statement of the sum of my document, and a conditional deduction of my account. My demand on the mission was \$1,123 00. But \$423 00 of that amount was for damages. But I have proposed to the Board that rather than bear the perplexity of it any longer, and for peace sake, &c., if they will pay me \$700 now, I will include the whole and sign off. The Board, after a long consultation, resolved, and took the case from the hands of John Seys in Africa, appointed an extra committee of five members of the Board, who are directed to inspect my papers, next Monday. But I was not permitted to hear any of their deliberations, although I have so long been a member of the Board and was in another department of the same building, at this time. I have showed my documents to one of the smartest lawyers in Philadelphia, and to two in this city, and all tell me that if any of the first principle should be allowed by law, the damages would also be allowed, in this case. But certainly I had rather give \$423 00, than to enter into a law suit with the church. If the Board would only look at my papers, the difficulty would be ended.

My demand on the Board, is for expenditures in the Liberia Mission, while I was in their employment. The difference between me and the Board, consists in this one thing. Mr. Chase had a serious difficulty with me in Africa. And such was the nature of the thing, that there was no possible way for him to escape the blackest reproach among men, but to totally destroy both my moral and public character, and rob me of my just claims. And hence, after doing, and saying, and publishing all he could in Africa, he comes home to America, and renews his glaring, false reports to the Board. And they having such mighty confidence in him, that they have been acting on his falsehoods ever since. But as it happens, I am in possession of their own documents, by which I design to sustain myself in this case. And beside all that, before I left Africa, I procured twelve affidavits, well attested, which the Board know nothing about as yet, for they utterly objected to look at any of those papers. But the main pinch of the shoe is as follows. Mr. Chase, in his slanderous report of Document 9, has so strongly and sweepingly constructed his phraseology, that he nails the entire blame, to the payment, or non-payment of the original \$700. And the proceedings of the Board, prove to the uttermost that they have that very reference, uppermost in mind. The fact is Mr. Chase was a great, white man, and I am a little, black man, (or black scoundrel) and this is all the difference.

Sept. 23. Monday night, 8 o'clock. This morning I went to the book room, to know what time of the day I was to meet the committee who were to examine my papers. But I was inform-

ed by the chairman, that they could not meet until 3 o'clock to-morrow, P. M.

Sept. 24. Tuesday night, 8 o'clock. I met the committee as above mentioned, at 3 o'clock P. M., they organized the case as follows.

First; they challenge me to show, by what authority I make my claim on them, for the above amount, or any amount. Then I presented the following document. (See Document 13).

Secondly; they require me to show, that I established a Mission in Goloo, according to direction, and according to my report. And I presented the following document, (see document fourteen.) And read my remarks there. Had it not have been that Mr. Chase had filled them with falsehoods, I should have thought strange of such arrangements. In the process of the afternoon, I also challenged them to produce the appropriation of \$150, of which Mr. Chase reports; but no document, paper, nor minute was presented nor alluded to; they only presented the first document, under document thirteen, which they frankly acknowledged to be only an outfit. We worked at those papers till sunset, and then adjourned till to-morrow, 2 o'clock P. M.

Sept. 25. I met the committee as above stated, at 2 o'clock, I remained with them for 35 minutes, and then I was dismissed. The Board are to meet to-morrow, 4 o'clock P. M., and this committee are to deliver this report to them.

Sept. 26. Thursday night, 9 o'clock. To-day has been an interesting day to me, a day of prayer, and deep solemnity. Every thing is so peculiarly fastened to the payment or non-payment of this \$700, that my whole all, of public character is involved in it. Not at all that my character or any part of my all depended on the money itself, or on any part of the money; but exclusively on the act of payment. Mr. Chase's report has gone out through all the land, and thousands are waiting to see which way the pivot turns. For Mr. C. has decided all the blame, by the payment of the \$700.

This afternoon I went again to the book room, expecting to go in and hear their deliberations; but I was requested to go into another department from the Board. However, immediately after the Board adjourned, the Treasurer came to me, and told me that if I would call at his office, at 10 o'clock, to-morrow, A. M., he would pay me seven hundred dollars, by order of the Board.

Sept. 27. Friday 8 o'clock, P. M. I went to the Treasurer's office this morning as above directed, and the Treasurer paid me seven hundred dollars. I then signed a quit claim, and left the office.

I am now in the steam boat Swallow, on the Hudson river, on my return to Glens' Falls. And now what shall I say of

the Lord, or what can I say? For of course I must make a written acknowledgment of this wonderful work of God. For I have never seen nor known one instance, in which the hand of the Almighty was more clearly seen than in this. Let us trace the path and mark.

First. The difficulty took place in Africa. There they took unjust advantages of me, and intended to destroy me forever. Mr. Chase and others would plot against me, then all on sudden, all would come upon me at once, with new alligations and falsehoods, so that I could have no time to prove them to the contrary. But I remembered all their proceedings, and was apprehensive that Mr. C. might have carried them to America, for which cause the Board had protested my account. So before I left Africa for America, the Lord directed me to prepare to meet Mr. C's. false reports to the Board of Missions. Hence I looked over my papers and selected such as would cover the whole ground of my demand from their own documents. But not knowing what that man might dare tell the Board. I secured twelve affidavits also and brought them all to America. And so it was that in our settlement, I had just documents enough to meet their every objections against my claim. Now, who but the Lord God could have made such certain arrangements, under such circumstances?

Again, about four weeks ago, every thing concerning this case looked as dark as night. The Board took such a rigid position, refusing to even look at my papers, or comply with any thing practically, that I was about giving it all up. No one dare take any part for fear of the Board. Brother Coleman undertook once, but they cut him high and dry.

Finally. I became discouraged, and just on the point of giving it up because I saw no way to bring them to a settlement short of a law suit, and that I did not want to do. I knew my entire claim was just, that my moral character was involved in it, and that if I sued them I should recover the whole. But how can I prosecute the Methodist Episcopal Church? But all at once something rushed suddenly into my mind, telling me to stand my ground and trust wholly in the Lord Jesus. I then went to reading the Psalms by course, to strengthen my faith, and made the case a special subject of prayer three times a day for four weeks. I told the Lord that I had totally despaired of all human agency in the case, that my all of usefulness was involved in it, and therefore I devoutly besought him to interfere in my behalf.

But in those proceedings I soon became so happy that I did not care whether I recovered any thing or not. But the blessed Jesus condescended, took the case into his own Almighty hand, and completely confounded the devil and all his crafty opposition. The Lord God has walked through the whole of them in a most pompous manner. Righteousness is the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins.

And I should acknowledge my highest responsibility and thanksgiving of the Bible, for His special interference in this important case of his servant. Now I know by experience, that whosoever seeketh first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, all these things shall be added to them. To the great God of heaven be all the glory, and honor, and praise, and power, forever. Hallalujah! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.

Begin, my soul some heavenly theme,
Awake my voice, and sing
The mighty works and mightier name
Of thy eternal King.

Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad ;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

Now shall my thankful heart rejoice ;
I've proved thy promise sure,
I've heard the everlasting voice,
And faith desires no more.

Oct. 24. Thursday night, 8 o'clock. For the last four or five weeks, the Millerites have been trumpeting through these northern regions with high sounds, and great authority, saying that the millenium day would assuredly take place on the 23d day of this present month. Many of Mr. Miller's disciples in this region, were up all night last night, gazing up to the skies, expecting the forthcoming of Christ every moment. They were expecting to see Jesus come down to the earth bodily, personally, and visibly, and that he would thus remain, bodily, on earth for a thousand years. And I have heard several of those disciples say that if any one word in the Bible was true, then assuredly Christ would come at the set time. Hosts of others have said that the fact has been proved to undoubted demonstration, that if it failed, so as that Christ did not come at the precise reported time, then there was no truth in the Bible. But the bridegroom yet tarrys. And as I told one of them this evening, I guess he will tarry, for all coming down here bodily, to remain personally for a thousand years.

I, myself, believe in a millenium, that Christ will reign a thousand years on the earth. But I am far from believing that Christ will ever come down to earth, bodily, and remain here for a thousand years. No doubt thousands of people have already become infidels in consequence of the gross errors. Millerism, Abolitionism, and Politics, have thrown a dark, fearful, deadly veil over the church, which I fear will not soon be removed.

Oct. 26. Saturday night, 9 o'clock. According to appointment, we met on Sandy Hill at 10 o'clock, A. M., to investigate the difficulty between me and the church in Liberia. Rev. S.

Coleman in the chair, his colleague, Rev. J. Quiulin, by his side, and a committee of six brethren. The design was to look over my papers, to see what might be ascertained therein concerning the difficulty. The two preachers proceeded as true agents of God. And all the committee, excepting two, acted like sound hearted christians. But J. Harvey and George Harvey conducted themselves more like mad men, than like civil. For they neither feared God, nor regarded man. First, they tried to convince the committee that I owed the Mission \$800, on papers of 1840. And when they failed in that, they came up like mad men, and mightily contended that the \$700, which the Board of Missions paid me a few weeks since, had been previously paid me in Africa, and that I had demanded the same payment again.

George Harvey would have it, that I had spent the mission money in trading in cam wood and ivory. Finally, those two young men detained us till near sun set, and we all left without decision. But bless the Lord, my soul is still happy in Jesus. O what a strong hold God is, and yet what meeknes. Surely he knoweth how to secure the tempted.

He'll never quench the smoking flax
But raise it to a flame,
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meekest name.

November 28. Thursday night, 10 o'clock. At M. Brayton's I left my good friend, R. Newman, at two o'clock P. M. The beloved Brother Moses Brayton, took me and my trunks in his wagon, and brought me to his own house, and here I have the privilege of boarding through the winter. I am richly and comfortably situated in a neat pleasant upper room, where every thing promises happiness and delight. Six, of the eleven in his family, are pious, and belong to the M. E. Church. Here I have all my books, and here I expect to spend the winter, in studying. O, of a truth, the angel of the Lord hath prepared this place, and brought me forth. Now I know that the Lord God is my friend and that he careth for my soul. O glory to his holy name for evermore.

December 5. At 9 o'clock A. M., according to a previous arrangement, Brother Coleman, and J. Harvey, met at Brother Brayton's for another perusal of my papers. Brother Coleman, and Brother Brayton, have ever been my true, and faithful, ready friends, ever since the first day of my acquaintance with them. But they both love the church so well that they are ever careful of whom they admit into it, and especially Brother Coleman, for he is a holy man, and Brother Brayton too.

Mr. Harvey had gone largely into this business, a few weeks since, at Sandy Hill, but here he took hold with double determination to sweep all before him. The two Brethren let him go on,

insulting me, and them too for four hours. For it was of no manner of use to reason with him, because his soul is set against every man, whose face is not whiter than his. That is he cannot endure the idea, that a colored person should belong to the same church that he does. I only make these remarks, to show a reason of his conduct; nor is it a new trick which he has learned. But however, after he had done struggling, beating the air, and fighting the nothing, he came to himself, and soon we saw him clothed in his right mind. He saw through it all, and acknowledged his error, and we were dismissed. But how long his acknowledgment will be remembered, time will declare, for I am still a colored man. But thank God, my soul is happy, and I love my blessed Jesus with all my heart. Hallelujah.

Dec. 6. O happy day to my soul. But first of all, I ought to acknowledge my backsliding from God, in that I have not spent one day since I left Africa, in fasting. I have made several attempts, but on every one, the devil would break it up some way or other. I have abstained from eating several days, (for the devil could not make me eat) but he would interfere some other way, to spoil the fast. But to-day the angel of the Lord has guarded me, so that I have enjoyed a most glorious day. For the Lord has been so good to me in all my persecutions and trials, that under my circumstances, conscience demanded an acknowledgment of my gratitude, by fasting. And beside that, I shall need additional grace to meet additional temptations; for I see that the devil intends to fight me, every inch of the way to heaven.

Dec. 8. Sunday night, 10 o'clock. Brother Coleman came to us to-day in the fullness of the gospel. And after preaching a powerful sermon, he offered my name to the church as a probationer, and called on them for a vote, for or against my joining society. And with the exception of one man who did not vote at all, I obtained a unanimous vote. And so the Lord God has again placed me in the same society with whom I lived for many years, and the society from whom I first took my church letter, a few days before I left the States for Africa.

"O sing unto the Lord, ye waste places, sing! for he hath done marvelously, and his right hand hath gotten him victory, and honor, and glory!" Glory be to God alone; and let heaven and earth say, Amen!

In all this long siege of more than two years, there has not been one official man to give me one word of council, consolation, or encouragement, not one willing to see or hear any thing only on one side of this difficulty, till God put it into the soul of the Rev. S. Coleman, his servant. This man God has appointed to be my restoring angel, because he had ever found him to be faith-

ful and impartial. Nor in this case, has Brother Brayton been found in the rear.

Some have recently observed to me, that Brother Coleman was not friendly to me, because he acted and spoke so much on the other side. But I said nay, for he acts just like an impartial man of God; and so he has proved himself to be. This Rev. Semore Coleman is one of those who knows nothing of respect of persons as some do, and therefore he is a proper man to handle my difficulties,

Brother Moses Brayton is precisely like Brother Coleman in temper, humility, zeal, sincerity, and deep Godly piety. And those two men have taken an active, leading part, in my restoration to the church.

Dec. 15. Sunday night, 10 o'clock. Glory to Jesus! I have enjoyed a most blessed day. At 10 o'clock, A. M., I preached at Ceder landing to a respectable congregation of attentive hearers. Brother Braton was with me, and Jesus too, and praise the Lord we had a good time. I felt no embarrassment in preaching as I feared I might, not having preached for so long, but rather every word I spake, seemed to give ease to my fire-pressed bones and struggling soul.

This evening we have had a warm prayer meeting at Brother Brayton's, and no wonder I am happy. But to God alone be all the glory. Hallalujah.

Dec. 18. This evening I preached in the Williams' neighborhood, seven miles from this. This was a regular circuit appointment. But the preacher, Brother Coleman, being present, asked me to preach, and I complied. And as he was present I was determined to preach my full sentiment on holiness, that I might know the sentence of my judge in the outset. I preached from Heb. 12:14. And so far as I went, I explained the doctrine in substance, just as I have for years, in Africa. I did this to see what effect it would have on the people of America. For I knew that Brother Coleman was a mighty man in theology. Brother Brayton was present and three Sisters, who for many years have constantly enjoyed the blessing and witness of sanctification. Among those sisters was my god-mother, formally Hannah Williams, but now Mrs. Finch. So after my little talk Brother Coleman arose, and paused for a moment. Then, thought I, ah, he is going to shave my head as the African preachers do. But he only said, let us all pray for holiness. Brother Coleman led us all up to the throne, and dragged such as would not be led and presented us before God. Brother Brayton, and the sanctified ones followed in the same path. After this six of them spake out their belief on holiness, which was precisely as I had preached it. But no one but Jesus knew that I was watching their every word in prayer and exhortation, nor the high interest which I felt in their remarks.

Finally Brother Coleman closed meeting by the most sublime, sweeping, sin burning prayer that ever I heard from man. But otherwise I knew not whether he approved of the doctrine or not, for he did exhort. But Brother Coleman is coming to our house to-morrow, and then, probably I shall know whether I am to live or die, the peculiar interest which I felt and still feel in this meeting is as following:

I am fully persuaded that the whole opposition which I have met with in the church, has been exclusively on account of my contending for vital, present, inward holiness. It is popular for preachers when they are preaching, occasionally to say, "without holiness no man shall see the Lord." But it is unpopular to explain the evangelical import of the word "holiness," and then contend that all religion which does not amount to that import, will profit nothing in the end. Then add to this, that holiness can only be obtained by that faith which is the substance of things hoped for, and then close up with an evangelical admonition of the danger and criminality of living without present holiness, and that preacher has reprobated himself. It is then of untold interest to me, to find one in a thousand who will thus subscribe to the import of holiness. Hence after being mangled and stabbed so long as I have, our meeting to-night was of high interest to me. And whether the people or preachers like it or not, bless God, I like it; and as long as I preach any thing, I shall preach it as long as I live as eternal truth, in the fullest confidence. For bless Jesus, the Holy Ghost bears witness in my very soul that it is truth, and that every thing else is false. *Hallelujah!*

Dec. 20. Brother Coleman came here yesterday, stayed all night, and left this morning. Nearly all our conversation was on the doctrine of holiness. But he never said a word against the doctrine as I preached it a few nights since, but rather all in favor of it. Should this long-armed, strong-lunged son of thunder come out boldly with his inward principle, he would make a heavy shaking among the dry bones of his circuit. For at present all is darkness and deadness. Old fashioned Methodism is dying among the people of this region. I mean the spirit of inward holiness. When the people hear of the remains of inward sin, after simple justification only, many of them cry out, "a new doctrine, a new doctrine." When they hear of obtaining entire sanctification by faith without works, then hosts of them scream out, saying to their neighbors: "Antimonianism, Antimonianism." It is true, holiness goes well enough, and faith goes well enough, but it aggravates the devil to hear them explained, and much more to feel their enforcement.

Dec. 22. Sunday night, 11 o'clock. This morning Brother Brayton took me in his waggon, and carried me to Ceder landing where I preached to a fair audience. Brother B. exhorted pow-

erfully and some of the people began to feel joyfully before we closed. This afternoon we attended our own church, and heard an excellent sermon on holiness from Brother Coleman. After preaching we had a cold, dull class meeting. Not more than five out of thirty-five manifested any desire for inward holiness, and not one professed to enjoy it but me. But thank God, I am happy.

Dec. 25. I have just returned from Cedar landing, where I preached this evening, and where the Lord seems to be reviving his work. The little society are waking up, backsliders begin to feel, and sinners begin to fear. O Lord Jesus, do thou revive thy work.

Jan. 1. Wednesday night, 8 o'clock. Last night, Brother Coleman had a watch meeting at Glen's Falls. Brother Brayton gathered up a waggon load, took me in with them, and we went to meeting. Brother C. and his colleague were well in the spirit, and preached in demonstration. And when we came to the speaking part, we found in the congregation two men, and three women who enjoyed the blessing of entire sanctification. And no body can comprehend what a refreshment this was to me; for of course, any where, where there are five sanctified souls together, the holy fire will spread and burn; for they all spoke plainly and boldly. There was such a correspondence in their spirit, such a likeness in their zeal, and such a oneness in their love, that it was distinctly marked by the whole congregation. O that God would fill the world with such.

Jan. 25. On the 18th inst, Brother Henry Broughton of Hebron, took me in his sleigh, and carried me to his dwelling, to participate with them in a protracted meeting. This Brother Broughton is another lump of the salt of the earth. We did not arrive at his house till 11 o'clock at night, but we found the neat little parlor all warm and everything in perfect order. Mrs. Broughton used me with all the attention and kindness, that a mother would a son, I remained with them ten days, and attended meeting every night but one, and sometimes by days. I had the privilege of preaching eight sermons, mostly on faith and holiness, and not one of the preachers or people, said one word against it. The Lord of glory gave the people a sensible quickening throughout. Four obtained the witness of sanctification, and a number of backsliders were reclaimed, I know not that I ever spent ten days more pleasant, than I did with this beloved Brother Broughton, and his amiable family. But to Jesus be all the glory, Hallelujah.

February 21. I have just returned from the Williams' neighborhood, where I have preached several times lately. Truly the Lord is reviving his zion. In the Williams' neighborhood, four souls have been recently sanctified, several backsliders have been reclaimed, and several more with a number of sinners are at the

altar; and the people are coming up lively. Brother Brayton, with whom I live, has obtained the witness of sanctification, and he is as bold as a lion in it, strong as a giant, and happy as heaven. Several sinners have recently been converted at my appointment at Cedar landing, and several backsliders reclaimed. On Sandy Hill also, the Lord is sanctifying believers. O glory be to God for what he is doing on this circuit. Hallelujah to Jesus.

March 3. Monday, 2 o'clock A. M. Last Saturday, our quarterly meeting took place on Sandy Hill. Brother Brayton took me and a load of his family, and went to quarterly meeting. I tarried with them in quarterly conference, but not one word was said concerning my preaching license. Our love feast yesterday morning, was the most glorious of any I ever attended in America. For there were eighteen sanctified souls present, full of fire and the Holy Ghost. O, it was heavenly indeed.

After the sacrament, we left, and came home. In the evening, the time of family prayer came on. We read a chapter in the Bible, and began to pray. Now Mrs. Brayton, and her sister Susan Nelson had been deeply convicted for the blessing, and still more of the necessity of sanctification, for several weeks. But while we were praying at the family altar, the Holy Ghost became so familiar with us, that sister Brayton and Susan both got the witness of sanctification, within two minutes of each other. O heaven of heavens, what a time this was. We knew nothing, nor felt nothing but the Holy Ghost like fire in our very souls. Nor were we at all backward in shouting heartily to Jesus. here are four of us in this house, sanctified souls. Hallelujah, hallalujah again and again.

My soul doth in Jesus rejoice,
 My heart is o'erwhelmed with his love,
 With pleasure I hear his sweet voice,
 Which calls all within me above,
 All fullness in Jesus doth dwell,
 All fullness of peace and of joy,
 His mercy redeemed me from hell,
 His blood all my sins have destroyed.
 Yea, Lord thy kind word I believe,
 My soul on thy promise I stay,
 Thy spirit the witness doth give
 That like my blessed Lord I shall be.

March 4. God has blessed me so much recently, that I thought it safe to fast to-day, lest the devil take some untimely advantage of me, and cause me sorrow for joy. And thus to prepare myself for self denial in temptation, I have refrained from eating the food that perisheth, spent the entire day in prayer and meditation, fortifying myself against the attacks of satan, that I may feast peaceably and perpetually on heavenly manna. My

ministering angel is still with me, and my soul is soaring above the skies.

O glory, in which I am lost,
 Too deep for the plummet of thought ;
 On an ocean of love I am toss'd—
 I am swallowed—I sink into nought.

March 13. Thursday night, 5 o'clock. Last Sunday night we had a prayer meeting in our society, a blessed one too. Our sanctified ones took hold of the dead formalists, and by the Holy Ghost, shook them, till several were thrown into a mighty struggle for sanctification.

Last Tuesday, Brother Coleman sent for me to come down to Sandy Hill, and participate in a protracted meeting. Brother Newton carried me to Sandy Hill, and soon I was introduced into the most glorious prayer meeting ever enjoyed on this circuit. Holiness was the entire motto; sanctification by faith alone, and about twenty of them had recently obtained the witness of it. Here was heaven on earth began, and heaven indeed. In the evening I preached to them, and then Brother Coleman, as his apostolical manner is, led us all up to the throne, and here we had a high, glorious time, at the fountain opened for cleansing from all sin. That night another soul got the witness of sanctification, at the house where I stayed. Last night Brother Coleman let me preach again, and then he led us up nearer the throne than heretofore. Brother Brayton came in among us in the afternoon, and added his fire-brand to the burning pile, which much increased the flame.

This work commenced about three weeks since, and they stop nothing short of entire sanctification, and the witness of it. No one can feel more interested in such work than I do, for two reasons. First, as I have been, so I still believe, that without holiness no man shall see the Lord, and that sanctification in its complete state, is no more nor less than holiness. And secondly, I have so long been hated, and persecuted because of contending for holiness, that I feel it a sensible alleviation to see God thus triumph in it. O push on, Lord Jesus, push on triumphantly—work, till the whole limits of thy church become holy!

March 16. Sunday night, 10 o'clock. This morning I preached in our church, on the doctrine of sanctification. Soon after, Brother Coleman preached on the same subject. While Brother Coleman was preaching the class leader from the Williams' neighborhood, C. Williams, came in, and four sanctified ones with him. After preaching, we had an old fashion Holy Ghost prayer meeting, and among the struggling ones, two obtained the witness of entire sanctification. O glory be to God for what he is doing for us.

March 29. Saturday night 11 o'clock. The work of holiness is still going on gloriously on Fort Ann circuit. One week since Brother C. appointed an extra meeting at Glen's Falls, with an intention to bring the sanctified ones together in a love feast, to compare their experience. The meeting commenced at 2 o'clock P. M., and Brother C. set me to preaching, to a fair congregation. This evening we had a prayer meeting, most glorious. The meeting was appointed at this place, to awaken the twice dead church if possible, and encourage them to embrace a full salvation.

March 30. Sunday night, 10 o'clock. At 8 o'clock A. M., the church doors were open for lovefeast, and soon the church was crowded. Among this crowd, were about forty sanctified souls. Every one of those sanctified ones spake in course of the meeting with perfect clearness, and boldness, and their testimonys were to the same point to a man. They spake in power, and their words were as fire.

April 7. At R. Newman's. I left my beloved Brother Brayton's family this morning, and I am now with my old friend R. Newman, where I design to remain until fall, and then return to Africa again. But never did any man enjoy a more agreeable, interesting, delightful winter than I have at Brother Brayton's. Everything has gone on most pleasantly all the winter. His house is indeed a bethel, and house of prayer for all; and soul after soul have been sanctified there in the course of the winter. Brother Brayton, his sainted companion and all his quiet, beloved family, have used all possible means, patience, and perseverance to render me comfortable, healthy and happy: Yes, and they accomplished it too; for I have been happy all the winter, and blessed be God, I am still happy in Jesus. O may the ark of the Lord still abide in that house. The glorious work of sanctification is still going on through this circuit. At Glen's Falls, twenty believers have obtained the witness of sanctification.

May 4. Sunday night, 10 o'clock. Yesterday and to-day was our quarterly meeting at Sandy Hill. I suppose there never was as interesting a meeting within three hundred miles of this place, as this was. At the close of lovefeast, Brother Coleman requested all the sanctified ones to arise, or stand up, that the number might be known: And behold, about a hundred and fifty arose; the most of whom had spoken in lovefeast, but there were not time for all. Four months since there were only five members on the circuit, who enjoyed it, out of about three hundred believers. Those sanctified ones who spake to-day, spake of the operations of the Holy Ghost, of their deep convictions for the all important blessing, and how they obtained it. The manner of obtaining it was, by faith alone in the promises of God, but the work was a momentary work; nor have I heard of one single case

of a gradual work. And hence, it is the more evident, that the work is of God, and not of man, only so far as faith is concerned. O heaven, heaven what a paradistical lovefeast this was. The very heavens renewed her brightness over us, and the morning stars shouted, Hallelujah, Amen.

July 26. Saturday night, 12 o'clock. This morning, I went to Fort Ann to a quartely meeting. And soon after I arrived, Brother E. B. Hubbard, the preacher in charge, shewed me a letter, written by Rev. John Seys, of New York city. The letter was of the blackest kind—as if he set himself to see and show how mischieveously and contemptibly he could set forth my moral character. The preacher in charge had shown the letter to all the other preachers before I arrived. It was known, that at this quarterly meeting conference, my credentials of ordination were to have been tested, inasmuch as I had withdrawn from church in Liberia.

In the afternoon, conference was opened, with Rev. John Clark in the Chair, and my case soon came before the conference. The first inquiry was, to know whether the quarterly conference held the right to confirm my credentials, or not. This being a question of law, the presiding elder decided that conference possessed the authority to confirm said credential. The next thing was, to know if there were any objections against my character. At first, no objections were made. But then, James Harvey was there, in his usual temper. James had been introduced to Seys' letter, and had prepared himself for action. James demanded a reading of said letter before the conference. But I utterly objected to its being read, unless they granted me the privilege of replying to it, by reading documents then in my possession. For having read the letter before conference, I knew that to read it before that body mu t necessarily injure my character materially, unless I could answer to it more effectually than by simply denying it. I wished to do this, to prevent the conference from unreasonable prejudice. But notwithstanding my rigid objection, they read the letter before the conference ; but they utterly refused me the privilege, not only of replying by my documents, but objected to my answering one word to the false report. I have not received a copy of the letter as yet, but it charges me with nearly every kind of iniquity, except wilful murder. However, a committee of seven men were appointed to make inquiry concerning those objections, and to report at the next quarterly conference. As soon as the letter was read, "there," said James Harvey, "that is just what I wanted" And thus I am again suspended from preaching for three months.

But I being, or claiming to be a human being, though not white skinned, have human feelings ; and I being somewhat grieved,

remained with them until conference closed, and then I returned home.

However, my blessed Jesus is none the worse for all this, for I have never received such treatment from him. And therefore I love him now quite as well as ever, and indeed rather better. For I more clearly discover the more men tries to kill me, the more life and heaven he gives me. O, glory be to his ever blessed name.

July 27. Sunday night, 8 o'clock. I know not as I ever was more sensible of a violent attack of the devil, than I was from 8 o'clock A. M., till 5 this P. M. I was so sensible that he intended to have the victory, that I held my bible in my hand for five hours. I had no fears of being overcome by him, so long as I resisted him steadfastly by faith in God; but still the engagement was not very pleasant.

Yesterday, I left quartetly meeting, because I was afraid of exposing myself to the temptations of the devil, among my enemies. But when my beloved Brother, Moses Brayton, found that I was determined to leave, he opposed it most rigidly, for fear the devil would attack me on the way, and take advantage of me when alone, and overcome me. But I came off, praying God at every step, to preserve me from temptation. For I had no doubt but the devil would take advantage of this circumstance to do me harm. But satan let me alone until 8 o'clock, A. M., when all at once, he rushed upon me, and told me to curse God's people for their abuse to me. And although I told him more than twenty times that God's people had no hand at all in the wrong which had been done me, and therefore I would not curse them, yet he pushed me for nine hours to do it. But while I was holding fast to my bible with one hand, I reached forth the other, and taking up Wesley's hymn book, it opened, and the first hymn which my eye discovered was that of the 385th. But I had read only one verse when the devil left me; and as soon as I had read the last verse, I knew not that I ever felt more heavenly happiness. Yea, blessed be God, I never before realized so sensibly, the firmness of the eternal rock, as I do to-night. O, glory, glory be to God, whose Almighty power hath given me such glorious victory over satan, this day. For through the Holy Ghost I am not only conqueror, but have taken great spoil. And I record it to the everlasting honor and praise of God. O, Hallalujah to the prophets, God!

August 6. Wednesday night, 9 o'clock. This morning I met five of the committee who were appointed at the above quarterly conference, to compare certain documents of mine with the Seys' reports, as heretofore stated. Soon after our commencement, I obtained the privilege of reading the law of the M. E. Church, concerning the trial of a local preacher. For one of Seys' allegations was, that I was expelled from church in Liberia. (Mean-

ing legally expelled.) But the act of reading the law to them, without a single comment on it, at once threw them into confusion, as it does the brethren in Liberia. James Harvey was one of the committee. And nothing would satisfy James, but the reading of Seys' letter again, in hearing of all the spectators. But as I was about to reply to the letter, they moved an adjournment, which was carried, and the business was put over for two weeks. O, what can such proceedings mean? Or from whence are they?

But then, I have the fullest confidence that our meeting again in two weeks will be to no purpose; for I distinctly see by the movements of this committee to-day, that they have not the least notion of entering into this business to any extent. For there are only two of them who manifest any interest in the case, and both of those publicly profess sanctification.

Aug. 21. Wednesday night. At 10 o'clock A. M., I met the aforesaid committee, according to our adjournment, two weeks since. The design of this committee, according to their appointment, was to collect what facts they could, concerning those slanderous allegations of Mr. Seys, and to report those facts at the next quarterly conference. Soon after commencement, I obtained license to present certain documents in my own order, for their inspection. But because neither the act, nor order of presenting those papers were pleasing to the fancy of J. Harvey, his brains became so shattered, that it was impossible to do business in his presence. For I presume that there was not one proposition made, or one idea advanced, by the preacher in charge, who was one of the committee, nor by any other of the committee, nor by me, nor by my papers, but James must needs oppose it to the uttermost. And not only so, but he was indulged in using the most vulgar, insulting language without any reproof. True, there were two of this committee, M. Brayton, and G. Howland, who conducted like God fearing men. But in this confused manner, we spent the entire day, and accomplished nothing, just as Mr. Harvey would have it.

Mr. Seys' letter will be copied in its proper place, and the documents also, as above mentioned. But Jesus is none the worse for all this, and therefore I love him with all my heart, most sweetly. O, amazing; what a strong hold God is, in the day of trouble. His mercy endureth for ever, and his righteousness as a great ocean, overflowing the earth; and therefore I will trust in him, though he slay me:

What he is doing I know not, but I shall know, hereafter.

Aug. 29. Friday night, 11 o'clock. To-day has been a profitable, happy day to my soul and body. Last night, I went up to my beloved Brother M. Brayton's, that I might be ready this morning, without dissipation, to appear before God in fasting and

prayer. This morning, without any excitement, I was introduced into a pleasant, neat drawing room, where I had no disturbance through the whole day. And surely, God has never before given me such a distinct view of the harmony of all his attributes as on this glorious day. O glory be to God, for heavenly revelations. Truly, I feel the substance of many eternal things in my soul, to-night.

I only designed to fast to-day, more especially, to counteract the temptations of the devil, while passing through this dangerous storm of persecution; for of course, as satan has advanced thus far, he will do his uttermost to destroy my soul. And hence I think it prudent to be active in the exercise of all the means of grace, to strengthen my faith, to resist the devil in his fearful rage.

And to-night, I feel that so far, I am more than conqueror through faith in the blood of Jesus. And I am still hoping and trusting in Jesus, that whatever satan may do outwardly, God will keep my soul in perfect peace. O glory be to God, forever and evermore. Surely, God is all and all to me, Hallalujah.

September 21. I have just returned from the house of Brother E. B. Hubbard, where I read another letter from J. Seys, to Brother Hubbard. And if possible, this last, is far more bull-faced than the first. I asked Brother H., what he was going to do about such reports, but he gave me no encouragement of doing anything at all about it; only as he rather seems to speak favorably, of my entering into a process of civil law with Mr. Seys.

But he proposes that I wait till after quarterly meeting, seeing, that as yet, a committee has the case in hand, and are to report at the next quarterly conference.

October 11. Saturday night, 8 o'clock. Our second quarterly meeting conference for this year, commenced at Glen's Falls, at 1 o'clock P. M. And my case, as heretofore stated, was soon called up. The committee, who were appointed at the last quarterly conference, were called on for their report as aforesaid, but no report was presented, nor did they give any reason why they had not made out a report as directed by the last conference. Now observe, reader. The presiding elder decided last year, that the annual conference was the place, to test, or sanction my credentials. But just before the session of the last annual conference, he decided, that the quarterly conference was the most proper place to test my credentials. And even at the last quarterly conference he decided, that the quarterly conference possessed full power to receive, or reject my credentials. And to establish that conference in such power, he spake of a certain case at the north, of a preacher who had withdrawn from the M. E. Church for the sake of abolitionism; but after cursing the church for a while, he came back to the quarterly conference who sanctioned

his credentials, and restored him to equal standing again: And hence our last quarterly conference acted according to that precedence. But now, at this quarterly conference, the presiding elder changes his opinion the fourth time, and says that neither the annual conference nor the quarterly conference can legally do any thing in this case, but I must apply to the society. So it goes. But what do such proceedings mean? Can such workings be of the Holy Ghost? Now if the last quarterly conference, at Fort Ann, had not the power to sanction my credentials, then what business had they with me in conference? For nothing was purposed to the conference, only the acceptance or rejection of the credentials. And if they had not power to do thus, as they now pretend, then why must they need read the letter, and appoint a committee?

Oct. 19. Last Monday, I wrote and application to our society for a license to preach, and sent the application to Brother Hubbard, my preacher in charge. And to-day, in class meeting, the application was read to the society. But before the vote was taken, my good brother J. Harvey was on his feet, and demanded another reading of both of Seys' letters, in hearing of the whole society: At this, Brother Hubbard reads just so much of the letters as contained the most glaring falsehoods, but no more. But I could do nothing here, but to deny the facts alleged against me, by J. Seys. But they were very frank here, just as they were at Fort Ann, last July, to repeat again and again, that there were no objections against me excepting Seys' letter. Finally the preacher decided, that, being Mr. Seys was a white man, and wrote so pointedly, and strong, that they were bound to receive his report: He that is, Brother E. B. Hubbard, our preacher in charge turned to me and said; "Brother Brown, we must receive these reports of Brother Seys, as matters of facts, and if they are not so, you must see to that." He then called for the vote, and of course, I was rejected. Therefore, I feel conscious that I pushed to the utmost extent, to persuade the church, to bring Mr. Seys to the proof of his allegation: For this I have begged, in- tracted, requested, and required, but all in vain; For say they, we are bound to receive these reports as truth; and if they are not so, you must look to that. It is true, somebody must look to that; and Seys must be brought to the proof of his allegation. But then seeing I must look to that, I know of but one medium through which to look; and that is, the civil law. For I am now driven to this point, and I now feel my indispensable duty to God and man, to enter into a process of the civil law, to bring Mr. Seys to the proof of his slander: First, I feel it my duty to God for the following reasons; first I am not guilty of the charges: (See a copy of Seys letters, Document, 15). Second, God still commands me to preach the gospel, and wo is me, if I preach it

not. But Seys' reports have totally hedged up my way: That is Seys has stepped in between me and the people on one side, and God and the people on the other side, so that the people are both deafened and blinded by his influence. That is, the bad influence of his letters have already destroyed the confidence of the people in me, as a preacher; but if his false reports are proved to be falsehoods, then the confidence of the people may return, and my way may open again. Men may lie about me whatever they please, or abuse me in any other way, only not let them utterly hedge up my way in doing the Lords work, as Seys has.

Secondly, I feel it my duty to man, to bring Seys to the proof of his unjust reports. The church have recommended me to the world as a preacher of the everlasting gospel. And by their commendation I have been held up before the world as a way-mark to heaven, that the poor, wondering sinner may be directed to glory. Tens of thousands already have their eyes fixed on the pointer, and are watching its course. And to all such, why am not I responsible? Surely, I know not why. And hence, if a man break down the guide-board unlawfully, it is my duty to raise it up again, if I can do it lawfully. And if a man blow out the light of my master without a cause, is it not my duty to light it again, if I can do it again, having cause? Undoubtedly.

Well, then, I have come to the conclusion that under all the circumstances in this case, it is my indispensable duty to God and man, to remove this hinderance out of my way, if I can do it lawfully. And since there is no other law which will notice these things, I feel forced to appeal unto Caezar, and to Caezar I must go. The first time that the aforesaid committee met, pretending to inquire into the case, I became convinced that they did not intend to require Mr. Seys to prove his report. I then made it a special subject of prayer twice a day, with many fastings, that God would open some way for a dijestment of this difficulty, short of a law suit. But no way seems to open. True, by going to law I may expose my standing in the church, unless I give sufficient reason for so doing, for my enemies will improve every possible occasion to wrench me all they can. But then, my standing in the church is not worth one cent at present, nor can it be until this difficulty is brought to an issue. I have proposed to Brother Hubbard, that he bring a charge against me, on Seys' reports, that I may get hold of Seys in this way, but he refuses to do this. Again, Brother Hubbard tells me and my class leader, that there is no probability, that if I carry a complaint to the presiding elder, he will notice it at all, seeing I am a private member on a foreign district. And I am left to one only alternative, and that is the civil law. But no one can be more reluctant to enter a law suit, than I am with Seys.

Oct. 22. Wednesday night, 9 o'clock. Last Monday morn-

ing, I started for New-York, to purchase some goods to sent to my wife, in Liberia. But while our coach halted a moment on Sandy Hill, five miles from my boarding house, a gentleman gave me a letter, which I put in my hat. And yesterday morning, after landing in New-York, I opened my letter, and found a Supreme Writ in it, for John Seys, commanding the sheriff to take the body of said Seys, and him safely keep, until next June, for a trespass on my character. I carried the Writ to the sheriff, who promised to serve it the same day. I then purchased what goods I designed for Liberia, prepared them for shipping, and by 5 o'clock, P. M. I took a boat, and arrived home at 5 this P. M.

True, in this case of Mr. Seys, I have employed an attorney, Honorable Henry B. Northup, of Sandy Hill, Washington county, New-York, as a means in the case, but my entire trust and confidence is exclusively in the God of the Bible. For he only hath the skill and ability to handle this important case.

November 21. Friday night, 10 o'clock. Last night I went up to Brother M. Brayton's, that I might appear before God this morning in fasting and prayer. But at 11 o'clock, A. M., two of our brethren, D. Edmonds and A. Knapp, came into Brother Brayton's in unusual earnestness, and at once commenced a kind of labor with me for prosecuting J. Seys. This D. Edmonds, the spokesman, has long been known as one of my strongest enemies. Mr. E. soon declared that if I did not withdraw my suit on J. Seys, he would have me out of the church. But I told Mr. E. that if he would show me a more legal way to bring Mr. Seys to the point of proving his allegations, I would withdraw the suit, pay the costs, and take the better course. But he was not disposed to take the trouble of pointing out a more legal course, because it was not his business. But he accomplished his work in haste and soon left us.

Nevertheless, I have enjoyed a most glorious day. God has communed most sweetly with me all the day, and my confidence in Jesus is twenty degrees stronger than ever. My faith is evidently renewed, and the love of Jesus burns in my soul. I came home this evening shouting and praising God at every step. Hallelujah, my soul is happy in Jesus!

He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame,
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

Dec. 10. Yesterday Brother Hubbard came to my boarding house and informed me, that a complaint had been lodged in his hand against me, for prosecuting J. Seys. And that the complaint was signed by J. Harvey, D. Edmonds, and J. Andrews. But Brother Hubbard did not ask me whether I had prosecuted

Mr. Seys, nor why I prosecuted him, nor did he reprove me one word for so doing. And to-day I have received a copy of the charge. The trial is to take place on the 22d inst., before a committee of five brethren.

Mr. Seys and his friends have given the alarm (as I am informed,) that they intend to meet Brother Hubbard at the next annual conference, and demand an atonement of him for suffering me to prosecute Seys. So I have nothing to hope for from Brother Hubbard. However, my whole trust is still in Jesus; him only, have I found to be a true friend in all cases. And glory be to his holy name.

Dec. 22. Monday night, 8 o'clock. Adieu to the present form of Methodism. At 3 o'clock my trial as above stated, came on. And after the usual arrangements were made, I pleaded for a non-suit, on the following grounds:

First. That neither my class leader nor my preacher in charge, nor any other preacher had ever reproved me one word nor labored with me one moment for proceeding against Mr. Seys, nor for any other offence whatever, as the discipline requires, before a trial.

And secondly. That the proceeding against Mr. S. was not a crime which requires immediate action, and therefore I claimed my right of discipline. But said Brother Hubbard "I assume the whole responsibility on myself, we must proceed." The next business was for them to prove their charge against me. But here they frankly acknowledged, that they had no testimony to bring forth, unless I should acknowledge the fact, that I had prosecuted Mr. Seys. But I thought that such was a strange proceeding to save souls; for it made me think of the Liberians.

But then, the countenance of my enemies were so fallen at this, that after being asked three times, I acknowledged the fact, which seemed to relieve them much. And at the same time I told them why I had prosecuted Seys: that is, that after Seys had wrote as he had; and that after earnestly intreating the Church for three months, to bring Mr. Seys to the act of proving his false reports, and the Church had utterly refused, and told me that I must see to that, I knew of no other course, than the civil law. I also pleaded my necessity of prosecuting Seys, by referring them to the duty of a preacher, whose duty it was (as I ever supposed) to have taken hold of this difficulty according to discipline, page 46 10th. On any dispute between two or more of the member of our Church, concerning the payment of debts, or otherwise, which cannot be settled by the parties concerned, the preacher who has the charge of the circuit shall inquire into the circumstances, of the case; and shall recommend to the contending parties a reference, consisting of one arbiter chosen by the plaintiff, and another chosed by the defendant; which two arbi-

ters so chosen shall nominate the third; the three arbiters being members of our church, &c., &c.

I pleaded, that, the difficulty between me and Seys was, a dispute, otherwise than the payment of debt, which could not be settled by the parties; and therefore I supposed that the utter objection of the preacher in charge to enter into this case as aforesaid, was a sufficient apology for my prosecuting Seys.

I also pleaded, discipline, page, 95th 2d. But in case of neglect of duties of any kind, imprudent conduct, indulging sinful tempers, or words, or disobedience to the order and discipline of the church: First, let private reproof be given by a preacher or leader; &c., &c.

I pleaded that no preacher nor leader had reprov'd me for any fault whatever; and yet my charge must come under some of the above specifications, &c., &c.

But Brother Hubbard insisted rigidly, that he had nothing to do with such objection or pleadings; that they did not touch my case, and he would hear no more of them.

Brother Hubbard now insisted, that I should have carried a complaint to Seys, presiding elder, whose duty it was to bring Mr. S. to an account for his reports. But I here called on him to show me any place whatever, in the discipline of the M. E. Church, which requires a private member, to make out a complaint, independent of his preacher and leader, leave both, and go into another conference, and complain of a travelling preacher, to his P. E. But he was not able to show me any such place in the discipline. True he read the form of trial, of a travelling preacher, discipline, page 68th, question 2d. What shall be done in case of improper temper, words, or actions?

Answer. The person offended shall be reprehended by his senior in office. Should a second transgression take place, one, two, or three ministers or preachers are to be taken as witnesses, &c., &c.

Now observe, reader; first, that the second time the aforesaid committee met to inquire into this affair, I made out a regular complaint, and presented it to Brother Hubbard, in which I specified seven false allegations in Seys letters; and I presented him the complaint, in presence of the committee. After this I waited on him for three months, frequently urging him to proceed in his duty, and telling him plainly, that if he did not proceed by the end of the three months, I should enter into a process of the civil law with Mr. Seys. Secondly; some four or six weeks, before I prosecuted Mr. S., Brother Hubbard told me at one time, and Brother M. Brayton, my leader, at another time, that there was no probability, that the presiding elder of Mr. Seys, would notice a complaint, if I carried one. And mainly, because I was a private member in the church. Indeed, we all three concluded the same, from the discipline.

But observe, thirdly. After waiting on the preacher in charge, for more than three months, he proclaimed in hearing of more than thirty witnesses, that he received Seys' report as matters of facts and if they were not so I must see to that. The design of my presenting those observations is, to show, what opportunity my preacher in charge had, to have brought this difficulty to an issue without driving us into a law suit. And observe, fourthly, the last quoted discipline, does not read "higher in office," nor do I think by the past usages of the church, that originally the words, "Senior in office," has been ever restricted to that of a "Superior in office." For to acknowledge that, is only to acknowledge that three-fourths of the proceedings against preachers for immorality, has been illegal.

The common usages of the church, so far as I have been acquainted, has been this: Some officer or official member of the church, generally reports these immoral ministers to the presiding elder, and he sometimes labors with them, and sometimes not, before he brings them to trial. That is, when other preachers have sufficiently labored with the offender. But I ask, whether I, a private member, am Mr. Seys' senior in office? Am I older in office than he, since he has been an elder years before I ever was, and superintended the Liberia Mission long before I was ordained? I tro not.

But I verily suppose that in this special case, it was Brother Hubbard's duty to have entered into it as the discipline directs. But again, if the discipline requires a private member to make out his own complaint, independent of his preacher, and hand it over to the presiding elder for execution, the private member must be plaintiff in every case wherein he is personally concerned. But to admit that, is to admit that nine cases out of ten, where immoral preachers are brought to trial, are illegal; for it is a rare thing a private person, or even a presiding elder, stands as plaintiff in the trial of a circuit preacher.

I ask one more question, and answer me who will: Suppose a circuit preacher commits adultery with my wife, and the report thereof goes out publicly in the world, that things are so and so; but neither I nor my wife enter any complaint against the preacher to his presiding elder. What then, may another preacher on an adjoining circuit, take up a labor with the adulterer? Surely not, according to Brother Hubbard, for no one may meddle with the adulterer, till I or my wife carries a written complaint to his presiding elder. And just so I look at Brother Hubbard's administration of discipline. And I have reason to think so from the following fact: That is, this afternoon, I had three witnesses at our trial, by whom I intended to prove that I had done all a man could do, to persuade Brother Hubbard to engage in this difficulty, but in vain. I also wanted to prove to the committee that

Brother Hubbard had told several brethren that it was of no use to carry a complaint to Seys presiding elder, of this difficulty.

But when I called on Brother M. Brayton, my leader, to state what he knew in the case, and when Brother B, had spoken two or three sentences, Brother Hubbard arose and objected to any further testimony than that of my own, which was exclusively, that I had sued Seys.

And here I saw the enemies bow so unalterably bent, as utterly to object such important testimony, I at once dropped the whole subject, and set down. I was soon ordered to retire, and I came home. This evening Brother Hubbard called at my boarding house, and told me that I was expelled from the church. But it may be asked by some whether I have, or intend to appeal to the quarterly conference for a re-hearing of the case? I answered no. For why should I appeal to the quarterly conference, even if there was a probability of obtaining a re-hearing, for to what would all that amount? Why, just nothing, only to indulge will and perplex the church: For I must appeal to the same enraged prejudice, and to much of the same administration which I have seen this afternoon. For I would not give a whit for any man's life, after his preacher in charge puts on such peaked horns as Brother Hubbard did this afternoon. Nor would it make my face any whiter by appealing to the quarterly conference

Just look at the additional aggravation of this afternoon, and see the disposition of my preacher in charge. He acknowledged, in presence of all, that he might have taken up a labor with Mr. Seys, legally, and have required him to prove his allegations, by reporting him to his presiding elder, or by legally referring the case to an arbitration; but he was not disposed to do either. And who does not know that good man would have a voice in quarterly conference? Yes, and James Harvey too.

And since the thing has taken such a position as it has, and matters are as they are, I have concluded to submit it all to God, and let him manage it as he pleases. Only, I shall watch him.

If the reader wishes to know how I feel toward the church from which I have been expelled, I answer: First. It is customary for expelled people to curse the church; and I have this day been expelled after a most aggravating manner, and I think very unjustly, too. But still, I call heaven to witness, that I truly love the M. E. Church with all my whole soul. Yea, God speed to the M. E. Church forever. I love her none the less for what a few individuals have mangled me. Moreover, she has the most righteous, consistent discipline of any church on earth; and if I had been dealt with according to it, I should have now been in Africa birning sinners to Christ.

This difficulty has been on hand for more than three years;

and not one minister has ever moved a hair to offer me the least assistance in it, or proposed any terms of reconciliation, excepting the Lord's anointed, Rev. Seymour Coleman. True, if the church used the worst white man they have as they have me, I should loose all confidence in their goodness; but they do not, and therefore I love them still. But O, thank kind heaven, God has not expelled me yet, and therefore I love him now, better than ever. O, glory be to Jesus, for his affectionate goodness! Nor is Jesus any the worse because of bad men. So farewell to everything but Jesus.

January 8. Friday night, 9 o'clock. Woe is me if I preach not the gospel. For the last ten days I have had an unusual struggle with something, with regard to what is my duty to God and man. I have been waiting, reflecting, weighing and comparing one thing with another, till at last I have come to the following confident conclusion. That is, I must preach the gospel of Christ, or be damned myself. Yea, a dispensation is committed to me in such a manner, that I feel so bound by it, I dare no more break the bond, than I dare jump into hell. For if I break the bond at this place, then what excuse can I plead at the bar of God? For I neither received this dispensation of the gospel from man, nor was I taught of men, but by a special revelation of Jesus Christ. And at the time of the revelation, Christ apprised me of what great tribulation and persecution I must pass through in its dispensation. He forewarned me of the very things which have been coming to pass for the last three years, so that I am by no means confounded, nor unhinged at any of the past opposition, but even since 1 o'clock last night, I have been waxing stronger and stronger until now. And I am now soaring high in the air, and my sanctified soul is swelling, full of perfect love, perfect peace, joy unspeakable, and glory unutterable. All is well, within and without. Yea, I some how or other feel my responsibility to preach the gospel renewed more than ten fold, and into it I will go. True, the Methodists will not allow me to preach in their houses, but who can forbid me preaching in the streets? Yea, I feel that my course is fixed once more, and let the devil break it if he can.

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow thee;
 Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
 Thou from hence my all shall be.

Perish every fond ambition,
 All I've thought, or hoped, or known;
 Yet how rich is my condition,
 God and Heaven are all my own!

Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
 Come, disaster, scorn and pain;

In God's service toil is pleasure,
With his favor loss is gain.

I have called Thee Abba Father,
I have set my heart on Thee ;
Storms may howl, and tempests gather,
All must work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast ;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.

Soon I'll pass my earthly mission,
Soon will end my pilgrim days ;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to light, and prayer to praise.

Jan. 9. Yesterday morning was a great morning to me ; and in it, I became fully satisfied that it is still my duty to God to preach the gospel. And singular as it may appear to some, I resolved to do what I was and am still convicted is my duty. Hence, to engage in my master's work as soon as possible, I started off this morning, with a design to hunt up some place to preach. And after walking about three miles and a half, I called into the house of my beloved Brother M. Brayton. But I had been there but a few moments, when Brother Brayton told me that his son John had just brought a message from a brother in West Port Ann, that I should come there and preach to them. I immediately sat down and wrote a note in answer to the application, promising them an appointment, one week from next Sabbath.

This evening a brother from Dunham's Bay called at my boarding house, and wished me to give him an appointment to come and preach to them next Sunday night. I complied, and gave him the appointment.

But why it is that I feel as I do, I know not. For notwithstanding all my persecution and reproach, I never felt so deep an interest in the prosperity of Zion as I do now. Nor did I ever feel a more painful travel of soul for the salvation of sinners than I do at present. But still, my soul is happy, gloriously happy in Jesus. O, Hallelujah to Jesus, my everlasting rock ! He lives, he lives to bless me ! He lives to comfort my soul, and fill me with praise in the Holy Ghost. O heaven, sweet heaven ! O, Jesus do thou forgive all my enemies, for all they have tried to injure me, yea, for all they desire to injure me. And O, that they might enjoy the same heaven in their souls that I enjoy tonight. Glory, glory be to the loving Jesus !

Jan. 12. Monday night. Yesterday morning I started off for my appointment at Dunham's Bay, which is about 7 miles from my boarding house. And here I was received by the Brethren of various denominations as a welcome messenger of the gospel.

But this being a notorious neighborhood of intemperance, the few who were temperate, took the liberty of giving out my appointment, as a lecturer on temperance. But of course, I declined not, but delivered them a lecture on temperance. The congregation was unusually large, and uncommonly attentive. And I presume the meeting went off well. After meeting, I had several applications to preach in various places, but I only left an appointment at the same place for two weeks.

Jan. 16. Last night I preached in the Good-peel neighborhood, and had twice double the congregation that any of us expected.

But before I began to preach, I arose and fully explained to the people, the character which I bore, as to having no connection with any church on earth, whatever. I told them wherefore I had been expelled, and also of the authority by which I had came; that is, by the authority of God only.

I preached from Exodus, 3: 11; yea, and I had a blessed time in preaching, and the brethren manifested a deep, lively interest in the subject.

At the close of meeting, one of the brethren called on the congregation for a vote, whether I should be invited to preach to them again or not, and the vote was unanimously yes. So I left them an appointment for preaching, next Thursday night. And here I take the liberty to observe, that, as to my manner of preaching, for the time being, I feel convinced by the Holy Ghost, that it must be, in general, as follows:

Practical, present, inward holiness, must be my main motto; that is, sanctification by faith in the blood of Jesus. For it is not at all probable, that under my present reproach, I can have any influence in preaching justification to sinners. For while I turn immediately about, and after my little, one talent, shew to the church their own deficiency in holiness, to give them a check, they will undoubtedly feel so confident in their unparalleled proceeding with me, that they will openly oppose, and utterly destroy my whole influence among sinners.

But although I am expelled from the larger congregation, and popular, yet there are, undoubtedly, some lost, scattered sheep, who have no shepherd, and which, perhaps, I may drive home to their owner. And to accomplish this, I design to make it my business to deal largely in faith and holiness, according to fragments A and B.

Moreover, I have made up my mind to preach any where among any people who will invite me, in any kind of house where a door is opened. And when I can not find open doors to enter in and preach, then, when the weather is suitable, I shall preach in the street.

For, let me be ever so bad, and ever so much reproached, yet, I both groan and weep alone, for the great and fearful deficiency

which I behold both in the ministry and members of the churches. That is, a deficiency in faith and holiness. And with regard to the great lack on these important qualifications for heaven, my feelings are too deep for utterance at present. O, my soul, we must lift up our voice like a trumpet, and awake the people who slumber over a burning hell. Yea, I see the sword coming, and woe is me if I warn not the people. True, there is abundance of prejudice against me at present; but, what excuse will this prejudice be, if I even plead it at the bar of judgment? God will undoubtedly ask me whether I saw the sword coming, and I must say, yes. Thus, if I warn not the people, I must bear their iniquity and blood forever, in the tormenting flames of hell.

But if I warn the people faithfully, in God's name, and the people will not take heed to the warning, then, if no more, I deliver my own soul. O, my Jesus, do thou help me in this matter.

As I have said before, so I am still confident, that the root of this bitter prejudice against me, sprang out of opposition to my contending for present, practical holiness: yea, the experience I have, and the more observations I hear, the more I am confirmed in that fact.

I presume, however, that had I not have been found contending for sanctification by faith, until about the present time, all would go well enough; for the very same doctrine is now becoming quite popular and general.

True, as a fundamental doctrinal point, the Methodist have ever preached and contended for it as an important truth; but for several years past, they have not contended and urged its present practicability as some do at present.

Indeed, there is now a monthly periodical published in Boston, which, I think, is far the most evangelical and useful of any periodical ever published in the world. Its title is, "Guide to Holiness."

This pamphlet has recently sprang into existence, taken a wide spread, and carries a full explanation of the doctrine of present, practical sanctification by faith. True, the language is that of learned men; but I cannot see wherein the doctrine varies at all from what I have preached for years. My fragments, A and B, were written in Africa, as expressing the sum and substance of the doctrine which I preached there, and at which I saw the first prejudice rise up against me. That is, the prejudice which beget this difficulty.

And I have distinctly discovered various degrees of the same kind of sourness in some people, ever since I began to preach on sanctification. But still, I must preach it, although the whole world reject it.

Jer. 20: 9, 10, 11. Then I said, I will not make mention of him, nor speak any more in his name. But his word was in my heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay. For I heard the defaming of many, fear on every side. Report, say they, and we will report it. All my familiars watch for my halting, saying, peradventure he will be enticed, and we shall prevail against him, and we shall take our revenge on him.

But the Lord is with me as a mighty, terrible one; therefore, my persecutors shall stumble, and they shall not prevail; they shall be greatly ashamed; for they shall not prosper: Their everlasting confusion shall never be forgotten. And, Jer. 1: 17, 18, 19: Thou, therefore, gird up thy loins, and arise, and speak unto them all that I command thee: be not dismayed at their faces, lest I confound thee before them. For behold I have made thee this day a defenced city, and an iron pillar, and brazen walls against the whole land, against the Kings of Judah, against the Princes thereof, against the Priests thereof, and against the People of the land. And they shall fight against thee; but they shall not prevail against thee; for I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee.

Now, to all whom it may concern, be it known unto you, that upon those two passages above cited, I have established both of my feet, and by the grace of God, and help of the Holy Ghost, here I intend to stand until my last dying moment. And if the devil can move me, then let him move me.

I have long been walking by naked faith, and so I will walk till my dying day. And entire sanctification by faith in the blood of Jesus, shall be my motto while I have any being, and the devil may do the best he can about it; for the more he rages, the more I will preach it. Help, Lord.

Jan. 15. Sunday night, 8 o'clock. I have just returned from Dunham's Bay, where I have been for three evenings. A furious snow storm came on last night, and so violently increased this morning, that I returned home for fear of being blockaded for the winter. We have had good times at the Bay; for the church are waking up to holiness, praying for sanctification, and two backsliders have been reclaimed. Our wild congregation have become tame, and several have arose for prayers.

March 15. Blessed be God, I still live! But what I enjoy is more than I can express with my tongue, much less with my pen. for I sensibly feel the inward burning of God's love, and who in earth or heaven can express its sensation? This love seems to kindle and burn on this wise!

First, permit me to say that in consequence of the deep snow, none of us can move about and work; and I having a convenient room for study at Mr. Newman's, have but little to do, except to read

the Bible, and apply the promises of God to my soul. For my practice is that every promise I find, I apply it before I leave it, or look for another. And having proceeded thus far three or four weeks who can wonder that by these great and precious promises, I am a partaker of the divine nature. O glory, glory! what a room this is! God is in it!!

I believe that what makes the devil so bad is, that great distance which he keeps from God. And no doubt but that is what makes him act so bad, But as for me, I am confident that my fellowship with God was never before so close, vital and endearing as it has been for the last three months.

Whenever the deep snows have permitted me to go, I have gone out and preached, and this has tempered the inward fire and made it glorious. God does all he can to make me truly happy. O hallelujah and praise be unto God forever.

June 7. Since the last date, I have been preaching in various places every Sabbath, and all goes well. I have been trying to awaken the church to the necessity of sanctification, and some eight or ten have obtained it. The flame of sanctification which blazed so high and hot, under the administration of Rev. S. Coleman, is dying down in all our popular villages, for want of ministerial fuel. That is, the popular assemblies are all under gospel corporation, and their by-laws forbid the entrance of any but such and such. But glory to Jesus, the word of God is not bound.

June 13. To-day I have been down to Sandy Hill, to inquire concerning my suit with John Seys, which should have come on last Tuesday, the 9th. But my attorney tells me that nothing was said or done about it. So it must lay for another six months. But to the everlasting praise of Jesus; I am still steadfast in God and truly happy in Christ. God in a mysterious manner still maintains my soul, according to the utmost extent of his promises, so that I scarcely feel the fiery flame into which I am cast, but little more than Daniel did.

The devil, the world, and the unsanctified are combining together, and beginning to surround me on all sides, but my sanctified soul sings, perfect peace, perfect peace. For God is my refuge, and I still walk by faith.

August 22. Since the last date I have been laboring in the hay and harvest field, excepting on the Sabbaths, in all of which I have preached, and all goes well. But it is only because I have undertaken to leave a visible trail behind me, that I write at present; for you who have required this abridgment, asked for it "step by step." And so every once in a few weeks or months, I must give a step or note. Hence, here permit me to remark, that God holds the same steady hand as usual. For never, in any period of my life, has God manifested such tender sympathy, parental kindness, power and strong encouragement as since the

last date. I can say in truth, that notwithstanding all my outward embarrassments, yet I feel that every thing is working together for my good. It does certainly appear to me that Jesus has set himself to show me how kind and winning he can act. It has appeared to me for a few weeks past that for this same purpose he hath raised me up, that he might make known the riches of his glory toward me.

It is true, my enemies act as if they were impatient, and intended to take my case out of God's hands, and utterly despatch me before the time. They are too numerous and strong for me, but God is more than a match for them all.

When he will to work proceed,
His purpose firm, can none withstand,
Or frustrate his determined deed,
Nor stay the Almighty hand.

But in the midst of the violently furious storm, I am calmly composed in Jesus' lap. And when, or whether he will cast me out, I know not; but I shall not voluntarily jump out. I am still walking by faith alone, and find that to him that believeth in Jesus, he is precious.

August 24. I have just returned from Sandy Hill, where Henry B. Northrup my attorney lives, and who informed me that he had just received an answer to our declaration in the Seys case, with a summons to meet the defendant in Supreme Court at Albany, on the first day of September next. Their design is to organize for trial. They set forth a Venue to bring the trial to New-York city, and plead for commissions and commissioners to take affidavits in Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Africa. He also reports some fifteen or sixteen witnesses in our State, whom he designs to bring on personally. And I recommend Mr. Seys for having a plenty of witnesses.

September 8. This evening, my attorney informed me that he spent the most of the last week in Albany, at Supreme Court. The court decided that the Seys case should be tried in Washington county. They also granted all of Seys' commissions above mentioned, and suspended the trial until Seys has sufficient time to obtain returns from Africa. At the same court, we also received a commission, and selected a Commissioner to take affidavits in Africa. Seys has selected Gov. J. J. Roberts, and I have selected Hon. H. Teague.

Seys puts in largely for witnesses, but we have more than doubled his number in every place. We have already sworn in about sixty witnesses, including our affidavits, and yet we have one hundred and sixteen material witnesses left on our list. Among those witnesses are all the members of the Fort Ann quarterly conference, and the whole church on Sandford's Ridge. And what is the most mortifying of all is, that about thirty females

belonging to the Sanford's Ridge church, must be present at that trial. For when I last applied to that society for a license to preach, Brother Hubbard required the females to vote, as well as the men, and they voted. At that meeting it was particularly expressed, that there were no objections against my being licensed, only Seys' letters. However, I am still walking by faith in God, and my soul is truly happy in Jesus.

October 1. To-day we have taken the deposition of Brother Moses Brayton, my beloved class leader, in the Seys' case. My attorney and his opponent, with Esquire Farling, were all present. Brother Brayton is supposed to be very near his end, by reason of an obstinate rose cancer. Brother Brayton has been failing very fast for the last two weeks, and been confined to his bed all the while, and we feared whether he would be able to give us his testimony or not. But as the Justice rose up to swear him, he evidently received a large supply of supernatural strength by which he gave us his testimony to our fullest satisfaction. Nor did the cross examination of our rigid opponent disturb him at all. And in consequence of this remarkable exploit, I have taken great encouragement in the case.

But I still lay upon God's altar, patiently waiting his disposal of me to his own glory. All is well, all is well.

Oct. 26. To-day I have been informed by my attorney that we are cited to appear in Supreme Court, in the City of New York, on the 31st inst., to settle the interrogatives on Seys' affidavits. And I have spent nearly all this day with their attorney, looking over, and cross-questioning their testimony. And assuredly, they are taking a wide sweep indeed.

November 4. My attorney has returned from New-York, as above stated, and reports as follows: I was in Supreme Court, at the bar, at the aforesaid inst., and after waiting a long time past the hour, no one appeared against me, and the Judge dismissed me. So it goes. Moreover, as there is such a vast mass of combined human influence against me, I am watching the Lord at every step, to see how he manages in disposing of this case. And let the case end as it may, for or against me, I think it will be for his glory, and for the benefit of man, to leave a record of his proceedings in this case, because it is a singular one for the present age. I say singular, because the whole church (except a few sanctified ones,) have actually set themselves against one man, as against a mammoth, and there is not one meadiato between the two parties, even in a church difficulty.

Seys has got out his agents, even here in Queensbury, Kingsbury and Fort Ann, gathering up all my errors of every description, big and little, to bring into court against me. And the same is going on in Africa, as I am informed. So my character is about to undergo a pretty severe test in the Supreme Court.

About the middle of last month, we were ordered to appear in Supreme Court, in the City of New York, on the day of October, at 10 o'clock, in taking the affidavit of A. D. Williams in the Seys case. (Observe, no particular day of October.) And thus my attorney concludes to pay no regard to it.

Nov. 8. My greatly beloved Brother M. Brayton, of whom I have so often spoken, left this world at 5 o'clock P. M. He died the death of a perfect, upright man, in great peace, and in open sight of his crown of eternal glory.

His sufferings must have been most extreme, having a tremendous rose cancer on his temple, about seven inches in diameter. His life was the most uniform of any man I ever saw. I have enjoyed the most familiar acquaintance with him for the last sixteen years, and I always found him devotional. We were ever of one heart and one mind. He possessed a fair earthly property, which he only managed as a faithful steward of a righteous master; but his own interest and only glory was in the cross of Christ. We have labored together abundantly in the Lord's vineyard, and the Lord never failed at any time to own and bless our labors in every place. His house was always in proper order, and a Bethel for all orders of spiritual worshipers. No person on earth knew his full value but myself. But he has gone, he has gone, he has gone to see our Jesus in glory, and receive his righteous reward for his travels, labors, and tears in the cause of his divine master, whom he loved. He has left a most amiable, sanctified companion, who partakes largely of his spirit, and nine beloved children, five of whom are in possession of his broad mantle, all to lament his loss. But in truth, not one of them can realize the full amount of his loss to such an extent as I do. Lord let me die the death of the righteous, and may my lot be like theirs.

Nov. 18. A few days since, my attorney received another summons, citing us to appear in court in New York, on the 21st inst., to settle the affidavits in the Seys case, as before mentioned.

Nov. 30. I saw my attorney yesterday, who informed me that he attended in settling the interrogatives above referred to, in New-York, and such as are for Africa will be shipped next week, so Mr. Seys has got a lawful sweep in four of the United States, to sweep up as many of my lies as he chooses. Great, great business for Seys.

January 1. O the amazing dealing of God to both my soul and body. O the mercy, power, and patience of my affectionate heavenly Father; my rock, my high, strong, immovable, eternal, living rock; yea, even the rock of the prophets is my rock. O my total inability to describe the condescending faithfulness and sympathy of my glorious rock. For more than one year has passed, since I was expelled from the church. And ever since

that time, I have been as a tree standing alone, in a violent tempest. I have enjoyed but very little human society, excepting that of a few sanctified ones, and the family in which I live. Indeed as to the society, I might as well have been in the interior of Africa, as in America. My wife is still in Africa, if she is living, and to be separated from her so far and long, has been a great trial to me.

Last April I spent one evening in a visit with Rev. O. E. Spicer; otherwise I have not had any intercourse with any preacher, for more than one year. I frequently meet the M. E. preachers in the street, but they are always looking backward, or cross-lots until they pass by me.

In the course of the last year, I have preached sixty-three sermons among the Methodist, and at every place I have been publicly opposed by the M. E. preachers. The first time I have preached in any congregation, since I was expelled, I have been sure to tell the people in the outset, that I was now expelled from the church, and wherefore I had been expelled. Still I have had a full share of congregation, so that many have unjustly charged me of robbing their meetings of hearers. Moreover, the Seys case has been a perplexing one so far; for almost every person I meet anywhere, if he speaks at all, it is only of the lawsuit with Seys; and this brings the hateful thing into mind again. All this, together with the travel of souls I have had for the salvation of sinners and the sanctification, of professors, is about as much as one would suppose a man need bear.

The reader will probably here inquire, why refer to all those embarrassments in this place, as I do?

To this question, I answer: to make the merciful dealings of my heavenly Father, the more illustrious. For even with all those embarrassments, God humbles himself, and perpetually dwells in my soul. And this in-dwelling of God produces such an almighty something, (I know not what to call it) in my soul, that although I know those embarrassment do exist, yet I feel the pain of none of them, excepting the travel of soul for sinners. Yea, for the whole of the past year, God has so completely filled my soul with his divine essence, that I felt no want, only a bigger heart; and thank God, I already feel in enlarging.

Yea, my soul hath a continued feast of love, joy, and peace in the Holy Ghost. O the hope of Israel; what a strong hold in the day of trouble; what an impregnable shelter in the day of battle.

Whatever may become of me hereafter, surely the God of the Bible has wrought most triumphantly for me, so far. For at present I am more than conqueror through the blood of Jesus. For never at any time in all my life, in my highest prosperity among men, have I enjoyed such perpetual, solid happiness and

vital fellowship with God, as for the whole of the last year. O what a debtor I am to God's grace. I know of no language to express my gratitude to Jesus, even for what he has done for me in this trial, in keeping my head above the great water of my enemies.

O ye Angels that burn around the eternal throne, ye spirits of of just men in heaven, ye martyrs who have signed the testimony of God with your own blood, and all ye sanctified ones on earth, join me in shouting hallalujah to David's God, who giveth strength to them that have no might, and sympathizes with the afflicted, for he shall be magnified forever and ever.

O to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be, &c. &c.

May 31. Ever since last September, we have been expecting that the Seys' trial would be brought to an issue in the the coming June; but, not so.

The trial must pass over until next October, for the following excuse, namely: Last September, Seys obtained a bill from the Supreme Court, at Albany, suspending the trial until he could send his affidavits to Liberia, and obtain returns. Thus we can not bring him to trial until he has sufficient time; but no time was specified by the court. We have just heard directly from the Clerk's office, and no returns are there. And to-day was the last day in which the law allows us to cite them to trial, at this June term. We know they have had sufficient time to have obtained returns; but if we cite them to trial at this term, we know not what they may swear to as an excuse for the delay. We wrote letters several days after their affidavits were settled, and sent those letters in the same vessel in which they proposed to send their papers, and we received returns last month.

But I ask the world, why is there so much putting off this business, all on their part? We have been ready for trial at any time since the day we sued them. We sent to Liberia for affidavits, and if he had obtained his, we should have obtained ours also; but if he did not obtain his, we did not need ours. The worst of all is, the devil is making a very successful tool of the difficulty, and the longer they protract it, the better it will be for the devil. However, God sitteth in the heavens, and knoweth it all. O Lord, defend thy people.

But I remain still walking by faith in the promises of God, and my soul is happy in Jesus.

June 6th. Sunday night, 9 o'clock. Blessed be God; all is well as yet. God is a solid, living rock—all life and fire. His mercy endureth forever, and his truth to all generations. Since I was first expelled, I have been in the habit of holding two, what I call high days; that is, fast days, and communion days.

To-day has been my communion day. And O, how Christ has unfolded his glory in my soul. Never have I enjoyed such a season before, in the use of bread and wine.

And here let me observe, that immediately after my expulsion, I became fully confident that I should need all the means of grace to strengthen me under such embarrassed circumstances. And when I sat down to make my arrangement how I intended to live, I was convicted that I must hold on to my fast-days, and the Lord's Supper too, because they are both among the special requirements of the gospel. And while I was reflecting on those two points, I firmly concluded to organize myself into a church. I did so, and so I remain. Hence, every once in four weeks, I fast for 24 hours, and every once in four weeks, I partake of the Lord's Supper. That is, every once in four weeks, I take my little phial of wine, a small piece of bread, and my discipline, and into my closet I go. And here I proceed as a presiding elder would in presence of the church, on a similar occasion, only I read all the pronouns and verbs in the singular number. And God blesses my soul and body.

And if the reader wishes to know by what authority I do these things, then I answer :

I do it by the authority of Jesus Christ. Will that do? Let us examine and see.

First. The ordinance of the Lord's Supper is purely an institution of Christ, and not of men. Christ set the first example of the manner, and then ordered his ministers to follow him. And wherever his ministers went, even unto the ends of the world, they were to observe this ordinance. I verily suppose they partook of it themselves, nor do I think they were close communicators.

It appears very clear to me, that Christ left this ordinance in connection with the office of the ministry, according to the Scriptures. See Luke 22:17, 19, 20; John 6:50 to 55; 1 Cor. 11:23 to 26. Those passages of Scripture are so clear in my mind that I have no scruple as to what is my duty and privilege concerning them. For I sincerely feel that a dispensation of the gospel is delivered unto me, and that I received it of the Lord of life, and to which the church have given their sanction, by ordaining me both deacon and elder. Therefore, the obligation to perform the duty under consideration, is imperative on me, to a certain extent. But if any denies me the obligation of this duty, only because I am expelled from the M. E. Church, then I answer: First, that as matters stand at present, I do not pretend to have any authority to administer the said ordinance in, or to the M. E. Church, and that because of expulsion. But observe, I claimed divine authority for the execution of this duty, long before the Methodists ever ordained me, and authorized me to administer it in

their church; and if they were not satisfied that I had original authority, then why did they ordain me? But their expelling me from their church, by no means effects my original authority, either to partake or administer the Lord's Supper. But secondly. For what was I expelled from the M. E. Church? Perhaps we may suspend this answer, until the Seys case is terminated, then all will be clear. But let the Seys case go on as it may, I cannot at present renounce a duty, which Christ and his whole church have ever held so sacred. What excuse could I plead at the bar of God for neglecting that sacred duty? I answer: Why Lord, B. R. Wilson, John Seys, J. W. Harvey, and E. B. Hubbard forbid me, and I feared them more than thee. However (as this is only an abridgment,) suffice it to say, that as I cannot discharge my duty to God any other way, I have long since organized myself, and claim to be an established church, in which the pure word of God is preached, and the ordinances duly administered. My church book is the Bible; my class leader is the blessed Jesus; my steward, trustee, and treasurer, is the Holy Ghost; my secretary is my ministering angel; my society are all sanctified ones; and we hold our class meetings from house to house. Reader, will you join my church?

Let us walk by God's command,
 Let us join our hearts and hands;
 Help to gain our fellow's hope,
 But love each the other up,
 O! This blessing shall descend,
 God be true to his ordinance,
 We'll go in his appointed way,
 Nourished by his special grace.

Only if you join my church, you must walk by faith in the promises of God, and shout hallalujah at every step.

August 18. Saturday night, 8 o'clock. As yet, all is well. I have no foreign news to-night; but thought of making a brief little report of myself, since you have not heard from me since last June.

As to my bodily health, it has been more sound for the last three months, than at any time for the last fifteen years. My soul is also strong and healthy, so that I am enabled to climb mountains, and wade through muddy swamps, eat strong meat, and carry heavy burdens. I can walk and not faint; I run, but no weariness; and in a day or two, I fully expect to be soaring on eagle's wings. My peace is at the current of a great river, overflowing her banks, driven by the fullness of an inexhaustible fountain. My joy is unspeakable, and full of hallalujahs to Jesus. My hope is a well tried iron chain, which cannot be broken by human violence, nor foreign wind, nor adverse waves. Moreover, the Holy Ghost bears an unquestionable witness that I

am a child of God, cleansed from all sin, and filled with perfect love to God and man.

As to preaching, I have continued to the present time, nearly every Sabbath, once, twice, or thrice a day. I still have an equal proportion of hearers with others, but the confidence of some are burdened by the heavy reproach which the church have rolled upon me. Nevertheless, God either converts some sinners, reclaims backsliders, or sanctifies some believers, in every appointment where I go.

The few sanctified ones, scattered around me, are as loving, kind and brotherly as they ever were, and by their secret influence, I have been much helped in preaching, ever since I was expelled. That is, by their influence, I have not lacked for an opportunity to preach, nor for a congregation to preach to, nor for their exhortations or prayers in those congregations. And so I continue to walk by faith and all goes well.

O, Jesus, I delight in thee.
And on thy care depend,
To thee in tribulation flee,
My ever faithful friend.

When all creation's streams are dried,
Thy fullness is the same.
With this I'm fully satisfied ;
I glory in thy name.

September 17. Friday, 9 P. M. Steam boat Empire. I am now on the Hudson river, from New-York, homeward bound, with five hundred passengers.

Yesterday morning I and my attorney left home, and arrived in New-York this A. M. At 9 A. M. we both went to the Clerk's office, and with him, ransacted the records over and over again, to see if there had been any returns of Seys' affidavits from Africa or elsewhere. But to our astonishment, we found none. We then went to the Colonization office, and found that four vessels had returned from Liberia, either of which might have brought Seys' affidavits ; but no return. And so the Seys' trial must now lay over, until next June. Dark, dark, dark. What is the matter reader ?

But God sitteth in the heavens ; therefore I still walk by faith in his promises. Lord look at it !

Sept. 26. Sunday night, 11 o'clock. For a few weeks past I have been trying to live as in eternity. That is, in a mystical sense, I have imagined, or fancied myself, as standing immediately at the bar of Judgment, and God just now rising up to announce my eternal destiny. Of course, in an instant my mind naturally darts backwark, and at one single glance I comprehend every act of my past probationary season at once. And here, or there, I have left a part of my reflections, looking back, and the

other part of my reflections are in this world, looking forward to meet the approbation of the Judge. And it is this position which prompts me to preach the gospel, as I have done to-day. And my soul is full of new encouragement to-night, because at one of my appointments to-day, God has converted two amiable young ladies of the first class in Queensbury. I then walked three miles to my next appointment, and here Jesus met with us also. This evening I returned home, and while I write my soul is about as happy as Jesus can make it. O glory, glory, glory be to my ever blessed Jesus, my good Jesus, my sympathizing Jesus, my faithful, almighty, conquering Jesus, he shall be magnified by me while I have any being.

December 5. Sunday night, 10 o'clock. Since the last date I have been preaching in the Gurney neighborhood occasionally, and God has converted four sinners more, since the two above mentioned, as witnesses, that the gospel is the power of God unto salvation. And here we have some blessed prospects of a glorious revival. O blessed Jesus, move on, move on in power and glory.

Dec. 21. For some two or three weeks the work of God has been going on gloriously in the Gurney neighborhood. Sinners have been converted, backsliders reclaimed, and some believers have been sanctified to God. A most glorious prospect has been increasing for a large harvest of souls, until last Sabbath. But now all is overturned.

And here let me remark that that neighborhood has in it some of the most unthriftish, impolite, apish young people, of any on the globe. And of the last years they have been so savage that no civil person might come that way with safety. Those buffoons have made a practice of disturbing all religious meetings in their neighborhood, until all denominations have left them, even the Universalists. And when the devil saw his kingdom begin to tremble, he first entered into the heart of a Methodist class leader, then into the heart of the Hicksites, and those two opponents urge on those young fellows in their heaven daring outrages, until they have wholly broken up the meeting and we have abandoned it. O Lord Jesus remember their deeds.

Dec. 27. Monday night, 10 o'clock. Yesterday morning while I sat by the fire-side, weeping and grieving for the violence of the wicked and the overthrow of the above prospects, in came Brother Wm. Beachhorn, and informed me that several brethren in the Gurney neighborhood met last evening, and requested him to come after me this morning, and bring me to a private house to preach on the Sabbath. I jumped into his sleigh, and in one hour I was at his house. And soon, we had a large room full of christians, and I preached to them. God poured out his spirit upon us, and we had a refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

And this morning before I left the neighborhood, one of the first converts in the late revival, obtained the witness of entire sanctification.

To God alone be all the glory. amen ; hallalujah to God.

January 1. According to the main designs of my writing a Journal. it is time for me to give another general report of myself lest my pursuers lose track of me.

First. It is due to my heavenly Father, that I make a full acknowledgment of his amazing goodness, unparalleled mercy, particular faithfulness, compassionate sympathy, and almighty power toward such a poor, unworthy creature as I am.

It is trae, that outwardly, I am surrounded with sufficient embarrassments to render my life an unwelcome barden. But indeed, it seems to me that God has no other concern for those outward afflictions, only to strengthen, animate, and happify my soul so much the more within. That is, God does not appear to make any attempt to shelter me from the blackest reproach of men, nor the most dangerous temptations of the devil, horrid as many of them are ; but he imparts almighty grace in my soul, to sustain me under them. So that the more cruel disgrace, persecution and temptations I meet with, the more God strengthens and happifies my soul. What I mean is, (because I cannot express it any better,) that some secret, mighty influence seems to carry my mind ahead, or lifts it above what I know to be outwardly afflictive : or in other words, (if I may so express it,) there seems to be an abstract spirit within me which appears not affected with my outward circumstances, but it is always rejoicing, singing victory, victory, victory. Moreover, there is always a controlling, sensible, lively, sweet animation in its song, pervading my soul, and filling me full of hallalujah to Jesus. And this inward something, (in the name of the Lord, what is it ?) makes me all the while rejoice in God as if I was already delivered from my troubles.

The Seys' case has universally immersed me on all side, and how God will dispose of it in the end I know not ; but at present I fear no evil tidings from abroad.

I am still walking by faith alone, in the promises of God, and all goes well. Thanks be to God for ever and ever.

O, what a singular year to me I have just passed. O how wonderfully God has wrought in mercy for me.

This Abridgment is now ready for the press, only I design to retain it, until the Seys' case is decided, and then you will have the conclusion of the whole matter.

March 12. Sunday night, 7 o'clock. I have just been reading over the foregoing date, and it came forcibly into my mind to enlarge a little on one or two remarks therein.

First. On the main design of reporting myself: Now one of the designs of this work is, to gratify my friends by giving them a history of my life. And since they have requested it for that purpose, I feel as much responsible to report myself occasionally, as ever Caleb did in reporting the land of Canaan. For I am endeavoring to walk by faith, as the scriptures saith, which seems to be a new or strange thing to some people, and they wish to know the result of it. For about two thirds of the general church call this walking by faith, "enthusiasm and presumption." Not that the general church deny the propriety of walking by what they call faith; but they call this particular faith by which I walk, enthusiasm. By particular faith, I mean that faith which is the substance of things hoped for, Heb. 11:1. Many good people dare not venture out on this faith for fear it will fail them. But as I have sacrificed all title of God's favor ten thousand times, and am but little worth any way, I have consented to venture out on this faith, length and breadth. And if it saves me, my friends are to venture out on it; but if it fails me, then they must look out sharp for it. And thus I stand committed. Lord Jesus help me.

But I feel disposed to give the reader a brief account of some of my exercises of mind to-day:

Having no appointment to-day, I was this morning pondering over my outward afflictions, by the fire side, when all at once the devil made one of his most violent, sudden thrusts at me. Darkness and gloominess came over my mind, as a thick veil, whispering, that God had or soon would consign me over to the rage of my enemies. But to ascertain that fact, I soon dropped on my knees and asked the Lord why he had given me over to my enemies? But soon my mind became a little calm, and I was directed to read the scriptures. So I began to read the Psalms of good old David. And although I have read the same Psalms many times, over and over again, and many times have I been encouraged and quickened by reading them in times of temptation; but to-day, the whole was to me, a new book, and I soon found promises enough to cover my entire condition, and a vast overplus besides. I soon became so vitally engaged with David's God that when the devil and the darkness cleared out, I know not, but when I came to myself all was light as mid-day. When the devil attacked me this morning, I was just then thinking on the singularity of my circumstances. Singular, because that from the commencement of those difficulties to the present time, not one official man has opened his mouth, or moved his finger in my behalf excepting Rev. Semore Coleman and Moses Brayton. Those two sanctified ones had the case in hand for about eight months; but just as they were giving it the very last finishing touch Brother Coleman was appointed to a foreign circuit and Brother Brayton was called into eternity to join the spirits of just men made perfect.

Now, thought I, this morning, the counterfeiter, the thief, the high-way robber and the murderer, all have their friends, more or less, who interfere themselves to some extent in behalf of those criminals, that they may have a righteous judgment. But not so with me, on the part of the church. And here is where the devil thrust me. But my object in reading the scriptures was, to get another view of the true, practical disposition of God towards such, crushed, abandoned objects as I am.

And so, in reading the Psalms, I boldly claimed all the protection of God that David claimed, and hoped to the full extent of his hope, and all this I called promises. True, I could not plead my own personal righteousness, as he appeared to some times, in claiming protection and deliverance: but blessed be God, I could plead the righteousness of Christ, and that is just as good for me in applying promises as any of David's righteousness, and far better than some self-righteousness in men. And so I fully expect all that David expected, and a great deal more, too, through Christ.

O what riches, what beauty, what excellency God has revealed to me to-day. O how many important mysteries God has explained to me to-day. My heavenly horizon is now cloudless, crystal clear. The smiles of God's countenance compels me to express a double acknowledgement of his transcendent goodness to me. The beauties of this holiness force me to grasp his entire covenant with my whole soul. His condescending love and mercy, like fire wheels roar all my affections up to his throne, and his faithfulness and truth like chains of gold bind me there. O, I dare not, I cannot fear what man can do unto me, for I feel the truth, the truth of God as a mighty invincible shield all around me, while ten thousand speaking testimonies declare that God is on my side.

“ O tempted soul, to Christ draw near,
The Savior's gracious promise hear,
His faithful word declares to thee,
That as thy days thy strength shall be.

By faith stand fast, thy foes are strong,
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee,
For as thy days thy strength shall be.

Should persecution rage and flame,
Still walk by faith in Jesus name,
In firey trials thou shalt see,
That as thy days thy strength shall be.

When called to bear the mighty cross,
Still walk by faith, in pain or loss,
In deep distress or poverty,
For as thy days thy strength shall be.”

June 25. We have done all we could, to bring the Seys case

to trial this present month, but in vain. The June term is past, and it must now lay over until October. Feys pretends not to have received his affidavits, for the contemplated trial. We have concluded to make a motion at some court soon, to bring the trial at the October term.

How long will thou forget me, O Lord? for ever! how long wilt thou hide thy face from me?

How long shall I take counsel in my soul, having sorrow in my heart daily? how long shall mine enemy be exalted over me?

Let not mine enemy say, I have prevailed against him: and those that trouble me rejoice when I am moved. But I have trusted in thy mercy, my heart shall rejoice in thy salvation.

July 3d. By this time it may be enquired of some, what Brown is about at this time, and what is the state of his mind, under such and such circumstances: and if so, then I answer:

First. As to what I am doing, I can only say, that my main business is preaching the gospel, every Sabbath, and have blessed times too. For God still converts some sinners, reclains some backsliders, and sanctifies some believers in my congregation. I also visit from house to house, endeavoring to build up the church in faith and holiness. I write two or three letters weekly, to my correspondents, all on faith and holiness. I visit the sick, whenever I can. I do not fast twice a week, but once in four weeks; and once in four weeks I hold communion. I read one chapter or more, in the Bible, nearly every night, and the rest of the time I pray, and labor with my hands. My bodily health is unusually good; and I am still walking by faith. But O, the glory, the glory which rolls in my soul perpetually.

It's heaven here, and heaven there,
Heavenly earth, and heavenly air,
Heaven, like waves of ocean roll,
Heaven in my very soul.

God descends to raise me higher,
Fills my soul with holy fire,
Arms my faith with power and might,
And fills my soul with pure delight.

Christ my shelter and my guide,
Comforts me on every side;
Tells me I have none to fear,
For he's in front and rear.

He has charged his Angel right,
To help me in this dreadful fight,
And he's my battle-ax, I see
I'm sure to gain the victory.

Shout, my soul, in triumph loud,
Jesus comes in this black cloud,
Shout all conquest through his blood,
Shout him King and shout him God.

Hallelujah, I will sing
 Hallelujah, to my King ;
 Hallelujah, raise the song
 Hallelujah, loud and long.

In looking back and comparing my past experience with the present, I can only, or justly describe my enjoyment and estimation of heaven, by the similitude of a bud, in the spring of the year. For, as time advances, the bud increases in dimensions, and every pelting shower, and burning sun, seems to nourish, inspire, and hasten the prospect of a speedy, full harvest of precious fruit. And so, through the influence of the pelting rains and fiery sun, the bud, by and by, begins to open, exhibiting its long concealed contents in full bloom. And so is heaven to me. For when I first embraced the gospel, my enjoyment and prospect of heaven, were in a small bud, which promised some benefit in a future season.

But the pelting storms of temptation, poured forth from Satan's black magazine, and the burning heat and rage of human persecution which threatened to blast the precious bud, have only been so many means, in the hand of God, to hasten it into full bloom the sooner. And thus, to me, heaven is now in full blossom. Its color is red, with broad stripes of pure white ; its shape is square ; its luster is most brilliant ; its fragrance is absorbing ; its oil is over-joyful ; and its honey is all glory, hallelujah to Jesus. And God only knows what its ripe fruit may be by and by.

I am yet walking by faith in God, and all goes well enough.

Lord, let the burning sun throw forth its burning beams,
 And let the clouds pour down their smiting streams,
 If these will neutralize the precious bud
 From bloom and milk, to ripe fruit unto God.

July 9th. Last Friday, my attorney came into the field where I was at work, and shewed me a letter from Scys' lawyer to him, proposing a settlement between us, on the following terms : They will pay their own cost up to the present time, and we pay our own cost, and then drop the suit as it is.

But I immediately told my attorney that I should not accept of any such proposal. I told him (as probably I have told a hundred individuals,) that there were two alternatives only, by which the difficulty could be settled between us, and that Scys might have his choice of either. That is, Scys must prove his slanderous reports, or withdraw them : otherwise, all the property in the United States will not prompt me to drop the suite. True, I know not how the case may turn in the end, but I have submitted it to God, and he has accepted it ; and I dare not take it out of his hands for fear of betraying my professed confidence in him.

It is again true, that if I only depended on human circumstances, and human defence, as tokens of success in this important case, I should totally despair of all hope at once: for ail would be as dark as a starless midnight. But, my only hope is in the promises of God, through the blood of Jesus.

July 22. My attorney has just visited me, and informed me that we are both cited to appear in Supreme Court, in the City of New-York, on the 27th inst., to participate in taking the affidavits of B. R. Wilson, A. F. Russell, Sion Harris, and James Paine, all recently from Liberia, West Africa.

July 24. Since the above date, I have taken pains to travel some miles, to communicate with four wholly sanctified souls whom I have engaged to pray three times a day, that God will preside over my affairs, in taking those affidavits above mentioned. My special object in doing this is as follows: First, I have the fullest confidence (as I have told my attorney and others) that the very butt of our important suit will be tested in the testimony of those four men. Those men are directly from the ground where the difficulty commenced. They are the very men who first originated the difficulty in Africa, and who have supported it to the present day. They are my most deadly enemies, and Seys' main supporters. Hence, being personally acquainted with each of them, I have the fullest confidence that they will swear to any falsehood whatever, to support Seys. But still, God can exert a powerful influence over those men, if he pleases, seeing three of them are elders, M. E. Missionaries of the Liberia Mission, and the other a class leader in the M. E. Church. We have been expecting these men over, whenever the case is tried, because we knew them to be Seys' main witnesses; and when he took out affidavits to send to Africa, those names were not included. But the Lord is in the heavens, and I am yet walking by faith.

July 27. In New-York City. I and my attorney arrived here at 5 o'clock, A. M. At 9 o'clock we went to the Court House, to attend the taking those above mentioned affidavits. We found the Judges in their chambers, but no Seys party present. We waited until after 10 o'clock, but no Seys party appeared. The Judge was now about to dismiss us, but my attorney requested him to hold us, until we could go to the office of Seys' counsellors and learn their detainment, which the Judge did. We then went to the office of those counsellors, and one of them being absent, the other told us they had entirely forgotten it. However, my counsellor flattered up Mr. Lucky, until he consented to join issue, and take the affidavits to-morrow morning. So we cannot leave the city to-day as we have expected. But I walk by faith.

July 28. This morning at 9 o'clock, we went to the Judge's chambers again, and soon in came Seys' head counsellor, A. Childs, and with him two of Seys' witnesses. The Chief Judge

now organized my counsellor, and Seys' head counsellor into a Court, and appointed Seys' other counsellor, Lucky, for Clerk, and one of the witnesses, and then sent us off to do our business. So we went to Mr. Child's office and called the Court at ten o'clock.

Rev. B. H. Wilson was the first witness called on; and except an adjournment of one hour, he was detained until 5 o'clock P. M., when we adjourned to half past eight to-morrow morning. Wilson's direct testimony was all flat against me, just as it was on every occasion in Liberia. But in his cross-examination he has stabbed himself with six mortal negatives.

Seys' two counsellors are smart men, and both work well for him. But of all the archers that ever I saw, or heard of, my counsellor, H. B. Northup, is the most shrewd. My eyes have been fastened on Wilson all the day long, watching to see whether it was probable that God was using him as an instrument to defend the gospel or not. But thank God, my confidence in the Lord is not shaken one hair yet. For Jesus has been in my soul all day long, and made me happy, even while Wilson was testifying against me in court.

July 23. Court opened at 9 o'clock A. M., and adjourned at 6 P. M., to nine o'clock next Monday morning. So here we are on Saturday night.

Before we left home, I told my attorney that he must prepare himself for a terrible engagement with the powers of darkness, for the whole butt end of the case rested on these four witnesses, and I reckon he begins to find it so.

Wilson was called on the stand again this morning, and with the exception of one hour for dinner, he has been on the drill all day. Yesterday, Wilson swore positively that he knew every little particular, and every circumstance concerning the whole case; and indeed he does, for he was the very head ring leader of the whole of it. But when he swore thus, he was not aware how fearfully he committed himself to the shrewdness of H. B. Northup. Yesterday, his direct testimony was all dead against me; but to-day, under cross-examination, he has sworn to thirteen negatives in a most bare-faced manner. As his testimony stands now, it is like dry leaves in a whirlwind.

Among thousands of profitable lessons which I have learned of the Lord, I am now learning one of high interest. I have said heretofore that I should watch the Lord, to see how he works out this difficulty, and so I am looking on with much interest. But that the reader may not misunderstand me, I will tell him what I mean by watching the Lord. First, I am supposing it as a matter of fact, that God has taken up on the one side or the other in this suit. And if so, then which side is God on at present? For if God is on my side, it is no matter what the other side may swear

to, for God will give me the case in the end. But if God is on the side of my opponents, then in spite of all I can do, God will give them the case in the end; for the battle is not to the strong, nor the race to the swift. Well, then, here is the very point which I want to learn. That is, is God under any necessity of, or will he take any pleasure in sustaining his own cause with such testimony as that of B. R. Wilson? And this is the very thing I am now learning. For I should have supposed that God would not need, nor even admit of anything on his side but plain, simple, positive, straight-forward truth. When I took Brother Moses Brayton's affidavit, a few months ago, he was sick, not able to stand on his feet, withered away to a skeleton. Our opponents showed him no mercy on his cross-examination, but violently drilled him, because he knew Brother Brayton was feeble. But all his drilling amounted to just nothing at all, for he never varied one hair from a positive, straight forward story. And from that, I took great encouragement. I have again been watching Wilson all this day, to see if he acted as if he was influenced by the Lord, but I have not seen one spark of it. True, we have not done with him yet; but still, up to the present, I stand perfectly unshaken in confidence, and I shall still continue to walk by faith in God.

July 31. Monday night, 9 o'clock. Court opened at 9 o'clock A. M., and adjourned at half past five P. M., to 8 o'clock to-morrow morning. We have had B. R. Wilson on the stool all day, and we have not done with him yet.

Another such a pail of swearing and unswearing, I doubt whether any man ever saw before from one witness. My counsellor takes hold of the case in a most masterly manner, as if God actually inspired him with skill in detecting error, and finding truth. He has to-day stript off the entire covering of the very foundation of this case, and proved it as rotten as a pumpkin, proved by their own testimony. After our adjournment this evening, Seys' counsellors beset us heartily for a settlement, offering to pay their own costs, and withdraw all Seys' slanderous publications or reports, and square off. But we left them to ponder on it until to-morrow. But I am still walking by faith in God, and my soul is happy in my ever blessed Jesus.

August 2. Tuesday night, 9 o'clock. Hudson river, steamboat Empire, homeward bound. Court opened at half past 8 o'clock, A. M.

Wilson was again called to stool, and held on drill until half past 11 o'clock; when all trembling, he signed his awful testimony, and the court suffered him to retire for the time being. And I reckon he was glad enough too. Rev. A. F. Russell, another Missionary, was now called to the bar. This man is another of Seys' big guns, and my next deadly foe. He was my

preacher in charge, when I was first suspended in Liberia, and of course he knew all about the whole circumstances in very deed.

Russell had his notes before him, and went on with all the ambition of a frantic horse, who delighted in carrying his master with quick speed; but occasionally, over-reached and corked himself. And soon we discovered our opponents began to feel sore and limp. Russell only got under fair headway, when we adjourned for dinner.

At 2 o'clock, we again met at the court room. Seys' counselors now eagerly beset us for a settlement, and soon, a settlement became the topic of the court room. But why a settlement? Why break off so abruptly? Why not wait, until Russell has gave us the rest of his direct testimony? What is the matter now, just at this point?

Why says Seys' counsel, we have so much business on hand, we cannot attend to this any longer; Seys has evidently been misinformed in those matters: Seys has no money to spend in lawsuits; I see it is going to be attended with a heavy expense; it ought to have been settled in the Church; O that Hubbard, that Hubbard, &c., &c. Trouble, trouble, troublesome times indeed.

Finally, at 5 o'clock, they drew up the following Document, which I accepted and dropped the suit.

SUPREME COURT.—George S. Brown vs. John Seys.

The publications complained of in the declaration in this cause, are, by the undesigned, defendant's attorney, hereby withdrawn, and plaintiff is paid one hundred and fifty dollars in full, and amicable settlement of this suit.

HENRY B. NORTHUP, *Plaintiff's Attorney.*
ASA CHILDS, *Attorney for Defendant.*

New-York, August, 2d, 1848.

Immediately after that, I gathered up my papers, leaving my attorney to receive the money to-morrow morning, and at 6 o'clock, I came on board the Empire where I now am, full of victorious Hallalujah to God.

Now before I let loose the overwhelming praise in my soul, let us first consider to what source that praise belongs: (That they may see, and know, and consider, and understand together that the hand of the Lord hath done this, and the holy one of Israel hath created it, &c. Isaiah 41: 20, 21.)

First, I was suspended from preaching, before I knew a lisp of any charge against me, although I lived in the very midst of their neighborhood. Here I was crushed for three months, and there was no one to move a lip in my behalf.

But God kept my soul in perfect peace, and great joy. And at the period of three or four months after my first suspension, a still more violent outrage took place upon me, as stated in documents 10, 11, 12.

Here I had every possible, human reason of total despair of ever lifting up my head again, above the floods of disgrace, which my unhallowed enemies rolled upon me. For they were fully determined not to give me any opportunity of proving myself clear. Here I was thrown into a most aggravating position, with not one human tongue to comfort me. But even in this affliction, God stood by me, and kept me perfectly calm, and gloriously happy; even all the way through their mock expression, which took place, nine months afterwards.

And not long after the latter period, I left Africa for America; but I did not leave my Jesus, nor did he leave me.

And on my arrival in America, to my astonishing surprise, I soon found myself in a difficulty with the Board of Missions. This was extremely perplexing, because my enemies had involved and identified my demand on the Board, with other matters, which ought not to have been complicated.

It is true, that at this stage of the difficulty, two men, Brothers Coleman and Brayton, ventured to engage in the case, as mediators, but they were soon removed, and I was left alone: only Jesus kept full possession of my soul; and as I was on the point of despairing of any settlement with the Board, he stepped forth and gave me a glorious victory.

But Pharaoh was not contented yet; he must needs rally his troops and pursue his servant, to bring him into bondage again. And ere I was aware, I heard his loud sounding trumpet, the rattling of his wheels: I saw his glittering spear, his poisoned arrows, his usual banner of defiance; and his thundering motto was—"no quarters." (He shall surely die.)

At that period I attempted to turn to the right, in hopes I might escape his vengeance; but the quarterly meeting conference, at Fort-Ann, was an impassable mountain. I then turned to the left, that, if possible, I might escape the rage of my pursuers: but the class-meeting on Sandford's ridge, was another impassable mountain.

And to stop long in those straits, I knew was death; but to plunge into the red sea of universal prejudice, and preach on, at first looked to me like committing suicide by drowning. But after standing still a while, to see the salvation of God, I heard him say, "take up the ark and move forward." At this, I sent a messenger to Pharaoh to inform him that I was going down into the sea.

And as I went down into the sea at God's command, the waters began to divide, and roll up on each side in a strange man-

ner. Indeed, I have found good walking and firm footing, all the way through; for I have found a plenty of places for preaching, with equal congregations with others; sinners have been converted, backsliders reclaimed, and believers sanctified, right here in the ocean of prejudice.

But Pharaoh followed me down into the sea, with all his horses and chariots. And when the Lord saw they were moving rapidly, he vexed them, lest they overtake me before the hinder ones came into the sea, (for he had a long train, reaching from Africa to America.) That is, God vexed him in all those courts and movements which he has made in organizing for trial, getting affidavits, &c. Moreover, God has kept a thick cloud of confidence in Jesus, and a pillar of holy fire in my heart, so that Pharaoh could not get a visible sight at me until I had passed over; (for I have not seen Seys, in person, since I saw him in Liberia; no, nor did he show himself in any of those courts, nor has my attorney ever seen him.)

But, thank God, I have just now passed through the red waters, and am now on Canaan's bank, among the Philistines, and its of all names and orders.

But, by what agency have I been brought through those deep waters? To me, this question is clear as sun-beams. God only. Let us sum up the whole matter, and see the conclusion.

First. Here is a church difficulty, deep-planted, about four or five years ago, existing on both sides of the Atlantic. The whole church, (who know any thing about it,) especially the official members, all unite together, (excepting S. Coleman and M. Brayton,) and pronounce me only worthy of death. Some have said, "there is no help for Brown." Some have said, "he has got the whole church to fight." Others have said, "we will have him looking through the iron-grates soon, eating the Jailor's oats, and sleeping on a lousy couch, or pay Seys' cost." And others, "that Brown must lay down forever;" "just what I wanted," says J. W. Harvey.

As for me, I have been praying to God, twice every day, ever since I sued Seys, that he would deliver me from his slander. Moreover, I have had the prayers of four or five sanctified ones for several months; and for the last two or three weeks, we have been praying earnestly that God would bring about a settlement between us, and prevent the pain of a regular trial. O, look at it!

But it may be retorted by some, saying; If it be God alone, who has done this, and done it in answer to prayer as you pretend, then why did not God induce the settlement before? To such a question the answer is easy.

First, God intended to make his power known; endured with much long suffering, and make a display of the riches of his glory.

Secondly, God intended to give Seys, the fullest time, and greatest opportunity possible, to ransack the two kingdoms, Africa and America, to scrape up all the testimony he could screw out against me, and to give him ample time to weigh, and compare it with his slander.

And lastly, God intended to suspend the settlement, until Seys' troops had all come down into the sea, lest some of them make their escape from the closing waters, run back home, recruit, and pursue after me again.

That is, if the settlement had taken place before Seys' main witnesses appeared from Africa and been thoroughly examined by competent men, they might have continued in publishing their slander for years; and the world might believed them in future, as well as in the past.

Now if those four witnesses, heretofore mentioned, were not their main witnesses, then why did they yield the point so soon? For strange as it may appear to some, in the very midst of their operation to-day, they voluntarily withdrew their slanderous letters, and pay me \$150.

But look at the case again!

Now suppose we had proceeded on to a formal trial, and I had recovered damages to the amount of one, five, or ten thousand dollars; even then they might have said as many do in singular cases, that we were dragged to trial before we were ready; or the court did not understand us; or our witnesses would not come; or the judge, jury, attorney, witnesses, or all were bribed, or something else.

And so the reproach might have remained in the minds of many for years, and Seys been accounted an innocent man. But now, they were not dragged, but dragged us; they were their own judges, their own jury, and their own witnesses. The fact is, I am more sanctified with the settlement as it is, than with a formal trial and verdict of \$10,000. It was not money that I wanted, but I wanted to remove the stumbling block.

But who would have imagined one week ago, that God was going to remove that stumbling so soon, under such circumstances, and by such unexpected means? For the very men, who first, intentionally swore me into the difficulty, unintentionally swore me out of it. A passenger on deck, says, we are in sight of Albany; hence I can no longer forbear; I must begin my triumphant song to God, before I step on his earth. Hallalujah, Hallalujah, the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, and the whole world is full of his glory. Yes, God hath triumphed most gloriously, for he hath thrown the horses and their riders into the red sea again. The Lord is my strength and song, and he is become my salvation; he is my God, and I will prepare him a habitation in my heart. The Lord is a man of war, the Lord is his

name. Seys' Chariots and his hosts hath he cast into the sea ; his chosen Captains also, (in Liberia, and in Queensbury) are drowned in the sea ; they sank as a stone.

Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power ; and in the greatness of thine excellency thou hast overthrown them that rose up against thee : and with the blast of thy nostrills the waters were gathered together, the floods stood upright as a heap.

The enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil, my lusts shall be satisfied upon him, I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy him, he shall surely die. (See doc. 15.)

But O Lord, thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered them ; they sank as lead in the mighty waters.

Thou, in thy mercy, hast led forth thy servant whom thou hast redeemed ; thou hast guided him in thy strength unto thy holy habitation. The people shall hear, and be afraid ; sorrow shall take hold on the inhabitants of Liberia, and the dukes of America shall be amazed : for the horses of Pharaoh went in with his charriots and with his horsemen into the sea, and the Lord brought again the waters of the sea upon them ; but the children of Israel went on dry land, in the midst of the sea (of pre-
judice.)

O, holy Moses, sing on ; sing on ; sing till we all learn thy song. Come, Rev. S. Coleman, join the choir and sing ; sing victory through the blood of Jesus : O. come into the choir ; light up thy weather-beaten head ; let thy angelic face shine ; bring in thy gospel balance with which thou hast once weighed this entire difficulty, and found it wanting an abundance of proof. Come, all ye living springs, by whom I was refreshed in a thirsty land, ye sanctification league, and four or five others, whose names I may not mention, have all shared largely in my reproach, only because ye continued friendly to me, after I was buried under Seys' slander. And if God had not delivered me from my deadly enemies, my reproach would have been fastened upon you forever, by those same enemies.

But God has brought us through triumphantly, and now let us once more resume our song :

O God, the Lord, the strength of my salvation ; thou hast covered my head in the day of battle. As for the head of them that compass me about, let the mischief of their own lips cover them. Behold, he travaileth with iniquity, and hath conceived mischief, and brought forth falsehood. He made a pit, and digged it, and is fallen into the same ditch which he made. His mischief has returned upon his own head, and his violent dealings upon his own pate. O, Lord God of devil, how excellent is thy name in all the earth.

My enemy said, " I shall never be moved, for I am my own

rock." His mouth is full of cursing, and deceit, and fraud; under his tongue is mischief and vanity: he sitteth in the lurking places, in big cities and villages, and in secret places doth he murder the poor innocent; his eyes are privily set against the poor; he doth catch the poor when he draweth him into his net: yea, he croucheth and humbleth himself, that the poor may fall by his strong ones: he saith, in his heart, God hath forgotten, he hideth his face, he will never see it. O Lord, lift up thy hand, forget not the humble; for thou hast seen it, I know thou hast seen it, and thou hast requited upon their guilty heads: yea, my life was cut off in its midst, I was cut down with a stroke at mid-day: he made me a reproach to all my enemies, especially among my neighbors, and a fear to my acquaintance. For I heard the skander of many, and fear was on every side; for they took counsel together, and devised to take away my life. But I trusted in the Lord, I said, God is in the heavens, and thou art my God, for my times are in thy hand. I said, Lord, let me not be ashamed of my trust in thee, but let the wicked, who persecute my soul, be ashamed. Let the lying lips be put to silence, which speak grievous things proudly and contemptuously against the poor.

O, how great is thy goodness which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee. O, how thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee, before the sons of men. O, the hope of Israel.

Why boasted thou, O mighty man of mischief? Knowest thou not that the goodness of God endureth forever? Thy tongue deviseth mischief as a sharp razor, and thou lovest lying more than truth. Thou thoughtest that God was altogether such an one as thyself; but he hath reprov'd thee, and set things in order before thee. O, thou man of envy, fearest not thou God? Behold now; without cause thou didst hide thy net in a pit, with a full design to take my feet; but, through God alone, I have escaped as a bird from the snare of the fowler, and thou hast caught thine own-self in the same trap.

O Lord Jehovah, where, or when shall I end thy praise? For many bulls did compass me, strong bulls of Bashan, and Africa, and of America; they gaped upon me with their mouths as ravening, roaring lions. They were as the Gadits who joined David in the wilderness—men of might, men of war fit for battle, with shield and buckler, and whose faces were like faces of lions. Their rage, their tempers, their intentions, their combinations, and terrors, were all exhibited to me in full, on the 23d March, 1839, to which I refer the reader.

Chase was the first big lion; Seys was the second; and the church, the ten smaller lions. But in the name and by the power of the God of battles, they are all smitten. But how were they slain? I answer. God did it by means of the Kees. That is,

when I fought Chase for the \$700, I conquered him exclusively by means of documents of his own hand-writings. And when I fought Seys, for my soul and body, by the help of God I conquered him by means of documents of his own hand-writing. That is, Wilson would have gone on quite well with his testimony—indeed he did go on, soundly against me, length and breadth, until a convenient door was open to introduce papers and letters of Seys' own hand-writing. For after Wilson had sworn to the authenticity of these documents, editorials and official letters, he was soon apprised by my faithful counsellor that his whole testimony was false, or that Seys' editorials and official letters were false. And this blew friend Wilson all to pieces, for his testimony was flat in opposition to Seys' writings. For Seys' writings were all directly in my favor.

Now those documents have answered exactly the same purpose as the keys did. And in slaying the two big lions with the keys, the ten smaller lions are slain by the same instruments.

O glory, glory, honor to God forever. Praise God, and all ye earth, sing praise, sing hallalujah to the ever blessed Almighty Jesus! Lift up your heads ye holy ones, ye sanctification league, shout victory, shout deliverance, shout loud, for our God would not suffer our enemies to triumph over us forever! Therefore his own Almighty arm hath wrought salvation for us. The gates of hell let loose their artillery at us; the floods all rose up with terrible rage; the great mountains gravitated from their centre, and marshalled all around us; and clouds, black and heavy, inflated with terrific thunders and bursting lightnings, all united together, and tempest driven, they all attack us at once. Poor little creatures, and what could we have done with such an army of elements? But we waited patiently for the salvation of God; we called unto him in trouble, and he answered us from the secret place of his thunder. He commanded, and all the violent elements trembled, melted, and abandoned their field in the midst of the fiery engagement. He spake in power, and our enemies were so confounded and frightened, they dropped their arms in field and fled. Thus we gathered the spoil (for we brought Wilson's testimony home with us,) and marched off shouting victory, victory, through the power of David's God.

I desire no more comments to explain his power, faithfulness, love, mercy, or truth. Enough, Lord, enough! Only do thou hold my body as thy temple, and establish thy throne in my soul forever. Lord I will do my best to live and advocate holiness, and sanctification by faith in the blood of Jesus, while I live, and if ever I reach heaven I will fill it with thy praise. To God be all the glory and hallalujah, amen, and amen.

August 3. "This shall be written for the generation to come, and the people which shall be created shall praise the Lord."

Psalms 102:18. To my very dear brethren of the present full salvation league, greeting. Grace and truth, peace and patience, faith and love, with holy fire from heaven, and gospel charity, all be increased in each one of you in great abundance, from God our father, through the sanctifying blood of Jesus, by the almighty operation of the Holy Ghost.

This note is, to testify and tender to you, my most refined gratitude and ardent acknowledgment of your christian friendship, confidence, supporting influence, and all your entire deportment toward me, from the commencement of the Seys' difficulty, even until now. That is, I sincerely thank you that you condescended to become instruments in God's hand to comfort, strengthen, and hold up my wounded soul, while my enemies were trying to murder it. For it was God that moved you to this! It was only an extraordinary degree of the spirit of Christ given you, doubtless for that very purpose; for your actions exactly corresponded with his inward operations. Therefore, please permit me to give all the glory to Jesus.

O brethren what an awful siege your faith has aided me through. O how holy we ought to be if God works thus for us. O what has God wrought? Only look at it o'ce! If you have read what I have written in the foregoing, you observe that in all the church operations against me, from the beginning of those difficulties until now, they have never given me one opportunity to prove or defend myself from those slanderous reports. And hence I had no other way to acquit myself, but to bring them by a warrant into an open field to test their slander. But I did not do this without counselling the Lord, and fasting, and perhaps for that very reason, in connection with your faith, my confidence has remained firm in God ever since.

O thanks be to God for all the precious means which he has used in sustaining my soul in those perils. In journeying often in perils of waters, in perils of rebels, in perils by my own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watching often, in hunger and thirst; in fastings often, in cold and nakedness. Moreover, if I must needs glory, I will glory of the things concerning my infirmities, for when I am weak then am I strong.

But my beloved brethren, I am not disposed to close this note until I refer you to one more item of God's faithfulness in carrying out the Seys case in answer to our prayers. For you know how ardently we all prayed that God would inspire the heart and head of my attorney with wisdom, sincerity, courage, skill, faithfulness, confidence, truth and victory; and had you have been present at the late test, you would have seen him perfect in all those departments.

Why, the champion acted as if he was really responsible to God for both my soul and body, and therefore he must be immortalized, but God must have all the glory.

I am now about closing up this little Abridgment, and if the Lord permit, I design at some future time to present you a copy of it in print, with a design to refresh your memory of holy friendship past and to encourage your confidence in walking by faith in God. As for me I know not whether I shall live long or short on the earth, but this is my determination, the time I do live :

First. I intend to continue to walk by the same faith in God as usual, even till I die, for I am sure it will land me in heaven.

Secondly. My business shall be to do all I can to build up the church in faith and holiness, with all my utmost ability while I live. As I have said before, so say I again, that I fully expect that men and devils will fight me every inch of my way to heaven, but I shall continue to walk by faith.

Again. Before I leave you, suffer me to remark that I still design to write occasionally and leave you a report of the dealings of God and men toward me so long as I am able to write, that you may know the result of my walking by faith in God.

And here permit to remark and let it be understood by all whom it may concern, that if I drop into eternity before publishing what I may write hereafter, I do hereby bequeathe it to the sanctification league, to be disposed of just as you see proper.

And now, my dear friends and brethren, I recommend you to God, my heavenly Father, who will withhold no good thing from you, if you only continue walking by faith in Jesus. Give yourselves no concern only how you may please God.

Never be satisfied with one jot less than all the fullness of God dwelling in you perpetually. I hope, brethren, that you will take the pains to learn and practise this profitable lesson : Always take things as they are and seldom expect them as they should be until you reach heaven.

You will find that the best way to make all things go right is, to first let your own heart be made right with God. But if at any time you are at a loss to know whether your heart is indeed right with God or not, then I recommend you to use my rule :— That is, when I am in the act of applying such promises of God as bring God into my soul and keeping him there, then I have the witness of the Holy Ghost, that my heart is right with God. But when I am not engaged in that act, then I know and feel that I am wrong.

O ye of the present, full salvation league, walk ye by faith in God, that the blood of Jesus Christ may keep you from all sin.

Moreover, you ought to make your fullest arrangements, to be hated and opposed, (not so much by sinners,) but especially by the devil, and by all the dead, formal part of the church, just so

long as you walk by faith in God. For you will find it necessary to the support of your faith, that you hold forth a frequent, public declaration of the power and blessedness of your faith upon your own soul; which public declaration will aggravate the devil and vex the dead, formal, outside christians, who will call it bigotry, deception, enthusiasm, or hypocrisy. But still you must let your light shine before men, or God will assuredly take it from you. And so the very God of peace shall sanctify you wholly, and preserve you faultless to the great day of Judgment.



DOCUMENTS.

The design of these documents are as follows: First: I station them here as so many witnesses of matter of facts, which facts are alluded to in the foregoing work, and which facts have recently been denied by the authors of those documents. It will be seen that nearly all those documents refer to my proceedings in Africa, and that they directly or indirectly have some bearing on the difficulties afore mentioned. Those documents have all been referred to in the foregoing work, and can only be understood by considering their original application. Over each document, the reader will be apprised of my particular design in presenting it, and all will be copied from the original, by the Printer.

Hence, my first document is to show an acknowledgment of the authors, of the genuineness of the conversion of the heathen, according to my reports, which genuineness is now disputed by many of my personal enemies. And I might fill a long volume of similar reports, as follows :

DOCUMENT NO. 1.

From Africa's Luminary, July 19. 1839.

Seys' Editorial.

REVIVAL AT HEDDINGTON.

We now attempt to redeem the pledge given in our last, of presenting to our readers, in detail, an account of the great spiritual work which is going on at Heddington.

This is a new station, taken into the Liberia annual conference of the M. E. Church, at its last session, and designed solely and exclusively as an effort to christianize the native Africans in that neighborhood. But we premise, in the onset, that our description will be poor; our account will fall short; and the picture we draw, be but a faint representation of the reality of the scenes which we have witnessed.

In the revival department, will be found extracts of several letters from the Rev. G. S. Brown. The first, written in his usual

impressive and earnest style, was an earnest call to visit him, and help on the good work, as far as human agency and help were needed, informing us that two natives had been converted. On Tuesday, the 2d inst., we left Monrovia, arrived at White Plains that evening, and the next morning the escort arrived to conduct us through the woods. By one of the men, the second letter was received, which brought the information that eight souls had been savingly brought to the knowledge of the truth. We went and arrived safely. Never will the sensations of that hour be forgotten, when, on entering the mission-house, the sound of voices in prayer and deep distress, arrested our attention. We were conducted to an upper room, and there beheld Mrs. Brown bowed down with three native girls, one of whom was converted, and engaged in prayer for the other two, while the latter continued, with sobs and tears, to cry out, incessantly, "O God—daddy—please gib me a new heart." It was all they could say in English; but, it was enough, and reached the ear of the God of mercy.

That evening, the house was crowded to hear God's palaver, as they term preaching. The plain truths of the gospel were repeated to them. They heard, they felt, they sought, and found redemption in the blood of Christ; and ten souls, that night, professed to have passed from death into life. Among them was the head man, the king of the town. O, the shout of rejoicing when Tom himself, after a long struggle, could tell that God had given him a new heart. At ten, next day, that same gospel which is "the power of God unto the salvation of all who believe," was again set before them, and they were invited to come and partake of the blessing of sins forgiven, as promised in that gospel by Him who is no respecter of persons, but accepts out of every nation, he that feareth him and worketh righteousness." Three more embraced christianity, making twenty-one.

Feeling that such indications ought not to be regarded lightly, we promised, if spared, to visit them again on the 13th, and spend a Sabbath there. Accordingly, on the 12th, we went up to White Plains; and next day, as had been arranged, the necessary escort and carriers arrived. By them Brother Brown's last letter was received. The good work had been going on, and forty souls were converted. But now, like a true son of John Wesley, possessing something of his spirit, he had gathered them into a fold, formed them into a society, arranged them into classes; and here was a regularly organized M. E. Church, made up of converted Africans, away in the wilderness, and in a spot which, until the first day of March last, presented one thick forest, with "devil bush" around and in the midst of it.

We arrived on Saturday afternoon. And now the congratulations, the hearty welcomes of the first converts who were grow-

ing up into Christ, and the smiles and glad countenances of the others who had but recently renounced heathenism, made us almost weep for joy.

There was preaching that night. Our interpreter (and an excellent one he is, a converted native, who was reared by one of the colonists, the late Mr. Miles A. White, of Caldwell, an exhorter in the M. E. Church,) was faithful—God heard prayer—and three more were snatched as brands from the burning; one of them, a fine young prince, son of a king in the neighborhood. But the scenes of the Sabbath exceeded every thing we ever beheld. There was a love-feast there; even there among the poor despised Africans. More than thirty confessed that Jesus Christ had power on earth to forgive sins and give them new hearts. And it was impossible to be there, and feel as christians ought to feel, and not think of the day of Pentecost; for here were Veys, Goulahs, Pessahs, Queahs, and Deys, who we heard speak “the wonderful works of God.”

The word of life was dispensed again at 3 o'clock, and at 7 that evening. The altar was again thronged, and thirteen more, after hours of struggle and agonizing distress, arose “transformed by the renewing of their mind.” Our hearts felt the force of the psalmist's words, “The Lord hath made known his salvation: his righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the heathen.”

But we already see the finger of scorn pointed at us, and the incredulous jeer; and hear the laugh of ridicule. Be it so. This is nothing new. Ever since the days of Wesley, this tune has been piped; and it is so stale now, that his followers never stop to listen to it. They move onward, heedless of what their opposers say or do, so long as God blesses and owns their labors. And does he not do this? Ask more than *seven hundred thousand souls* who are now members of the M. E. Church, and the *hundreds of thousands more* in connection with the British and Irish conferences. Go to Europe, Asia and America, and come to Africa, and inquire what christianity, under the name of Methodism, has wrought. If this will not suffice, wait till you get to heaven, and ask for the millions who have been brought there through the instrumentality of Methodism.

“Well, but we don't believe this work you speak of among the natives.” Why not? “O, these Africans deceive so much. They will pretend any thing.” They will, will they? Pretend to abandon polygamy, and actually put away all but one of several women and take that one as a wife, according to God's holy institution! Pretend to put away idolatry, and actually burn up and destroy, as was publicly done last Sabbath at Heddington, every greegree found in the town, and that too without being requested to do it, or the thing even being hinted!! All this pre-

tence, is it? Prodigious faith to believe any such thing pretence. "Well, but they won't hold out, they will backslide, a great many of them, if not all." And so because they are wicked, and very deceitful, and can pretend to any thing, we must conclude they are too bad to be saved, and so leave them! Or we must anticipate they will apostatize, and for that reason make no effort to get them brought out of heathenish darkness! Good doctrine, truly. We will listen to it as soon as you will show us where the Saviour taught that any were too wicked to have an offer of salvation made to them, or tell us where and when a revival of religion was ever known, and all who professed were faithful to the end. But, enough. We refer our christian readers who may feel interested, to the account which Brother Jayne has kindly furnished us of what he saw and heard. And to our enemies, (if we have any) we say please read the following words of Jesus Christ, and take warning: "Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name, and he followeth not us; and we forbade him, because he followeth not us. But Jesus said, Forbid him not: for there is no man which shall do a miracle in my name, that can lightly speak evil of me. For he that is not against us, is on our part. For whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward, And whosoever shall offend one of *these* little ones that believe in me, it is better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea."

(A true copy.) From the original.

An extract of a letter from W. P. Jayne, the Printer.

"THE PEOPLE WHICH SAT IN DARKNESS SAW GREAT LIGHT."

Dear Brother Seys,—Having been on a visit to Heddington to witness the glorious work which you mentioned in the last *Luminary*, I purposed in my mind to present you with a brief account of our trip there. Should you think it worthy a place in its columns, you may insert it—in whole or in part—as may, in your judgment, be thought proper.

On Friday last, about 12 o'clock, we left this place for Heddington; and though the tide ran strongly against us most of the way, our faithful boys performed their task well, and in five and a half hours, we arrived at White Plains.

We lodged for the night at White Plains, in the family of brother Wilson, where we were most hospitably entertained. A little after ten the next morning, the natives arrived, who, according to arrangement, brother Brown was to send to conduct us through the woods. We were carried, however, through the woods without meeting with any accident, and in about two

hours from the time we left White Plains, arrived in safety at Heddington.

Here we met with the warmest reception, not only from the mission family, but also from the native, who, ere we had arrived, ran out to meet and shake hands with us; and, as I inferred from their smiles and cheerful countenances, to welcome us to their home in the woods.

In the evening it was proposed to have preaching. The time having arrived, a bell was rung through the town to call the people together. This was no sooner done, than the natives came flocking to the house from every part of the town, until the room was completely filled. A sermon was preached through an interpreter, suited to the occasion, followed by some remarks from several of the brethren, to all of which they listened with the most intense interest,—every eye was fixed upon the speaker,—all seemed eager to hear and understand the whole interpretation of what was said. After the exercises, a prayer meeting was held, and an invitation was given to those who desired the salvation of their souls, to kneel at the altar. Six or seven immediately presented themselves as anxious for an interest in Christ. All now bowed in prayer, *the native converts* as well as the other brethren present, earnestly making supplications to the throne of grace for the conversion of the mourners. And God heard prayer,—three were brought that evening “from nature’s darkness into the marvelous light of the gospel,” and arose and testified to the change they had received,—the work which God had wrought in their hearts.

On Sunday morning, at family worship, I was much rejoiced at the interest the natives felt in this means of grace: for the bell being rung, they began to flock to the house from every quarter, seemingly unwilling to let even these exercises pass without being present. At eight, a love-feast was held. After singing and prayer, the nature and meaning of this means of grace, were explained to them through an interpreter; and all who had found Christ, and professed to have met with a change of heart, were desired to arise and relate their experience—to tell what God had done for them. After one or two of the American brethren had spoken, (for several of us were there on a visit,) the natives unhesitatingly arose to testify to what God done for them.

Between thirty and forty arose and told what God had done for them. And though some spoke in the Goulah tongue, some in the Pessah, some in the Dey, some in the Vey, and some in the Queah and necessarily required several interpreters,—(for all was interpreted into English,) all spoke the same *spiritual* language,—all told the simple story,—that “whereas they were once blind they now saw.” Thus in the woods,—among the natives of the forest, we had a most interesting and profitable love-feast.

We had preaching at half past ten in the morning, and at three in the afternoon; on both of which occasions the room was filled. But the scenes of the evening surpassed any thing I had ever before seen or heard. Never did I see the power of God manifested on this wise. After a sermon had been preached, another invitation was given to those who desired an interest in Christ, to bow down at the altar, while the people of God united with them in prayer for their salvation. A number were at once upon their knees, earnestly seeking God. After a short time had been spent in imploring divine aid, half a dozen or more, under the power of the Holy Spirit, were prostrated on the floor, speechless. Thirteen that evening professed to have experienced a change of heart, and confessed, in their simple language, that "God had taken away their bad hearts and given them new ones."

I learned from one of the brethren who was present, that there was a general burning of all the greegrees belonging to the natives of the town. He desired one of them not to burn up the neatly braided strings which was attached to his greegree,—he had better give it to him rather than destroy it. He refused by saying,—“It belong greegree—greegree no be fit for *no* man.” The next morning, as we went into one of the huts, a native presented to us the contents of *his* greegree he had destroyed, which consisted of an old rusty nail and screw, and a leaden ball mixed up with mud, remarking at the same time.—“Greegree be nothing—no good in greegree.” Truly, “to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up.”

Nor is Tom's town the only place likely to be benefitted by the work which is going on there: natives from other towns have been there—got converted, and carried the good tidings home: and the consequence is, that the kings or head men of several of the adjoining towns are not only willing, but anxious that missionaries should be sent among *them* too, that they also may soon hear “God-palaver.” In fact, two of the native boys, John Clark and Samuel Merwin, from the White Plains manual labor school, who had got permission to go to Heddington to spend the Sabbath, were converts of that evening. The time, sir, is fast approaching when “the wilderness and the solitary places of Africa shall be glad for them; and her deserts shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.”

But I must close,—I have been far more lengthy than I anticipated. On Monday morning, we left for home; not however, till thirty or forty, who gathered around, shook hands with us, and bid us good bye.

Affectionately yours,

Monrovia, July 15. 1839.

W. P. JAYNE.

(A true copy.) From the original.

DOCUMENT NO. II.

The design of this document is to show an acknowledgment of the author that there are cannibals in Africa, who frequently mingle in the Liberia colony, which fact has recently been denied.

From Africa's Luminary, June 21, 1839.

Seys' Editorial.

GOTERAH.—AFRICAN WARRIOR.

Our town was all in commotion on Monday last, in consequence of a visit from Goterah, a warrior attached to the Condo people, who, with eight or ten men visited this place, to hold a palaver with Gov. Buchanan. This notable personage, a member of the Boozee tribe—a cannibal in his very appearance, is a well built, muscular man, of good size, with prominent features, and an eye that bespeaks a love of war and bloodshed. He was dressed in a large loose gound, without sleeves or collar, of African manufacture, and a cap with a huge tail behind it, made of leopard skin, and decorated with cowrie shells sewed on in circles, and various figures, and the hair of some wild animal. One of the men by whom he was accompanied, marched behind this great war-man with a drum of rather rude workmanship, which, whenever the chief moved, he beat with two small sticks. It appears that the commissioners named in Gov. Buchanan's letter which will be found on our third page, and who had been sent by His Excellency to investigate the cause of a war among the native tribes in our neighborhood, by means of which the property of one or more citizens of Liberia had been destroyed, had an interview with this said Goterah, and invited him to Monrovia to see Gov. Buchanan, as he had been the chief leader of the party who had ransacked and burned the towns, and destroyed the property. After a number of awkward gestures and manœuvres in the street before the government house, during which he crouched, roared, growled, and shook himself like a *leopard*, (which is the meaning of his name,) his curiosity was awakened at hearing several discharges from a piece of ordnance which the governor had ordered to be fired. On hearing the report of the cannon he repaired to the spot and gazed apparently with much interest on the process of loading, firing, sponging out, &c. As soon as His Excellency was ready to receive him, he and his party were escorted to the government house and admitted into the governor's parlor, where, with a number of citizens, we accompanied the strangers and witnessed the following interesting palaver:

Gov. B., through the medium of W. Lewis, Esq., who being well acquainted with several of the native languages, acted as in-

terpreter, stated that for a long time it was well known in America that King Boatswain, in his life time, was always a friend to the American people, and to these colonies. Lieut. Gov. Williams then desired the interpreter to say that whatever word Goterah had in his heart to say to the governor, now to speak on. Goterah, who had his own interpreter, to whom he spoke in his own language, but who spoke to Mr. Lewis in the Vey tongue, replied, that Boatswain's people were all friendly to the Americans; if any of them come here and do bad, keep them—let it be known—send for him, and they should be punished;—that the kings and head men of that country had put great power in his (Goterah's) hands, and whatever he says is done. If even any of the head men done wrong, and they wanted him punished, and he (Goterah) said No, his word was obeyed. He makes war and carries it wherever he pleases. They all feel, however, tributary to the governor of the American colonies; and when they have any palaver will resort to him and abide by his decision. If the governor at any time wanted any fighting done, just send for him and he would do it for him. That one of the principal things he wanted to say, was about his women, six of whom had gone over the river and were detained among the Queah people, were working for them, raising rice which they got none of themselves, and they would not give them up. That he did not mind his men and boys being out, going to Millsburgh or coming down here; for one of his boys now lived with Dr. Taylor at Millsburgh; but his women was what he wanted. To this the governor replied, that if these women were detained by any of his people in either of these colonies, he must not make war against them and fight them, but come to him and hold the palaver with him, that he would immediately give them up. But if they were detained in any tribe who were under his jurisdiction, then let him send two of his men, the governor would send two of his, and let the four go and ascertain if the women were kept away from them, and then talk and settle the palaver. He added, that he wished them all to live in peace, have no more war, but settle all their palavers as Americans do, by talking, not fighting.

Goterah. Let me know where your possessions are, how far your country extends, over whom you have authority and jurisdiction. I will make no war, nor molest any within your territory; but beyond them I make war when and where I please. I am a very bad man; my fashion is to take and burn a town, kill and eat the people.

(A true copy.) From the original.

From Africa's Luminary, July 5, 1839.

Extract of Seys' Editorial.

GOTERAH.—GRAND PALAVER.

On Wednesday, the 17th ult., the grand palaver, alluded to in our last, was held in one of the offices attached to the government premises, and we had an opportunity of witnessing the proceedings. As the interpreters were poor, and a great many interruptions and repetitions occurred, it is almost impossible to present our readers with any thing more than the substance of the remarks which were made by the parties.

The first thing which His Excellency, Gov. Buchanan, inquired into, was the ground of the claim which Goterah set up to two women who were present, having been sent for, for the occasion, and who for years had been residing within the bounds of the colonial territory. On being requested to speak in defence of this claim, the great war-man began and went through quite an impassioned, and somewhat eloquent speech, accompanied by some odd but not inappropriate gestures. He declared that *Nakco*, one of the women, had been the wife of Col on, a recaptive African who had been killed in war; that the said Colson had been in his debt and died without paying him. This was his *first* statement. But it appeared before the close of the palaver, when he found that he was not likely to obtain his end on that ground, that he changed his note and said Colson had *sold* her to him. And both of these grounds of claim were proved to be mere subterfuges by Mr. White, a justice of the peace, from Millsburgh, who affirmed that when Goterah applied to him and demanded these women, who resided within the district of Millsburgh, he had uniformly stated that Colson had *given* her to him. Thus the fellow had prepared himself three different experiments to accomplish his purpose. The other woman *Yah*, he claimed to be his by inheritance. He declared her to be the property of his father, Namsooih. His father was dead, and all that belonged to him, now devolves to his son. Goterah, he said, was not a boy: when he moved he wanted followers—he must have a train behind him. It was said that he made war to take slaves to sell, this was not so—he sold none: he ate, and kept the others for his own use. These women he claimed as his own, and demanded them at the hands of the governor.

During the most excited part of his address, we were much amused at a singular movement, which we were informed was equivalent to an oath. He generally spoke sitting; but at the moment we allude to, he sprang from his chair, laid hold of two bright spears with which he travelled and which were leaning against the side of the room, placed them on the floor in a horizontal position, and close to each other, then stepped on them, made

some most impassioned remarks, stepped back, took up the spears, and held one in his right hand in a menacing position, and seemingly in the very act of darting forward at some one. The following we were told, was the nature of this kind of oath: "If I *lie* in these statement, if they are not the truth, may these my own spears on which I now stand, and are now at my command, under my very feet, be made to punish the crime; may they be turned, as I now hold them, against myself, and by some unknown hand, be plunged in Goterah's heart." He now, much agitated, sat down.

Gov. Buchanan now permitted the man who came forward as counsel for the women, to reply. This is an interesting young man. He too, is a recaptive. [By a recaptive in this sense, we mean not an African taken on the high seas by a European or American cruiser, and brought back to their country and set free; but we mean Africans about to be sent off in chains by slave dealers, rescued by *colonists*, and protected by them and their laws and government.] Anthony, so named by the Lieut. Governor, Mr. Williams, in whose family he was reared, rose and told a plain unvarnished tale: "Colson was my brother, an older brother. *Nakoo*, *this* woman. (pointing to one of the women,) was his wife. They lived in a Dey town, called Zooih. We were both captives. We were taken in Ashmun's time. Colson was taken at Digby. I was taken when a small boy, at Mammy's town. War was carried to Zooih while Colson lived there, by the Goulah's, and he was killed. Goterah was one of the leaders in that war. He was Colson's friend, he says; but he knows—there he is, (pointing to Goterah,) and cannot deny it—he knows that he commanded his brother Sissey, to shoot my brother Colson. He shot him in the back of his head with a musket, and it was given out that Colson was shot by the enemy. He killed my brother to get his wife. He took her, but she ran away from him, came to Millsburgh, got permission to sit down in that neighborhood, and for five years has been protected there. Goterah cannot have her: my brother did not owe him—my brother did not leave his wife to him. *Yah*, the other woman never was Goterah's slave, never belonged to his father: she too, with her husband, lived in Zooih. He was killed in that same war: and she was taken, tied, and would have been sold to Spaniards by that same Goterah. She ran away, went to Millsburgh, and has there been protected. Here is her present husband. Even me he wanted to catch and sell to Spaniard as a slave."

The women were now commanded by the governor to speak for themselves. Poor creatures, there they had sat, and there they had been listening; and we felt perhaps as they did, that on this brief interview, this short hour, their liberty, nay, their existence depended. If given up by governor Buchanan to Go-

terah, what must they expect? To be sold to Spaniards, kept as slaves and worked as beasts of burden; or killed and eaten by their cannibal master! It was a moment of thrilling anxiety to them.

DOCUMENT III.

The design of this document is to show another acknowledgment of the authors that we had a battle with the cannibals; which cannibalism is now denied, and the carnage of that battle.

From Africa's Luminary, March 20, 1840.

Seys' Editorial.

ATTACK ON HEDDINGTON.—BLOODY BATTLE.—SIGNAL VICTORY.

In presenting the first number of our second volume to our readers and benefactors, our feelings are indescribable at being obliged to give them the intelligence which it contains. Melancholy indeed, are the reflections which the scenes of the last fortnight occasion us. In the midst of the most unprecedented success on our mission stations at Heddington and Robertsville, we did not dream of the sad catastrophe which was about to take place, but fondly imagining that the victories of the Gospel of peace would be pushed far and wide, were exerting ourselves, and all our powers, physical and mental, to conduct our affairs to the furtherance of that Gospel. Alas! how uncertain, how mutable, are all earthly prospects!

We refer our readers to the very minute and detailed accounts which follow, of the late sanguinary engagement at Heddington, as furnished us by the Rev. G. S. Brown, the Rev. Dr. Taylor, and Mrs. Harris, our school teacher, at Heddington. The question may possibly be proposed, nay, very probably, Did Mr. Brown do right as a Christian, a minister, a missionary to slaughter his fellow men as he did in that battle, and to encourage his two associates, Harris and Demory, to do so? To this we answer, that we could not defend or justify any Christian minister, or missionary in a war of an offensive character. But at the same time, will any man pretend that it was the duty of Brown, Harris, and Demory, to fold their arms, and let in a savage cannibal army of 3 or 400 men upon the town, to cut their own throats, destroy the mission property, burn up the house of God and mission buildings, ransack the native town, and carry off the people of that town to be sold as slaves for the Havannah market? Will any body say they were wrong to fight on the defensive, to protect themselves, their families, and their property, and endeavor to drive off the foe? Surely not. That such a course should be resorted to as fighting, is lamented, deeply lamented by us all, and

by no man more so than by brother Brown himself; but yet we cannot blame, we cannot censure, nay, we dare not promise that we ourselves would remain neutral under similar circumstances, and permit a gang of savages, whose objects were plunder and a love of human flesh, to murder our families and cut our own throats, without any resistance. We do not believe that the word of God teaches any such doctrine, otherwise we had not on record the victories of Moses, Joshua, David, and a host of others, whose defence of themselves against the heathen, was always (so long as they "obeyed the voice of the Lord their God") sanctioned by him. Nay, more than this, he gave them the victory. He fought their battles, and often against fearful odds; the Lord delivered their enemies into their hands. And we would ask—if the success of the Israelites was proof of the approbation of Heaven, do we want any stronger proof than this, that God looked down and was pleased with the course pursued by the three Christian men, when attacked by 300 African cannibals? Was ever a victory known like unto this? A host of men within three rods of a small framed house, the only obstacle to an approach to which was a slight fence of pailings, put on with shingle nails, which two strong men could have torn down in five minutes—a host of men kept at bay by three—beaten, driven off by them, not a hair of their own heads injured, and only two of the natives of the town wounded—was not all this "the Lord's doing and marvelous in your eyes?"

We cannot but think after all, that good will result from this lamentable affair. We think so on the following ground: King Thom's town having grown immensely since Christianity was introduced in it—from twenty to fifty-two houses—it became a matter of envy to Gaytoombah and his savage confederates, and the mission property a great temptation. An attack is therefore made, but they are defeated with an immense loss. It is not very probable that they will venture a second attack. Again, Charles Baker, a native convert, is shot, and dies of his wounds; dies happy in God. This was the only remaining proof wanting of genuineness of the religion which the natives at Heddington profess to enjoy. Baker gloried in his Savior to the last, and died in the act of giving Brother Brown a signal (speech having failed him,) that he knew, he felt he was going to heaven. This will greatly confirm the other converts. It will stop the mouth of gainsayers.

This is nevertheless a time of fearful anxiety, and calls much for our united and continued prayers. We shall go up soon, and try to comfort our brethren and friends there. The Governor being absent on a visit to Bassa, His Honor, the Lieutenant Governor, and the council met, and lost no time in sending up a detachment of men to assist in defending the place. The U. S. brig-

antine Dolphin being here, Captain Bell very promptly offered to go down for His Excellency, whose presence is much required.

The following account is given by Dr. Taylor of Millsburgh.

Millsburgh, March 3, 1840.

Dear Brother Seys,—Though I feel myself highly incompetent to the task, yet I have concluded to make the attempt to give you some account of the dreadful war that lately occurred at Heddington. But as I am no historian, no writer, and with all, a very slow and bad penman, I scarcely know how or where to commence.

On Saturday morning the 7th of March, on my way from Monrovia at sun rise or a little after, I met Mr. D. Smart of Millsburgh on his way to the Cape. I learned from him that a firing of guns had commenced at daylight and had continued for an hour or more: he said either at Heddington or at Millsburgh; but as he had left some time before daylight, he could not tell which. I soon discovered it to be a sad truth,—that the savage Gaytoombah had sent an army against Heddington. But how to determine how many other towns had fallen, what was the probable amount of mischief done, I could not. I think I do not exaggerate when I say I heard at least twenty different stories ere I reached Millsburgh; nothing, however, was certain, except that a large armed force had made an attack upon King Tom's town, with the cannibal Goterah at their head. What my feelings were when I was told that a large detachment from the main body of the army had been sent to attack Robertsville, I am not master of language to describe; I leave you therefore to picture them out in your own mind. My wife, an adopted daughter, and our servant woman was there. What has become of them, was the inquiry in my mind. What contributed greatly to increase my misery, was the recollection that my wife wanted to come home on Thursaay, but I requested her to stay till I returned from the Cape.

When I arrived at Millsburgh, I found that a number of armed men, with Capt. White at their head, had gone to Robertsville to bring my family, if alive, to Millsburgh. When they got there, my wife had gone into the bush with the native women and children two or three miles; the girl could not be found, and one man was also missing. On hearing this,—that a company of men had gone out, I immediately collected together another company, of some eighteen or twenty colonists and natives, and proceeded well armed, to the same place. In our march thither, we saw signs of the passing of a host, and signs also of savage cruelty, and human brutality. The path was worn smooth, and strewed

with pieces of bamboo, small mats and rice. We found right athwart the path, a little boy belonging to the settlement of Millsburgh, whom they had caught at a half town, through which they passed; but finding him likely to be troublesome, they murdered him and threw him by the side of an old log which lay across the path. In that half town also they wounded a recaptive, who nevertheless killed one man and wounded another, before he received his shot in the left shoulder.

As we proceeded along the path, we saw they sat down in the night, and built up small fires to light their pipes and bamboo torches. About the last cock crow, it is said, they went to a farmhouse about a mile from town, belonging to one of Tom's men, who had with him two women. This man has but one hand. The plunderers caught both the women, upon which the man started to run; but a thought struck him, that it was not worth while to run off with a loaded gun in his hand, and turning around, he saw a man who had one of his women, into whose body he discharged the contents of his gun. The man fell dead, and the woman was liberated; then both of them ran for their lives to the town. The woman cried, "War, war!" at every step. The firing of the gun, and the woman's cries aroused Tom, who came out of his house immediately, and sent a boy to run along the path to look and listen, if he could see or hear any thing to confirm the woman's report: and in a very few minutes he returned and said, "he be true' war come for true," and now the army was in sight. Tom and the people had been expecting war according to report, and were therefore somewhat prepared for them. Brother Harris met them as they came up to the mission house in the rear, and gave them the first fire. Now the war commenced. Harris and Demory took their station at the back door, below stairs. Brothers Brown and J. Z. Nichols took their station at the back window, up stairs, some of the native men took their station in the open space in front of the mission lot.

The firing was kept up regularly for one hour and twenty-two minutes, during which time only two of Tom's men were wounded, brother Nichols and brother Baker: the latter of whom died the next morning of a mortal wound in the lower part of the abdomen, which allowed the intestines to protrude. Brother Baker exposed himself rather imprudently, giving the enemy a fair shot at him when and from whence he did not expect it. He was a brave little fellow, and the best of all, was not afraid to die; but in much peace and quite composed he fell asleep in the arms of his Saviour. The enemy on the other hand were nearly cut to pieces, principally by three men.

Just as soon as Goterah was killed or shot down, they began to retreat. This statement has been much doubted by many

persons, but the fact of his death is well attested by many respectable men of Millsburgh who saw his head; and a native who felt interested in the matter, went himself to the place where his body lay, and examined for himself a mark on his breast which Goterah had received in some war, which he had frequently noticed. He took the body and washed the dirt and blood off his breast; and when he saw the mark, he was satisfied, and said, "he be Goterah, for true." The first report of Goterah's death was brought by the woman whom they had taken at the farm-house. This women got away in consequence of their being so dreadfully cut to pieces, and so many dead that they had not sound men enough to secure what few prisoners they had taken. Every one of them got away except the poor little colonist, and him doubtless they killed to prevent his escape. Harris told me that he fired thirty-two rounds, and I heard some one say that Demory fired fifteen or sixteen, but I have never heard how many brother Brown fired. It is evident that the God of battles was on their side: the Christian's God was with them. But speaking after the manner of men, there cannot be a doubt of the fact, that had not Harris and Demory been at Heddington, and been brave men, and good marksmen, Heddington and Robertsville must have fallen. At one time the cartridges they had down stairs gave out, and Harris recollected that he had some buckshot up stairs, and he immediately ran up and filled his pockets, one with some fine rifle powder, and the other with buckshot; he also supplied Demory, and it was with these that the great work of destruction was completed. They did not pretend to load by any given rule whatever; they poured the shot and powder into their guns by the handfull, the shot some times to the number of forty or more, and discharged their pieces into the midst of a group of natives. And when Goterah fell, his men rushed up to take him off. In consequence of the severity of these shots, they did not succeed till the third or fourth attempt.

In attempting this, many who would not otherwise have been injured at all, were wounded or killed. Goterah, however, was killed with a gun loaded by a native man. When Harris saw Goterah enter the mission lot, through a hole which he broke in the palings, both their guns being empty, he thought surely they would get into the house before he could load; he turned his back to the side of the house by the door and called for the axe, intending as soon as the cannibal put his head in at the door, to cut him down with it. But as he turned himself, he discovered a gun which happened to be loaded, though he was not aware of it. As soon as Goterah saw him take up the gun, he ran back behind one of the out houses, and came up again between two of them, looked through the palings, and here he shot him. He received several large slugs into different parts of his body. His right

thigh bone was broken, one slug passed through his lungs, and three or four into the abdomen.

Up stairs, Brothers Brown and Nichols were playing their part well. Their situation exposed them much more to the enemy's view than that of the brethren below; but they also had a fair view of the enemy, and you may depend upon it, their guns told well from the back window. I have not received a very regular account from brother Brown, of what took place up stairs; but all below stairs, so far as I have gone, I received from Harris and Demory. Harris is preserving Goterah's head for the governor.

Yours &c.,

W. H. TAYLOR.

From Africa's Luminary, April 3, 1840.

FARTHER PARTICULARS OF THE WAR AT HEDDINGTON.

Millsburgh, March 31, 1840.

Dear Brother Seys.—My last communication, giving you an account of the war, I was obliged to cut short, that I might embrace the opportunity to send it to you in time for your last number. But as there are still in my possession facts which may be interesting to your readers, I send the following, which I have gathered from good authority, as well as from my own observation.

It was Goterah's intention when leading on his army, to take Heddington first, make a barricade, and then, as they express themselves, set down there until they should capture all the neighboring towns. Goterah also determined to breakfast upon Brown that morning; and had he taken Heddington, it would have been no very difficult task to have taken all the rest of the towns in the neighborhood, as the mere mention of Goterah's name was sufficient to strike terror to the hearts of any number of ordinary native men. This I know from observation. I saw a company of traders in Millsburgh, shortly after Goterah's visit to that place in 1839, who upon hearing that he had been in the town, were afraid to go one hundred yards into the bush for wood to make fire to sleep by. Their determinations were boldly expressed in the presence of the prisoners whom they had already taken in their way to Heddington. But we bless the Lord, that in all these determinations, through his kind interference, they were most sadly disappointed.

On Sabbath, 8th of March, parties of us, colonists and natives, scoured the bush for miles up the St. Paul's. About ten miles above Millsburgh, we came to the place where one of Zoda Quee's men fired the day before at one of the fugitive warriors. This was at the spot where a by path which brought us through

the *big* bush from Moore's place was intercepted by the main path leading up the river. As the day was very warm, and the men complained of being much fatigued, we concluded to separate from the natives, and return to Millsburgh by the main path. Zoda, with fifteen or twenty others, proceeded up the river, to see what they could discover, that is, pretending so to do; for the day before, his boys had discovered Goterah's body, but were afraid to cut off the cannibal's head, and ran back to communicate the discovery to Zoda, that he might go himself and get the head of Goterah. How far they went, I have not been able to ascertain. When we arrived opposite Millsburgh, I again separated from the company and crossed the river; the rest following the aforesaid path, went toward Heddington. In their way thither, they came up with a party that had sallied forth from Millsburgh with a drum beating, thinking by these means to enable our friends who had been lost in the bush, to find their way out. This party from Millsburgh had stopped to bury the poor little colonist who had been so cruelly murdered by those merciless savages, and thrown into the path. While the company were thus humanely engaged, the drum beating all the time, they had the unspeakable pleasure to behold our friends emerge as it were from the bosom of a dense forest, without having sustained the least injury; but they were so frightened as scarcely to be able to tell from whence they came. The man lost a fine gun, and the woman a part of her clothes,* but neither of them could tell what direction should be taken, to go in search of them. But to return: and were it necessary I would ask pardon for this digression from the main subject.

There is a practice which, so far as I have yet learned, prevails among all the African tribes, of carrying off their dead and wounded as soon as they fall. Their mode of conveying them is as follows: a pole about eight or ten feet long is cut in the first place, vines or stripes of strong bark are provided, and a large mat is the next thing. The ropes are cut a certain length, and laid on the ground, so as to surround the body when laid straight out; the mat is laid upon these, and the body upon the mat, with the face upward; the pole is then laid on the man, the ends of the ropes are then brought up, four in number, and tied over the pole, one man being at each end. They then bring it to their shoulders, and the body is borne off by them with all possible speed toward their own home. It is almost incredible with what velocity they pass along those narrow serpentine paths through the forest, with a dead or wounded man on their shoulders. In this instance, however, it appears that a number of their dead had to be left by the way side. There were so many dead and wounded men

*All of which have since been found.

to carry, that there were not a sufficiency of whole men to spell each other. When they found themselves closely pursued by their enemies, and heard the firing of guns just behind them, they concluded, we presume, that they could not make their escape with both their wounded and dead; they therefore cut the dead bodies loose from their poles, and dragged them to one side in the bush, and covered them with leaves and other trash, and some dirt perhaps, as well as their moment of time would allow, and then fled for their lives. As many as twenty-two of these poles were found in the path; from this it is evident that twenty-two dead men were cut loose from these poles. Three men were left dead on the ground, one found at a half town. Two died of their wounds at King Bramley's, and it is said that twelve were so badly injured, that in attempting to cross the river, their strength failed ere they made the opposite shore, and all perished. If the latter statement be correct, we are in possession of the fact, that in the action at Heddington, the enemy has sustained a loss of forty men. Their poles were all besmeared with blood.

When Zoda and his party arrived at the place where Goterah lay, they instantly severed his head from his body; and turning faces homeward, they ran every step of the path back, till they came up with the company of colonists from whom they had separated. Here the whole of the three parties were assembled at the burial of the poor little colonist; and here too the head of the human shaped Boozee hyæna was exhibited in triumph, to the unspeakable joy of the whole assembly, and more particularly to Mr. Harris who had administered to him the handful of slugs which caused his death. I understand that a party, to the number of about 40, went out to reconnoitre the place where the army crossed the St. Paul's. As they approached the place, they found four or five human bodies in a state of putrefaction. They also saw five or six men who were so wild that they could not get near them. When they came down to the water's edge, they saw on the opposite shore, a number, perhaps thirty or forty, sitting on the sand; they seemed as though they had been playing. What can these people be about, if in truth they are there? In my opinion they should be routed forthwith.

I have been told that some native man who was in that war, had said, speaking of Heddington, that he did not know what kind of a place that was;—"No more tree or four man live there, but gun fire all time; some body no load 'im, no more he fire all time." I doubt not but it was somewhat strange to them. They have never been so handled before. It is reported that they departed from their original purpose in attacking Heddington. The war was sent against some king back in the Pessah country. But unfortunately poor Goterah was too hungry for Brown.

Yours, &c.,

W. H. TAYLOR.

DOCUMENT NO. IV.

This document is to show that there are cannibals on the western coast of Africa, who came in among us; and also to show what influence the gospel had in those days on the natives of the interior; all of which are denied at the present day.

From Africa's Luminary, November 6th, 1840.

Extracts from two letters of Dr. Taylor.

Robertsville, October 15th, 1840.

Dear Brother Seys,—Glory be to God. The harvest truly is great. Seven souls, making a company which came yesterday from the interior, as *we* say, but as the natives say, from *long bush*, professed to be converted to-night. In each individual case, the answer to the question, Do you believe that Jesus died to save you? was, Yes. It is not worth while to enlarge here on these things; the fact is too plain, that Methodism, as it is in reality, (not as it is in the conduct and say-so of its half-hearted professors,) is the doctrine by which the world of mankind are to be enlightened upon the great truths of the Bible. Her ministry, ordinances, bible societies, Sabbath schools, and her missionaries, are in reality enlightening those that sit in the region and shadow of death. It is the practice where some of these people came from, to eat all their dead. They never bury a man, but as soon as he is dead, they turn to and eat him. And when a man gets very old, his neighbor goes to his children and makes an agreement with them, that they will kill their old father and eat him, and when my father gets old, you must take him and do likewise. Now, among this people is the work of the Lord moving. If such an awful habit should be broken up; (and indeed, need we fear any thing,) if we only have a grain of living, working faith, and continue to live and work by that faith, we shall yet see the kingdom of God come.

Robertsville, October 20th, 1840.

My dear Brother—Mr. Seys,—Our town is all alive to-night; Zoda has at last made his appearance, and he abounds with news the most interesting. But I am truly at a loss where to commence with a narration of what I have already received from him, which, I am pretty sure, is only a small portion.

1st. He was detained on account of some dispute with King Governor, about selling some people. He sent for his father to come and see him at his old town, but the people would not let him come; he was making a final settlement of his affairs.

2d. A general and deep interest has been awakened in the minds of the people about religion. His father has sent nine men to see you personally, and converse with, and receive messages from you, with which they are to return to him. Another King has also sent some of his people to hear the gospel—ascertain all about the matter, and return and make report to him. He had some difficulties, on account of the opposition of some who would not believe. This seemed, however, to have been regarded by him, as of no consequence. Great anxiety is manifested all through the country where he has been, to have God-palaver there; and he said to me, “Suppose all this war-palaver done set, I can make meetin house in Golah country.” Above sixty persons, he says, have come expressly to hear God-palaver. Some acquisition has been made to the school also, and some more are coming.

I was much pleased this evening when sitting in his house;—he asked one of the women to give him some water. After drinking, he said, loud enough for all to hear, and with much seeming consideration, “Thank God.” I was really humbled in my soul; I thought how often do I think to be thus particular to thank God for all things, even for a drink of water. At prayer to-night, he spoke, and said he rejoiced to see us all again. He was also very glad to see many strangers, who had come to hear the word of exhortation. He exhorted his people to be faithful. Said if any man told them that the gospel was not true, not to mind him, for “that man fool himself.”

From Africa's Luminary, Nov. 20, 1840.

Extract of Seys' Editorial.

PROSPERITY IN LARGE, &c.

Prosperity in large and prominent characters is deeply engraven on every department of this mission. * * * * We have all thought, and said, and written, that we confidently believe the time would come, when the number of members of the M. E. Church in Western Africa, who were Americans would be a small and but a very small proportion of the whole of her membership. And the time is rapidly rolling round. Already hundreds have united with us. Already are there native stations well established permanently so. Already are the natives of distant towns flocking to unite with those who have embraced the christian's God. Already are native teachers raised up by the God of missions, and these men, unlettered to be sure, but taught of God's holy Spirit, are teaching and preaching to their countrymen the unsearchable riches of Christ. Already are native youths, of fine, quick, natural parts, reading the sacred volume in English,

overcoming with amazing rapidity the difficulties of English Grammar, (as is the pleasing fact at Heddington,) and learning to communicate in writing the truths they acquire. Already has the sound of these great things which the Lord has accomplished by his word and by his servants, gone forth to hundreds of miles in various directions. Deputations from kings at a distance, are pouring in to know what all this means—this new religion, these new doctrines, this giving up of devil worship, of polygamy, and other favorite sins. They come to inquire, and they themselves are “pricked to the heart,” become themselves the subject of this great salvation, and retire, filled with “peace and joy in believing.”

[A true copy.] From the original.

DOCUMENT NO. V.

This document shows the probability of my establishing another Mission station by the authority of my superintendent, and the position in which I stood in relation to the work; both of which are denied at the present day.

Seys' Letter of Nov. 14, 1840.

WHITE PLAINS, Saturday, Nov. 14, 1840.

My Dear Brother Brown:—I have received your letter directed to me at this place. * * * My health is somewhat better, but not entirely restored. I am still weak and feeble. Do you go to the Goulah country yourself? I do wish you could make it so as to go and explore that place. I verily believe that you would select a place for a new mission, and I should almost be tempted to appoint you there at Conference: if you would go and have some of your selected and choice boys and men go and plant the standard in another place. God, I believe, designs you as a very special instrument in saving Africa.

Yours affectionately,

JOHN SEYS.

[A true copy.] From the original.

DOCUMENT NO. VI.

This is a very important document in its place; containing both an acknowledgment of my authority and directions for establishing a Mission in Goloo, and the fact that I did establish a Mission according to my report, which establishment is boldly denied at the present day.

From Africa's Luminary, July 20, 1842.

Chase's Editorial.

THE WAR CHIEF, BALLAHSADAH.

The readers of the Luminary have long since heard something of this young competitor for the laurels of victory in African warfare.

We now refer to an editorial for April 3d, 1840, just after the memorable battle at Heddington. Soon after that trying event, Ballahsadah, or as he is called in the editorial referred to, "Ballahsellah," came "with 50 men to the assistance of the friends at Heddington."

His solicitude to entertain the Superintendent of the Mission, and his friends, with a "war-play," will, perhaps, be readily called to mind by our readers, and show how much this young aspirant for military glory, prided himself in the supposed skill which he and his warriors possessed for conquest.

He is one of the Goulah tribe, and resides, perhaps, more than a hundred miles in the interior.

It will be recollected that early in April last, brother G. S. Brown made a visit among the Goulah tribe, with an intention of establishing a Mission among them, according to an understanding had with our Board of Managers, before leaving the United States; provided the people should be found as anxious for it, as, from circumstances, the Board had anticipated they would.

During the visit of brother Brown, as just referred to, the town of Ballahsadah was twice made a stopping place, evidently by preference, and the testimony of brother B. to the hospitality of his "host," may be found in that part of his letter published in the Luminary for the 18th of May.

According to the statement there given, the young Goulah war King, together with old "Yardoo," or (as some spell the name,) "Yandoo," and "Jago," manifested an unusual liberality in the offers of territory, boys, &c., for the contemplated establishment of a Mission among their tribe.

Had we been disposed to doubt the sincerity of these large promises, and attribute them to some excitement from the visit of brother B., (which, we are free to say, was in some degree the fact,) yet the recent visit which Ballahsadah paid us at the Mission house in Monrovia, and the inquiries and statements made

by him, on this occasion, seem sufficient to remove any suspicion as to the fact of his ardent desire for a Mission establishment, whatever might be his motives for desiring it.

The visit of Ballahsadah, as above named, occurred on the 7th inst., and an extract from our journal, respecting it, will present, briefly, its object and conclusion.

"July 7th. But these reflections," (some peculiar to this day, as the anniversary of an event of some interest to ourself,) "were interrupted about noon, by the arrival of brother G. S. Brown, and the young war king of the Goulah tribe, called Ballahsadah. The object of his visit seemed to be, that he might ascertain from us, as "head man for God's side," whether Brown should go after "the rains," to reside among his people, so that they might make some further preparations for him.

Having received as favorable an answer as could be given, under the circumstances, he seemed quite satisfied, and after dining with us, departed with brothers Brown and Simon Peter, (who came as interpreter,) taking with him the two axes which we furnished him for cutting out "the path," so that he could return and take Brown and his family as soon as "the rains" (the rainy season) "should be over."

The "further preparations" which Ballahsadah proposed to make, provided he might rely on the establishment of a Mission among his people, were, the erection of some additional buildings, such as "God-palaver house," or what we may call a "country chapel," whether enclosed with "bamboo mats," and "thatched" with the leaves of the same, or constructed in several other ways as practised by native architects in this country, of peculiar "science and arts." Ballahsadah assured us that a dwelling-house had already been erected for the accommodation of the expected missionary and his family; and he said, "we want all dem people in me country for say, Ballahsadah town be christian town for true." To this apparently sincere desire, every christian's heart will respond, and say, O! that this and every war king" in all Africa, may enlist under the banner of the "Prince of peace," and with their people serve Him evermore! Amen, and Amen.

DOCUMENT NO. VII.

This document is an acknowledgment of the existence of cannibalism on the western coast of Africa, and that there was such a place as Bango, both of which have recently been denied.

Extract of Seys' letter, March 16, 1840.

Monrovia, Monday, 16th March, 1840.

My Beloved Brother Brown,—At half-past 5 o'clock, last evening, Brother Jayne and myself arrived in this town. * *

On my reaching my house, I was presented with a detailed account from the lips of my dear feeble wife, (who has been ill in bed the whole time of my absence,) respecting the dreadful scene through which you have been called to pass since the memorable 7th of March, and particularly on that great day of unprecedented providential care and mercy! This morning early I read with deep attention your two long letters of the 3d and 9th. What can I say? How can I sufficiently praise and adore our great Protector that you are alive, that all the Israel of God with you are alive, saving one man, and he I hear died happy in God!

As I knew that you would like to hear my opinion as to the manner of your proceeding, I wish you to understand that I do most cordially approve and sanction the noble, brave, and firm manner in which you have defended yourself, your people, the mission premises, and the whole town from the lawless and savage attack of an overpowering number of ferocious cannibals, and devils in human shape. I do most heartily approve of it, and I furthermore believe from my very soul, that God approved of your noble defence, for if he had not have smiled upon you, as he did on the battles of the Israelites of old, you never could have conquered as you have done, you never could have won the battle.

But the God of Heaven was on your side, and your shots told, your guns never missed fire; your enemies balls or slugs only shot away your watch keys and passed through your hair.

I have now tried to encourage your heart and hold up your hands, and now I want to inform you, just to show what a poor miserable set of unholy beings we are in this world, that your work is much opposed here. Only think of it. A man, professing to be a gospel minister, openly proposed in Council yesterday that they should break up Heddington. I asked when I heard it, break it up how?—burn the buildings? they may, but as to moving George Brown one inch from the place, where God has sent him! impossible! all the councils in Liberia and fifty like it can't do it.

I approve of your whole conduct at Bangos—glory to God—you have done well to appoint Simon Peter there as their Minister. I will support him. Tell him so.

DOCUMENT NO. VIII.

This document is to show the first outbreak in the great difficulty which has so long troubled us.

From the Liberia Herald, Jan. 21. 1840.

My Letter on Supremacy.

SUPREMACY OF THE POWER OF THE LIBERIAN DISCIPLINE TO THAT OF THE DISCIPLINE OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

Mr. Editor : Will you please grant me a column in your interesting Herald to give some satisfaction to those perplexing agitators, who are so mightily excited at the execution of the Liberia discipline. For as I have lately been brought and still am under its supreme power, perhaps I may give some satisfaction to the excited party, by showing the difference between the two above mentioned disciplines, so far as I am acquainted with both.

Last Saturday, 7th inst., I was suspended by the quarterly conference in Caldwell, from all official services in the church until the ensuing quarterly conference.

Now there is the difference between the two disciplines.

The discipline of the M. E. Church, in regard to dealing with local elders, reads thus. Page, 72, ques. 2d.

What shall be done when a local elder, deacon, or preacher, is reported to be guilty of some crime expressly forbidden in the word of God, sufficient to exclude a person from the kingdom of grace and glory.

Answer first. The preacher having charge shall call a committee consisting of three or more local preachers, before whom it shall be the *duty* of the accused to appear, and by whom he shall be acquitted; or, if found guilty, suspended until the next quarterly conference. And the preacher in charge shall cause exact minutes of the charges, testimony, and examination, together with the decision of the committee, to be laid before the quarterly conference, where it shall be the duty of the accused to appear. &c. &c.

But again, page 74, ques. 3d.

What shall be done in case of improper tempers, words or actions?

Answer. The person so offending shall be reprehended by the preacher having charge. Should a second transgression take place one, two or three faithful friends are to be taken as witnesses. If he be not then cured, he shall be tried at the next quarterly conference, and if found guilty and impenitent, he shall be expelled from the church.

But, not so with the Liberian discipline, or I should have been dealt with in the same manner. One thing is certain; I have

not been called to appear before any committee of local preachers, whether my crime required it or not.

And there is another thing equally as certain: no preacher in charge, nor any other preacher or person ever gave me one word of reprehension, or any thing in shape or form of a reprehension. Nor has any one, two or three faithful friends ever visited me at all on the occasion, or said one word in form of a labor. Nor did they give any notice at all of any such trial, nor any specifications of any charges whatever. I was not present at the quarterly conference, but several of the members of the conference who were present, tell me, that there was not one witness called on the trial, not one appeared, nor did they pretend that they had any to call. They tell me that they acted according to information which the president gave them concerning me. Those members of the conference tell me, that the president told the conference that I had lied. And what about? well, I will give you the whole history.

On the 5th Nov., I went down to Monrovia to settle with Mr. Chase. Mr. Chase's clerk first presented their account, and I looked it over. I then presented my account to the clerk, who took it and carried it into the chamber where Mr. Chase was. And after a long time the clerk returned and presented me my account all scratched over by a pencil. The clerk very modestly told me that Mr. Chase did not feel disposed to allow my account, (or words to the amount.)

I then took the bill and went into the chamber where Mr. Chase was sitting, and said—"well, Brother Chase, you seem to protest my account." "Yes," said he, "I protest the whole of it." Then I said, "why do you protest it, sir?" Then he said, "when we were in America, you applied to the Board for \$150 to bear your expenses into the interior and to buy land; which sum was paid you in America, and I shall not pay any more expenses whatever." Then I said, "I never applied to the Board for any \$150 to bear my expenses into the interior, or to buy land, nor was any such money ever paid me in America." Mr. Chase's next words were, "YOU LIE, YOU LIE."

Then said I—"Brother Chase, you ought to know better than to talk thus." Then said he, "do you say I ought to know better, YOU BLACK SCOUNDREL! There is the door, get out of my house or I will give you what you want." And while he turned himself and looked towards a chair, with which I was afraid he would beat me, I gathered up my papers in haste and dropped down stairs in a hurry, and escaped without any further injury.

Now, I am informed by three of the members of this quarterly conference, that Mr. Chase frankly told them in conference that I lied when I said, that I never applied to the Board for the above mentioned money. And secondly, he told them that I lied when

I said that he called me a black scoundrel. But I have already taken an oath that I never applied for any money as above stated. And more than all this, Mr. Chase did call me a black scoundrel, and I have already taken my oath of it, and am ready to take fifty oaths more that Mr. Chase did call be a BLACK SCOUNDREL!

But, to what was I suspended? To the annual conference? Nay. But back to the same quarterly conference again at its next session. And so, here is the supremacy of the Liberian discipline to that of the discipline of the M. E. Church. The M. E. Church's discipline requires that a local elder first be brought before a committee of local preachers, if the crime be sufficient. But if the crime is only for improper words or actions, or tempers, then the preacher having charge shall reprehend the offender. And if there be no satisfaction given, then the preacher is required to take two or three faithful friends with him for witnesses and talk with the offender the second time. But the Liberian discipline has no such forms.

The discipline of the M. E. Church favors the offender with a notification of his trial, and also with a list of the specifications of the charges preferred against him. But the Liberian discipline by which I am suspended protests rigidly against every one of those articles. For not one of them were noticed in bringing me to trial. The discipline of the M. E. Church requires, that there be one or more witness in a case, before a man can be condemned. But the Liberian discipline does not require any witness at all to suspend a minister of the gospel from preaching, from one quarterly conference to another. Who under the whole heavens ever heard of such a thing before. No such article or articles in the discipline of the M. E. Church, for that requires its quarterly conference either to acquit or expel. But I am bound with the iron chains of this double superlative, supreme power of the Liberian discipline for three months. And so let this suffice until we hear the conclusion of the whole matter.

Very respectfully yours,
GEORGE S. BROWN.

Caldwell, January 12, 1843.

DOCUMENT NO. IX.

This document is designed to show Chase's answer to Doc. S, and will soon be referred to for other purposes.

From Africa's Luminary, Jan. 4, 1843.

Chase's Editorial.

SUPREMACY.—The Liberia Herald for January contains a letter from the Rev. G. S. Brown, under the following imposing title:

“Supremacy of the power of the Liberian Discipline, to that of the Discipline of the M. E. Church.” To prove and illustrate his meaning in this proposition or allegation, the author of the letter, after complaining of being himself under the power of the Liberian Discipline, because suspended from all official services in the church, until the next session of the same quarterly meeting conference that saw proper to thus suspend him, endeavors to establish the illegality of this proceeding by quoting two paragraphs from the 72 and 73 pages of the Discipline of the M. E. Church.

And because his case was not disposed of in the way mentioned in his quotation, he infers that the proceedings must have been *extra-judicial*, or out of proper court. By referring to page 70 of the Book of Discipline of the M. E. Church, it will be found that “the quarterly conference have authority” among other things, “to try, *suspend*, expel or acquit any local preacher in the circuit or station against whom charges may be brought.” This clause of the Discipline clearly shows that the quarterly conference have an *original* “cognizance” of complaints, &c., against local preachers, and can both “try” and “suspend,” as well as “expel, or acquit” them, just as the evidence in any given case may require.

The Rev. Mr. B. therefore is much mistaken when he says the Discipline “requires *either* to expel or acquit” the accused, *denying* the right to “suspend,” which, it has been shown, is expressly given in the Book of Discipline. If it be asked how these two portions of the Discipline are consistent with each other, the answer is by no means difficult.

The paragraphs quoted by Mr. B., contain the provisions for a *formal* hearing and disposal of charges against a local preacher, *in the intervals* of the sessions of the quarterly conference of the circuit or station where he may belong, but if an offence be committed either too late for this process, or under circumstances that render such a procedure either impracticable or very inconvenient, then the next session of the quarterly conference has *original cognizance* in the case, as already shown by the paragraph we have already quoted. The fitness of *both* these provisions appears thus: if a local preacher should offend against the Discipline of our church immediately *after* his quarterly conference has risen, and local preachers *can be had*, the preacher in charge can proceed against the offending brother, and acquittal or suspension follows of course; but in case there is not the required number of *local* preachers that can be obtained, or the sickness or necessary absence of witnesses prevents *this form* of investigation, then the next quarterly conference for that circuit or station can take the *first* cognizance of the case, and dispose of it according to their judgment, in view of the evidence adduced.

Were it not for this power of the quarterly conference a local preacher might be in circumstances to do as he pleased, and *bid defiance* to the Discipline if the church, either because there were no other local preacher in the country, or not the required number for a committee; and should the local preachers *now* recommend for admission into the Liberia Mission Annual Conference, be received at its ensuing session, there would be *only two* left this side of Cape Palmas. It was, doubtless, in foresight of such emergencies, that the General Conference of the M. E. Church made the *two-fold* provision in the case of offending local preachers.

Thus we have shown Mr. B's error in reference to the "suspending" power of the quarterly conference, but he asks "to what was I suspended?" and answers that it was not "to the annual conference." No, certainly not, for that body can only take cognizance of the case in the form of *an appeal*, AFTER expulsion by the *quarterly* conference. See page 73 of the book of Discipline. As, then, the quarterly conference *has* the power to suspend, as we have seen, it can be only in reference to a *subsequent* hearing at one of its regular sessions, and the next, in order of time, as a matter of course.

Mr. B's mode of stating his question is quite characteristic, asking what he was "suspended *to*," when the suspension "*from* all official services, *until* the next session of the conference which has suspended him.

But Mr. B. complains that no charges with specifications, were presented, nor a single witness brought, neither any notification of his trial.

Now the facts in the case are briefly these: after we had declined allowing Mr. B's account, (for reasons we shall soon state,) he went out and spread the evil report to which he has now given currency through the Herald; but there was no direct evidence on either side except *his* and *our* individual and *very different* statements of the matter, and of course either might have more or less credence given to it, in proportion to the supposed credibility of either party, or the particular prejudices of individuals in community.

Under these circumstances, although in consequence of Mr. B's gross misrepresentations of the matter, we might have brought a charge for slander against him, and *required* him to prove by some evidence, *other* than his own testimony, the allegations he had made, yet as we know this was out of his power, from the very nature of the case, as the required number of local preachers could not be had without the delay and expense of sending to Grand Bassa—being also over-charged with other duties and in feeble health; we concluded to bear the injury until the next meeting of the quarterly conference for St. Paul's River circuit; and there Mr. B. was cited, at our request, by the preacher in

charge, to answer to our complaint against him for his unkind and unjust treatment. Mr. B. however sent a note, assigning as a reason why he did not come, "that he could not receive the *sacrament* at our hands," which certainly would not have been offered to him in the quarterly conference, and therefore was no valid reason for absence.

But as it was the regular time for the examination of the character of all the members of the quarterly conference—if any objections existed against an individual they must *then* be made known or entire silence kept afterwards. We, therefore, (after the preacher in charge had rehearsed the evil report of Mr. B. against us,) stated to the conference what were the facts in the case, and wherein we had been misrepresented. And with this, in connection with Mr. B's statements, of which sufficient evidence was there adduced, the quarterly conference, knowing from his note that his absence was *voluntary* and *without* a good reason, thought proper to suspend him as before named.

But Mr. B. says, "the Discipline of the M. E. Church requires, that there be one or more witnesses in a case before a man can be condemned; but the Liberian Discipline does not require any witness at all to suspend a minister of the gospel from preaching, from one quarterly conference to another."

This is indeed putting *us* down for naught, as though *his* slanderous statements were not to be gainsayed, but ours, in self-defence, were of no account. Suppose we had been the *first* to report, and made statements very unfavorable to Mr. B's reputation, and when cited to appear before a proper tribunal *refused* to attend; and Mr. B. had then given *his* version of the case and left the court to determine the matter, would Mr. B. think he had been well treated, if his statement had been called by us "no witness at all." According to this principle "he that is *first* in *his own* cause" not only "seemeth just" but "his neighbor" may *not* "come *afterward* and *search* him out."

If this is Mr. B's M. E. C. Discipline, we pray to be delivered from its administration in any and every way.

But Mr. B. is a little too fast about witnesses. In the trial of a local preacher, there is no mention of any number of witnesses, (though of course sufficient testimony is implied) necessary to form a judgment or verdict of *guilty*—the only allusion to witnesses in the case, being in reference to such as should *accompany* the preacher in charge in his *act of reprehension* for an offence *already* committed.

However, if we reason from analogy or the manner of treating an offender among the common members of the church, we shall find that the Discipline represents that the accused *may* be found guilty, either on the testimony of the accuser, or in his absence, that of the "*next best* evidence"; and that "if the accused per-

son *evade* a trial, by *absenting* himself, after sufficient notice given him, and the *circumstances* of the accusation be strong and presumptive," he is to be "esteemed guilty, and be accordingly excluded." See page 92, last edition of the Book of Discipline of the M. E. Church.

Now, in quarterly conference, we stood as complainant or accuser, viz., of Mr. B., for having slanderously misrepresented us in a matter in which his statement and our own was all the *direct* testimony that could be had—he was duly cited to appear before the proper tribunal and "absented himself"—and under *these* "circumstances" what *less* than suspension could be inflicted, if *any* weight at all was given to our testimony?

As to that portion of Mr. B's letter which *professes* to give a true account of the conversation which took place at the time his large and unwarranted account of claims against the mission were rejected, it is proper to remark that it is only a *repetition* of the slander for which the quarterly conference saw fit to suspend him, and having replied to it before that body, (where Mr. B. *did not like* to be *confronted* with *testimony*, equal, at least, to his own,) we feel under no obligation to him, or any one else to *repeat* that reply, merely because Mr. B. chooses to repeat his slander against us.

Should any think Mr. B's statements must be true because he has "taken his oath" that they are so, and declares he is "ready to take 50 oaths more" to the same effect; it would be well for such to remember that no man of *established* reputation for *veracity*, ever thinks of *volunteering* in the matter of taking oaths, because this necessarily implies his own conviction that he cannot be trusted *at all*, to tell the truth, unless under the awful solemnities of an oath: and what then shall we think of the man who so *trifles* with oaths that *in order* to make the public believe his tale, he must *offer to repeat* his oath 50 times!! Truly this is a sad indication of the want of correct moral principle and integrity.

But to give the reader some idea of what all Mr. B's *swearing* to the truth of his statements amounts to, we refer to a single item in the list of his allegations against us. In his letter published in the Herald he says *of us* "he *looked* toward a chair, with which I was afraid he would beat me."

But Mr. B. told Mariah Dozier that we "*took* a chair to knock him down or beat him with;" and in his letter which he prepared to send to the Board, and to which he *proposed* to take oath before A. F. Russell, Esq., he says we "*made* for a chair," &c. Now which of these *three very different* versions does Mr. B. wish the people to believe? That we might have merely "looked at a chair" in the course of the conversation, as there were several in the room, is quite possible, but that we either "took a chair," or "made for a chair to beat" Mr. B. with, is utterly *untrue*, and

in *this* characteristic *agrees* well with the various items of his story.

It is a little amusing, and therefore some relief in such a gloomy picture as Mr. B. draws, that he should have represented himself as *fleeing* from our room, (of which those below had no apprehension from his manner of descending the stairs,) "to escape a beating," when he appeared *hale and strong*, while we were so feeble as to be obliged, when sitting up, to keep our position, in an easy rocking chair. And yet Mr. B. was "afraid of a beating" though he was between us and the door, and there was plenty of *help* just below stairs!

Is this the great champion in the battle with an *armed host* of savages, with so distinguished a war chieftain at their head, as the far-famed Goterah? And could he fearlessly stand "powder and balls," with "showers of spears and arrows" from such a foe, and remain, as he has declared so many times in America, before large assemblies, perfectly composed; and yet now, at the *imagined* glance of a sick man's eye "towards a chair," take fright and "drop down stairs *in a hurry*," yea, in *such* a hurry that he forgot to tell Mr. McGill or any of the family, how badly he had been abused! Surely "the wicked flee when *no man* pursueth!"

As to the amount which the Board of Managers allowed in favor of a mission *to be* established by Mr. B., either in what he called "big Pessah," or else among the Goulahs, we have no need now to multiply words, as we have requested the Board, by letter, to send us a copy of the resolution which they adopted in reference to this subject; and shall doubtless receive it in due time: and then it will be known, by *indisputable* evidence, whether Mr. B., or ourself, hath spoken the truth as to the sum *appropriated* for his *proposed* mission, the limit of which appropriation we not allowed to exceed, *until* the Board should *hear* of the results of that expenditure, and then, if they chose, should make a new appropriation.

It was on this action of the Board of Managers, that we felt obliged to refuse a settlement of Mr. B's claims, exceeding by several hundred dollars the sum appropriated (his salary, of course, not included,) in favor of his mission: and as this was the whole matter in dispute between himself and us, the resolution of the Board, when known, by their official signatures, must put the matter to rest thus far—and will, moreover, afford a fair ground of reference as to the truth or falsity of any other items in the conflicting statements as made by Mr. B. and ourself. Under another head some farther editorial remarks will be found relating to this matter!

DOCUMENTS NO. X., XI, XII.

These documents are designed to explain the proceedings of the Church in Liberia, before I withdrew from them.

From the Liberia Herald, March 31, 1843.

SUPREMACY OF THE POWERS OF THE LIBERIA DISCIPLINE, TO THAT OF THE DISCIPLINE OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

Mr. Editor,—Will you please grant me a column or two in your faithful Herald, to give a little more information concerning the power of the Liberia Discipline, in addition to that in the Herald of January 21st. For things connected with God and religion, cannot be too well known, nor too far spread.

You probably recollect, that, in my other communication, I informed you that I was suspended from all official services in the church until the ensuing quarterly meeting conference, which was to have its session at Lower Caldwell, on the first Saturday in April. But, for certain reasons, probably the following, it came on one month sooner.

Last Saturday night, 4th inst., at 8 1-2 o'clock, the quarterly conference met in a private house, with Rev. S. Chase in the chair. After making out a roll of members present, and reading it, they proceeded to business.—First; are there any complaints? None, said the preacher in charge. "Well," said Mr. Chase, "I have: I have, (said he,) a suspension of Mr. Brown, from the last quarterly conference. And what have you to say to it, Mr. Brown?" I said, I cannot say any thing to it until I see the charges. Mr. Chase said, have you not heard for what you were suspended? I said, I have heard many things; but, for which I was suspended, I cannot tell. (For two of the members had told me, but four days since, that I was suspended for not coming to conference.) Well, said Mr. Chase, you were suspended for slanderously reporting what took place between us, when you came to settle with me. You, said he, went off and told the whole of that transaction, and for it you are suspended. Well, said I, please present the charges, that I may know whether I am ready for trial or not. (For he had not asked that question.) But he would not present one charge on paper. I then called for the minutes of the trial at which I was suspended; but no minutes granted. I then told the conference that I was not ready for trial; but talking did no good; Mr. Chase said the trial should come on; and if I had any thing to say, say on. I then appealed to the conference for a non-suit; founding my plea as follows: First; at the last quarterly conference at which I was suspended, I had not any notification of any trial whatever.

No one had ever given me one word of reprehension, or reproof for any errors or misconduct whatever: unless they considered Mr. Russell's offering to give me an oath for the confirmation of those facts, to be reprehension. Nor had I been brought before any committee of local preachers, as the discipline requires. The verbal charges which Mr. Chase presents, were transacted two months, lacking one day, before the first quarterly conference took place, at which I was suspended. And there were local preachers who might have been conveniently called, and before whom I might have had an opportunity to have made reconciliation for whatever charges might have been brought against me.

Now, Mr. Chase had taken great pains, and even went to a certain part of the Goloo country, to get hold of something to make up another charge against me, so that if he should fail to accomplish his object on the suspension, he might have something to make up the balance.* On his return, he made up a charge, wrote it in a letter, and directed the letter to Rev. D. Ware, my preacher in charge. On the 1st inst., Brother Ware shewed me the letter, and asked me to read it. After reading it Brother Ware took the letter and carried it off, according to the direction given him in the letter. But he left me no copy. The letter stated to Brother Ware what Mr. Chase intended to do at quarterly conference. And having this hint, I put it into my plea also.

I also stated, that our discipline required the preacher in charge to bring the complaint to me, but none had brought any. The preacher in charge says, no complaints. I also read the discipline, pages 72, 73, and 74, to them, and informed them that no one had ever taken one step towards making any reconciliation whatever. I also pleaded, that the transactions of the last charges took place nearly four years ago, and that since that time, my character had passed twice in the annual conference, and once in this same quarterly conference, at which I was recommended to the travelling connection, not one year since. And that all these things were as fully known last April as they are now. And that all was peace and harmony among us until I had told how Mr. C. called me a liar, a black scoundrel, and turned me out of doors. And that, therefore, having no minutes of the former trial, I thought, in consideration of the whole, I was entitled to a non-suit.

Mr. C. then told the conference that if they had any thing to say, with regard to a non-suit, say on. But when he heard some remarks made, favorable to a non-suit, he stopped them at once, and said, if you found your plea for a non-suit on these things only, the conference need not proceed farther, for I will decide the question myself; there shall be no non-suit, said Mr. C.

* I shall show, in its proper place, that he found nothing.

I was then required to affirm or deny some question. But I said, please let me see your charges, that I may know what to speak to, or from. Mr. C. said, those things for which you were suspended. I then asked Mr. C. to show me the minutes of their doings at the time of my suspension: but no minutes were shown. I told him again that I wanted the privilege of witnesses in this case: but Mr. C. frankly declared that there should be no witnesses permitted to speak on the case, but himself, and myself.

And so, into it I was forced to go.

Mr. C. brought the charges in his own name; Mr. C. was his own witness; and Mr. C. was his own judge.

And so after making our statement for 2 1-2 hours, I was sent out. And after walking about on the wet grass for one hour, I was called in again. And while answering some questions on the former trial, of which Mr. C. had so rigidly declared that no witnesses should be permitted to speak on the trial, he presented three witnesses to prove that I promised to carry my journal down to the Cape for him to read, but never carried it. J. Pin-gree, B. R. Wilson, and F. Burns—witnesses.

Thus, Mr. C. led off on the latter charges, until he had got them all before the conference, and commenced proving his verbal declarations, by his witnesses.

The first charge which he undertook to prove, was, that I had told in America, that when I first went to Heddington, I saw slaves driven through the town, on their way to market. But B. R. Wilson jumped up immediately, and unqualifiedly declared, that he knew the report to be false, for there had been nothing of the kind known in the colony for years before I went to Heddington, and all was a falsehood.

This was a strong witness against me. But the Rev. I. Lawrence arose and declared, that slavery was not all done away in the Colony, for the natives would, and did sell slaves in the native towns among us, even to this day, in spite of all we could do. I then arose and told the Conf., that Mr. Wilson had probably forgotten, that at the annual Conf., held at Monrovia, not one year since, how he had up the Rev. A. F. Russell, preacher in charge at Robertsville, for buying slaves, proved it against him, and the Rev. A. F. Russell did but just escape expulsion. The next specification acted on, was, that I had told the people in America that there were Cannibals in Africa, and this was also a falsehood. But the Rev. I. Lawrence arose and declared that he had seen in Africa, not only natives eating human flesh, but eating of their own flesh. At this Mr. C., rather hauled in his horns about witness for a while.

At this time the Conf., became confused, not having any minutes of the other trial, or any specifications to guide them but Mr.

C's. mouth which mixed up the former charges with the latter in a strange puzzling manner: the Conf. asking questions, one foreign from another, all of which served to increase the confusion: some said I was first suspended for telling what took place between Mr. C., and myself when I went to settle with him, others said, no: he was suspended for not attending Q. Conf.— And when I saw that Mr. C., would force on the subject, taking such advantage of witness, who know nothing except in the one case of the Journal, and that flat against his vouchsafe: I told Mr. C. that if this was the way he was going to continue, I would deny the whole, that is, what remained unacted upon: This I said, because I saw the whole to be mockery.

And when I refused to answer any more question, because he would not allow me to defend myself by witnesses, Mr. C. then told me, that if I was not ready to answer to those charges now, I might have just as long time as I pleased to get my witnesses, and prepare for trial. At this, one of the members of Conf., asked Mr. C., in what relation to the Church, I was to stand, while preparing for trial. Mr. C. answered: suspended, of course. He then gave me my chance, either to have it decided now, or set a time when I would be ready for trial. So I told Mr. C., that I wished to have it put off until I could hear from America. But, that I wanted a specification of the charges, that I might know what I was to prove. I was then ordered to retire again.

At 1 o'clock I was called in, and found them talking of a report, which I had published in the Herald, a few weeks since, of their doings at the last Quarterly Conf. And I then supposed, that they had not disposed of my case! but not so. Mr. C. had forgotten this charge, till after they had suspended me, till Mr. C., should go to America, and gather up all the fragments of my evil reports about Africa, and bring or send them to a Committee whom they were to appoint, and did appoint, who, on the reception of these documents so brought or sent, are to bring me to trial.

After this, I was asked some questions concerning an appropriation of money made by the Board of Missions of the M. E. Church, for the establishment of a Mission station in the interior. I told the Conf. that when I was in America, I applied to the Board for \$50—to purchase books, printers tools, and house furniture: but the Board granted me \$200, for those purposes. But Mr. C., declared, that I applied to the Board, for \$100, to purchase books, tools, furniture, to bear my expenses into the interior, to buy land for a Mission Farm, and to build me a house thereon: But, that I only wanted about \$50, of it at that time. But the Board, said Mr. C., granted him \$150, for the aforesaid purposes, and ordered him to pay it, but not to pay any more, until he had heard from them.

Mr. C., was then asked by a member of Conf., if he had paid the \$150, he said, no; for it had not been called for. I then told the Conf., that the Board paid me the \$200, before I left America, and that I purchased the articles for which it was appropriated.

At this, Mr. C., exclaimed to the Conf., with much earnestness and confidence, saying! Hear it, hear it: Mr. Brown says, the Board paid him \$200, before he left America; hear it.

The minutes were read over, but no one inquired whether accepted or not accepted, nor were they signed by any body at that time, present. The Benediction was pronounced, and Conf., closed at about 2 o'clock on Sabbath morning.

Immediately after its close, I informed the Conf., that they might do as they pleased with their suspension; but they need not, nor should I consider myself any longer a member of the M. E. Church in Liberia: and I said, I hear withdraw all fellowship, relation, and connexion with M. E. Church in Liberia. For if this is Methodism, then I am not a Methodist, never was, nor ever shall be. &c., &c.

For I saw, by their suspending me not as I desired, till I could hear from America, but until Mr. C., should write from America, and no time set when he was to write; and by their not calling for any acceptance of the minutes, nor signing them, or giving me any specifications of any charges, that another mock trial was anticipated of them.

And thus, I thought it better to be out of such a Church, than in it. Nor shall I feel myself at all disgraced by their expulsion whenever it takes place, as, of course it will, for I shall not attend to any more Church trials whatever, until we have a Methodist superintendent; that is, one, who governs, and is governed by the Discipline of the M. E. Church.

Mr. C., has said, in the Luminary, of Jan. 4th, that the taking an oath implies, that a man cannot be trusted at all to speak the truth unless he takes an oath. Now I expect to be believed in this report, without taking an oath. Although I did not take down regular minutes of the Conf., yet I live, and write in the midst of the Conf. And my object in publishing these transactions before they go to America, is that they may first be tested on our own ground. And as the Luminary above mentioned, requires some correction, it shall be prepared for your next Herald.

Very respectfully yours,

Caldwell, March 7th, 1843.

GEORGE S. BROWN.

DOCUMENT XI.

From the Liberia Herald.

SUPREMACY OF THE POWERS OF THE LIBERIA DISCIPLINE TO THAT
OF THE DISCIPLINE OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

Mr. Editor: In my last communication to you I promised to prepare for your next Herald, some corrections of some statements made in the "Luminary," of January, in answer to my report of some of the doings in a quarterly meeting conference, held at Upper Caldwell, January 7th, at which time and place I was first suspended. That Luminary is clothed with thick fog, and embodies many palpable falsehoods. The first of these which is worthy of notice is as follows:

Mr. Chase says—that the paragraphs quoted by Mr. B. contain provisions for a formal hearing and disposal of charges against a local preacher in the intervals of the sessions of the quarterly conference of a circuit or station where he may belong. But if an offence be committed, either too late for the process, or under circumstances that render such a procedure either impracticable or very inconvenient, then the next session of the quarterly conference has original cognizance in the case, &c.

Now Mr. C. has labored long, and wandered wide from the point, to convince his readers by argument, that the offence was committed too late for the aforesaid process to have been accomplished before the session of the said quarterly conference so that any impartial readers would naturally suppose that this was a case of emergency; or that the offence took place some six, ten, or fifteen days immediately before quarterly conference which would have very much altered the case. But the offence, as he calls it, took place on the 5th November, and quarterly conference on the 7th January. Here were two months, lacking one day, between the committing the offence and quarterly conference which tried it. And there was not two months between the last two quarterly conferences.

Again. Mr. C's. readers will naturally infer that local preachers for a committee were not to be had, because they were all recommended to the annual conference. Now I very much doubt that their being recommended to the annual conference disqualified them for sitting on this committee. Nor were they recommended till some time after the offence took place. And therefore local preachers might have been conveniently called at any time, and the difficulty might have been digested, at least till we could have heard from America.

The next foggy pillar arising from his false picture is—Mr. C. says, if a local preacher should offend against the discipline of our church immediately after his quar. conf. has risen, and local preach-

ers can be had, the preacher in charge can proceed against the offending brother, and acquittal or suspension follows of course. Have I offended against the discipline? Then whose duty is it to proceed against the offending brother. Mr. C. says, the preacher in charge.

Well then, why did not the preacher in charge proceed?

Mr. C. says, he was overcharged with other duties, and feeble in health. What kind of duties were those with which the preacher was so overcharged? It is true, he was a justice of the peace, and this employed about one half his time. About one quarter of his time was spent in trading in cam-wood, &c. Then he had one quarter of his time left, in which he might just as well have wrote a few lines and sent them to the local preachers, and called a committee on my case, as to have been rambling the forest with a gun on his back in pursuit of game, or gadding about town, and some times spending two thirds of a day in one house, where he might have done his business in five minutes. The reader can judge for himself, whether the preacher in charge was overcharged with other duties or not. He, A. F. Russell, lived the whole of last conference year in the violation of more than twenty of the rules of a Methodist preacher.

Again, Mr. C. says—Mr. B. was cited at our request, by the preacher in charge, to answer to our complaint against him for his unkind and unjust treatment.

Now, this is another sneaking, malicious falsehood. For if I had been thus cited, I must have known in some way or other. But I have not seen or heard any thing of that or this kind until the members told me, on the following Monday, that they thought I had been cited to trial. In the next place, Mr. C. says, Mr. B. sent a note assigning as a reason why he did not come. But this is another barefaced falsehood, and the last quar. conf. proved it so.

Again, Mr. C. says—suppose we had been the first to report and make statements very unfavorable to Mr. B's reputation, &c.

Now I appeal to the whole christian church on earth, was not Mr. C. the first to report this slander, as he calls it? Did he not first tell me I lied? Did he not first call me a black scoundrel? Did he not first order me out doors? Was he not the first to tell it to the church? And may not his neighbor come after him, as he says? Why not?

And did he not know that I should be obliged to repeat his own words to those who asked me, or I must have told a lie?

Was not Mr. C's. statements very unfavorable to my reputation? Mr. B. has told a lie on the Board of Missions, to deceive the honest merchants!

Let those who feel interested in this matter, call on the secretary of the Missionary society, of the M. E. Church, in the city

of New York and ask for Brown's application, for the appropriation of the amount in question, and read it for yourselves. One may say to me, could you not have got along without telling the conversation which took place between you and Mr. Chase? Not in daylight. For at this time, I was on the point of leaving Caldwell for the Goloo country, This difficulty took place on Tuesday, and on the next Monday we were to start off for the interior. I had engaged several men to go with me, and had paid some of them for going: I had purchased \$200 worth of goods on credit, for the purpose of that Mission, of the merchants on the cape, who, of course, were interested in this matter.

Now as soon as I was turned out of Mr. C's door, up comes those interested merchants, saying well, Mr. B., have you settled with Mr. Chase? No sir. Why did you not settle? Because Mr. C. protested my account. Protested your account? Yes sir. Why did he protest it? Because of, &c., &c. Well, what did you tell him? So and so. Well, then what did he say? Thus and thus.

I ask, what could I have told those men, but to tell them the truth? and why not tell the truth?

Now after Mr. C's claims and charges for slander, what does it amount to? What does Mr. C. deny that he pretends that I told? Answer it quarterly conference, for you, and Mr. C. says that I was suspended for "reporting" the conversation between us.

Mr. C. rambles about in the fog, not having a Discipline arranged to meet his fancy and convenience, till he finds the analogy of treating with a common member: and finding himself swamped in this, he flies back to Mr. B's letter, which professes to give a true account of the conversation which took place at the time his unwarrantable account was rejected; and here he makes another mighty struggle to prove its falsity, by arguing on the fact, that I had sworn to the fact.

Mr. C. undoubtedly intends to have his readers understand that I wrote the letter which is published in the Herald, and then took an oath for its confirmation; which is not the case.

The oath was on this wise: Mr. C. protested my account against the Mission. I could do no more nor less, than to appeal to the Board of Missions for redress. Thus I copied off my account and sent it to the Board: but as it had been protested by the superintendant of the Mission, and for such reasons too, as he gave, I thought it proper to take oath to the statements which I sent to the Board.

And when I wrote the letter, in the Herald, I stated that I had taken an oath; that is, of what I was then speaking.

But in order to prove that I had perjured myself by my oath, Mr. C. says, Mr. B. told Maria Dosier that we took a chair to

knock him down. But this is another barefaced falsehood. I never told Maria Dosier any such thing. Moreover, on the 2d inst., I took Brother S. Harris, a steward of the Church, and Brother C. Carter, a class-leader in the Church, and we went to Maria Dosier's house, and asked her if I had at any time told her that Mr. C. "took a chair to knock me down," and she said no.

And as to the difference between making and looking toward a chair, and for which Mr. C. wished to know, which I wish the people to believe, I answer: Mr. C. was sitting in his big rocking chair, strapping his razor, and frequently shaking and flourishing it at arms length toward me, as we sat about five feet apart. And at the instant in which he ordered me out door, he changed his razor from his right hand to his left, with his strop, he reached forth his arm, rocked forward suddenly, looking earnestly toward a chair which was within one foot of his outstretched hand, in which position I left him. And I wish the people to believe that he made for a chair or looked at a chair; just which they please, or both.

Mr. C. thinks it a little amusing, and of some relief, that I did not fight with him on the occasion. But I had no notion to encounter such a big man, while he had a razor in one hand, and grasping for a chair with the other; he might have done me much harm before the help of which he speaks, could have got up stairs. No no, I had rather be called a coward.

Mr. C., not being satisfied because I would not fight it out, gets on another head, which he calls malignity,* jumps on the Editor of the Herald, and rides him into the Royal Albert again. But Mr. B. was in his head, in his heart, in his soul, and in his malignity too. He says Mr. B. did not come to tell us our faults between him and us alone, &c. No no; that is very true. Nor had I any notion to expose my poor carcass to those violent instruments again, after having such good luck as to escape them once. For it is written, thou shalt not tempt, &c., &c.

Now if Mr. C. means any thing less than blackguard, by saying that I never come to seek a settlement, tell him his faults between him and me alone, and that I did not bring one or two friends as witnesses, then why did he not do the same before he suspended me? I did not complain of Mr. C., but he of me. I had concluded to let the difficulty remain until we could hear from America, and that Mr. C. might then be convinced as to who was wrong in the outset. But Mr. C., being so deeply immersed in self-conceit, that to show his great power among a few colored dunces, as he calls us, would urge on a trial of the difficulty at the sacrifice of any thing. And now, as my sheet is full, and there still remains some further explanations on that malignant

* In the same paper

head, I shall notice them in my explanations of the doings of our last quarterly conference, and prepare them for your next Herald.

Very respectfully, yours, &c.,

GEORGE S. BROWN.

Caldwell, March 13, 1843.

DOCUMENT NO. XII.

SUPREMACY OF THE POWER OF THE LIBERIA DISCIPLINE, TO THAT OF THE DISCIPLINE OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

Mr. EDITOR.—I improve the present evening to redeem the pledge, which I made at the close of my last communication to you, on the subject of the supremacy of the Liberia Discipline. I stated then and there, that I would send you some further explanation of the doings of our last quarterly conference, in connection with some further remarks on Mr. C's malignant head, in the Luminary of Jan. 4th. First: Our last quarterly conference, was one of peculiar interest to us all. I was interested to know where, and in what, such strange and unheard of proceedings would end.

My enemies were anxious, and interested to accomplish what they had been aiming at, lest their future attempts should appear malicious, and their maliciousness betray their want of christianity. It is no wonder that Mr. C. should feel a deep stirring interest, in as much as his unmanly and ungodly conversation and conduct, had gone to America before him, and that sooner, or later he must meet it: "where," unless he could totally destroy my character, he knew he must bear an undeniable reproach forever. But if he has purged his character to any great extent, by proceeding as he has against me, then he is perfectly welcome to his purity.

And in order to accomplish this all important object, Mr. C. played the same game at the last conference, as at the first. But here, he aimed at another object. There, his object was, to establish his slander; as he calls it. And here, to establish me a liar. Nothing can be more evident than this, by the manner in which he proceeded. He, nor any other person, ever came to me, to inquire, how, why, or whether those things were so; nor ask for any explanation or reconciliation concerning those charges, whatever. And exclusive of several other circumstances, the fact, of his bringing witnesses with him, who owned in conference, that they come on purpose for witnesses; the fact of his frank declaration, that there should be no testimony but his and mine, and then turning immediately around and calling on his witnesses to bear testimony, as heretofore stated, are attestations brighter than sun-beams, that he took this sneaking, ungodly ad-

vantage to prove me a liar. Mr. C. well knew, that if I was permitted to have witnesses on that case, that I should have proved, that he told three different stories of our conversation in his chamber at the time this difficulty took place, all differing materially from that which he told in conference.

Mr. C. learned more and more, that such language and treatment was not becoming for a man in his station. I went to him peaceably. I made no demand, but presented my account against the mission, for him to inspect and digest. But he protested the whole of it, told me I lied, called me a black scoundrel, he would give me what I wanted, and then turned me out doors. And as I have before stated, I was under the necessity of repeating his own words in public. Mr. C. soon felt the stigma, and flew at once to his only, and last resort; which was, to make the repetition of his own words, slander, and then to prove the slanderer a general liar, which, he foolishly imagined, would very much help to patch up the breach. I say foolishly, for be my person never so black, and my character never so mean all this could not lessen his crime in the case, if in any other. For when Mr. C. told me I lied, he told a palpable falsehood. Now if Mr. C., or any of the board of missions of the M. E. Church, in America, or else where, can, or will produce a petition of my own hand writing, in which I applied for \$150 to buy books, furniture, tools to bear my expenses into the interior, to buy land, and to build me a house thereon; then I hereby authorize the world, fully and freely to believe all that Mr. C. has published against me, or may hereafter say, or publish against me, to be the truth and nothing but the truth; and that all which I have published to be lies. At my first trial, as I was informed by several of the members of that conference Mr. C. told them, that I applied for \$150 for the above purposes. But at our last conference Mr. C. said, I applied for \$100 for the above purposes, but the board granted him \$150, and ordered him to pay it, but to pay no more. But he acknowledged that he had not paid it, because it had not been called for. It would have been a very convenient time to have paid the \$150 at the time he protested my account. In my communication to you of March 7th, there were three charges presented against me, exclusive of the slander; the journal, slavery, and cannibalism I will now present the 4th, and last, on which Mr. C. pretended to procure any testimony.

Mr. C. says Mr. B. has reported, that when he went to Goulah, he made arrangement with King Yardoo, for the establishment of a mission there, and that he had bought all of Yardoo's territory. But said he, I have been there myself, and found old Yardoo a poor old, worthless fellow, not having one foot of land to dispose of; nor did they ever give B. any liberty or authority to establish any school, or mission in their country, nor did they

even know Brown. Now I shall presently show that Mr. C. in presenting this as a charge, at the time and in the manner as he did, has proved his total lack of all piety, justice, judgment and truth.

But, that this subject may be presented in its true light, you will permit me, first to say, that the disposition of those natives, is well known to all, who have ever been in the habit of going into the interior and dealing with them. For as they are on the sea coast, so are they in the interior. For instance; an English trader comes along, and buys a certain line of coast of the natives for a trading establishment. &c. But if an American, or a Spaniard, comes along a few months after, and offers them a dash of a little rum, tobacco, or powder, I appeal to all who are acquainted with those natives, if they do not think, that the native would say they knew nothing of any Englishman. (Go to the Bassa Cove, &c.)

Now the circumstances of buying Yardoo's territory are as follows:—When I introduced the subject of establishing a mission in the Goulah country, I also introduced the subject of buying land for a mission farm, And when the kings delivered their message to me, they spake, in its proper place of my buying land! King Yardoo said, you have no need of buying land for your business; but if you have a mind to give us a little dash, we will accept it. But said he, if you only want land for God's side, to raise produce on, and learn our boys to work like Americans, then make your farm where you like; &c, as stated in the Luminary of May 18th, 1842, and to which I especially refer the reader.

Nor did I ever say, or report to any one, that I had bought the original right of the soil, as Mr. C. arrogantly pretends. Nor did I wish to buy it. All we wanted or needed, was, a right, to carry out our operations fully, and without giving offence. And this right I did obtain, through the anticipation of a dash, which I gave them to their full satisfaction. And I considered this right, as not only buying, but far better than buying.

But, it is no matter what King Yardoo, Ballasadao or any other man told Mr. C. about this business, when he went to Golah: for there is one stubborn fact, in the midst of it all, by which Mr. C. in bringing this as a charge, as he did, has exposed his true character.

Now concerning this fact, let my hitherto warm admirers in America, whom Mr. C. speaks of, in his Luminary, ask Mr. C. the following questions.

Did Brown, and Simon Peter, or did they not accompany Ballasada into your chamber, on the 7th July, 1842? (Yes.) What was Balla's business? He came to see whether I was going to send Brown to Goulah or not. (Yes.) Did Balla, say, that if

Brown did not come to his country according to previous arrangement, all his people would be shamed by others*? (Yes.) Did you ask Balla to build a house for Brown (Yes.) Did he say that he would build it? (Yes.) Well, did you or did you not, ask Balla to give you, or Mrs. Wilkins at Millsburgh, some girls to be taught in her school? (Yes.) And what was Balla's answer? Balla said, that all the children in his country belonged to Brown; but he would put the girls into Brown's hands, and Brown might put them into her hands, if he pleased. (Yes.) Did Balla dine at the same time and table with you that day? (Yes.) Well did you or did you not, on the strength of what Balla, said, concerning Brown's going to Golah, order two new axes, from the public store, to be given to Balla, for the express purpose of cutting out a path for Brown and his family to go to Golah? (O yes &c.)

Now these are matters of fact, and if Mr. C. denies any of them, then let the above inquirers inform me, and will I present Ballasada, the colonial store keeper, his books, and the young gentleman, who bore the order, and delivered the axes to Ballasada, all before any conference or authority, before whom the inquirer may require me, and there prove the whole dialogue as above stated. Again, it is neither probable nor possible, that Mr. C. should or could so far forget this daylight circumstance, that he could, conscientiously, or innocently present such a charge as this, let Yardoo or Ballasada have told him whatever they might. For he could not avoid the discovery, that if there was a lie any where, it must have been in Ballasada. And if Ballasada told C. a different story in the country, from what he told him at Monrovia, then why did not C. bring his charge against Ballasada, rather than against me? evidently because this was his hour; and it made no difference with C. whether I had lied or not, if he could but get something to match, or cover his infamous, rough, sailor language. "You lie you black scoundrel, I will give you what you want; out of my house."

But this is Mr. C's true character, and the true character of all his charges.

As to Mr. C's character, he has fully qualified and established it in his report in the Luminary above mentioned, under his head of malignity; where he writes as follows:—but to give it extension where he has a good reputation on account of either real or supposed good done by him in the missionary cause, and where from extraneous circumstances, more credit than was his just due, may have been awarded him, &c., &c. Now if this passage has any meaning at all, and if it has any connection with the foregoing and following parts of the paragraph, then it cannot be explained into any thing less than an expression of bold, pre-

* Meaning other tubes.

sumptuous blasphemy. For after all the reports of the Rev. John Seys, and Rev. W. H. Taylor, and a host of others who have been eye, ear, and heart witnesses, and have all reported publicly, and as one man, of the work of God and the Holy Ghost, to which work Mr. C. evidently refers; nor has there ever been one contradictory word published against those witnesses, even by other denominations, until Mr. C. rose up (like the creature mentioned in the Revelation of St. John, 12 and 13,) and calls it supposed good. And says more credit than was his just due has been awarded. He may tuck in as many pronouns (him) as he pleases, or as many (may haves) as he likes; they neither modify the doctrine, nor meliorate the principle. Mr. C. evidently intends to instruct his readers, that the reports of the above witnesses were all false, or only pretensions, and that the church have given too much glory to God. For Mr. C. refers to the work, for which the church have been honoring God, through the reports of the above mentioned witnesses.

What did the blasphemous Jews say in former days, more than Mr. C. in the latter? Or what more could they say?

And where is Mr. C's piety, justice, judgment, or truth?

But Mr. C. undoubtedly intended to have the passage answer two important ends. First, to publish something against me to match his profligate language; and secondly, to publish something to screen himself from the atrocious disgrace of reducing the mission as he has. For he has extinguished nearly every ornament which graced the mission. The expulsion of the native and orphan children at Cape Palmas, Heddington, and Caldwell, has stripped the mission of nearly all that renders it worthy to be called a mission. And where, in any one place, has he made any improvement.

Never did a Saul of Tarsus spread a blacker gloom over the primitive Church, than Mr. C. cast over the Church in Liberia, for the whole of last year.

But he has left the field, and gone to America; and what is his business there? Why he has gone there to get witnesses to prove that I never saw a human sacrifice in Africa; that the natives never told me that formerly they sacrificed all their first born sons to the devil, and that, before I last visited America, I had never been any farther into the interior than Heddington, if so far as that.

Now the arrangement is for Mr. C. to travel all about the country, cities and villages, where I went when I last visited America, and to inquire in what manner, and how I represented things in Africa, and gather up all the affidivits he can concerning these matters, send them over to Africa, and bring the black scoundrel to trial again.

But as it will be a laborious job for Mr. C. to visit all the congregations which I addressed, and at a great expense too, I should

think it best to request all the Editors in the Northern States, to publish Mr. C's important business in all their newspapers, requesting all the congregations which I addressed, that in case Mr. C. does not call on them for their testimony, to write affidavits and send them to Mr. C. But let them write as I told them: not as Mr. C. wishes to have them: for he wants the people to say that I told them that the natives sacrificed their children now, as much as ever; but I told the people that human sacrifices were now done away, as far as we could hear of, in all directions. Mr. C. wants the people to say that I told them that I had seen all the first born sons in Africa sacrificed to the devil; but I told the people that the natives told me that this was their former practice. Mr. C. wishes the people to say that I told them that I had visited King Yardoo's town, before I last visited America. Well, do tell Mr. C. whether I said so or not; and try to help the dear man out of his perplexity. For he takes it for granted that if I had never been to Yardoo's or Captain Sam's town, I had never visited any town in the Goulah country. Mr. C. thinks he has visited the whole Goulah country, because he went to Yardoo's.

Now if Mr. C., or any other man in Liberia, or any other place, had any doubts of any thing which I have done, said, or reported, concerning any or all of those charges, then why have they not like men, if not like christians, come to me in some civil or legal manner, and requested, or required me, to give them some explanation or reconciliation concerning them. But not one person, of any rank or class, has ever spoken one word of inquiry to me on those subjects, directly or indirectly, even to the present day, excepting in conference. This is something peculiarly astonishing. Yes, I challenge Mr. C., and all the rest of my enemies, to show wherein they have taken one step in all this difficulty, according to the discipline of the M. E. Church.

It was for this cause only that I withdrew from their Church. They have totally departed from the discipline of the church to which I belonged. And had I have been led by them farther, I must have departed too; and thus have consented to be governed by, and to fellowship with a church totally degenerated from Methodism. Hence I came out from them, because I was not of them, by any means.

For, look at their own proceedings, and see if there is a parallel in any history in the world. And as I have challenged Mr. C., and all the rest of my enemies, to show one step which they have taken in all this pernicious strife, according to the rules or usages of the discipline of the M. E. Church, I therefore conclude there is no necessity of enumerating the comparisons of the power and supremacy of the Liberia discipline with that of the discipline of the M. E. Church: for, that a new form of

church government is in vogue in Liberia, is too manifest to need any argument.

You will hear from me again before long.

Respectfully yours, &c.,

GEORGE S. BROWN.

Caldwell, April 26, 1843.

Now, perhaps in this place, it may be as convenient as in any other, to offer a few explanatory remarks: first on the foregoing documents, that is, the last three, and then give you a further explanation of their merits. First: I remark, that all those outrageous proceedings exploded upon me all of a sudden. I knew nothing of them, until they spake them in conference. I had not the least opportunity of self-defence, as I afterwards obtained, nor did they intend that I should obtain any defence. For instance, as to my report in the last document, of the establishment of a mission at Yardoo's, it will readily be discovered that I was not in possession of document 6, although I knew the contents therein were matters of facts. Nor was I, at the time of publishing the last three reports, in possession of the three following documents; but I knew that their contents existed. But before I leave this subject, I propose to sum up the whole matter, that it may be understood by all. But first to the law and testimony. And here let it be observed, that the law of the M. E. Church concerning the trial of a local preacher, is copied in full, in my report, Doc. 8, to which I refer the reader. And for a further illustration of that law and its application, I refer the reader to a little book, entitled "Hedding, on Discipline," a discourse on the administration of Discipline, by Elijah Hedding, D. D., Bishop of the M. E. Church, delivered before the New-York, Providence, New England and Maine Conferences, and published at their request.

Now, whoever wishes to know the validity of their proceedings with me in the aforesaid case, then I refer them to Hedding, on Discipline, from page 32 to 36. And this I claimed as my standard, and still claim it. But I will only copy a few promiscuous items in this place, and then appeal to the book for the rest.

Here it is written: "This officer (a Presiding Elder) is to preside also in the trial of local preachers: And here he needs great wisdom and patience, to see that the laws of the church be duly understood and regarded in these trials; that proper testimony, and none but such, be admitted in those investigations; and that suitable means be used to protect the innocent, and correct or punish the guilty, as the case may require," &c., &c.

After several remarks, the Bishop says: "Another question is often asked. In trying an appeal, are we limited to the record of the testimony in the trial below, or are we to admit new testimo-

ny? On this question, different opinions and administrations prevail. But, as in the appeal of a travelling preacher to the general conference, and that of a local preacher to the annual conference, the trials proceed on the minutes of the evidence in the preceding trials; so, it appears to me, consistency requires we should proceed in such cases in the quarterly conference," &c., &c.

"Here," says the Bishop, "another question is asked. Has a Presiding Elder a right to call a fifth quarterly conference in the year, to do special business? I know of no such authority," &c., &c. Now, I appeal to the little book for the remainder.

Indeed, the very things which Chase pretended he wanted to prove by his contemplated affidavits, I owned them again and again in presence of all the conference. Moreover, Chase did not pretend that he wanted to prove any thing by his contemplated affidavits, excepting the very things which were charged against me, at the previous annual conference, as heretofore stated.

But all those former charges were fully disposed, and put far beyond every one's reach for the present purpose, as acknowledged by Chase himself. (See doc. 9.)

Here it is written by Chase: "But, as it was the regular time for the examination of the character of all the members of the quarterly conference, if any objections existed against an individual, they must then be made known or entire silence kept afterwards." (All right.) Now, will any one dare say, that Chase and his conference were ignorant of those old charges, which they made against me nine months before? Surely not. Or if they were not ignorant of those old charges, then why did they not bring them into their first suspension? Chase says in doc. 9: "It is proper to remark that it is 'only a repetition of the slander for which the quarterly conference saw fit to suspend him,'" &c., &c. Thus you see from Chase's own acknowledgments, he could not bring in those old charges again, seeing that every individual in the conference had been hammering on them for nine months or more.

Now, why must I be suspended until Chase goes to America for affidavits to prove those things? Answer it, General Conference! Answer it, ye venerable Bishops! And thus it is clear, that nothing can remain of the first suspension, but Chase's slander, as he calls it.

We will now examine his claimed slander, if we can find it: First, for what was I first suspended? Mr. Chase says, "for a repetition of of the slander." That is, not for slander, but a repetition of of the slander. But what can he mean by this phrase, more than a repetition of his own words? However, to cut short the argument, and as you are eager to know how I disposed of this charge of slander, I will quiet you as soon as possible.

First, let it be observed, that at a previous conference, I had been (most illegally) suspended for slander, to be tried at the next quarterly conference. And the law of the M. E. Church Discipline, pages 75 and 76, expressly requires, that such shall be expelled from the church, if found guilty. And when I found that I was not expelled as the law required, nor suspended to the next quarterly conference, nor any other conference as the law expresses, the preacher having said in the outset, that there were no complaints nor appeals, I knew, that, according to law, they did not consider me guilty, or they would have expelled me as the law requires. And moreover, I knew I was not guilty of one single charge which they brought against me, and upon all this broad ground, I withdrew from their church in full confidence, in sight and hearing of them all.

There now remains but one single charge which they brought against me to be disposed of, and that is, the false, barefaced charge of not having established a mission in Goloo. But even if I had been guilty of that charge, they could not have legally suspended me until Chase could go to America and bring back affidavits to prove that I did not establish a mission in Goloo, until they had taken legal steps for it. I therefore challenge the world to show one lawful objection against the legality of my withdrawal.

DOCUMENT NO. XIII.

This document contains the foundation of my claim on the Board of Missions, &c.

The first of this document is the very root of all good and evil, hence the most important of all. It is a copy, verbatim, of the application and appropriation of money, so frequently referred to both by Chase and me in the controversy above mentioned. It was written by me before I went to Africa the last time; I gave it to Chase in the city of New-York, he handed it over to the board, and they preserved it as a document. After I returned to America the last time, I called for a copy of it and they sent it.

Moreover, Document 6, and the following document are substantially built upon this foundation.

C. Pitman's copy of my Application.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3d, 1841.

Rev. S. Chase—*Dear Sir*: In behalf of the salvation of the heathen and spread of the gospel among them, I thought to communicate to you a few ideas on paper, on some of which you may wish to consult the Board. First—I wish to know if the Board and yourself are willing to send me among the heathen in Africa? Second—If so, shall I be permitted to take boys as at Hed-

dington? If so, then I shall want \$25 to purchase furniture for the family, \$15 for joiners tools, and \$15 for books.

On the first of these questions, I think that some one should go among the heathen in the interior and be preparing the way of the Lord. The heathen are now awake to the subject, and the scattered converts should be gathered, and their usefulness secured.

Secondly. As to taking boys and girls, feeding, clothing and schooling them, is the far better way to secure a foothold among the heathen than any other. For, in so doing we secure both parents and children, and the approbation and protection of the Kings. And,

Thirdly. We must have dishes to cook in and eat with, or we cannot teach them civilization. And to buy those necessaries in Liberia, we must give 200 per cent more than they cost in America. And if we had tools to work with, we might save many dollars which we are under the necessity of paying to carpenters, besides learning the boys to work. As to books, we have ever been lacking for spelling books and grammars. And I wish to select my own books for my school, and bring you a bill for the same.

But there is one thing now of greater importance. That is, if we find a suitable place for a mission station beyond the bounds of the Colony, that you purchase two or three hundred acres of land, immediately around it, that we may exercise the more authority, and secure a more permanent home. I think that \$100 will be sufficient for this purpose.

So I submit these little temporary articles to you and your Board, and pray you to consider them and let me know soon.

Very affectionately yours in Christ,
GEO. S. BROWN.

(A true copy.) From the original.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Missionary Notice, May, 1813.

AFRICA.—It will be recollected by our readers that we published in a previous number an account of a visit made by brother G. S. Brown to the Goulah tribe, with a view to the establishment of a mission among them. This visit was in accordance with an understanding had with the Board of Managers and the Superintendent, previous to his leaving the United States. In the account referred to it is stated that “Yardoo, the first king of the Goulah nation, king Jago and Ballahsadah, the young *war* king,” manifested a remarkable liberality in the offers of territory, boys, &c., for the contemplated establishment of a mission among their people. And as an evidence of their sincerity, Brother Brown

was permitted to take back with him to the Colony five native boys, to be kept there until the rainy season should be over, when they would be expected to return with him and his family to the interior. We are greatly rejoiced to learn from the "Luminary," that all these boys during their stay in the colony became professedly, the subjects of converting grace.

As confirmatory of the statements made by G. S. Brown, respecting the openings among the Goulahs for missionary effort, Ballahsadah, the young war king, has since visited Brother Chase in person, for the avowed purpose of securing a missionary to labor in his tribe. The editor of the "Luminary" remarks that "the object of his visit seemed to be, that he might ascertain from us, as "head man of God's side," whether Brown should go after "the rains" to reside among his people, so that they might make some further preparations for him. And when it is considered that he had travelled the distance of more than a hundred miles for the accomplishment of this object, it must be admitted that this, together with his statements, and earnest inquiries on that occasion, are sufficient to remove all suspicion as to the fact of his ardent desire for a mission establishment, by whatever motives he might have been influenced.

(A true copy.) From the original.

DOCUMENT NO. XIV.

This Document proves that I did establish a mission at Goulah, according to my report, and on which I sustained my claim on the Board of Missions. Those affidavits were taken in Liberia, before P. Prichard, Esq., and David Moore Esq., sanctioned and sealed by his excellency, J. J. Roberts.

REFUS SPAULDING, sworn, deposeth and saith, that he went to Goulah with Mr. Brown, shortly after his arrival from America. Ballasada is a war man; we went to king Yardoo; he, the said king had conversation with Mr. Brown nearly all night and a day. Further deposeth and saith that Yardoo told Mr. Brown that he could not sell him the country, but if he chose to come he would give him, Brown, a plenty of boys to teach them; Yardoo told him where he could make a farm; he further told Mr. Brown he might make a farm at Ballasada place, and build a school house; Mr. Brown must dash him, Yardoo, first. Further deposeth and saith, that Yardoo sent about ten men to carry Brown's dash to him. Ballasada said, when the rains are over he would build a house and send for him, Mr. Brown. Further deposeth and saith, that Ballasada did come to Caldwell; Mr. Brown, Ballasada and myself went to Monrovia from Caldwell and got from the Colonial Warehouse, two axes to open the path. Further deposeth and

saith, that we would have returned to Goulah, but the rains prevented us; when we went to talk the palaver in the Goulah country, we carried a plenty of rice and meat to eat. Further deposeth and saith, that he was living with Mr. Brown at Heddington, he had many boys living with him, and treated them at Caldwell the same as he had done at Heddington. Further deposeth and saith, that when Mr. Brown left Caldwell for Goulah he sent some boys to Heddington and some to White Plains; they returned again to Mr. Brown at Caldwell. Simon Peter died at Mr. Brown's house; I was employed by Mr. Brown, and during the time I was employed he gave me sufficient food.

his
RUFUS ~~X~~ SPAULDING.
mark.

Witness: M. H. Smith.

Taken before me the day and year aforesaid.

P. PRICHARD, J. P.

[A true copy.] From the original.

—
Caldwell, Oct. 13, 1843.

I, LAWRENCE DAY, M. D., sworn, deposeth and saith, he has lived in Monrovia two or three years, and did go into the interior with his excellency J. J. Roberts and Mr. Chase, and heard Mr. Brown's name frequently mentioned there. I heard of Mr. Brown's name at Yardoo; Mr. Brown's name was mentioned there as having been to that place before; it was mentioned there that Mr. Brown was expected there, and that they had been looking for him for some time. In the evening of the same day that we arrived, I heard Mr. Brown's name mentioned in the way of establishing a mission or a mission school out there. Mr. Chase stated, that the object for which he went out there was for the purpose of establishing a mission school; he had heard from Brown that Yardoo had given all his children for the purpose of teaching them, and that he had given him the privilege of choosing any place to make his farm, and Mr. Chase wished to know of Yardoo, whether it was true as he had heard so from Mr. Brown. Yardoo did not seem to understand Mr. Chase, and did not want to talk that God palaver, as he called it. He, Yardoo, said that Mr. Brown had been there, and they were looking for him again. If Mr. Chase represented Mr. Brown he was willing to talk it. I considered from that expression that Yardoo considered himself pledged to Mr. Brown in some way. Mr. Chase stated that Mr. Brown could not do any thing of himself but could only do what Mr. Chase told him; he could not go out there except Mr. Chase sent him. Mr. Chase said he was head man for all this God palaver; and Yardoo declined giving Mr. Chase an answer in regard to establishing a mission there until he, Yardoo, could get the kings together which lived a far distance off; Ballasada was

present at the time. The next place I heard of Mr. Brown was at Ballasada town. The Governor, Mr. G. Moore and myself were quartered in Ballasada dwelling-house. Mr. Chase and his party put up in a large house which Ballasada said was built for Mr. Brown. They had been looking for him, Mr. Brown, for some time, and wondered why he did not come. I believe Mr. Chase had a conference with Yadoo the evening before we left, but later than the first, that was in another house separate from ours. Governor Roberts was requested to attend but did not. The next morning they had another conference, after which I understood he, Yadoo, had agreed to Mr. Chase's request.

This visit alluded to above, took place in the month of February last, between the 14th and 28th, 1843.

Witness: Ja. W. Prouk.

LAWRENCE DAY.

[A true copy.] From the original.

DOCUMENT XV.

This document is a solemn portrait of the spirit of the Rev. John Seys, formerly Superintendent of the Liberia Mission. It is the copy of two letters, directed to Rev. E. B. Hubbard, obtained by me, and on which I prosecuted the author, and brought him to the issue aforesaid.

NEW YORK, July 15th, 1845.

Rev. & Dear Sir,—Your letter of the 7th inst., was duly received, and but for very pressing ministerial duties, would have been answered before now. The individual of whom you make inquiry, George S. Brown, was once a minister of the M. E. Church, and a missionary to Africa. For several years he was under my superintendence, and though always an exceedingly eccentric character, labored successfully among the heathen. In 1841 I returned to America, and Brown was a passenger on board the same vessel, having insisted on *locating* at the session of the Liberia Conference, held in January of that year. During his visit here, he travelling extensively, took up large collections; but to obtain them, related to astonished multitudes a series of unfounded tales which had not the shadow of truth, and which the people and ministers have *suspected* were falsehoods, and the people in Africa when they heard of them, *knew* to be barefaced and deliberate *lies*. The consequence was that after my resignation of the Mission in 1842, Mr. Chase's appointment to the charge, and Brown's return to Africa with Chase, his application for re-admission in the conference met a unanimous opposition. But this did not satisfy the brethren there, as a local preacher he was arraigned under the charges which grew out of the published statements which he made here of events said to have taken place there, but known to be false. His license was taken from him. His conduct in all this was most turbulent,

overbearing, insulting to the P. Elder and all the official brethren. Finally, he was tried and expelled the M. E. Church *in toto*. He made demands of Br. Chase of a most exorbitant character, and which because he, Chase, would not pay, he abused him for most shamefully in the Mission House, and in the columns of the Liberia Herald, a paper at that time delighting in calumny and vituperation against every thing *Methodistical*. The number of this paper and the replies of Mr. Chase in our Luminary are before the public and will bear ample testimony of indisputable character. In 1844, January 11, I returned to Africa in my former capacity. Br. Chase having died, and no man among some thousands of preachers willing to go. I found Brown *there*, but had nothing to with him, as I discovered no evidence of proper humiliation—no Godly sorrow—no confession of guilt and promise of amendment. In March he left for this country, and so soon as he arrived presented a bill of \$1100 against our Board of Managers. They were astounded!! but immediately forwarded to me the account with instructions to call a choice and select committee, investigate the validity of his claim, and report thereon. I did so. Five or seven, I forget which, of our best men were picked, among them Dr. Lugenbeel, Colonial Physician, a white gentleman of piety deep, talents very superior, an excellent local preacher of our church, a brother beloved by us all. This committee did not award him (Brown) one cent of the eleven hundred dollars. So soon as I could I forwarded the report in full, with all the vouchers in the case. But behold, before report could get here, Brown urges his claim—threatens a law suit—frightens our Board—proposes a compromise, which they finally accepted and paid him \$700!!

Now, it is possible he may have repented—been forgiven of the Almighty Judge, and may enjoy religion, but, my Brother, I strongly suspect that unless the wicked “turn from his sin and do that which is lawful and right”—unless “he restore the pledge, *give again that he hath robbed*, walk in the statutes of life without committing iniquity, he shall” not “surely live,” “he shall die.” I have nought personally against Brown, nor unless called upon in the manner I have been, would I expose him; but as you have requested this of me, I must conscientiously declare that which I know, and I do it in the fear of God. Now, then, judge you whether such a person can be a fit member, much less a minister, of a Christian Church.

I am, very affectionately, Your Br. in Christ.

JOHN SEYS.

I declare the above to be a true copy of a communication which I received from Rev. John Seys, *verbatim et literatim*,

E. B. HUBBARD.

(A true copy.) From the original.

New-York, Sept. 5th, 1845.

REV. E. B. HUBBARD—Dear Brother: Your letter of the 21st of August, was left at my door, and no opportunity afforded me of seeing the bearer. I need not assure you that its contents surprised me exceedingly. For me to be required to produce proof of allegations against G. S. Brown not brought forward by me as Brown's accuser, but elicited from me in the manner they have been, is passing strange: and the more so, because the things alledged against Brown were not done in a corner, but are known to multitudes in both America and Africa, Now as to my consuming my time, expending my own means, and putting myself to a great deal of trouble to prove things which ocured, not while I was in charge of the Liberia mission, but during the year that I had nothing to do with that mission, and its superintendency committed to another, is altogether an unreasonable expectation. I have a large heavy pastoral charge of more than a thousand members, and from morning to night, and frequently late at night, am engaged in duties connected with my own particular field of labor. I have therefore no time to attend to such extraneous matter. Add to this, I have nothing personal against Brown and should never have come forward as his accuser, but when solicited to tell what I know, felt bound to do so at your request. However the proofs are so abundant in reference to all that I wrote, that you who are interested, if you will take the pains, lay out the means, and consume the time to obtain them, can easily do so. In the first place obtain the numbers of the Liberia Herald and Africa's Luminary, published during Brother Chase's administration in Africa. In these the paper war between the superintendent and his Missionary, Brown, was kept up for months. The latter abusing the former in the columns of a foreign paper, the former replying and explaining the cause or causes of the controversy. These are living epistles, read and known to all men—strange very strange, they are not known to all the people of Glen's Falls and Fort Ann circuit. Chase went to Africa in January, 1842, returned May, 1843, died in July. Secondly, get from Rev. C. Pitman a copy of the report of a choice committee which I caused to be called together at the request of our Board to investigate Brown's account of \$1700. This committee I repeat did not award him \$1—no not one cent. The reasons are stated; the acts of dishonesty detailed: take one instance. Mrs. Blanding of Philadelphia gave him, Brown, school books as a donation for our missions in Africa. He Brown sells the book;—sells some to our own Missionary A. D. Williams, and pockets the money. Now all this, and it is not a *tithe*, this report proves by vouchers, receipts, and documentary evidence beyond all doubt. Thirdly, send to Africa, (for you know I cannot be supposed to have with me on a station in Aine-

rica, all the books of record, minutes of an annual conference and of all the quarterly meeting conferences held in Africa during another man's superintendency.) Send to Africa and get from the annual conference minutes proof that Brown applied for re-admission as a travelling preacher, was refused, on the ground of abominable falsehoods told in this country—some published in our own Christian Advocate and Journal, as detailed editorially, and which every reasonable man there knew to be such. Fourthly, send to Africa and get from the Ministers of the Coldwell quarterly meeting conference proof ample, that for the same cause he, Brown, was not even re-licensed as a local preacher, and furthermore, that because of his treatment of Brother Chase in addition to the above falsehoods he was arraigned, tried, condemned and expelled the Church. Fifthly, send to Rev. James Smith, P. E. in the Philadelphia conference, I name him as one of a thousand who heard Brown say he addressed congregation of cannibals in Africa, who, while he was preaching, were deliberately eating parts of human bodies. Some eating a hand, some an arm, some sucking out the eyes of a skull, &c., &c., a more barefaced and unfounded lie can scarcely be conceived. I could add much more, but my time ought to be more profitably occupied. As to your immediate questions to me, dear brother, how can I tell whether Chase ever called Brown a black rascal? I was 4000 miles away from the scene of contest. I never saw Chase after his return, never wrote to him, nor was written to by him. I do not think that Brown was unkindly treated by Chase, or by the colored brethren. I think Chase refused to pay Brown's bill of expenses in going to Goulah. First, because Brown went over the sum limited and Chase by the Board, and this limited sum Brown knew well here before he went to Africa. Secondly, because he, Brown, did nothing—he visited a few towns—preached—came back, with a few boys, for whom he charged most outrageously, though ordered not to lay out money in large presents to kings and head men for boys. All these points will be found to be most clearly set forth by Chase in the Luminary of 1842 and early in 1843.

For yourself and colleague, accept of the fraternal and very respectful regard which I feel in my heart towards you; but I beseech you—do not expect of me to undertake a case in which I am more concerned than some one who never knew the parties. Apply to the sources I have named if you want proof of these things. But if you do *not*—if there be a strong sympathy for Brown, and a desire among the brethren to make him a preacher, why let them do it in the face and eyes of a host of reasons why they should not. But to the Judge of all the earth we must give account.

Respectfully.

JOHN SEYS.

I declare the above to be a true copy of a letter received from
Rev. John Seys,

E. B. HUEBARD.

(A true copy.) From the original.

But I propose to aid the reader in looking over those letters again, lest he be puzzled in ascertaining the facts of some of their contents. True, the letters have been pretty fairly tested by law, and found to contain many falsehoods. Yet it is the privilege of my readers to demand a more particular explanation on some of the mysteries which the letters themselves do not explain. Hence, I propose to commence at the first letter, and notice a few items as we pass along.

First: Seys says, "he was always an exceeding eccentric character, &c. By "eccentric." I suppose that Mr. Seys would have you to understand, that I was always departing from their centre, not moving nor acting from, nor tending to the same end as they do: that I was singular in my proceedings, did not run with the current, and that I deviated from their stated methods usually practice or established among them. &c. Now, Mr. Seys has laid this as his foundation. That is, undoubtedly he thought that if he could make his readers believe that I was always eccentric, it would give him a good shove-a-head in accomplishing his purpose. Well, reader, I think we will not attempt to move his foundation, since he has been building on it so long. See documents 5 and 7.

Again. During his visit here he travelled, took up collections, &c., but to obtain them, related a series of tales which had not the shadow of truth, &c.

Observe, Seys does not pretend to tell what those lies were, unless it be the big, barefaced lie about cannibals, which we will attend to in its place. And therefore we cannot get hold of any thing to explain in this passage. But the next subject which he grasps is, concerning my being arraigned for those lies, license taken from him, tried, and expelled in toto.

Now, when those letters were read in church, on Sanford's Ridge, the whole church received it as a matter of fact, that a legal process of trial took place at that annual conference; that an arrest proceeded right on, by which I was soon expelled in toto, for only those lies which I had told in America. And who would understand him otherwise? But is it so, or not so?

Seys has told his story, and now I will tell mine also. First, I have stated again and again in this work, how I was opposed at that annual conference of which Seys speaks, and I wish to have it ever remembered. But then all went on well after that, for about nine months; even until the difficulty took place between Chase

and me. But that difficulty had no relation to those barefaced and deliberate lies which Seys tells about; nor was I even suspended for those lies, as I have already proved by Chase himself in doc. 9. And as for being expelled in toto, I will tell the reader what it is made of. First, I withdrew from their church on the 4th of March, 1843. In December following, Chase's orders reached Liberia. On the last two days of that same December, the church in Caldwell held their fourth, or last quarterly conference for that year. On the first day of January 1844, those brethren held another quarterly conference, which continued for about fifteen or twenty minutes, as I was informed by good authority. About ten minutes after it dispersed, Brother Mumford, one of their preachers, a member of that quarterly conference, came into my house, and told me that I had just been expelled by that quarterly conference. I asked him for what I was expelled. He said, "For the Chase difficulty." I then asked him why they did not expell me at their quarterly conference last Saturday. He said, "Well, Brother Ware was afraid it would raise an excitement and spoil the meeting." (Not on the feast day, lest there be an uproar among the people.) But what of this expulsion, even provided I had not withdrawn at all? First, I answer, that I knew no more about that conference, than any man in Oregon, until after it was over, and Brother Mumford told me. Second, Three quarterly meetings had past since their "mock suspension." Third, The closing up conference for the year 1843, was held on the week before, and the law required them to close up the business of that year at that conference. Fourth, If they had any suspension against me, it must have been their first business in their closing conference. Fifth, If they considered their conference in which I was expelled, a fifth conference, then Bishop Hedding has decided its illegality. Sixth, I had withdrawn from their church ten months before this, and published it in the news paper. Will that do, reader? Expelled in toto, says Brother Seys. But Seys says he made a demand of Chase, of a most exorbitant character, &c., &c.

All I need say about this is, that a part of the documents are before you, on which the Board paid that exorbitant demand. See doc. 6, 13, 14. I also presented to the Board eleven affidavits, and several other papers besides, none of which are copied in this work; so that by their own documents I covered my entire claim, in full. "But," says Seys, "he abused Chase most shamefully in the Liberia Herald," &c., &c.

But I answer, that all the Liberia Heralds which have my name in them are before you: doc. 8, 10, 11, 12. The design of my writing those documents when I did, pointedly as I did, and of publishing them in Liberia as I did, was to compel those Sanhedrim rulers to answer before the public; if I wrote a false-

hood, or if I wrote the truth, I intended to stop their mouths. And hence, they have never attempted to answer those last three letters, to this day, notwithstanding their Luminary is ever ready to grasp the least reproach; and those reports have been standing before the public for six years, and bearing ample testimony, as Seys declares.

"And," says Seys, "in March he left for this country," &c. But I can prove by the whole community of Caldwell, and Monrovia, the bark Latrobe, and all her officers, crew, and passengers, that I left on the 25th day of January previous. The next horrible crime of which I am guilty is, of my presenting a bill of \$1100 against the Board, and they immediately forward him the bill, &c.: a choice committee is selected, &c., &c.

Now, as to presenting such an account, I have heretofore explained in full, and need not repeat it here. Only to say, that I presented my bill on the 6th April; and from that time I was all the while urging the Board for a settlement, while vessel after vessel were sailing to and from Liberia. But the Board did not pass a resolution to refer the case to Seys until the 19th July following, and it was some time after that, before they sent to Liberia. "Immediately," Seys says!

As to Seys' choice select committee, he has forgotten the number. Only he remembers Dr. Lugenbeel, a white gentleman, of piety deep, talents very superior, an excellent preacher, and brother beloved, &c., &c. No wonder he did not allow Brown one cent.

Again. Seys says, "Brown urges his claim, threatens a law suit, frightens our Board, &c." Now, this fright, this awful fright, was on this wise: After making several applications to the Board for a settlement, and they became more and more indifferent to it, as I have stated in my journal, Aug. 3d and 27th, 1844, to which I refer the reader. I then wrote to the Board, in substance as follows: I wrote them, that if they would only look over my papers, I was sure they would be satisfied to admit my account. But if they were not disposed to look at my papers, then I requested them to select, or name any one or more of their preachers among us, and direct him to look over my papers, and then let him report to them. But that if they would not comply with any of those proposals, then I should be under the necessity of entering into a process of civil law to bring the Board to a "settlement." But were they frightened at this threat of being brought to a simple settlement? Let us see once: Here on my table lays the answer to the aforesaid threat, in the hand writing of the Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society, and reads thus, verbatim: "I am sure the Board are by no means desirous of a resort to a legal process in the adjustment of this matter: yet they are responsible to God and the Church for the

management of the high and sacred trust committed to them, and even the threat of a law suit 'cannot frighten them into any measure which righteousness, justice and conscience could not approve.'"

Now, reader, whom shall we believe—Seys, or the Secretary? Which has told the truth? Not *both* of them! Moreover, what a mean reproach Seys hurls back on the Board of Missions! Frightened out of \$700 at once, by a "black scoundrel!" However, we must make some allowance for Brother Seys, because he says he "has nought personally against Brown; nor unless called upon in the manner I have been, would I expose him; but as you have requested this of me, I must conscientiously declare that which I know, and do it in the fear of God."

O, horrible! horrible! such an acknowledgment needs no further explanation at present; hence we shall descend to his 2d. letter, and notice a few particulars therein also.

The first thing which arises here is Seys' exceeding, shocking surprise, that he is called on, or required to prove what he was requested to do, and what he did do in the fear of God. This makes me think of a little story I used to read, how poor Tray was treated for being found in bad company.

For, Seys says he has not aught against Brown, and therefore he thinks it passing strange that he is called on to prove allegations against Brown, "not brought forward by him as Brown's accuser," but "only elicited from him in the manner they were."

Poor man. But does he tell the truth here? Answer it, reader. Did he not produce and bring forth those allegations himself? Look at the close of the above letter and then judge for yourself. Seys may need his millions in America and Africa, of which he speaks, to sustain him yet, for aught I know.

But he has no notion of consuming his precious time and money, and thinks it unreasonable that he should be to a great deal of trouble to prove what took place in Liberia, when he was in America; and yet he declares he knows it all, and tells it in the fear of God.

And here he washes his hands again, Pilate-like, and declares he has nothing personally against Brown, and "should never have come forward as his accuser," but when solicited to tell what he knew, "felt bound to do so."

Observe, reader, a few lines above he denies being my accuser, but here he owns it in full.

Now what gave those letters strength was, that Seys declares he knew those facts, told them in the fear of God, and immediately pledges abundance of proof to back up his sincerity. Hence, who can wonder that the church should become deadly prejudiced against me.

The whole paper war is before the reader, contained in docu-

ments 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12. Moreover, I acknowledge, with Mr. Seys, that these are living epistles, and I wish to have them read and known of all the world, and to be understood exactly so too. Yes, it is a pity that the church on Fort Ann circuit, had not read and known them before they proceeded as they did.

Again; Seys introduces his choice committee of one white gentleman, who investigated his account of £1700. Monstrous account indeed; but where on earth did he ever find it, or who ever presented such an account in my name? It must be that the one white gentleman committee investigated the account of some other Brown, rather than mine, for I never presented any such claim on Chase, or on the Board of Missions, at any one time.

Undoubtedly Seys wrote "\$1,700," on purpose to exaggerate his slander. The doings of that committee were handled over in court when we settled with Seys; but soon we found its entire foundation stood only on one instance, and that was, Mrs. Blanding's letter, and here was my dishonesty: Seys says Mrs. Blanding gave Brown books, &c., &c. Now as near as we could trace this letter, it was on this wise: C. Pitman wrote to Mrs. Blanding, inquiring of her something about books; and she wrote him an answer. That answer, or letter, was sent to Liberia, and when the one white gentleman committee investigated somebody's account of \$1,700, by what we could learn, we supposed that they must have guessed at the contents of that letter, (that is, if we allow them any charity at all,) intending, at any rate, to make the letter subservient to their purpose.

But the letter was brought back to America, appeared in court, and Wilson swore that that letter was before that committee when they investigated the above account. It was introduced in court to prove that Mrs. Blanding gave me books. But as soon as it reached the hand of any unprejudiced attorney, it sunk out of sight and died away at once. For it did not so much as hint, in any one place, that Mrs. Blanding ever gave me any books, nor even one book, nor that she ever gave me any thing else.

And this is one of Seys' vouchers, document proof, beyond all doubt, and to which he refers Mr. Hubbard to prove my dishonesty: and a verbatim copy of it is now on my table. Strange that the talented white gentleman committee did not read the letter.

The next thing on notice in Seys' letter, is the minutes of the Caldwell quarterly conference. Those minutes were also presented in court as Seys' main document to prove that I had been arraigned, tried, condemned and expelled, for those barefaced and deliberate lies which all the brethren there knew to be false. But notwithstanding Wilson swore them to be the original minutes, yet they did not cover those letters.

And here let me remark, that the quarterly conference above alluded to, commenced at 8 1-4 o'clock on Saturday night, and continued until about 2 o'clock on Sabbath morning. But notwithstanding all the aforesaid proceedings on that awful night,* yet the whole was contained on three pages of letter paper; written with blue ink, black ink, brown ink. That is, words of one meaning written with blue ink, which was the original, struck out with black ink, and words of another meaning inserted with black ink, and of an entire different hand-writing. But even all that did not cover Seys' letters. Indeed, if they had been ever so well written, they would not have proved enough for Seys' letters. True, they stated that I had been arraigned; but not one word of my being condemned, nor of being suspended to the next quarterly conference, nor of my being expelled. And those minutes are another of Seys' document proof, ample, beyond all doubt.

Rev. John Smith was not tested at that court, but still we fed largely on cannibalism.

The Rev. B. R. Wilson swore most positively, again and again, that such a being as a cannibal was never known in Liberia, nor any where about Liberia, nor any where round about the Liberia Mission. Yes, he swore positively, that it was impossible for a cannibal to be eating human flesh in any part of the Liberia mission and he not know it.

Indeed, he was so omniscient and omnipresent for a while, that his counsellors began to think certainly they should make this charge stick. But shortly after, Wilson owned that he could not tell whether the Liberia mission was ten miles square, or 40,000 miles square.

And not long after that, Wilson was called on to swear to some of our documents; and ere he was aware, he swore to the authenticity of documents 2, 3, 4 and 7, and their counsellors read them.

And here is where they butted off. But it is very singular, since Seys and Wilson are so omniscient and omnipresent, that neither of them can tell whether Chase called me a black rascal, or not.

And here, we are made to know the reason why Chase did not pay my bill. Seys gives us two reasons; but are those reasons matter of facts? Let us examine once.

Seys says, 2d, because Brown went over the sum, limited Chase by the Board, and this limited Brown knew well before he went to Africa. So you see that Seys is as omniscient as Wilson, and Willson is as omniscient as a Witch. Brown knew it well, says Seys. But are either of these assertions true? First,

*March 4th, 1843. It was the same night in which the great Comet so illuminated the horizon.

as for my knowing any thing of any such limitation, if I may be permitted to borrow language from Seys' own lips, then I say it is an unfounded, bare-faced falsehood: for I did not know it. Moreover, it is not at all probable that the Board of Missions knew of any such limitation; or doubtless, (bittered as they were against me) they would have bleaded it, and not have paid me \$700 more. Indeed, in all the difficulty which I had with the Board, they never so much as spake, or even hinted at any such limitation for my operations in Africa, no neither directly nor indirectly. But Seys says, second, Brown did nothing. But is this true?

Let Documents six and fourteen answer this question:

Seys has now got over his concern, as if he never knew the parties, but to the Judge of all the earth he is responsible.

Reader, what do you make of those two letters of Rev. John Seys; Are they true, or are they false?

But before you side on their merits, you should consider that dear Brother Seys had not aught against Brown, when he wrote those letters, and that, unless elicited by my good Brother Hubbard, he would never have exposed me as he has: and that even now, he has told it in the fear of God, with good conscience, for he knew it all.

This is the very same John Seys, to whom the Board of Missions referred my account, without any of my consent, (as stated in my Journal, Aug. 3d, 1844,) and with all the talent and deep piety of his one white gentleman committee, did not award me one cent. And O how sharply the Board did chide me in a letter, because I would not consent to submit my account to Rev. John Seys.

Seys gives us three reasons for not awarding me one cent: First my dishonesty in selling Mrs. B's books, and pocketing the money; second, for going over the limited sum; and third, I had done nothing: and he can prove the whole of it.

But the monster has had almost two years to ransack sea and land in the two Kingdoms, and what has he proved after all? And now reader, I say again, Seys' letters are before you, and more than twenty Documents besides; and now show me, if you can, a parallel case of any professed gospel Minister, (I care not of what denomination) who having nothing (as Seys twice acknowledges) against his neighbors, but only on being elicited, will, or has ever voluntarily, thus turned upon a man? But Seys says, I felt bound to do it. (Odd Fellows.) Now wicked, ungodly men might have had some charity for Seys, if he had acknowledged that he had been seeking the same, or a favorable opportunity for revenge, ever since his law suit with the commonwealth of Liberia, because Brown would not join his party. But now what can the ungodly think of such a creature?

True, there is no doubt (if Seys tells the truth) but that Hubbard told Seys just what he wanted of him. Nor is there any doubt but that J. W. Harvey told Hubbard what he wanted; for immediately after the reading of Seys' first letter in quarterly conference at Fort Ann, July 26th. 1845, "there, said J. Harvey, "that is just what I wanted."

But I ask all heaven and earth, does the elicitation of Harvey and Hubbard modify Seys' criminality one whit? The woman gave me, and I did eat.

Nor will it mitigate Seys' crime one jot, if he pleads that B. R. Wilson and S. Chase told him thus and so, as he seems to intimate in his last letter, when he refers to certain Luminaries; for he appeals to God and his own conscience, that he knows those things are thus and so.

But Seys is yet in high standing in Church, and all his unfounded, deliberate, barefaced lies which he intended I should bear, are with him.

I should have inserted many more Documents in this place, but for the following reason:

That is, I have been informed, that Seys is recruiting to give me another attack; and having heard why, and how he intends to commence his engagement, I have reserved several Documents of his own hand-writing, for self-defence in the next campaign.



PREFACE TO NOTES.

THE design of these notes are as follows :

First : It has frequently came in my way to mention certain words or things which are well known in the country where they exist, but they do not so exist in all countries, as not to require some explanation for the satisfaction of foreign readers. And my objection to explaining them in the midst of the work is this,

Suppose I attempt to explain the character of a Bugebug in the midst of the work, and one of my African readers come to it, the description would be dry and of no manner of interest at all to him. But, in the northern States of America it might be highly interesting, to know what we Africans mean by a Bugebug, or a Driver, &c.

And hence, I have extracted those descriptions, so that the reader may read them all at once, or not read them at all, just as he pleases.

NOTES.

NOTE A.

Bugebug, an ant. I give them this name because they are generally known and called by it by all the people in the region, and none but a few historians know them by the name of "Termites." They are a large chunked, white ant, they are of various sizes, generally about as large as a small wheat grain. They are far the most numerous inhabitants of the whole continent of Africa. They live in mounds of earth of various sizes, but nearly the same constructure. Many of those mounds are eight feet in diameter, and twelve feet high. Some of them are most splendid ; having on their tops some four or eight elegant spires, from two to six feet above the main body, which very much resembles the spires on a church or other public buildings. The midst thereof somewhat resembles that of a dry honey comb. Near

the surface of the earth in the centre of the establishment, lives the old king, in a shell of hard clay, the shape of which resembles an oyster shell. This king cannot get out of his shell, nor turn around in it, any more than an oyster can in his; nor has he power to break his shell,* nor can he move about when the shell is broken open, any more than a man could move with twenty tons on him, except to move his head. In this position his head resembles that of the other ants, but his body is a lump of clear, white, slimy jelly, as large as the flesh of a common sized oyster. The smaller ants go in to him at their leisure. The old men of the natives tell me that all the laborers of those families are under the necessity of going to the king to obtain slime for cementing their work. Probably there are two bushels of ants in a mound. Their favorite food is wood, but as they are fond of a change, nothing but metallic substances escapes their teeth. They are extremely fond of cloth and paper. They are decidedly the most perplexing and destructive of any tribe in Africa. But where the land is kept under constant cultivation for a few years they all retire from it and trouble us not. The natives dig into those bugebug hills, take out the king, and in a few hours the whole family leave the tenement. The natives then break them in pieces, pour on water till they are slacked, and then work them into mortar. Then they plaster their houses with it, out side and in, and when it is dry it is nearly as hard as brick.

NOTE B.

King-jar is an article or vessel, which, with the natives is nearly the same as a valise is to the Americans. They are composed of splinters of bamboo, palm leaves, and bark, put together basket-fashion. The shape of it resembles a box, three feet long and fifteen inches square, having a pith, bamboo wing on each side, which wraps over the top from each side and then tied fast with strings.

And nearly all the burdens among the natives are carried in those vessels. When they are tied up, every thing is kept perfectly snug, and are handled to a good advantage. Many American boys at fourteen years old will carry a pole on his shoulder which many of these natives could not. But cut the pole in pieces, put it in a *King-jar*, lay it on the native's head, boy and all, and he will carry it any where. Or whether he has a *King-jar* or not, he carries his burthen on his head. But if he has a "jar," and his neck becomes weary he can sling it on his back, as a knapsack. A pail or pitcher of water, an axe, wood or stone, all goes well on the head.

* Nor can a man break it without an axe.

NOTE C.

Devil's Bush is a place of worship among these heathen, and is to them in some respects, what the Jewish Temple was once to the Jews: only the natives have no external temple, but a bunch of thick brushes, and no God but the devil. The consecrated limits of a devil's bush, is from four to ten acres of ground. In the midst thereof, is a bunch of thick brushes, which they suppose is a kind of an occasional residence for Satan, and where he appears personally, if called for. And here is the urim and thummim of the devil. Here is satan's mercy seat, and the altar of Moloch. Here the Griggree* Man is anointed, and the Griggree Woman is inspired by satan.

This ground is far more sacred to the natives than christian temples are to christians.

NOTE D.

Head Man, whose office and authority among the natives is about equal to the rank of a serjeant in the military department. Their degrees of government office are as follows:

First. There is a head king over every tribe, answering to the President of the United States, only possessing more monarchical power. But he has his under kings, in rank like 1st, 2d and 3d Vice Presidents in societies. And these rule over certain districts of country belonging to the same tribe. And under those are head men, all of equal rank, who rule over a single half town. The towns in which the kings reside, are called whole towns: but those in which the head men live, are called half towns. And every town has the same name as the man who rules over it. When we use the word town, we only mean the little spot on which the buildings stand, and they are in a closely compact huddle, for fear of war.

NOTE F.

Tongues are just so many as there are tribes. Every tribe has his own independent dialect, differing one from the other as follows:

<i>English.</i>	<i>Pessah.</i>	<i>Goloo.</i>	<i>Queer.</i>	<i>Vye.</i>
God.	Gallah.	Diah.	Grippaw.	Karnbah.
Christ.	Gallah-loong.	Gwad-diah.	Grippaw-you.	Karnbah-ding.
Angel.	Gallah-be-lah.	Ar-won-diah.	Paw-yon-you.	Karnbamoun.
Heaven.	Gellee.	Garb-ar-diah.	Barndoh.	Ghae.
Devil.	Noil.	Nuevm.	Noie.	Nyeh.
Hell.	Waun-sooh.	Banyum.	Farroh.	Ge oh.

*Griggree signifies witchery, sorcery.

Now Heddington was filled with all those dialects, and it was not so easy a matter as some might, and have supposed, to convey the gospel to their hearts so as to fasten it there. With regard to tongues, there are a few in all the tribes, who, of course, can understand their neighbor's tongue, and some of them several tongues. But in general, these few only learn a few of the most important, common business words, just to convey a few broken ideas to each other. It is said that we have 40,000 words in the English language. But I presume that not one of the above four tribes has over 1,500. And hence it is extremely difficult so to modify and simplify the gospel, as to make it bear upon them. As to naming things, there are but very few which they pretend to name at all, and hosts of those which they name, have the same name. The verbs, live, go, make, are nearly all the verbs they ever pretend to use. These three words, added to the word "palaver," which signifies any kind of business whatever, are about all they need of that kind. They use neither participle nor preposition, unless it be understood in some one of the above four words. Simon Peter used to tell me that he could express his feelings the best in broken English, because he knew of no country words for it.

NOTE G.

Note, or a letter, signifies authority among the natives, and is almost invariably received with reverence. The bearers cannot read one word, nor the people to whom we send them. But we tell the bearers the contents of them, when we give them the letters, and they rehearse it to whomsoever we direct them. And this answers all purposes just as well as if all could read, only the letter must be left with them.

NOTE H.

New Name, among the natives, signifies an entire change of moral character. When the natives are converted, they depend on having a new name as much as they depend on any ordinance of the Lord's house. Hence when they are converted we give them American names, in honor of some of our friends in America. They think they cannot be known as christians, unless they have a new name. For their old country name is as disgusting to them as their sin, which they committed under that name.

NOTE I.

Town Gods and Watch Gods, among the natives, are considered of great consequence. A Town God, is a rock of from three

hundred to one thousand pounds weight. Two posts are set in the ground, and a beam laid on the top from post to post. The rock is hung up under the beam, eighteen inches from the ground by means of barks and vines. The design of this rock god is to give physical strength to the people of the town, and to render the inhabitants rock-proof against their enemies. This rock is the ark of their covenant also. These gods are to be seen in all the towns without the colony, and in many within.

A Watch God is composed of leaves, barks, roots, bones, monkey's brains, fish scales, gravel stones, charcoal, &c. This composition is put into a little bag made of bark, tied up tight, and hung by the side of the path a few rods without town. This god gives the people timely notice of all wars, witches, thieves, diseases, and all other judgments which may come upon them.

NOTE J.

Ignorant of God, indeed, were the heathen, when I first went to Heddington. Their knowledge of God at that time was as follows. They supposed that there was a being, whom we know to be God. But none of the names which they gave him were intended to convey any idea of the import of our English word "God." First, he was a stranger, and no one knows from whence he came. But the devil is charitable to him, for when the devil made all this world he claimed it as his own, and God had no where to go. The devil would not let God stay any where in this world, because they could not agree. The devil could not make him mind; so the devil let him go up top above the sky, which they think is a blue slate stone over head, and there God built him a town about four acres square where he and ten or twelve angels live. But God neither sees, nor knows, nor cares, nor has any concern, nor interest, directly or indirectly of what is going on down in this world. But as the devil made every thing implied in the word "world," so he is the sole monarch of the whole beholden to none, nor responsible to any. And this is the sum of their knowledge of God when I went to Heddington. I obtained this information from Simon Peter and Brother Bow. But as Brother Simon used to say, God let them all know who he was in the Heddington battle.

NOTE K.

Religion of those heathen, consists in their superstitious vanity of pretended friendship and admiration of the devil. Their religion consists exclusively in sentiment, just like a great many Americans who know not God nor the power of the gospel. The

religion of those natives is a religion of state. And so far as I can learn by their best authorities they are required to believe and profess the following sentiments, or profess none :

First. That every one has an immortal soul. And that all those souls belong to the devil, and when they die all go to hell. And that those who serve the devil most faithfully on earth will be his nearer jewels in hell. That those who sacrifice the most human flesh and blood to the devil, will fair the best in hell. That those who have not been faithful to the devil, will be put to hard work, and have to eat and drink fire, while the devil's faithful ones are drinking rum, singing and dancing.

Hence, they think it necessary in all things to please the devil, to secure his favor after death. Their gods, or griggrees, which they wear around their necks, they suppose to be inspired by satan, and in every respect they suppose them to be their only immediate guards. Their griggrees are to them the devil's ministering angels; and unless they become converted by the Holy Ghost, in all cases they are ready to die, rather than part with their griggrees.

But their griggrees are also badges of the religion which they profess, and acknowledgments of their allegiance to the devil and all his potentates. And if, after casting off his idol, he embrace another religion, and especially that of the American God, why then he is supposed indeed to be an open, daylight enemy to the devil, and all the devil's worship. And hence, formerly, because they were such warm friends to their father, the devil, and so fiery zealous for his worship and character. The first man who falls on this gospel christian and slays him, is subject to promotion. Hence, all the christians at Heddington, who experienced religion before the battle, were in this molochal fire; but the blood shed in battle quenched it.

O, ye rotten-rearted, dead-formal, uninterested, hypocritical, self-deceived, willfully blind American christians! go, go to the heathen—stop there—learn, learn interest, learn zeal, learn policy—let the true dsiciples of the devil teach thee how thou oughtest serve thy God. O, ye betrayers and murderers of Jesus—ye stiff necked sectarians, ye are not half so worthy of the name christian, as those heathen. O, ye proud mockers of the religion of God, ye shall go down quick into hell, and the heathen shall rule over you.

NOTE L.

Drivers: large, long, black ants. Their size is near to that of an oat grain. This is far the most saucy, meddlesome, disobligning, unruly, rakish, inhuman, intriguing, rascally, unsociable, robbing clan of any in Africa. When the gluttonous scamps are

not well nigh starved, they travel in long trains, some of which are half a mile long. Those trains are about one inch wide. First, their well disciplined, artful pioneers, are seen about four or six feet before the train, reconnoitring the way in a most wise manner. And they are always in haste too. Immediately after them comes the compacted, perfectly organized train, two abreast, and sometimes four, on each side the train. Those two columns are separated by a line of ants, marching in single file through their midst, directly the other way. But in all this operation there is no more confusion than if they were so many soldiers. But as soon as the train starts, their guard, on each side the train, immediately build an arch over it, by placing themselves on each side within each of each other, the first standing on their hind feet, while others climb up and stand on the shoulders of the first, till they strike hands over the top of the arch. In this position they stand with their heads up, and their little, paltry horns open, and not the least creature or thing can come within their reach, but they will catch him. And if one gets hold of any body, or thing, which is moving, he will assuredly hang on, and soon you will have drivers enough on you, to make you beg earnestly, and destroy all the pride in you. For all the guard have hold of each others hands, and it is not easy breaking their hold. But as they pass on, they continue to form the arch ahead, and those behind fall into the rear. This train is of the exact width in one place as another. If they come to a stream of water, not more than two or three feet across, they will build a bridge at once over it, by crawling, one partly over another, and holding on to each other, till they reach over, and pass on. But no one may disturb them when travelling, on peril of abundance of difficulty. When we are travelling, and come to a train of drivers, we just step over and pass on. But we have not done with the drivers yet. For they do not always travel in those trains. For when they become extremely hungry, they break the train, spread out on the ground, and make a sweep of from two to twelve rods wide. And their being millions of millions in each train, there is not the smallest insect which can possibly escape them, except they run or fly before the little, cruel lions reach them. It makes no difference what living creature is before them, a fowl, an anaconda, a sheep, hog, leopard, lion, an elephant, or a man, he must keep beyond the reach of the drivers, or he is soon a dead dog. For the drivers have no respect of any thing that has flesh, neither do they know any mercy. Their weapons of warfare are their little, sharp horns, with which they cut the flesh all in pieces. They also ransack every building wheresoever they go, piercing every crevice from the entire top to bottom. If they find any thing to eat, they all join together, and eat upon it till they can carry off the remainder. But if they do not find any thing to

eat, they will go all through the house, and in one hour from their commencement, not one driver is seen. There is no use to attempt to turn them out of their course, only by the application of hot, fiery embers, or spirits of turpentine. These are the king of the forest, and were it not for their gluttony, the forest would be overrun with insects. These are the only beings which I have found in Africa who were able to drive the gopel any where.

NOTE M.

Cassava, may be called a vegetable, which is cultivated to a great extent, and with much success in Africa. Its stalk has somewhat the resemblance of that of a summack bush, and grows from six to fourteen feet high. The vegetable grows in the ground, and puts forth after the process of a potatoe. The vegetable consists of from four to eight long roots, coming forth in different directions, as potatoes from their stalk. When they are sufficiently grown for use, those roots are from one to three feet long, and from two to four inches in diameter, running immediately under the surface of the earth. When the root is first pulled up, it resembles the root of a tree, taken from the black earth. But take a knife, with a light stroke length ways, split the bark, slip it off, and the vegetable is white as snow, and as brittle as a winter squash. Those are generally used as a substitute for bread; and I presume there is not a vegetable on earth which is equal to them for that purpose. They are remarkably nutritious, and are equal to corn for feeding stock, and make excellent pork. They are cooked either by boiling, roasting, baking, stewing or frying, made into bread or cakes, or pudding. They yield from one to three hundred bushels to the acre. The manner of cultivation is under Note Q.

NOTE O.

Timber, in Africa, is not so durable as in America. Nor indeed will American timber which is brought to Africa endure as in its original country. We have timber in Africa to which we have given American names, but there is but little resemblance, one to the other. Our mangrove is hard timber, and has some appearance of American beach. It grows on high or low lands, and is a tall, straight, handsome tree. It generally stands on its roots from two to six feet above the surface of the earth, so that a man can crawl or stand up amidst the surrounding roots, under the main stump, and shelter himself from the attacks of wild beasts. Our common oak has a little of the resemblance of American yellow pine, and makes very good shingles. Our poplar is some like American black walnut, of which the most of

our boards are sawed. Our brimstone wood answers to American hard maple. Only it is yellow as brimstone, and smells very strong of brimstone. After it is sawed out, it is laid in water, till the sulphur is extracted, and then it is worked into beautiful furniture. This is a heavy, solid wood.

But in travelling for months, there will not be seen a tree or bush, which at first sight resembles any tree or bush in the Northern States of America. Live oak, a choice timber for ship building, grows in abundance on the lower lands, back in the interior.

NOTE P.

Natural productions are abundant and of great variety in Africa. It is not easy to starve a native, only give him ability to range the forest. The natives along on the coast having intercourse with civilized people, have, probably, for years, cultivated some rice and cassava. But, back in the interior, they have never cultivated but very little. I have had intercourse with a number of old men from the far interior, who have given me abundance of interesting information concerning their living there.

But, even some of the natives who live within the bounds of the colony,* are frequently brought down on the natural productions of the land. These productions are as follows :

First; wild meat, as we call it; that is. wild beasts. The first and greatest of these is the elephant. But these are seldom taken only by the instrumentality of musketry.

The natives first prepare an arrow of iron,† or spear, about two inches wide, and twelve inches long, with a shank of about four inches. Then they make them a rod just large enough to fill the barrel of a musket, and the spear is put into the rod. Then a small charge of powder in a musket, the rod put down on top of it and fired, thrusts the elephant to the very liver. Here, then, is meat enough to last a whole town for weeks. For they will eat his entire inwards and outwards. But no musket ball will enter their thick, tuff skin. When these beasts come to their full growth, in their native country, they are huge monsters in very deed.

The hippopotamus is also a good sized animal, and a pretty good supply is found, and shot with muskets along the rivers. But if they have not muskets, the woods abound vastly with deer of various species, wild cattle, wild hogs, ourang outangs, leopards, monkeys, apes, porcupines, ground hogs, &c., &c., all of which may be taken with bow and arrow. And if their bows and arrows fail, then there is the anaconda, the boa, and a host

*The American colony is 300 miles on the coast of western Africa, and 30 miles inland.

†Back in the interior the natives make their own iron and instruments too.

of other serpents ; the turtle, the ant bear, &c., all may be taken with the bill hook, or clubs. But if they are too lazy for such harvest, then the ground abounds with snails of various kinds, many of which are as large as a man's fist ; besides bugs, worms, lizards, frogs, &c., &c., may be obtained just by stooping down and picking up.

And if the natives can only obtain meat enough, then they care but little about any thing else. Nor does it make any difference to them what kind of meat it is, only let it be flesh, except it be a black scorpion, which they say is entire poison.

In addition to this, the rivers, creeks, and swamps abound with fish, which are taken in nets of their own make. Herbs may be gathered any where, and boiled at their leisure.

The rich, tender roots and barks of trees and bushes, together with palm cabbage and colob nuts, make them a sufficient substitute for bread, if there be no wild cassava. Their palm oil makes them a grand substitute for butter, for their palaver sauce and mushrooms. Hence, originally, the natives were under no necessity of cultivating the land for a living. And even those who do cultivate at present, but few of them depend on cultivated food, for the year round, except it be that of cassava.

NOTE Q.

Culture, among the natives, is limited and simple. Their manner of cultivation is, first, to select a spot of light, or small timber, and soon after the rainy season is over, cut down the timber. And just before the rainy season is coming on again, (which is about five months,) they burn it over while it is very dry, and then immediately plant or sow their rice. They sow three or four rods square at a time, and then with a little piece of iron, driven into a stick about two feet long, hoe fashion, they peck over the top of the soil, which is as light as a garden, till they cover the rice, and so on. As soon as their rice is sown, they get them a parcel of cassava stalks, from whence they have gathered the cassava, cut, or break them up into pieces about six inches long, and then plant them as Americans would plant potatoes. (The cassava itself will not grow.) Thus they fill their entire farms with cassava among their rice. And then they go over a part of it again, and every once in about eight or ten feet, they stick in a grain of corn.

This all comes up and grows together. In about 2 1-2 months they cut their rice, and in three months they have a crop of corn also. Sometimes they pull a few weeds from their rice.

In about five months from planting, the cassava will do to begin to pull. And for eighteen months after the first pulling, those

cassavas will remain good and be growing nearly all that time, without any cultivation. But this is all the farming which the natives do till the next year, when they cut a new farm. They do not work a spot of land only one year at a time, for the following reasons: Their cassavas occupy the land for the first eighteen months, or two years. Secondly; it is more work to clear off the land, two years after the first planting, than to clear new land. For when a piece of land is burned over, and laid two years without cultivation, a man will find himself in trouble to crawl through it. It will be all matted over with bushes, high weeds, grass, and vines of many descriptions, because of the richness of the soil.

But the Americans are far more wise, for they keep their land constantly under cultivation. They proceed as follows:

Suppose it be a piece of new land; they burn it over and plant it with cassava only; and when the cassava gets up about a foot high, they take their hoes and weed it out just as they would corn. Then, in a month or so, they hoe through it again. After this they go through it once or twice with their bill-hooks. By and by they begin to pull: but wherever they begin to pull, they immediately turn around, take their hoes and haul the surface of the earth up into ridges about five feet apart; then they plant on a row of potatoes and stick their cassava sticks each side of the row; then all grow together for three months, and the potatoes are ripe. They then dig the potatoes, turn right about, haul up the ridges again, and plant on their sweet potatoe vine again; for the potatoe itself will not produce potatoes any more than a cassava will produce cassava. And so they continue from month to month, and from year to year, for it is one everlasting summer there. But then the colonists raise other crops also.

If it was not for the excellent article of cassava, and perhaps we might include the superior sweet potatoe, undoubtedly Africa would be called the greatest corn country in the world. But still the cassava is more profitable, unless there could be a market opened, nearer than we have any. But after all, I have no doubt but the cassava is more healthy in that warm climate, than corn bread would be.

But the colonists are mostly going largely into the article of sugar cane, which grows nobly in that country. And whether that is the more profitable, time will decide.

Several of the colonists have some fine coffee orchards, which undoubtedly will be useful. Finally almost any summer crops which are grown in America, may be cultivated in Africa. They do not use oxen and horses there as in America, nor in fact, do they half so much need them. For their land is so much more fertile, that it is not half the work to till it. For neither oxen nor horses would kill out the grass, only what they eat. But

should they ever get in a habit of raising stock, doubtless it would be more profitable than their cane. Some of them are beginning to cultivate peanuts, which grow, and yield most bountifully. It is indeed mysterious, that the very best land on earth should be reserved for the last treat of heaven to man. But it is the Lord's doings, and it is marvellous in our eyes.

AFRICAN TRIUMPH.

American high-lands may boast of their green,
 Since a few months at longest, her collar is seen,
 Then as many have pass'd through and very well know
 That her beauty is soon changed by white frost and snow.
 But our African forest as thousands have seen,
 Abounds with delightful, unchangable green,
 And her sweet smelling blosoms perfuming the air
 As American high lands at once would despair.
 American low lands may talk of fine grass,
 A few months at longest, her glory is passed,
 Then as many have witness'd while shiv'ring along,
 Her turf dry, and frozen as hard as a stone.
 But our African loam lands are dressed in stout grass,
 Its constant green blooming forever doth last,
 And her fatness and sweetness as many have said
 Bids defiance to America, and waves her tall head.
 American farmers may boast of their corn,
 Though seldom, if ever you see eight feet long,
 And with ploughing, and hoeing, and sweating, and toil.
 It wants as much raising as an infant child.
 But our African clay land which many despise,
 Grows corn stalks from fourteen to sixteen feet high ;
 No ploughing, no hoeing, I declare it is true ;
 Old barren America, I bid you adieu.
 American farmers, potatoes do raise,
 Amidst thistles and nettles, they hoe many days,
 Twenty bushels* on an acre, surprising indeed,
 And often so frost bit, they scarce get their seed.
 But our African plain land meets all our designs,
 Bears us four crops a year from nothing but vines,
 And a crop of cassava makes very good bread,
 So I think old America must bow her proud head.

*Of seed

PREFACE TO FRAGMENTS.

THE design of this fragment is to give a definite idea of what I mean and understand by christian, personal, practical, Bible holiness. For sometimes I wish to be understood when I use the word holiness ; for there are such a diversity of sentiments among men, as to what holiness is, it is difficult for us to understand each other, unless some of us explain ourselves. And therefore I have concluded to explain what I mean by christian holiness that the world may understand me. This fragment was written in Caldwell, Liberia, at the time that I was under a dangerous persecution for preaching on the doctrine of sanctification by faith. When I first wrote it, I designed to have published it in Liberia. But the storm of persecution increased so rapidly, I finally concluded not to aggravate it higher. But this is only an abridgment of that, and therefore I shall refer the reader to a few plain texts of scripture, without attempting to fully explain any, that the reader may have the greater advantage to judge and apply for himself.

Fragment B, immediately following this, has no formal preface over it because of its important relation to fragment A. The design of fragment B, is to aid, encourage, and direct the reader how he may easily and practically obtain and retain all the great blessings that ever God has promised.

FRAGMENT A.

On Holiness.

First. In giving my views on this important subject, I wish first, to apprise the reader how I use certain terms in the scriptures which I hold as nearly synonymous, when describing the moral state of a christian. But let it be understood that I only write my own views on this important subject.

First. Holiness is a word which independently originated in God, came from God, and it is applied to God, angels, and men without any modification or qualification, only such as men whose names are not written in the bible, have been assumingly disposed to make.

However, in describing christians, I call holiness, "God's moral image in the soul of a man."

Sanctification, I call God's work in changing the moral nature of a man, a polluted sinner, from all inward sin, into a state of all inward holiness.

Perfection, signifies or describes the work of sanctification from its first completed degree. Supposing its onward advancement to higher and higher attainments in God's image without haltings.

Purity, is a word which I use to describe the quality of a man.

Righteousness is the right temper of the heart with God.

Perfect love is the right spirit of the heart with God.

Charity signifies all the work, affections, and the whole nature of a sanctified soul.

But with me, where any one of those terms may be justly applied to a person, to the same person I readily apply the whole, supposing that neither term can be in reality applied to an un-sanctified heart. And those terms all being used and applied in describing the character and nature of God, I suppose it to be impossible for one of them to exist where all the others are not. And therefore, I use them in describing the character and nature of a christian, supposing that either term implies the whole when applied to God or men.

And now, if the reader has any inclination to understand my little sentiment on holiness, then he must hold his bible in one hand, and as soon as a passage of scripture is presented or referred to, he must turn to it before he further proceeds, and criticize it closely, or it will be impossible for him to understand me.

And now, what is holiness?

I can explain my views and meaning the more clearly to the reader by first referring him to holiness in God, then by dividing that holiness into two parts, negative and positive, as follows:

First. Negative holiness in God, is that original, perfect purity of his disposition and principles which necessarily binds him inflexibly in direct opposition to all iniquity, and places him at the utmost distance from every appearance of all sin. It is that genuine, perfect rectitude and integrity of his most hallowed will and character, by which he governs angels and men.

Secondly. Positive holiness in God, is that living intrinsic, absorbing fire, which burns eternally in the bosom of God, throwing its predominant flames like lightning (Dan. 10:6,) through all the very essence of his vital constitution and nature, consuming every thing within its reach which is contrary to its own el-

ement. This fire is the very essence of God's nature, and constitutes him substantially what he is. See Heb. 12:29, Exod. 19:18, Levit. 10:2, Deut. 18:16, Ezek. 1:1-13, Dan. 7:9, 10, 2d. Thes. 1:8.

Now christians, negative holiness is a conformity to the external will of God, as is revealed by the moral law. The law imports action, action to a definite extent, from certain motives, and by invariable rules. For the law is holy, just and good. Romans 7:12.

The moral law utterly forbids every sinful action, rigidly requires all virtuous actions, and negative holiness cheerfully conforms unto it in every action. See Jer. 31:33, Psa. 40:8, and 119:97, 1 Jno. 3:7.

But positive, christian holiness is a conformity or similarity to the moral nature of God, as positively expressed in the scriptures.

Negative holiness signifies to do, but positive holiness signifies to be. Positive holiness has nothing to do with good actions nor bad actions. It only makes the tree good and keeps it good, but it leaves the fruit to the test of negative holiness. Positive holiness signifies, to be inwardly, supernaturally conformed to the moral nature of God, in being or in existence. When I use the word or phrase, "conform to the nature of God," I mean that entire work of God in the soul, whereby we are created in righteousness and true holiness. See Eph. 4:22-24, Col. 3:9, 10.

Now those two texts express not only a total gone-away of all the old sinful actions, but a sweep-away of all the old sinning nature. For it is impossible that the nature of sin and the nature of holiness should dwell together. 2 Cor. 6:14-15-16, Mat. 6:24, and 9:16-17, Rom. 6:18-20-22, Jam. 3:11-12.

Hence, positive holiness implies, not only the absence of all inward sin, but the actual existence of moral purity to a certain extent, and that extent is defined and expressed by the Holy Ghost. See 1 John, 3:3.

Now let us exercise ourselves on the comparison of this text and a few others, and see what they amount to as touching our last proposition. "Every man that hath this hope (sons of God, and being like Christ at his coming,) in him, purifieth himself even as he (Christ,) is pure."

Here, then, is the extent of the required purity, without which our hope of heaven is no better than the hope of a hypocrite. See Job 8:13-14.

But let it suffice us to say, that if Christ has no sin in him, then how can we be pure as he is pure, (not do as he does,) and yet have a little sin in us? Since a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump. Or if there is no sin in Jesus, but we have a little sin in us, then what more are we like Jesus than we are like the devil? For the devil is transformed into an angel of light. 2 Cor. 11:14, 15.

And do you not see that this text refers directly to a state of inward being, to a state of positive existence of inward purity? Can it mean any thing less than, be as pure from sin as Christ is pure?

In this we have the standard which the Holy Ghost has set up, and no man break it down, nor will it bear any bending. Again, Mat. 5:48. "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." Mark now, this text does not say, do ye, or act ye perfect as your Father in heaven; but an express commandment, "Be ye therefore perfect as your Father is perfect. Whatever else this text may mean, it must mean, "be perfectly separated from all sin, and possess, at least, a certain degree of the divine nature. Second Pet. 1:4., Rom. 11:16, 17. But if we have a little sin, (as some call it,) in us, let us have whatever else we can have with a little sin, than wherein are we perfect as our Father in heaven, more than we are imperfect as our father in hell?

1 Jno. 3: 8. Jno. 8: 44. In this text also, you see the extent, the standard which Jesus has erected, the perfection of a supernatural, inward nature, without which we cannot be like God in any moral thing or action. Mat. 7: 17, 18, 19. But says one of my opposers, those passages of scripture must needs be modified a little more, or I shall never be saved, nor will any body else, if such is the standard:—I say, well, modify them then, if you dare; for I dare not: yea, teach God all the wisdom you can, and correct all his errors; but as for me, it is enough that I be taught of God.

Moreover, Hebr. 2: 11. For both he that sanctifieth, and they who are sanctified are all of one, which cause he is not ashamed to call them brethren.

Now what less can the word "sanctify" mean here, than the setting apart, separating, total destruction of all the corruption of defiled nature: a universal crucifixion of the whole, entire old Adam; a general and particular removal of the old sinning nature and constitution of the soul, and a full substitution and restoration of the moral nature Christ, in which man was first created? I say, what less can be implied in being one with Christ?

See Ez. 36: 25, 26, 27. Rom. 6: 6, 11. Gal. 2: 20. But suppose we have a little sin remaining us, then how is it possible for us to be one with Christ, and he not partake of that sin? Rev. 3: 20. Gal. 2: 17. 2 Jno. 11.

Or how is it possible for us to be one with Christ, so as justly to be called one (Jno. 17: 21, 22, 23,) unless we partake of that living, internal fire which burns in the bosom of Jesus? And must it not be the very same fire in him and us, if we be one with him? We have seen that fire is the essence, the life of God and Christ. And indeed, is it not that fire, which makes us

one with Christ? For we are made nigh unto God by the blood of Jesus, but it is only that holy fire mingled in the sanctifying blood, which constitutes its virtue: and that fire blood passing through the fire hands of the Holy Ghost our sanctifier, makes us one with Jesus, and one with each other.

Answer to it ye sanctified ones of Jesus. For when you first felt the application of the sanctifying blood of Jesus, did you not feel fire in it? Blessed be God, I did, and I feel it yet. And this living, inward, refining fire, is what I call, positive holiness. It is an intrinsic flame burning constantly in my soul, imparting light, life, heat, power, and comfort, nor can the flood of temptations, nor the storms of persecution, nor the trials and afflictions of life, extinguish it. S. Songs, 8: 7. It is deposited in the soul, supported by the promises of God, and fanned by faith. 2 Pet. 1: 4. Eph. 3: 17, 18, 19. This last passage presents the fire man in the soul, circulating his flame all through the moral constitution, as if he intended to baptise the whole man with holy fire. Mat. 3: 11. Mal. 3: 3.

And in this Godlike operation all the drops of the old sinning nature is separated, (Is. 1: 25,) and every thing else which is contrary to the element of the fire, and a vessel is brought forth, sanctified for the master's use. 2 Tim. 2: 21. Prov. 25: 4. Tit. 2: 14.

God now claims such a soul as his own temple, enters in and dwells there, 1 Cor. 3: 16, 17, and 6: 19. And herein is our love made perfect, because as he is, so are we in this world. 1 Jno. 4: 12 to 17.

Positive holiness then, absolutely includes God in the soul: And the Holy Ghost positively protests against every thing else, as answering for holiness but God in the soul. 2 Cor. 13: 5. Rom. 8: 9. And thus, the only sound hope of heaven, is Christ in the soul. Col. 1: 27.

It therefore follows of course, that if Christ be in you, the body (of sin, Rom. 6: 6) is dead, (Rom. 8: 18,) for Christ will reign in the soul by such almighty grace, that sin cannot have any dominion over you. Rom. 6: 14. For the very first moment that Jesus enters into the heart, he binds the strong man of sin and casts him out, destroying all his goods and works, Mat. 12: 28, 29. 1 Jno. 3: 8. And now, the Holy Ghost having full possession of the soul, has a fair opportunity to execute his office in infusing, and inspiring his own perfect love, joy, and peace, with all his heavenly graces, fire and all, through the whole soul, Rom. 5: 5. Gal. 5: 22, 23.

At the same time Christ being held in the heart by faith, Eph. 3: 17, 19, enlarges and expands the capacity of the soul, until by and by it takes in the entire Godhead. And by this operation we are changed into God's moral image, from glory to glory as by the spirit of the Lord. 2 Cor. 3: 18.

And so you know now, what I mean by holiness : without which, no man shall see the Lord. Secondly, and here, the opposer of Bible holiness, generally inquire, saying, why cannot we enter into heaven, nor see the Lord in glory, without this particular, inward, vital, evengelic holiness? And wherein is there such a stress, or necessity of such holiness in this life, before we can enter heaven?

I answer; mainly, because we can no more exist amidst that all devouring fire which burns in God, and flames all over heaven, than our bodies could exist in an iron heated furnace on earth.

For that fire burns necessarily, and consequently in God, and whatever else God may do, or can do, he cannot quench that fire which burns in him, and all around him, nor is it possible for him to withhold, restrain, or abate it in the least degree. Nor can he avoid pouring forth its vivid flame in full force, and spreading it to the very utmost inch of all that is called heaven, sweeping away every thing whatever, that is not proof against its violence, 1 Kings, 18: 31 to 39.

This fire is the very essence of God's nature and his glory, and constitutes him what he really is.

Who knows of any heaven where God is not? Or who knows of any heaven, which this fire does not fill? And now for an unsanctified man to die, and his unholy soul to be thrust into that consuming, devouring fire all of a sudden, without proper qualifications for it, undoubtedly heaven would be far more intolerable and tormenting to him than hell itself, Prov. 8: 36. Luke 19: 14. Jno. 3: 19, and 7: 7. For even when the unsanctified creature was here on earth, he hated the very name of true holiness; he had rather hear of any thing, than holiness: His very least concern and interest, was in Bible holiness. Nor had he any charity at all for any christian who professed to be sanctified here on earth. Yea, he not only hated holiness, but even took satisfaction in mocking, and prosecuting such as loved and enjoyed it. No, he did not believe in the doctrine of sanctification. Nothing was half so aggravating to his unsanctified soul, as to hear a saint cry out, "glory to Jesus." And to be in a Holy Ghost prayer meeting, and think of taking part with the sanctified, was worse than death to him. He hated God, because he is holy.

But he could laugh and rejoice in the midst of cursing and blasphemy all the day long. He was in his highest element, and the hours were always too short for him when he was among rude, joking, worldly-minded, musical men; but the worship of God was always too long for him. He loved his sins most dearly, but hated holiness with utter contempt. He chose sin, but rejected holiness. And just so much better as he loved sin more

than he loved holiness, just so much more tolerable hell will be for him than heaven.

Now let it be observed, that when a wicked, ungodly man dies, he goes to hell; not directly, for the sake of punishing him for his sins, but directly, because they have no fitness for heaven. And such is the doctrine of Christ. See John 3: 5, 6, 7. Heb. 12: 14, and 3: 11, 19.

And as for that special qualification for entering into heaven, (see 2: Thes., 2, 13, 14. 2: Peter, 1, 2,) he has none of it.

And here the unsanctified generally inquire whether there is not some middle purgatory, or whether God will not make them holy at the moment of death, or sanctify them immediately after death, so they may obtain that qualification for heaven?

I answer no; not if the following passages of the word of God are true: Mat. 5: 20, and 7: 21, 23. Luke 13: 25, 26, 27. Peter, 4: 18. Heb. 9: 27. 2 Cor., 5: 10. John 12: 48. Rev. 22: 10, 11.

Reader! those last are a class of the most admonitory, fearful, solemn texts in all the book of God, and we should not pass over them very carelessly.

However, to return. God knoweth not only how to qualify us to endure that fire of heaven, but he knows how to prepare us that it may become our first, and most glorious element. And since our only hope of eternal life is involved in this, I propose to detain you for a few moments longer, as we have arrived at an important point.

Now with regard to the qualification as above stated, the all-wise God proposes a process of (if I may so express it,) gradual acclimation; saying, "I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich," &c. That is, as if Christ had said, obtain of me a sanctified, pure soul, which soul, being purified by the blood of Jesus and fire of the Holy Ghost, is pure and precious, durable, and acceptable to God, as gold is to man. Rev. 3: 18. Hence, God, who well knows the nature and operation of all those matters, wisely proposes the process of qualifying us for heaven, to be in a similar manner as that of refining gold. Zech. 13: 9.

But what is the process of refining gold so as to stand the fire? I answer: First; heat the furnace just hot enough to gently melt the particles of gold, which will settle to the bottom, then skim off the dross and cast it away. Then by raising the heat one degree higher, there will arise a little fine dross on the top, different from the first, which is easily separated, and cast away. And in the same manner they proceed until they have raised the heat to seven degrees hotter than at first. (Ps. 12: 6.) And by that time, not a particle of dross or any filth can be produced from the gold. And when the dross and filth are thus ex-

tracted by fire, the gold becomes so pure, solid, and acclimated to the heat, that it is not in the power of any domestic fires to reduce its strength, weight, or any of its properties. Prov. 25 : 4. But suppose you take gold ore, or dust, and drop it into a furnace of seven degrees heat, with all its filth connected, or contaminated with it, then, if perchance the dross did not in time consume the gold, it would be absolutely impossible ever to extract from it one jot of pure gold. Use whatever process you please after that, and your cindery gold will ever be deficient in some of its properties. And just so with a man who dies in an unsanctified state, thinking of going to heaven; he will eternally be deficient in some of the properties of the heavenly hosts, either in repentance, faith, love, sincerity, real humanity, resignation, simplicity, good works, or something else of great importance. "Reprobate silver shall men call them, because God hath rejected them." Jer. 6 : 30.

The fact is, an unsanctified man has no fitness nor moral constitution to bare such a mighty, violent change all at once, as that from earth to heaven, unless he first become acclimated, or qualified for it, as we have clearly shown, 2 Thes. 2 : 13, 14. Eph. 1 : 4. Heb. 12 : 14.

For we must become fire-proof before we can reach heaven, or suffer an eternal loss. 1 Cor., 3 : 12, 15. 1 Pet., 1 : 7. Therefore, the process of acclimation or qualification, should be well understood by all who are interested in obtaining heaven. I only give my own views concerning it.

Sanctification qualifies us for heaven. That is, when a person is first sanctified, he experiences the first degree of that heavenly fire. And then living by faith in the fire promises of God, the Holy Ghost dwelling in his soul, gradually raises the degrees of his own fire, just as the man is able to bear it, and not distract his moral intellect, nor confuse his weak constitution. And thus the Holy Ghost works like a refiner of silver and gold. Mal. 3 : 3.

And so from the first degree he goes on, raising the heat higher and higher, and soon (if the man is patient in the fiery operation,) he becomes perfect and entire, wanting or lacking no qualification for heaven. James. 1 : 3, 4. 1 Pet., 1 : 7.

But as we are still moral agents, and exposed to the temptations of satan, as Christ was, the next business of the Holy Ghost is, to keep us in that holy, sanctified state. 1 Thes., 5 : 23, 24. Rev. 3 : 10. 2 Pet., 1 : 5. Jude. 24.

And thus, by this process, we become so naturalized and acclimated to the fiery zone, in consequence of God's dwelling in us, circulating his own fire in us by degrees, that by and by it becomes our first, chief, and most glorious element, and our cry to God is, "fire, fire, O, for more heavenly fire!"

Refining fire, go through my heart,
 Illuminate my soul,
 Scatter thy life through every part,
 And sanctify the whole.

O, that it now from heaven might fall,
 And all my sins consume.
 Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
 Spirit of burning, come.

But, says one, is not justification the first degree of that fire ?
 I answer, no.

Justification (abstractly considered,) is only (if I may so call it) a preparatory messenger going before to prepare the way of the Lord, that he may accomplish this fiery work in the soul. Mat. 3: 3, 11. Acts. 19: 2, 6. 1 John, 1: 9. Heb. 12: 15.

Now, those texts express a sentiment and meaning altogether different, that is, far deeper, and wholly of another nature and operation from what can be understood by the simple word "justification." Moreover, they are posted in the midst of doctrines and arguments, conspicuous, as expressing important substance and not shadows.

Now, my opposers, here in Africa, contend that sin consists only in doing wrong, and not doing right; that is, in actions exclusively: and that when God pardons, or justifies a sinner, then there is no more entailment of sin left in the man: that they are then holy, free from all sin, because their sinful actions are pardoned. And hence they say that to contend for any thing further than pardon, is enthusiasm, eccentrical, and superfluous.

But, my views on this point, are quite different, whether I am right or wrong. For I believe that sin consists quite as much in being wrong as doing, and in not being right as not doing right. That is, I believe that sin is an inherent, internal principle in our moral constitution and nature; that, as poison, it spreads itself through all the moral marrow bones and blood veins of the entire intellect of the natural man: that, as a noxious, deep root, concealed, fastens its bearded fangs in the very inmost soul of our moral nature, carrying off the whole man as a leopard would a young goat. And, that this germinating root may remain in vital nature with all its original, spontaneous properties, grasping the whole limits of the constitution, and like a strong man armed, holding dominion over the inward man, and challenging all the powers of simple justification to route it. Luke 11: 21, 22. Job 20: 11. Ps. 51: 5. Jer. 17: 1. Is. 1: 5, 6. Romans 7: 17, 20.

Now, I contended that justification can never reach the root of those texts, nor can it ever remove that instinct, inherent substance, or sinning essence to which those texts exclusively refer. For simple justification alone, neither expresses or implies any

thing more than forgiveness, or pardon of bad actions and bad affections, or actual sins which are past, through the forbearance of God. Rom. 3: 21, 25. To this text, I add three or four more, to show you the extent and the meaning of justification, or pardon, or forgiveness, which I call all the same thing. Mat. 6: 12, 14, 15; and 18: 21, 25. Mark 11: 25, 26. Luke 23: 34. Acts 13: 38, 39. Jno. 1: 9.

Thus you see that justification and forgiveness mean the same one thing, and that both refer to simple actions only, but not to sinful being, or existence, or essence as the foregoing texts. That is, justification only signifies the absolving, or acquittal of a sinner from condemnation, guilt and punishment due to his actual sins that are past, but it goes no further than that, as to destroying sin. True justification places us in a different, and more favorable relation to God, for now the outward warfare is over, we become his servants, are prepared to receive the Holy Ghost by whom we are made the sons of God. But as servants, God gives us a certain degree of grace, to enable us to undergo a full operation of regeneration by, or of the Holy Ghost, in destroying the "body of sin," (Rom. 6: 3.) and that grace happiness the soul for a season. 2 Cor. 7: 1. Heb. 6: 1. But that happiness of which I speak, is neither justification nor sanctification. I call it regenerating grace; designed of God to prepare, enable and accompany us from justification to, or into sanctification. 2 Cor. 6: 1. Gal. 1: 6. But O, how many poor, wretched prodigals there are in the world, who spend all that grace in vanity, but never attain to sanctification. They run well for a season, while that certain degree of grace lasts, but by not improving upon, and applying that grace as God designed, in a proper time, their inward sin gradually, but assuredly reduces it, and at last drinks it up. And thus they pine away in darkness and sorrow, that they have lost the happiness which they once enjoyed, but not one of them ever attain to it again in full, unless they obtain it in sanctification. Moreover, at the very height of that happiness of grace, inward sin would frequently rise up, take the advantage of us, and bring us into condemnation again: for the old, inward, Adamic sinning nature is not destroyed by that grace of which we have been speaking, and in addition to all the scriptures to which I have referred, I can produce millions of experienced persons to prove it. But as I am only copying an abridgment, I will sum up my noble views, and show wherein I differ from my brethren here in Liberia, which difference has caused those serious difficulties between us, and also caused me to write this fragment, that my sentiments might be known, and to show how I came by that sentiment. Now, our differences are in substance as follows:

First, they believe that simple justification alone saves us from all sin; but I believe that nothing short entire sanctification can

save us from all sin. They contended that sin consists only in actions, and therefore we need nothing but forgiveness to save us from sin. But I contend that sin consists quite as much in being as in action, and therefore we need sanctification to destroy and remove that being. They depend solely on the merits of Christ to atone for their bad actions at the judgment seat of Christ, just as the Antinomians, and here they stop. But I depend on the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, working and applying the blood of Jesus to my soul, to the destruction of my old sinning nature and bad being from whence bad actions necessarily spring, and giving me a new nature and moral being from whence good actions naturally flow. Mat. 7:17, 18. 2d Cor. 5:7. 1st Cor. 5:17. Gal. 6:15. Eph. 4:24.

They believe that holiness consists in keeping the external commandments of God, and here they stop. But I believe that holiness consists more especially in God's dwelling in the soul, reigning, controlling all the affections and will, turning all the desires and delights of the soul toward him, and spreading his original fires all through the whole man. Hence, I call justification a work done for us, through the atoning merits of Christ's death, in saving us from the liability of punishment for our past, outward sins, and here it leaves us. Heb. 10:1 to 4.

But sanctification is a work done for us, positively, and absolutely, in extricating the entire root and poison of inward sin, and destroying both root and branch at one fatal, deadly blow. Heb. 10:9, 10, 14. Jno. 17:17, 19. 1. Jno. 3:5. Rom. chapter 6th.

But, says my opposers, are we not made, or counted holy exclusively by the imputation of Christ's righteousness? I answer, no, not exclusively; for there is no such ranting Antinomianism in all the book of God. I however admit, in full, that no holiness can exist in us independent, or separate from the imputation of Christ's righteousness, which righteousness is the very foundation of our righteousness of faith, and gives all the merit of our faith and works; but still we must be righteous. 1 Jno. 3:7, 10, and 2:29. Eph. 4:24. Rom. 6:13, 18, 20, and 8:4. Mat. 5:20.

And I am willing still further to admit, that "if the imputation of Christ's righteousness only, constitutes a man really holy, so that it prevents the man from all outward sin, and cleanses him from all inward sin, changes his moral nature, and brings him into the moral image of God, filling his soul with holy fire," then the righteousness of Christ is sufficient. My objection to my opposers on this point is substantially this: That while they trust exclusively to the imputation of Christ's righteousness for their only holiness, not one of them ever pretend to obtain enough of it in this life to save them from committing sin daily. And I contend that sin and holiness can never exist together in any degree whatever. And by these broken remarks, I presume the reader will

easily understand what I mean by bible holiness, whether I am right or wrong.

O, reader, I awfully fear, that if you or I die without this holiness, we shall be eternally miserable. For God has prepared the the fullest, most ample, consistent means, at an incomprehensible expense, put the means within our reach, to make us holy, and by an unalterable decree, he declares that without holiness no man shall see the Lord. The condition on our part in obtaining this holiness is simple and feasible, for the whole of it is obtained by faith in the means, and promises of God. True, it may look like a great mountain to you at present, but when you begin to exercise faith, it will appear as a mustard seed. Holiness is my motto forever. Amen. Hallelujah!

But before I give up this fragment, permit me to repeat what I have just said; that is, you now have my views on what I mean by holiness, or sanctification. And moreover, I have endeavored to show the grounds and reasons on which I pretend to build and establish my views. And now if I am altogether wrong, as thousands say I am, then by the authority of the God of the bible, I command you to tell me what all those passages of scripture mean, which I have brought into this fragment. For certainly, if any part of the bible has any meaning, then those passages must have a meaning also, and an application too. But if even one half, or one third of those texts sustain me in my views on holiness, then where is the propriety in the church in butchering me from day to day, for preaching and contending for holiness? I am sincere in my views, and hence I have preached the same doctrine from kingdom to kingdom with all boldness, testifying that without bible holiness, no man should enter into heaven.

O, reader, it is no matter however much you may do, or bear, or suffer in this life, you must be inwardly holy, in this life, or you will be eternally undone. Nor is it any matter however much you may desire heaven, or dread hell, for if you die in an unholy state, you will be eternally damned by an unalterable decree of the great Jehovah. O, fly, reader! fly to the blood of Jesus: fly by faith, escape for thy life, to Christ the city of refuge; tarry not on the plains of sin, but by faith plunge all over in the cleansing blood of Jesus!

FRAGMENT B.

On Faith.

First: having given my feeble explanation on holiness, I am also inclined to attempt an explanation on what I mean by faith, by which faith holiness is obtained. But let it be un-

derstood that I am not designing to write a theological standard for others ; and although I may address my ideas to the reader, yet I only design to explain what I mean by faith, or rather, what I meant by the word faith when I referred you to this fragment. Now, my opposers in Liberia and elsewhere are as much opposed to me in what I call faith, as they are to what I call holiness. For I have contended that not a spark of holiness can exist without faith. Now, the faith which I contend for, and which we now have under consideration, is not any kind of faith, but especially and particularly that faith which is the substance of things hoped for. Heb. 11:1.

But if the reader has any inclination to understand my explanation on this subject, he cannot understand me unless he holds his bible in one hand, and as soon as a passage of scripture is presented you must turn to it immediately and read it twice or thrice over, and then decide whether I make a right application of it or not. For you know that faith comes by reading as well as by hearing the word of God, and I want to strengthen your faith withal.

But first, I wish to explain how I dispose of this phrase "substance of things hoped for."

First. The above text, I use almost as if it read, "a substitute for things hoped for."

That is, one thing in the place or in the stead of another, answering the same purpose for the time being.

It is not easy for me to find words to convey my ideas on this important phrase, unless I make use of some familiar figure to convey them, as for instance.

First. A current bank note is nothing of itself but a piece of thin paper. But when those papers are stamped with letters expressing definite promises, signed by proper, legal authorities, I have so much confidence in the ability and integrity of the bankers, that their notes on demand answer my purpose for the time being, just as well as the specie which they promise. But suppose a note is presented to me, on some foreign bank, and I am not acquainted with the ability nor character of the bankers, then I must ransack their books until I become satisfied in four important particulars, or I should decidedly prefer the specie rather than their notes.

The first important particular is, are the bankers able to perform their promises in redeeming their notes? Let us see what is written by the honest clerks of the bankers. Mat. 3:9, Mark. 10:27, Rom. 4:17-22, 2 Cor. 9:8, Eph. 3:20, Heb. 7:25.

Enough, enough! Surely the ability of the bankers is too great for all human calculation. No matter what they promise, for they are abundantly able to perform all, mysteries or no mysteries.

But in order to give their notes a quick currency, and to avoid

the very thought of the least discount on them, are the bankers faithful to perform their promises? Or are they negligent, slack, and treacherous? What says the clerks about it? It is written, Isaiah 11:5, 1 Thes. 5:21, Heb. 2:17 and 10:23, 2 Peter 3:9, Revelation 19:11.

Blessed report of faithfulness! Such bankers will never forfeit their promises, disappoint their creditors, nor deceive their applicants. So far, all is well. All is activity, and sure. But, thirdly. Are the bankers willing to be called on to redeem their promises as expressed in their notes?

It is written, Mat. 7: 7 to 12. Heb. 6: 17, 18, 19. Jno. 14: 13, 21. 2 Cor. 1: 21. 1 Jno. 5: 14, 15. 1 Thes. 4: 3.

Now if I am not a most notorious infidel, is it possible for me to scruple, or doubt the willingness of God to perform his promises which he has so voluntarily, deliberately, and sincerely made to me? No, I can no more doubt God's willingness to fulfil his promises, than I can doubt his power or faithfulness. Hence, fourthly, I only desire to know one trait more in the character of the bankers, and indeed that is of but little consequence, seeing the other three particular are so firm and unquestionable: that is, are the bankers always ready to hand over the specie on the presentation of their notes, according to their expressed, written promises? That is, do they always keep on hand the solid stuff, the specie, as their notes promise? Or if I call for the promised specie, must I be put off until the bankers can go to Spain or Mexico and borrow it? What says clerks of the bank?

2 Cor. 6: 2. Mat. 22: 4, 8. Luke 14: 17. Heb. 13: 8. Rev. 3: 20, and 22: 17. Rom. 10: 21. Is. 1: 18.

O glory: I am now fully satisfied with the security of this bank, and I am now ready to receive their notes at par, for any amount which they promise. For I find here, that, God my Father is the stockholder: Christ the son, my elder brother, is the cashier, treasurer, and president. And the Holy Ghost, my comforter is secretary and agent.

But perhaps you may ask me here as many do, whether there are any counterfeit bills on this bank of heaven, and if so, how I can distinguish between the true and the false? I answer; that there are counterfeit bills on the bank of heaven, there is no doubt, for the devil is transformed into an angel of light, and has his associates with him; but still his counterfeit bills are so unlike the genuine, that there is no danger of deception, if we only read them carefully, and compare them closely as follows:

The devil's notes only promise things consistent and equal to the ability of a deprived sinner; always payable several days after date; written by a pen of sin dipt in a mud puddle; witnessed and tested by all the worst athiest and infidels on earth.

But God's notes, (the Bible) promises all that he can do accor-

ding to his mighty power; (Eph. 1: 18, 19,) always on demand, (Mark 11: 24,) written with the finger of God; (Exod. 31: 18; 2d Cor. 3: 3,) dipt in the blood of his own son; (Mat. 26: 28. Heb. 13: 20,) witnessed by more than twelve legions of angels; (Mat. 26: 53, Gal. 3: 19,) and tested by millions of holy saints of all nations and ages of the world.

Now such notes, or promises of the Bible, are to me, the substance of things hoped for. Or as the substance of what they promise, as a current bank note is a substance or substitute in the mind for the amount of specie it promises. And thus I take hold of God's promises spiritually, as men take hold of each others notes literally. And when I get hold of those Bible promises, I hold them as so many unquestionable evidences, that I have an indisputable demand, by virtue of Christ's blood and God's written promise, on the bank of heaven. And what constitutes faith the substance of things, or as the substance of things hoped for is, the infinite integrity and perfect rectitude of God's divine nature and unblemished character.

And hence, if God makes a promise of what he will do for me immediately on a certain condition on my part, I have such an unwavering, established confidence in the sincerity and immutability of God's integrity, that at the instant I fulfil the condition on my part, I fully rely upon it as an unquestionable fact, that God has fulfilled on his part, even as he told me. Acts 27: 25. That is, my confidence is so insuperably persuaded and sure of obtaining what I hope for, from the promises of such a God, that, that persuasion or assurance has something in it which is so secure and satisfactory, that at least for the time being, it answers my purpose as the substance, or subsistence, or substitute of, or for the thing which I hope for.

But you see that faith and substance are two terms which signify the same thing, as used in the text under consideration, and I now propose to explain, if possible, more definitely, but, perhaps, in other words, what faith is of itself, abstractly.

But first, I remark, that the faith under consideration, means or implies something more than simple, historical, common belief; as follows: Now I may believe in the absolute existence of one, true God, existing in three persons, possessing all the attributes which the bible ascribes to Him, and I may believe that Jesus is the Son of God, the Savior of the world, the judge of men, and in his atoning death, and triumphant resurrection and ascension to heaven, that he makes intercession for men. And I may believe in all the depravity of man, the necessity of being born of the spirit, and of the resurrection of the dead, eternal judgment, of heaven and hell, &c., &c., and yet I may have no more faith than the devils have. The devils believe all those things as firmly as any saint or angel, but they are devils after

all. Many sinners believe all those things, but they are sinners after all, and have no saving faith.

Still, I readily grant that in many places in the bible, "belief means the same as faith;" and all I design by making a distinction here, is to show that a man may believe many bible truths, and yet be totally destitute of that faith which is the substance of things hoped for.

But the faith under consideration, not only implies a degree of the above belief, but it is that which unfits men with the particular promises of God, generally as touching salvation. Or, in other words, this faith is a special medium by which, or through which, the promises of God are applied to men. And now permit me to say that—

2d. I suppose faith is a determinate action of the mind; which action is first produced by the influence of the Holy Ghost, and then animated by a demonstrative conviction that what God has promised he is able and willing to perform. That is, the Holy Ghost enlightens and strengthens, and the evidence, or conviction of God's immutable integrity, encourages and persuades all our moral faculties to engage in obtaining a promise of God.

That is, the mind and conscience revolves and reflects on the nature and character of God, until it becomes insuperably convinced, and fully persuaded, that what the God of truth has promised, he will assuredly fulfil, and that it cannot be otherwise.

3d. Faith is an unwavering, unhesitating reliance of the mind, and security of the conscience, that God cannot possibly be untrue to his promise, but that the thing promised is as positively secure and certain, as if it was already fulfilled.

4th. Faith is a sincere, decisive, calm, but bold instantaneous grasp of the whole soul and mind on a promise of God, holding on and applying its very essence in the present tense. And here the mind and soul, and conscience, are all so immersed in the integrity of God, and so fully persuaded of the genuineness and authenticity of God's promise, that they all totally reject all human probability or improbability, sight or feeling, as having any thing to do, or being of any importance, or any objection to the fulfillment of God's promises. And just so my faith works when I present my notes to the bankers. One may tell me that I bought their notes for half price, or found them in the street; that I shall probably lose the specie if they hand it over. Says another bystander, it is not probable that the bankers will regard such a mean fellow as you are; ragged, lame, and shiftless as you are. But will any of those bad circumstances check my confidence in the bankers, who have ever sustained such an unblemished character? Or do those bad circumstances of mine affect the genuineness of their promise, or my legal claim on them for the specie? O no. Neither can those bad, unfavora-

ble circumstances of mine, in any wise, so affect the bankers as to incline them for a moment to forfeit, or sacrifice their universally acknowledged integrity. The fact is, that neither they nor I have any business or concern with each other in any thing whatever at present, only so far as their notes express promises. And if the bankers have nothing to plead for not handing over the specie, but my bad actions, or bad being, then I will sue them to the United States Court for a fraud, and demand heavy damages. But, is God's bank fraudulent? I know better. The fact is, God Almighty has promised, and the promise written at his special command, signed by his own hand, and sealed by the blood of his own Son, which blood makes the notes to read, "for value received." Now, every promise which is written in the bible, is properly one of those notes, and I use them so.

5th. Hence, I say, that "faith" is the eye of the mind singly fixed on some certain promise of God, and seeing that it reads, "to me, the bearer," sees no reason why the promise should not be fulfilled now.

6th. Faith is the hand and arm of the soul, which reaches forth, takes hold, brings home, and applies the promises of God to the soul. And such is the office and nature of that faith which is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen.

See Mat. 8: 8 Mark 11: 22, 23, 24. James 1: 5, 8; and the whole of that sublime eleventh chapter of Hebrews. That is, the soul will have every thing just so now, because God says it shall be so now. Or, the soul says, it is done, because God says, it is done.

Faith has no concern for any thing else, nor does it know any thing else, nor is it of any use for any thing else, only when God says it is so, faith (or the mind and conscience being so fully persuaded and perfectly satisfied with the ability, sincerity and integrity of God,) bears witness and asks for no further evidence of what God says, but responds to his simple word, saying,— "amen, it is so, it is so, I heard God say so, it must be so; hal-lalujah to Jesus! I know it is so! And that response is what I mean by applying the promises of God in the present tense.

That is, conscience itself is so fully satisfied that God is just what the Bible says he is, it feels perfectly secure in making an instantaneous application of God's written word, without the least wavering of mind or doubt of success. Now before you further proceed please compare this illustration with the nature of those last passages of scripture, and see how they agree together.

And here the opposers, the skeptics of the gospel generally retort, saying, "Brown has explained away nearly all which I supposed to be faith, and left it only as a mustard seed in comparison of what I expected."

O, I would to God that that retort came from a sincere heart, for then I should feel that I had accomplished my main object in writing this fragment.

But as small and simple as the act of faith may appear to some, yet by it and through it we can shake the whole region of hell, overturn the solid earth, draw all heaven down into the soul and keep it there. See Mark 9:23, Mat. 17:20, 1 John 5:4, Eph. 3:17-20, John 11:25-26 and 14:12-13, Heb. 11:6-35.

Now if all those greater works can be accomplished by faith, then why not accomplish smaller works? Why not triumph in victory over all sin and live a holy life?

And now, as I said at the conclusion of Fragment A, so I may say at the conclusion of Fragment B, that is, from what I have written under this head, it appears to me that any one may easily understand what I mean by that faith which is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. I say, what I mean by it, whether I am right or wrong. I still have many weighty ideas in my mind on this important subject already written, which a brief abridgment like this will not well admit.

However, as for me, until I find a more perfect faith, one which secures and produces more love, joy and peace, gives more strength in temptation, more comfort in affliction, more victory over sin, the world, the flesh and the devil, and brings more of God and heaven into my soul, I shall continue to walk by the same faith in the promises of God.

For this very same faith has mightily sustained me for fifteen years through a complicated, multifarious train of the most dangerous temptations, braced me up under a storm of the most cutting, aggravating persecutions, and so supported and animated me in losses, crosses, distresses and bereavements, that it has enabled me to shout victory in their very midst, with a soul full of glory to Jesus, and hallalujah!

That is, whenever I feel a necessity of the fulfillment of any of the promises of God, I solemnly kneel before the Lord, open my mouth and soul in prayer, and spread my entire case before him; then my mind takes hold of some particular expressed promise in God's book, at the same time pleading the merits of the blood of his son; then I thank him, and praise him for making the promise, shout glory to Jesus a few times, rise up and go about my business with the fullest confidence and assurance that God has granted me the fulfillment of the promise. It is true, the devil often tells me in the very midst of the act of applying a promise, that I am deceiving myself, or that I am believing a lie, or that I am too familiar with God, or presumptuous, or a thousand other objections which the devil always suggests at that particular moment, but I never regard any of those objections at all, especially when I want the fulfillment of a spiritual promise,

or any promise which is designed to immediately promote holiness. And such happiness as holiness produces, is good enough for me, or any body else. Hallalujah to Jesus!

Reader, permit me to admonish you by the authority of God, the judge of all, and by the awful solemnities of the day of judgment, that without this faith you can never become holy, and without holiness you must perish forever; for without this faith you can never please God. This faith will produce all good works in you, and render your works acceptable to God. Gal. 5:6. And be assured that just so long as you exercise this faith, you will be perpetually happy, and your love, joy and peace will be as a great river from an inexhaustable fountain. Jno. 7:37-38-39. Rom. 15:13.

And here I yield up this fragment, by commending you to God, by exhorting you to walk by faith and not by sight, and through faith meet me in Heaven.

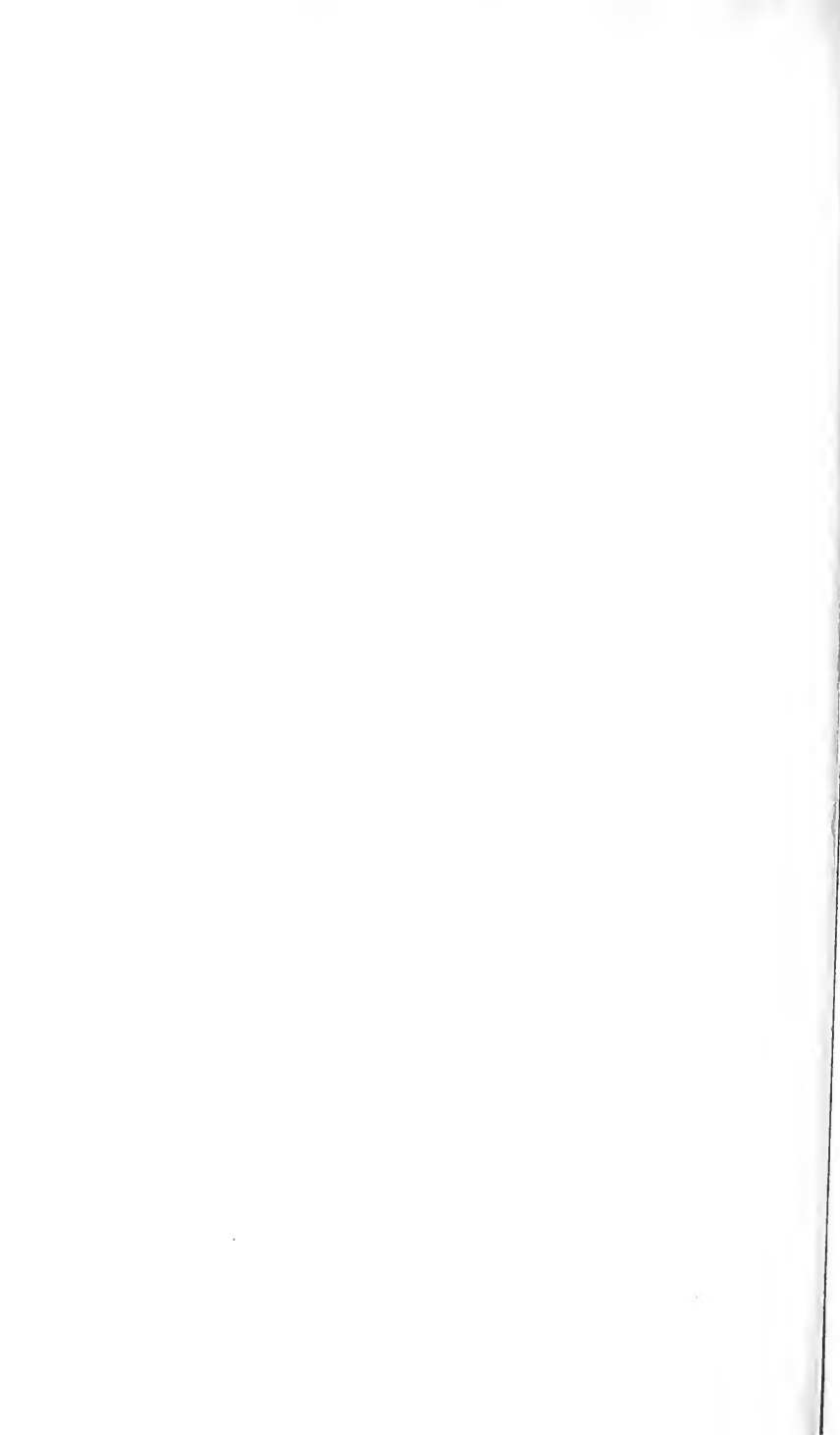
FINIS.

ERRATA.

In giving this Abridgment a hasty reading from the Press, I find several glaring errors in it; that is, occasionally, a word in a place, mis-spelled, or not correctly pointed; which it is too late now to correct, excepting a few of the most glaring, in this place.

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