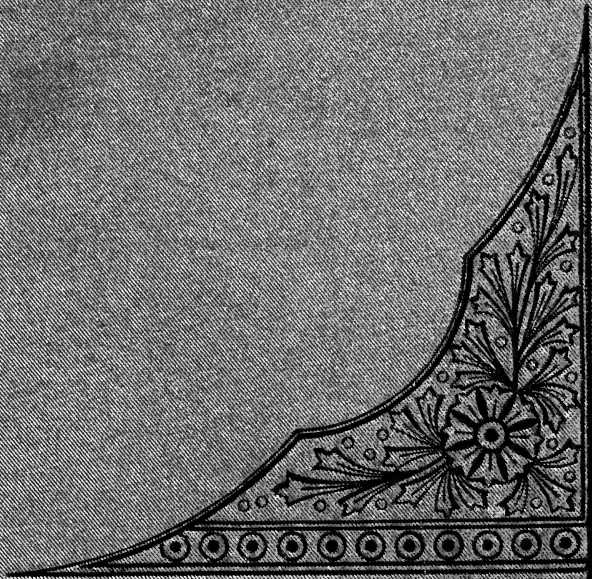




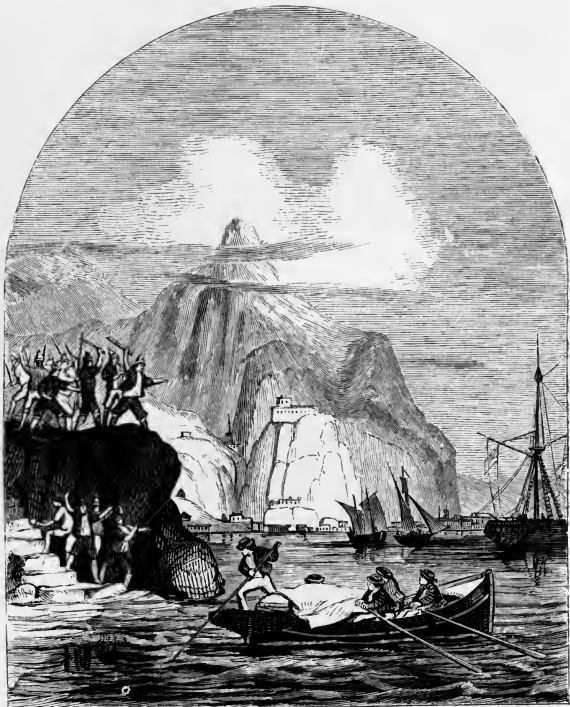
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Escape of Dr. Kalley.

THE
EXILES OF MADEIRA.



PEASANTS' COTTAGE IN MADEIRA.

BY THE
REV. W. M. BLACKBURN.

PHILADELPHIA:
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P R E F A C E .

THE work of the gospel in Madeira from 1838 to 1860, has been called "the greatest fact of Modern Missions." Its history shows what Romanists can do, and what Bible-readers can suffer in the nineteenth century. It proves the mighty power of an open Bible, and of faith in the Son of God.

The author of this little volume acknowledges his indebtedness to several friends and authors, but especially to the Rev. A. De Mattos, Pastor of the Portuguese Presbyterian Churches in Illinois, to a little volume entitled, "Facts in Madeira," and to the "Memoirs of the Rev. W. H. Hewitson." Much care has been taken to present a correct narrative. It is part of the history of the Presbyterian Church, and therefore may very properly form a volume for the Presbyterian Board of Publication. We may feel a chord in our hearts touched by the term of reproach cast on the Bible-readers of Madeira—"the Calvinists."

W. M. B.

ERIE, PA.

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THE EXILES OF MADEIRA.

CHAPTER I.

THE PURPLE ISLAND.

“The people that sat in darkness saw a great light.”

OUT of the ocean rises Madeira. It looms up before the voyager, rocky, brown, red, and purple, with tinges of green from the forests and vineyards, and tints of snow far up toward the blue sky. It appears like one vast rock, grand and imposing, in the distance. Coming nearer, under the mountain's frown, the traveller finds that the coasts are set with lofty cliffs, many of them more than a thousand feet high. Above these rise the sharp pinnacles, and jagged towers, shading the groves of heath and broom. Coasting around, he sees, in the little nooks where the cliffs are broken, small villages with white walls, and the little Roman Catholic chapels up at the head of the gorge. There are the homes of the villagers, as snug and as quiet as the nests of doves in the silent grove.

This is Madeira—Isle of Woods—or Isle of red soil—or Isle of the colouring purple. It is not far

from Morocco, and is six hundred miles from Spain, the nearest civilized country. It is sixty miles long, by twenty wide, though in some parts it is not over five miles from one coast to the other. Around it lie several smaller islands. Before the Christian era there was some knowledge of this group, and a scheme was proposed to make money there by collecting a beautiful purple dye. They were then called the Purple Islands.

About four hundred years ago, Gonsalves Zarco was making a voyage for discovery along the western coast of Africa. He was overtaken by a violent storm, and all his crew expected to sink in the deeps. They gave up all hope, when suddenly an island appeared, and they made for its shores. After landing they called it Porto Santo, or "Holy Haven." Here a settlement of Portuguese was formed. But the people were afraid to go to the larger Island of Madeira. Some of them would venture near it, but it looked so gloomy, and they heard such strange sounds coming from its woods, that they imagined it was the abode of awful giants and terrific creatures—a land of darkness.

Gonsalves, however, ventured to pay a visit to the awful island. The men on his vessel became alarmed as they came nearer the shores, and thought they saw monstrous giants on the coast. They begged their commander not to expose them to death. He kept on, until he proved to them that their giants were only craggy rocks, and the horrid

voices they heard were only the beatings of the waves against the cliffs. He landed at a place which he named the "Wolf's Den." The shores were thick with tangled trees and vines. He thought that men might live on an island where so much wood was growing.

A colony from Portugal settled on the island. They cleared the land by setting fire to the forests, and thus they robbed it of its natural beauty. It is said that these fires kept burning for seven years, and left scarcely a tree on the island. This was wrong, but not so wicked as the fires of persecution kindled four hundred years afterward, to drive away the Bible-readers.

A few slips of the grape-vine were brought from the Isle of Cyprus and planted in Madeira. They grew, and from them have grown the celebrated vineyards of the Isle of Wines. The wealth of Madeira is chiefly derived from its vineyards.

The traveller, making port on the south side of the island, sees the Loo-Rock, grand and majestic like a king on his throne, and the white pebbly beach lies at his feet like the king's robe spread on the floor. On this beach is the chief city, Funchal. It looks white and brilliant, house above house, and street above street, climbing up the mountain side; and outside the city, still on higher terraces, are the cottages and "quintas" or country residences. Yet higher up is the church of "Our Lady of the Mount." One would suppose

that if the "Lady" were very kind, she would have given a hint to put her church lower down the hill, so that some body might get to the door with a little breath left in the lungs. It must be hard penance to go up there to worship.

Were you to land at this harbour, you would be met by many persons, all bowing to you, and some of them begging of you. Off would go their tunnel-shaped hats, and before you some poor cripple would thrust himself, some boy with one arm, some woman with a pale, soiled baby, or some black-eyed little girl hoping for an alms.

You would think the streets were all narrowed down to lanes and alleys. If you wished to ride, no fine horses and carriages would stand waiting, but you would take a summer sleigh-ride. "Two pleasant chubby little oxen" are harnessed to a thick plank with low runners to it, and away they go grating along over the pebbles with which the streets are paved. It would be very much like riding on one of the "scrapers" which we see used in making turnpikes.

Palanquins are used to carry persons from one place to another. Some of the wealthy class have very fine sledges and palanquins cushioned and covered with silk. A pony would be your best vehicle if you were going up the mountains. Those who wish to go up hill for eighteen miles may stand by the Great Curral, or what seems to have been an enormous crater. The visitor looks down six

thousand feet, toward the earth's centre, and even there sees the little houses and the chapel of some village which is two thousand feet above the sea.

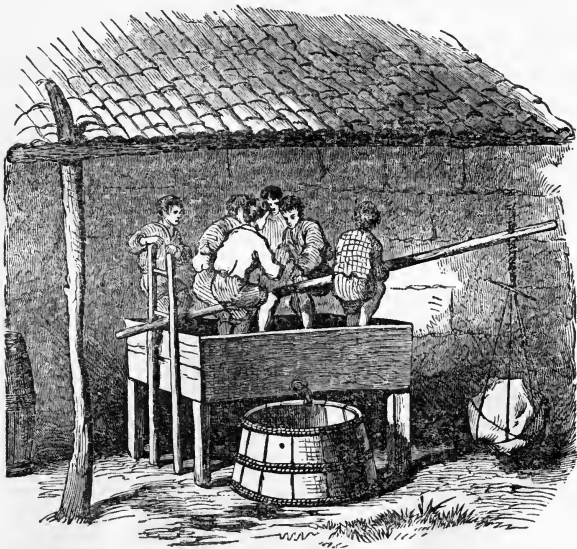
In the city there are many fine houses, but there are more one story cottages with stone walls, stone floors, stone seats, thatched roofs, and generally a good coat of whitewash on the outside.

The stranger who never saw any old fashioned bottles is amused to see the sheep-skins filled with wine, and carried on the shoulders of peasants to



the market. Of course they know better than to put "new wine into old bottles." It might not be

very pleasing to a wine-bibber to look on the men in their bare feet treading the grapes in the press, especially in a warm, sweating day.



For many centuries there was deep mental darkness on the minds of the people thicker than that which alarmed the crew of Gonsalves. The Roman Catholic religion did not make them intelligent. They went to the little chapels, and heard mass, or made confession, and thought these would take them to heaven. Few of them could read, and those who could read knew nothing of the true Bible. Still fewer could write. This shows that

the Bible-readers of modern times were among the most intelligent classes.

There were plenty of jails where there were no school-houses. Persons who had committed smaller crimes were put in jail, to wait until their cases could be tried in Lisbon. This kept them in prison many years. Their expenses were to be paid by those who complained against them. Hence accusers became rare, for they did not like to pay for their own accusations. This was not done however with the Bible-readers, for they had to pay for their own support in prison. There were plenty of accusers when the word of God began to be read by the more honest people.

A few years ago the vineyards began to fail. The traveller could no longer pass along under the shadow of the vines, and have rich clusters of grapes hanging over his path. The fruit was cut off. It brought a famine on the island. The Romanists laid all this to the Bible-readers! They said it was a curse on the people for allowing such men as Dr. Kalley and Mr. Hewitson to come among them and establish schools, read the word of God, and have meetings for prayer and praise.

The Christians of the United States took a deep interest in the famishing people of Madeira. They sent them the "finest of the wheat," and induced them to cultivate such eatables as we raise in our fields and gardens. And notice, the poor exiles sent liberally of their "good things" to the very

persecutors who had driven them from home. This was returning good for evil.

The famine made many people poor. The women of the island, who have always done most of the labour, began to turn their skill to good account. They made fancy articles of a very superior quality, such as laces, edgings, paper-cutters, card-cases, work-boxes, and writing-desks. They took the dark Til-wood of the old wine-presses, and made beautiful articles for foreign parlours.

A little romantic story may point the close of this chapter :

Some years ago, a peasant girl was accustomed to come down the mountain, barefooted but light-hearted, with a bundle of small wood, which she sold in the town. Her pleasant face and honest manner attracted the notice of a wealthy gentleman, who gave her a home in his house. She became the lady of the mansion, the wife of her protector. After his death, she became the wife of a young lawyer of rising fame and excellent talents. He rose to be the governor of the island, and she filled her high position with elegance and courtly grace. The most polite people admired her and thought that she could not be excelled. No doubt this may seem quite strange.

But our little book will show something far more strange. It is this: The Lord can take a poor, ignorant peasant and make him a child of God. He did it in Madeira. He can take a crippled

beggar and make him a bright ornament in his kingdom, and a labourer in his vineyard. He did it with poor Jeronymo. He can take a rich lady and make her willing to suffer in the meanest prisons, and cause her to leave a home of luxury, to be very happy in a little narrow room on a foreign island where she had not as much to eat as the bare-footed peasant girl on the cold mountain. He did it with Mrs. Vieira and Mrs. Alves. We have interwoven many brief histories which show how much true Christians can endure gladly for Christ's sake, and how happy the Lord can make his suffering children. When they enter the glorious mansions of eternal rest, it will be said of them, "These are they which came out of great tribulation."

The Lord had a vineyard on beautiful Madeira. On it shined the "Sun of righteousness." On it fell the showers of grace and the gentle dews of Hermon. The vines grew full of goodly clusters. The frosts came and ripened them. The persecutors trod the grapes in the wine-press of suffering, and the rich wine of love and patience was wrung out of pious hearts. Enemies began to pull up the Lord's vines, so that they might never bear any more fruit. They tore them up rudely, threw them into the desert, and cast them into the seas. But the Master took the torn vines and transplanted them in another large and rich vineyard. Some of them he planted in heaven. The grapes of Eshcol were not richer than the goodly clusters which these

vines bore for their Lord. He was saying to them when they were broken and bleeding, "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit."

Our little book will tell the meaning of this parable. It will not tell of such bloody scenes as are written in the history of the Waldenses or the Huguenots, or the Hollanders, or the martyrs of Smithfield, and the Tolbooth of Scotland. It will not tell of the wheel, the stake, the theatre of wild beasts, nor the trap-door of the Inquisition. It is not such a record of murders as Fox's Book of Martyrs. But it shows that the "man of sin" is just the same that he was in the olden days when Rome put to death thousands of Christians in ways too horrible to be described; and that now, in this time of light and mercy, he is as cruel toward Bible-readers and praying believers as he dares to be. There was cruelty enough, and blood enough shed, to entitle Madeira to the old name of the Purple Island.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST GOSPEL LABOURS IN MADEIRA.

ROBERT R. KALLEY was a young physician in Scotland. He felt it his duty to go as a missionary to China, and was ordained by the Free Church to preach the gospel. In 1838 he and his wife left their home to go to China.

On the voyage Mrs. Kalley was smitten with disease. Her friends thought she could not live to reach China. There was no vessel to carry them back to Scotland, and so they turned aside to visit Madeira. There were then many English residents on the island. There was a Scottish church in the chief city.

Dr. Kalley thought, that while hindered from labouring in one field, he should do all that he could in another, just as the Apostle did, when prevented from going to Italy. He knew not a word of the Portuguese language. In a few hours after he landed he began his task in the most practical way. He rushed out of his dark room, entered a store and asked for a candle. No one understood him. He pointed to a candle, and asked the Portuguese name

for it. He learned what to say when he wanted a candle. In this way he learned word after word. No doubt he learned much from the English residents who spoke the language. Probably too he had other teachers.

He looked about on the people and pitied their ignorance and blindness, just as Paul did in Athens. For centuries they had been denied the use of the Bible. The Romish priests may have had a few Bibles, but they would not let the people have them. It was a sin for any one to search the Scriptures for himself. Many of the islanders had never seen a Bible, nor known there was such a book.

Dr. Kalley says—"I met with few of them who had ever seen a Bible, or seemed to know that the New Testament was written by men who went about with the Lord Jesus, when he dwelt on the earth—who saw his miracles, heard his words, gazed upon him as he went up to heaven, and described what they knew by the testimony of their own senses. When one part of it was shown to them as the work of Peter, another as that of John, and a third as that of Matthew, some doubted and wanted proofs, others listened with eager interest, while a portion of it was read to them as a specimen of its contents."

None of them had in their possession a copy of the Scriptures. A long time since a translation had been made of the Bible into the Portuguese by Antonio Pereira, a Romish priest. This had been

sanctioned by the Queen and the Patriarch of Portugal. Eighty volumes of these are said to have been sent to Madeira free of duty for the use of the priests and a few government schools that were formed on the island.

The people were Roman Catholics. They believed in the Pope, and they worshipped the Virgin Mary. Mary, whom we believe to be a saint in heaven, would have been better pleased, if they had read the words of Jesus, and prayed in his name, as he taught us all to do. They had images in their houses and churches. They gave money to priests for masses, and for saying prayers to release their friends from purgatory. There is no such place as purgatory, but they supposed there was. They confessed their sins to the priests, and bought their pardons with money. They sometimes went about with a staff which had a little image of a pigeon on the top of it, and a red cloth tied to it, asking men to worship it, as the Holy Ghost! If men would not bow to the little image of Christ on the cross, they were regarded as daring infidels.

Dr. Kalley did not attack the errors of Romanism at first, by trying to show the people how foolish and useless many of their services and doctrines were. He took the better plan. He tried to get the people to read the word of God. Many of them heard of the wonderful book, and were anxious to see it. Many of them could say as Luther did, "Oh that God would give me such a book for myself!"

Our Lord not only taught those who came to hear his words, but also healed the sick, the lame, the blind. Dr. Kalley resolved to do the same as far as he could. He early prepared a large hospital, and offered to give medicine to all who would come. It was as well furnished with comforts for the poor and the infirm as his means would allow. He had his office in which he examined his patients, and another room for his medicines in the same building. All who came for medical advice were required to be at the hospital by nine o'clock in the morning, or he could not attend to them on that day. Often there were fifty or more persons at that hour waiting for Dr. Kalley. When he entered the hospital they were assembled together. His first business was to read a chapter in the Bible and then explain it to them. Thus he began his daily work by calling their attention to the word of God. After this he distributed tickets among them. These tickets were simply numbered one, two, three, &c. up to the number of applicants. He then went into his office, and each one came as his number was called. When he had ascertained the disease of the patient, he wrote his prescription, and it was taken to the drug department, and the medicine was obtained.

He became known as an excellent physician, and was often called to visit the sick at their homes. He, in his kind manner, sought to do more than heal the body. He examined the patient, and then said that he could not give health ; God alone could

raise up the sick. Often did he kneel by the bed-side and ask God to make him wise in giving the proper remedy, and make it the means of restoring health.

When he had given the medicine, he would take the patient by the hand and say, "Now you must pray to the Lord Jesus Christ; he is the great Physician, and can heal the sick." He then had an opportunity of telling of the wondrous works of the Saviour. Sometimes he would say to the sick, "You have another disease of which I have not spoken, and it is a very bad disease."

"What is it, doctor?" the sick would anxiously inquire.

"It is a very fatal disease, and if not cured it will ruin you. But bad as it is, there is a remedy for it."

"But what is it, doctor?"

"I will tell you. It is not a disease of the body, but of the soul. It is sin. We are all sinners, and our sins must be pardoned, or our souls must perish for ever. I have a book with me called *The Bible*, that will teach you how Jesus Christ came into this world, and shed his blood and died, that sinners might be saved."

This strange news often led the sick to wish for the wonderful book, and to be anxious to learn more of the Saviour. The Bible was often read in the sick room, and one person would tell another the glad tidings.

Dr. Kalley left the Bible to tell its own truths as

much as possible. Surely none could reasonably object to this. When any persons came to him with passages they could not understand, he showed them other verses in the Bible, which would explain the meaning. He wanted the word of God to do the work. He thus taught them how to prove the newly learned doctrines by the Scriptures. Some of the Bible-readers went to the priests, but could get no light, and were rudely told to burn or throw away the book. The readers often knew more than the priests.

A school was soon established. The Bible was the first book in which the people were taught to read English. They learned very rapidly, so anxious were they to know what was in the "good book." Portuguese Bibles were distributed. One of the visitors of the school said: "It is, I believe, no exaggeration to say, *that hundreds of the people*, who before were almost as ignorant as the beasts they drove, are now intelligent readers of the Bible."

Other schools were established on the island, at different points, not for religious instructions alone, but for teaching the common branches of learning. He paid the teachers from his own purse, and furnished books for the scholars. In some of these schools the teachers were Romanists, and the only books were a small Romish primer, and a New Testament translated by a Romish priest. Surely

there ought not to have been any objections to this, by the Romanists.

It often happens that what costs nothing is worth nothing, but the people did not think so in this case. The schools became very popular. They prospered beyond the expectations of their founder. Eight hundred men and women were soon attending these schools, and, how many children were with them, we cannot tell. The private houses of some of the people were turned into school-rooms, and filled with scholars. Never had there been so much study, so much improvement in mind and morals, nor so much happiness in Madeira.

The people were amazed at the benevolence of Dr. Kalley. He gained their hearts. The children called him "the good man." They were learning to sing for joy. He saw the harvest growing ripe. The chief men in Funchal saw what a great work was set on foot. They passed a vote of thanks to Dr. Kalley for his acts of benevolence in establishing a hospital for the poor and the sick, and schools for the ignorant people.

It should be noted that the adult schools were generally held in the evening. The number who were thus taught to read the Bible, for themselves, was over one thousand; and as many as twenty-five hundred adults had sought to grow wiser and better by attending these evening schools.

Meetings were held as early as 1842, in different places. Hundreds came to hear the word of God.

When Dr. Kalley could not preach to them, some one stood up, like Ezra in old times, and read the "Book of the Law." Ezra read almost half a day, and still the people were not wearied. Nor were these islanders tired of long readings and long sermons. They were hungry for the word. If one had preached, as Paul did, till midnight, they would have listened gladly, and I much doubt whether any Eutychus would have gone to sleep and fallen out of a window. The word was "sweeter than honey and the honey-comb."

Many walked ten or twelve hours to attend a meeting. They climbed over mountains 3000 feet high. And while they stood and heard of Christ and his great love, they looked at the reader or the preacher with solemn wonder, or raised the hand to brush away the starting tear. Never had they heard these glad tidings from their priests, and perhaps the "*Padre*" who had hailed and threatened them as they passed by the chapel of "Our Lady of the Mount," knew very little of the gospel himself.

For several months there were not fewer than one thousand persons attending these meetings in the open air, every Sabbath. Often there were two or three thousand, and once they were reckoned at five thousand. Many of these meetings were held on the mountain side, like that on which the Saviour sat, and uttered the great blessings of the sermon on the mount. A few hymns were sung to such good

old tunes as the Portuguese Hymn, and Old Hundred. Few were there who did not "join in the song and love the praise."

The people began to talk about the "glad news" while walking along the roads or resting in the fields. Under many a vine a little group was gathered to read or hear the story of the Cross. In many a vineyard songs were sung, such as never before echoed from Madeira's rugged cliffs.

Very little seed fell by the way-side, to be picked up by the fowls of the air; very little fell among thorns, to be choked and destroyed; very little in stony places, to grow only for a few days; almost all the good seed fell in good ground, and was bringing forth fruit an hundred fold.

CHAPTER III.

THE BIBLE READERS.

PEOPLE who love to hear the truth will always want to read it. This was true of those islanders who walked so many miles, and climbed such high mountains, to hear the Bible read. This holy book was offered them and they gladly took it, and began to read it as the noble Bereans. Protestants always urge every man, woman, and child to "search the Scriptures," as the Saviour told us to do.

Some of these islanders read the Bible for several days, and did not think how it condemned popery. They perhaps thought they would soon find something about mass, penance, purgatory, and priestly confession, but they could find nothing of the kind. They could see how useless and foolish such doctrines were. They could see that Jesus Christ died for sinners—"once for all"—and hence there was no need of mass. They read the words, "Confess your faults one to another;" and then thought thus, "Now if that means that we should confess to the priest, he also should confess to us; and therefore it does not mean either."

More than one thousand persons were reading the Bible. They carried it home. They talked to their neighbours about it. They found out how they had been cheated, and how falsely they had been taught. But they learned to love their enemies. They did not abuse nor injure the priests. They did not go and break down altars nor burn churches. They prayed that God would convert all the people.

The Romanists at first pretended that they were very willing for the people to have the Bible. O yes! all they wish is to keep them from having unsound and altered Bibles! Thus they pretended at Madeira. In 1840 the Bishop said that he would be glad to see a copy of the Bible which the people were so eagerly reading. One was soon sent to him. He put it into the hands of some examiners. They searched it. Two years after, they reported that there was scarcely a chapter or verse, but had been changed and corrupted. This was without a shadow of truth. Dr. Kalley had the copies he circulated, very carefully compared with the version which the Romanists pretended to sanction, and the result proved that the Bishop had only condemned himself. Certified comparisons were posted up in the streets, that people might see how unjust the Bishop was. A royal mandate arrived from Lisbon giving full sanction to the very edition which Dr. K. was circulating. This ought to have made the Bishop

careful lest he "be found fighting against God." But it did not. He raged.

The Bishop pronounced a curse on the Bible, and on all who should read it. The teachers under Dr. Kalley were warned "not to teach any living being!" If they did, they should be arrested; and after such an arrest there was little chance of liberty or life.

In 1843, a severe persecution began against all the Bible-readers. If the people should read it, they would be certain to renounce popery. The Priests called it "a book from hell!" Its readers knew it was a book from heaven. How it pained their hearts to hear it proclaimed that "the Bible should be burned!" One spring day two converts came to the Presbyterian church in Funchal, and sat down at the Lord's table. This was only renouncing Romanism. It required boldness to do it. The Bishop heard of it and cursed them, I suppose, "by bell, book, and candle." Nor were these idle threats. Persons were forbid to even touch them. "Let none give them fire, water, bread, or anything that may be necessary to them for their support. Let none pay them their debts." No Bible-readers would ever be so cruel as this!

One officer went to a school, which the English people supported by their charities, and took away thirty Bibles, with all the Testaments he could find. A judge went, with some officers, to the jail, and searched the boxes of the prisoners for Bibles. They took away every one they could lay hands on,

and probably burned them. But these readers were ready to say, "We'll not give up the Bible." They were cast into the worst prisons with the most wicked men, who annoyed them day and night by singing the vilest songs, while they were not allowed to sing a hymn of praise to God. One of the jails was near the cathedral, and the Romanists in passing by the Bible-readers, would spit in their faces, while these converts would show a christian spirit by praying for their enemies. On one prison door was written, "No reading and no singing of the Bible here!"

Of course the schools must be stopped! The church of Rome had, certainly, a good chance in Madeira to show whether she was the friend of education. And she did show her regard for the best schools ever sustained on the island, by aiming a heavy blow at all the teachers. It is not often that public documents make popular reading, but here is a gem which must not be lost. It shows Rome's friendship for education. It is an order sent to the overseers in every parish:

"Sir:— On the receipt of this, you will summon to your presence, the teachers male and female of all the schools established and supported by Dr. Kalley, existing in your parish; and in the presence of two witnesses, charge them henceforth *not to teach any living being.* * If, after being duly notified, any

* Compare Acts iv. 16-18; where the rulers of the Jews attempted to silence the Apostles: What shall we do to these men? for that

of them should continue to teach, you can immediately send them to this administration in charge of two officers of police. You will cause this order to be faithfully executed, and report the result by Monday next, giving the names of all who have been notified. God save you." (*Signed.*)

In several personal sketches we will show how these teachers were treated. One case we now cite. An intelligent man, after suffering many evils from the priests, taught an evening school in a part of the island. Not one word had he said to injure the government. He was teaching the people how to be well governed. They were improving in morals and industry. But the school must be stopped. Whether the above order was read to him or not, is not known. But there was an unjust way to take him, when there was a wicked will.

"One night, during the hours of instruction, a party of men, led by the Church beadle, came to the school with a fictitious warrant, for the apprehension of the teacher. But as it was not issued by a legal authority, and it was brought moreover at an illegal hour, the teacher most properly refused indeed a notable miracle hath been done by them is manifest to all them that dwell in Jerusalem, and we cannot deny it. But that it spread no further among the people, let us straitly threaten them, that they speak henceforth to no man in this name. And they called them, and commanded them not to speak at all, nor teach in the name of Jesus. But Peter and John answered and said unto them, Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard."

to obey it. His scholars took part with him. Many of their relations and friends collected; and the bearers of the illegal warrant were obliged to withdraw without the teacher, but also, it must be added, without having been subjected to the slightest violence.

“The conduct of the scholars was represented as ‘sedition and resistance of justice,’ and the public prosecutor denounced them as Miguelites,* led on by Dr. Kalley! On that day week the judge and public prosecutor, with a notary, and about sixty soldiers proceeded at night to the Lombo das Fayas. The houses of the scholars, chiefly Bible-readers, were broken open—thirty men and women were taken prisoners—most of them were bound—many of them were beaten, and some of them very severely—and their houses were given up to be sacked by the soldiers, who committed the most horrible atrocities.”

They were put in prison, denied the liberty to read the word of God, and driven to mass at the point of the bayonet. For nearly two years they lay pining in the jail, supported only by kind English friends who learned their starving condition and visited them. Had it not been for the English residents many deaths would have occurred by starvation in the prisons.

After these converts were cursed by the Bishops or priests, no one dared to do any business with them.

* Followers of Don Miguel the usurper and tyrant.

Thus they lost their property. No one dared to buy it. If two men were in partnership and one became a Bible-reader the other could have all the property. Two poor men were partners in sawing wood. The one who owned two-thirds of the machinery became a Christian, but the other continued to worship images and pictures like a devoted papist. The first tried to sell out to the other, but as he was "cursed," he could not induce him to buy. He then proposed that both should sell out and divide the profits, but this plan would not do. He then appealed to a judge, and when the judge learned that one was a convert, he gave the other all the property, and made the innocent loser pay all the costs !

No Bible-reader could obtain justice from any court in Madeira. No one could forsake the Romish church, or keep away from mass and confession, without losing his property. If the converts had any relatives who were Romanists, the latter could take their houses and lands ; if there were no relatives, the priests and the government divided the confiscated wealth among themselves. A few exiles, before leaving the island, sold their property for almost nothing, but even this was against the curse of the priest, who decreed that it was wrong to touch or talk with a Bible-reader. The lepers of old were not more carefully to be shunned. This was a high compliment to the power of the Bible and the in-

fluence of its readers. Before them Romanism could not stand long.

Another very rich man became poor for the sake of his Lord and Master. He would not allow his Bible to be taken away. He and his family fled for their lives. They escaped to the mountains, among the vineyards, and hid among the vines. The priests and soldiers could not find them, to put them in prison. Around his large house in the city were vines, plants, and flowers. It was a beautiful home. To give up all this and be hunted like a wild beast, where he could have no bed but the hard soil and no shelter but grape leaves, was surely a great trial. Yet he was not left unhappy by his Lord. If we should be tried thus, we should learn whether we have any faith or not. They at last found refuge in a vessel bound for Trinidad.

One man was thrice in prison, and even saw his wife put into a horrid dungeon. He would not yield. Then severer measures were used. He was beaten with rods, until he could not move for several days. But he was firm. He told them, "they might scourge him until he was dead; he could die, but he could not give up the Bible." He became an Elder in the church, and came to this country with the exiles.

The wealthiest land-owner on the island was J. F. Lomelino. He was the oldest son in his father's house, and inherited a large estate. According to the laws of the island his property could not be

•taken from him, and yet he lost it. He was for some time an officer in Funchal, and was highly respected as an intelligent and honourable man. He retired when thirty-five years of age, to his native village of St Da Sara, and became its chief magistrate. He heard of Dr. Kalley's school, though he never attended. As the people were telling one another of the wonderful things in the Bible, he became curious to learn what such a book could contain.

He went to Dr. Kalley asking, "What do these things mean?" The story of the cross was told to him. It was to him very wonderful. Was it not strange that he had not heard it before? If the Romanists were true Christians, surely they would teach that! But they had never taught him how to be saved through the death of Jesus Christ.

He obtained a Bible, took it home, read it eagerly, and loved its truths. It was precious to him. The people about him came to learn what he had that made him so happy. They said, "This man soon talk more strong on the gospel than any other of the people."

But enemies soon were spying out his liberty. Some one told the Bible-haters that he read the word of God, and denied that the bread in the sacrament was the real body of Christ. He was seized, torn away from his family, tried before the court, and of course put into prison. His foes might torture him if they chose, but he would not give up the

Bible. They could not take its truths out of his head and heart.

In the jail of Funchal was a place called the Bomba. It was a most disgusting den of filth. It was only twelve feet square. In it were often placed twenty persons, and when a friend would go there to give them bread, he would come away sick and almost unable to walk. It is most likely that Mr. Lomelino was often put in the Bomba, for the spite of his persecutors was so great that they tortured him all they could. Other prisoners said that if any severity of suffering, or abuse of words, or loathsome condition, was to be endured, it was reserved for him. They were ready to let a Barabbas go free, but an innocent disciple of Jesus must suffer.

The reason was plain. They hated him the worst, because they feared him most. They did not fear his hands, for he was meek, patient, and forgiving. He was careful not to say a word against the government or the religion of the island. If he could have been free, he would not have forced any one to read the Bible, nor done harm to any of his persecutors. They knew this. What they feared was his influence. He was intelligent, and would lead others to read the word of God.

He was obliged to pay for his own support in prison. After nearly two years' suffering, he, with twenty-one others, was released from the jail. They were told that if they did not return at once to the

Romish church, they should be imprisoned again on charges which would be sure to convict them. In those days if a witness did not give evidence to please the priest, they threatened him with imprisonment. False witnesses could be hired, just as they were against Jesus.

After these twenty-two persons were set at liberty again, (and such liberty!) some enemies threatened to murder them. Open violence soon broke forth. On the very evening when they left the jail, some Romanists were carrying the "host" in procession past a poor Protestant's house. These bearers of the host pretended to be very devout and solemn. But some of them broke open the poor man's door and destroyed all the property on which they could lay their hands. On the same day another poor man was quietly going home, thinking perhaps how his house had been burned to the ground five months before, or how he should provide for his large family of children. He was attacked and cruelly knocked down. His arm was broken by the first blow, four wounds on his head laid bare his skull, and the very women bit him as he lay on the ground; one of them tore the flesh from his cheek with her teeth!

Mr. Lomelino went home, but his family were gone. They too were Bible-readers, and had been driven away. He was there but a few days when he was arrested again. He admitted before the court that he read the word of God. For this he was sentenced to five years' banishment. But he

appealed to the higher courts of Lisbon, and remained in prison on the island for eight months, until the time of his further trial. Of course he also lost his property.

One day his fellow prisoners gnashed on him with their teeth and cried out, "Now, dog, prepare to die, for your God dies to-day! Dr. Kalley is to be killed before to-morrow morning." He was aware that plots had often been laid against his own life in the prison, but he was not troubled by them. He was, however, in great sorrow when he was told that Dr. Kalley was to be murdered. How base and ungrateful his countryman were to their best earthly benefactor! How awful their crime of killing a man who was doing so much to teach men how to be saved! Yet he thought of the suffering Saviour, and felt able to say, "I am ready to die, and expect to die; or I am ready to live and suffer for Jesus' name." He was not banished by the judges, but was held in prison for several months longer.

When he came to the United States in 1848, he was asked if it was not hard to live in a dungeon three years, when he knew he was innocent. "Oh no," said he, "it is not hard if you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and in the Bible." He said that he often thought of Paul and Silas singing in the prison at midnight, and he often wanted to sing as they did, but was not permitted. The vilest songs were allowed to be sung by wicked men who laughed at his religion.

In those days the Bible-readers fled to the caves, to the woods, and a wealthy young lady was so closely pursued that she hid in a sewer of the street. Some died in their efforts to escape. It would be impossible to tell the half that was suffered.

At one time the government formed the idea of a massacre of the Christians. They were told by officers that if they still persisted in reading the word of God, they should be burned; and thus an end would be put to the heresy.

These converts replied in the true spirit of primitive martyrs: "We are willing to be shut up in this prison, and suffer here, and we are willing to be burned; but we are not willing to give up this book, and to give up our faith."

There is no doubt but this Bible-reading was the prime cause of the persecutions that followed. Romanism can never live among those who read the Bible in their own houses. The cry of the great corrupt church is, "Away with the Bible!" The word of our Lord is, "Search the Scriptures." The Bereans could not have been Roman Catholics. "They searched the Scriptures daily." There was no Romanism in the home of young Timothy, for he knew the Scriptures from a child. But all Bereans, all the Loises, the Eunices, and Timothys on Madeira were persecuted. What would St. Peter have said to all this? "Grow in knowledge."

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. MARIA JOAQUINA ALVES.

“ She has been called to such a trial of her faith as has fallen to the lot of no other Christian woman in the nineteenth century.”

THIS noble woman was the wife of Manuel Alves, and the mother of seven children, one of whom was a tender babe when she was first taken from them. She lived in the village of Santa Cruz, twenty-five or thirty miles from Funchal. It would seem that her home was a pleasant one, and well furnished with the comforts of this life.

In some way the Bible came into her hands. It was a new book to her. She read it, and found that Jesus was the only Saviour of sinners. She learned that saints, angels, and the Virgin Mary, were not able to save. She discovered that her former teachers had deceived her. Her prayer was directed to Jesus Christ, who heard her and forgave her sins. Great was her joy in the Saviour. She told her neighbours, as the woman of Samaria did, when she invited the people to come and see Jesus.

Her light was shining and her enemies saw it. They saw that her godly life and fervent prayers

would lead many to become lovers of God and his word. They thought they would fill the minds of others with terror by making an example of her. She was arrested and placed in the village jail for nine months. Then she was removed to the prison at Funchal. This loathsome place was her home for years, where she breathed only the spirit of prayer for her persecutors. She was put in a room with twenty more, to be exposed to their ridicule and insults. At length she had a separate room, but there was no door to protect her. She took with her a New Testament, concealed in her bosom, so that in her lonely days she could still read the words of comfort and faith. Soon however she was searched, her Testament was found, and thrown to the flames. Her friends gave her two others at different times, but they were taken and burned. Yet she was cheerful. Her mind was stayed on her Saviour. It is wonderful how the truth and love of God can make the greatest sufferers happy. She was willing to die if that was her Lord's will. For her children she must have been very anxious.

The more firm her faith was, the more angry were her persecutors. They resolved that she should suffer the severest penalty of the law. The long-expected day for her trial came. She went into the court room, prepared for the sentence of death. The court made a great display. The judge was very grave. Her indictment was read. Three charges were written against her, "Apostasy, heresy, and

blasphemy!" She was tried only for blasphemy. And what had she done that was blasphemous? She had refused to say that the "wafer" in the Romish communion was the real body and the real blood of Jesus Christ, and refused to adore it! Just what any of us who know what common sense is, would refuse to do! Never was this denial a sin.

The question was asked: "Do you believe the consecrated host is the real body and real blood of Jesus Christ?" On the answer her life would hinge. She knew it. But she dared not give a false answer. "I do not believe it," she calmly replied. All eyes were fixed on a woman who could not be frightened. She could boldly say, "*I do not believe it!*"

What was now to be done? One would suppose that such an honest opinion of what is as plain as day-light, would not meet with harshness. But while all eyes were gazing, the judge rose and pronounced upon her the sentence of death! The sentence was in these words:—

"In view of the answers of the jury and the discussions of the cause, &c., it is proved that the accused, MARIA JOAQUINA, perhaps forgetful of the principles of the holy religion she received in her first years, and to which she still belongs, has maintained conversations and arguments condemned by the church; maintaining that veneration should not be given to images; denying the real existence of Christ in the sacred host; the mystery of the most Holy Trinity;

blaspheming against the most holy Virgin, the mother of God, and advancing other expressions against the doctrines received and followed by the Roman Catholic apostolic church, expounding these condemned doctrines to different persons, thus committing the crimes of heresy, blasphemy, &c. I condemn the accused, Maria Joaquina, to suffer DEATH as provided in the law; the costs of the process, &c. to be paid out of her goods.

“Funchal Oriental, in public court, May 2d, 1844.

*“JOSE PERREIRA LEITO PITTA ORTEGUEIRA NEGRAO,
Judge, &c.”*

Such a sentence ought to go down to every generation that will know anything of Romanism. Remember this was not done in the dark ages, but in 1844! It was not for murder nor treason, but for daring to deny an absurdity. She had not united with any Protestant church; she had simply refused to believe an error!

She thought the sentence would be as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. She did not ask the court to reverse it. No apology escaped her lips, no mercy was asked; but she stood with heroic firmness, and commended her persecutors to God, praying for their salvation. Death had no terror for such a spirit. Her Lord endured the shame of the cross, and she was ready to die in any

shameful way that they dare propose. Her expectation was, soon to be in heaven.

The English people on the island were deeply affected by such a cruel procedure. They drew up a petition to the Queen of Portugal asking that this Christian lady might not be so unjustly put to death. An appeal was also carried up to the higher court, and in 1845, it was declared that as there had been no trial for two of the charges (heresy and apostasy), she might be released from the penalty of death, but should be kept in prison for three months and should pay a fine of six dollars. But how could she pay the fine? They would not allow her friends to do it. So she must suffer out the fine. Month after month she was kept in the dismal prison. For those six dollars she was imprisoned twenty-three months! In all she was kept in prison more than two years and a half!

She had a sister with her part of these long years as a fellow-sufferer. When their days were fulfilled, they were allowed to return to the family, who were glad to meet her whom they never expected to see at home again. Great joy was felt by the Christian people at her release. To show what foes she had to face, we quote a letter from the Rev. Mr. Hewitson, the devoted missionary on the island :

“ July 11th, 1845. It was reported a few days ago that a writer was to be posted at the door, to take down the names of the people who might enter ;

but as yet he has not made his appearance. Meanwhile public notice has been given by means of placards, I believe, fixed at the church doors, that all who have not been attending the Roman Catholic church, and not gone to confess to the priest, are required to confess or attend church, within the space of ten days, at the risk of being imprisoned. The ten days have not yet expired. Maria Joaquina was liberated from prison on Thursday of last week. I saw her a short time after her release, and on Saturday morning she was present at our meeting for worship. She had been in prison for two years and some months. She is an applicant for admission to the communion."

This living martyr, with her husband, children, and sister, afterwards fled to Trinidad. She afterwards came to the United States. She seemed always happy. A friend in New York asked her, "Is your faith in Jesus Christ as strong now as before, and are you as willing to die as when in prison, and expecting to be executed?"

"I feel," said she with a starting tear, "that my faith in Jesus Christ is growing stronger and stronger every day, and that I am willing to die whenever he calls me."

She is hastening to the close of her pilgrimage, when she shall come up before the bright throne of glory "out of great tribulation." She went to her western home in Illinois, there to be buried and rest till the morning of the resurrection.

CHAPTER V.

THE REV. W. H. HEWITSON.

DR. KALLEY had been often threatened. His friends in Scotland wrote for him to flee the island. But with Nehemiah he could say, "Should such a man as I flee?" In one of his letters written when he expected every hour to be put in jail, he says, "You reminded me of the order given, when persecuted in one city to flee into another; but you will also remember that it is said of the hireling that he fleeth, because he is an hireling, and the wolf comes, and catches the sheep. Were I to flee, I believe the poor sheep of Christ's fold would feel deeply discouraged, and the wolf would catch them. The Lord can deliver out of the paw of the lion, and of the bear. He would deliver them though I were away; but it is necessary for us always to examine well, and seek to know the will of God, for it is not for us to run whenever the lion growls. Let those who have no hope, or confidence in the Eternal, fear men that shall die, but let not us fear earth or hell."

There was danger. He says, "In point of fact,

the *Inquisition* is established in Funchal. There is a secret tribunal of priests, who make investigations in secret; and without any citation or hearing of the person, he is consigned to the civil power to be put in jail, against even their own ecclesiastical laws and civil rights."

Dr. Kalley was the special object of vengeance from the priests and the government. But how could he be arrested? The treaty between England and Portugal would forbid it. This treaty gave all persons in Madeira the liberty to enjoy their own religion without molestation. But the Romanists were determined that Dr. Kalley should not sit under this vine. So they hunted up an old law of the *Inquisition* in 1603, which had no more force there than a law from the court of Japan, and by that they arrested him, tried, condemned, and put him into prison. For five months he lay in the gloomy cell.

Nor was he idle there. The friends of the prisoners were allowed to visit them six or eight hours every day, perhaps with the design of trying to induce them to recant the new doctrines. The jailer warned many of them not to visit Dr. Kalley, and he took down the names of many who did visit him, threatening to have them arrested. They were however allowed to enter by threes, but there was to be "no singing or reading of the Bible there." On Sabbaths, from seventy to an hundred friends came to hear him talk to them. As only

three could enter at a time, there were many gathered about the door, anxiously waiting their turn. These persons were mocked and abused by those who went to and from the cathedral. Dr. Kalley was released in 1844. He often had six hundred people to hear him, from whom he withheld nothing which would benefit their souls.

A new governor was appointed. This man had declared that if, he ever filled that office, he would not rest until he had driven Dr. Kalley from the island and put a stop to the work. He began in earnest to do this, by every means at his command. The free use of the cudgel was recommended as an argument which country people could feel and understand. Murder was suggested in the public papers as an easy way to get rid of the teachers and readers of the Bible. Hints were thrown out about a new St. Bartholemew's day! or Sicilian vespers. The officers did not rebuke such threats in any public manner, if they did at all. Some persons were beaten, some stoned; three houses were burned, two more were fired, and all at the same hour, though far apart. The more the sufferers complained and entreated, the more injury they received. The dead were refused a grave except in the highway.

Dr. Kalley expected to be driven away from the island. He knew it would be best to avoid this if possible. He went to Lisbon, and it was agreed to stay certain proceedings against him. He was

earnestly desiring help, so that by being less public himself as a teacher, he might still labour for those already converted. Who would come?

At Lisbon he met Mr. Hewitson, and learned, to his joyful surprise, that he had been appointed by the church in Scotland to go to Madeira, and was on the way. As this devoted man did so much for the work on the island, let us learn more fully who he was.

William Hepburn Hewitson was born at Culross in Ayrshire, on the 16th of September, 1812. He was not a remarkable boy. He was known as a delicate pale child, having little taste for boyish sports. He was, as all children naturally are, worldly and ambitious. His earthly ambition was love of praise. He would say in his childish manner that he would be "either a minister or a king," and he often asked how long it would take to be a king, and how long to be a minister. Sometimes he would mount a chair and, gathering the little band about him, would strain every power to move his hearers to tears. And they did weep at his words.

As he grew older he was devoted to books. Often did his school-mates laugh at him for being a book-worm. He was ambitious to qualify himself for entering college, and had an energy that never flagged. He was so independent that he would hardly receive aid from his father in his studies. "All he wanted to know was that such and such things should be done, and he set himself in right

earnest to do them." "Alone and unaided he attained to a greater knowledge and skill in languages than most boys do at the best academies, with all the help of tutors and teachers of first rate accomplishments. Then the foundation was laid of his future eminence as a scholar and as a thinker for himself."

He was rigorously truthful. He could not endure to show any appearance of falsehood in word or action. The idea of being a minister of the gospel often came to his mind, and he seems to have thought no more of ever trying to be a king. "Even in his walks with me as a boy," writes one of his early friends, "he showed the loftiness and purity of his aims, in declaring to me that he never would be a minister unless he were first a Christian. He scorned the mockery of setting up to preach what he did not thoroughly believe, and feel, and live upon, himself. Every thing must be reality with him, within and without. You saw him just as he was."

At college he soon became known as among those who were at the head of the list. The self-taught country lad had few compeers. When five contestors were chosen by the votes of his class he was one of the five, and at the top of the list of competitors. The student next him, had been in the class already for three sessions. Between these two there was an intense struggle. At the first examination they were pronounced equal—the professor not being able to decide between them. At the second trial

he made a mistake. He saw it at once. He felt that the prize was lost. But he was determined that before the professor should enter the class to announce his rival's victory, he would let him know that the student understood his own blunder as well as the professor himself. He therefore wrote a polite note to the professor correcting the blunder, but acknowledging that it was too late to be helped. The professor announced the decision and read the note. The students were loud in their praise of Hewitson, and though he lost the medal that year, they made it up by presenting him a copy of the "Attic Orators." This delicate gift was honourable to all concerned. The next year the professor urged him to be a candidate and he took the prize very easily. On the morning of March 31st, 1835, as the gold medal was hung about his neck, he felt almost to be the "king" of his childish years, and the students were rarely so enthusiastic in hailing him as the first man of his year. This was his prize for the classics. But in Logic also he bore off the palm over forty rivals.

There is a song about the nightingale, that when young sat in the nest and picked the green leaves of the rose. This was its pleasure. But after awhile the rose unfolded itself, and then the bird sang only of it, flew among the thorns, wounded itself and died. Such young men as Kirke White, Pollok, and Hewitson did this. They saw beauty blooming on every thorny limb of the tree of

knowledge, and in trying to gain it they wounded themselves—they almost died by reaching for roses where once they gathered only leaves.

Hewitson paid dearly for his honours. They cost him health, and that is hard to buy back when lost. The night had hardly stopped him in his pursuit. He often had not slept till three or four in the morning, and had risen at seven. He did not heed the warnings of friends. He sometimes came in from class, pale and weary, laid his hand on his heart, and drew a long breath with evident pain, but still he gave up all to study.

He made one other effort for an honour. A prize had been offered to the students for the best essay “on the Nature, Causes, and Effects of National Character.” Hewitson stretched forth his hand and took it. In December 1837, his essay took the honours. It was read, and highly applauded. A listener, now known as Dr. James Hamilton of London, exclaimed, “What a fine sense he has of the sublime !”

Do you not imagine that the young victor had his heart set on publishing the essay? Not long before he would have leaped for joy at the proposal. But now Professor Wilson urges its publication, and Hewitson refuses! *All is changed!*

He felt that he had grasped a shadow; ah! a stinging serpent. He thought of himself and was ashamed. He thought upon God and was troubled. He felt that he must be a minister of the gospel, but how

unprepared, how unworthy, how fearful! He says, "that is the grand object of my existence—the motive of all my exertions—identified with all my hopes, and fears—the centre of my soul. If *it* be not gained, a dark cloud will settle all around my path, a blighting chill will benumb all my faculties, and will make me useless to myself and others."

Oh if he only loved Jesus! that is now his thought. Once he loved to be praised, but now his soul is on fire with a purer, nobler wish; he wants to praise Jesus and tell of his great love. His sad soul mourns as he wishes his heart were full of love to its God and Saviour, and yet finds it cold as ice and hard as adamant.

And why, how, this change? A "living epistle" had come before his eye. He read the lesson and learned it well.

While at Leamington writing that prize essay, he was aroused to something nobler than seeking honours of men. He says, "I happened one day to turn up to the mineral spring. A young man entered the building, whose appearance at once attracted my observation. His coarse linen frock contrasted strangely with the gay apparel of the groups before me. He was emaciated and walked forward with a feeble step. After drinking of the water (out of a vessel of earthen ware, which was placed beside a number of tumblers), he, without having apparently observed any one, again slowly withdrew. After a little, I began slowly to descend

the hill, in the middle of which the spring was situated, and found the young man sitting at one of the bends of the winding path which slopes gently down the declivity. I spoke to him. His diffident tone of voice, and his modesty of manner, at once enlisted my sympathies. During several weeks afterwards I frequently visited his father's lowly cottage. My intercourse with the young man soon gave me ground to conclude, that, if my theoretic knowledge of gospel truths was greater than his, he, unlike myself, had experienced their sanctifying power. Truly his was the better portion. When he spoke of the Saviour's love to sinners, and of his obedience unto death for their redemption, he at times gave vent to his gratitude in tears of joy. Pointing to his clothes on one occasion, he said, addressing his father, "These will be no more needed; I wish you to sell them; the price of them will be enough to pay for my coffin." He seemed like one who had obtained "everlasting consolation and good hope through grace," to have not a shadow of doubt or anxiety on his soul as to the prospect of eternal glory. One evening about sunset he fell asleep."

The young prize seeker was struck with an arrow from God. That peasant was such a "living epistle," that no one could read it and not be affected. The thought came, "I am a stranger to all this." He asked himself, "Could *I* thus calmly pass into the immediate presence of the holy and just Jehovah? Am *I*, like him, sheltered from the 'wrath to come?'"

What must I do to be saved? How miserable a state of mind is that in which sorrow, like a heavy load, weighs upon the heart, and tries to find relief in tears, but cannot find it!" Well might he have said as Cowper wrote :

"I was a stricken deer that left the herd
Long since ; with many an arrow deep infix'd
My panting side was charged, when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There I was found by One who had himself
Been hurt by th' archers. In his side he bore,
And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.
With gentle force soliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and healed, and bade me live."

His mind could not be turned from the ministry. To be a king would only be playing with baubles. But he doubts ever being capable to preach. Yet he says,—"Let God dispose of me for time and for eternity so as most to show forth his glory. If it be his will that I am to be a minister of Christ, blessed be his name ! If he dispose of me otherwise, his will be done !"

In 1838 he became a student at Edinburgh where Dr. Chalmers presided over Divinity Hall. For talent and scholarship he was well known. But there was a deep sorrow in his heart, which no human eye could detect. He says, "I cried to the *unknown God* with my voice, and often cried in despair. The cry seemed never to reach his ears. and then I was so 'troubled that I could not speak.'

At such a time would I pour forth to God such lines as these :

“ Oh wherefore hast thou left me now
 In desperate struggles all alone ?
 What tempest hides thine awful brow ?
 What horror girds thy gracious throne ?
 Thou art my Father—deign to look
 Upon the anguish throbbing here,
 And not regard with stern rebuke
 The scorching agony of this tear.’ ”

But he came at length to the cross, and found his burden gone. In 1840, he was brought under the preaching of that burning and shining light, Mr. McCheyne, and he was led to Jesus. He now pressed forward “ toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.” He now wished to have “ an ear deaf to the world’s music, but all awake to the voice of Him who is ‘ the chief among ten thousand and the altogether lovely.’ ” He too became a “ living epistle,” and when he went again among his friends at home, “ they took knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus.”

Still he was a student. He writes—“ In the course of my walkings to-day, I have been informed that I am studying twenty-four hours a day, and I may reasonably expect ere long to be informed that I am very ill in consequence of my hard study. Oh that this indolent *me* were able to study hard !” And again two months later he writes, “ I am not troubled now either by the ‘ indolence of genius,’ or the genius of indolence. I was out of bed this morn-

ing by four o'clock. I wish I could keep 'Minshull' hours regularly; I dare say such hours were kept by Adam and Eve when they were wont to close their eyes in faith, and open them in prayer."

"God will not suffer me to be ambitious now," he says. His fine genius was turned to the cross, and he became a little child. He sold the gold medal, once the idol of his heart, and put the proceeds into the Lord's treasury.

Thoughts of the missionary work now came into his mind. "Such is the expansive energy of Christian love," he once said, "that wherever it sees a brow like that which was mocked with a crown of thorns, it will not be satisfied till on that brow there be engraved the name of Jesus. 'I am a missionary' is a thought which we should frequently—every day that passes—entertain in our minds. We should be ever ready to put the question, 'What as a missionary ought I now to do?'"

"I am forbidden to study," he was compelled at length to say. Disease shut him up in the house, during the winter of 1841–2. In the spring he went to Germany for his health. To a great sufferer he wrote while travelling. "You are tried by sore pain in the morning; at nine o'clock in the morning Christ was nailed to the cross. All day long you are afflicted with pain; Christ hung on the cross in an agony till three o'clock in the afternoon. 'Behold the lamb of God!' and amidst your sufferings, take comfort from the sight of his wounded,

bleeding body." Such a man would make a "son of consolation" to the people of God. •

Again he was in the solitude of Dalmellington, his home. His friends thought that he would soon die of consumption. But he was intent on doing some work for the Master ere he should go hence. He thought of the south of France, and Malta, as fields of labour, where his health might possibly be regained. Little did he know yet, that God was making a way for him in Madeira. The hour had come, and a Mr. Sym proposed that island on which such a grand scene was enacting. Yes, Madeira! it was the very place. God had sent one labourer there through ill health, and now he has another ready when needed. It was a pleasing idea to Mr. Hewitson. He wrote, October 15, 1844, "It is, I understand, most desirable, at present, that a minister should be sent out to Madeira to acquire the Portuguese language, with a view to preaching the gospel to the poor Portuguese in the island. During the year which would be spent in doing nothing but acquiring the language, my health might be so far recruited, by the blessing of God on the change of air, as to enable me afterwards to labour in that part of the vineyard. Doubtless it would be more consonant to my natural wishes, to be a minister of the gospel at home; but if in a way so unexpected, the Lord be pleased to say, 'I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles,' it is my part to deny myself through his grace, and take up my cross and

go. Madeira is at present the forlorn hope of Christianity. There, more than anywhere else in our day, has Popery breathed its natural element of intolerance and persecution."

"Yesterday," he writes, November 7th, 1844, "was a solemn day, one ever to be remembered. I was ordained by the Presbytery of Edinburgh (Free church of Scotland)." This was part of the preparation for Madeira. "I go to Portugal as a missionary and may have much to try me and put my faith to the proof." "Pray for me, my dear friend. Remember my trials and difficulties before the Lord. Let us not forget Saturday evenings at seven o'clock. Then pray for fruit unto eternal life from among the poor Portuguese."

Some one unwisely published the fact that Mr. Hewitson intended to go to Madeira, but the Lord overruled it for good. It made it necessary for him to go first to Lisbon. There his Master took him "aside, once more to give to his sickle a new edge." The two months spent there did much to qualify him for trying events, among enemies such as he had never known, and could not fully know until he should suffer persecution.

CHAPTER VI.

THE YOUNG MISSIONARY.

“TUESDAY, JANUARY 28th, 1844. Mr. A—— called this evening to tell me that Dr. Kalley had arrived from Madeira; and while he was here, a letter came from Mr. Sym, intimating that I had the consent of the Colonial Committee to go immediately to Madeira. Thus, in a marvellous manner, the Lord has been answering the prayer which yesterday I offered up for direction and counsel.”

Thus while the Lord was preparing a labourer for the field, he was also preparing the field for the labourer. It must have overjoyed the heart of Dr. Kalley thus to meet one, who, without his knowledge, had been sent to stay up his hands, and reap a glorious harvest. The young missionary was to take his place.

There was no church yet organized among the converts. Not many had openly renounced Popery; only twenty-five or thirty; many were reading the Bible and giving up the errors of Rome one by one. They were truly as sheep without a shepherd. Mr. Hewitson was entering upon a field where the

enemy was strong. He was sent forth as a sheep among wolves. He ran the risk of enmity, and immediately sought after those who wished to learn the gospel. He lived with a Rev. J. J. Wood, of England, and had a room in the dwelling for holding meetings. Here was the "church in the house."

Every day converts and inquirers came to meet him. Few came at a time, lest the officers of the city should forbid any to go. In the Lord's way he had learned their language at Lisbon. He spoke it as a "gift from God," though he could not understand them when they spoke. "The good people," he says, "are so anxious to be understood, that when I ask them to speak more at leisure, they speak all the faster!" Several persons applied for admission to the Lord's table. They had gained clear views from the Bible respecting Christ, and the last supper. One lady, whose heart overflowed with love to the Saviour, said she would rather be put to death than to be silent when the truth was spoken against. She "could not but speak the things she had heard."

The little church grew. The difficulty was to keep too many from crowding the room at one time. Four parents came one Saturday evening, a four hours' walk, and brought their children to be baptized on Sabbath. Soon after that a communion was held, in the evening, "the doors being shut for fear." Thirty-four converts were there, with a

happiness they never had known before. More might have been admitted, but there was no room in the house; every thing had to be done in the most quiet manner.

Now he found an Apollos, "mighty in the Scriptures." Let us recite the beautiful story. Dr. Kalley was staying one summer on the north side of the island to enjoy the sea bathing. One day an almost blind carpenter was led by the hand over the mountains, to consult the doctor about his eyes. The doctor did all he could to relieve him. The visitor then asked—as few did—what he had to pay. He was told, "I do not want money, but if God blesses the remedies and you wish to pay me for my trouble, I would like you to learn to read the word of God and do as he bids you." The ignorant carpenter went home, taking a Bible with him.

The next summer the same persons met at the same place. The carpenter was as blind as at first. But he had learned a great deal from the Bible. He would speak of a truth and say, "You will find the proof in such a chapter and such a verse." His sight had been restored—he had gone to school, learned to read, read the Bible with prayer for God's teaching, got married, and lost his sight again—all this in a year. He was asked how he had learned so much of the truth in so short a time, and replied, "God could teach me more in five minutes!"

This carpenter had a priest, Padre Vigarario. He one day went to the priest with a tract, which Dr. Kalley had given him, on which were the ten commandments. "Are these the true commandments of God?" he asked. The priest declared they were not. He abused Dr. Kalley most bitterly for giving such a tract to be read in his parish. But the carpenter was determined to have the evidence of his senses, for he could now see. He told the priest that surely he had a Bible of his own, and asked him to be kind enough to bring it forth so that they might compare the tract with the record in Exodus. The priest at first refused, but was forced to yield at last. The Bible was brought. The priest either could not, or would not find the chapter. He turned to the beginning, middle, and end of the Bible. So the carpenter took it and at once turned to the 20th chapter of Exodus. Then giving the priest the one, he read the other. They were the same. This man was "strong in the gospel." But the priest was all the more angry, and declared that if the English doctor ever entered his parish, he should not leave it except piecemeal!

This victory cost the carpenter his liberty. Not long after he was visited by some persons, who were carrying a little flag with a figure of a pigeon on the top of the staff. They asked alms, as is done once a year, for the Holy Ghost! They knocked at the door, were invited in, and then begged for alms for the "Espirito Santo" (Holy Spirit). "This is not

the *Espirito Santo*," said the carpenter. "We know no other," they replied. "The Holy Ghost is a spirit," said the reasonable man, "and that is a piece of cloth fastened to a stick." The men went and told the priest *Vigario*; the priest reported the case to the judge, and the judge had the poor man brought to court, tried, and condemned to suffer in the common jail. In Romish countries there seem to be a great many jails—one always close by where a Bible-reader is arrested! He was there for two months, but this did not convince him that the parish priest was right, nor that the Bible was wrong. This man came to Mr. Hewitson asking baptism for his infant child.

There was a poor man on the island named *Jeronymo*. When seventeen years old a severe illness made his mind feeble, his hands, head, and feet tremulous, and his appearance quite boyish and foolish. When Dr. Kalley first saw him, he was about thirty years of age. He had learned a few words of French and English, and used them in begging from strangers. He was an idler of little account to any one, as idlers usually are. The boys often teased him, and laughed at his stammering words and strange gestures when angry.

One Sabbath in the spring of 1843, the police were stationed at Dr. Kalley's door to prevent or watch any persons who wished to hear the word of God, from entering the house. *Jeronymo* took a fancy to go in. One or two persons had been

beaten for daring to enter, but the police did not think it worth their while to hinder poor Jeronymo. The time for worship had not quite arrived, and some of the family thought that Jeronymo was sent there to do some mischief, for they were alarmed at his idiotic appearance. They sent him away without Dr. Kalley's knowledge. But God, who often chooses the weak to confound the mighty, would not let Jeronymo be offended and go away. He lingered about the gate. In the afternoon he came and took his seat with the little band of worshippers. No one invited him to leave this time. His eyes and mind were riveted. With open mouth and staring face he sat hearing of the wonderful works of God. He learned that Jesus had died for poor Jeronymo, as well as for John and Paul.

He came again and again to the house. It was the best place he could find in the city. The boys could not find him to teaze him any more. He ceased to beg from strangers, and left off being idle. He contrived to support himself by his own hands. Nor was this all. He must read the Bible. He studied and prayed, and at last became a reader. He told others about the true religion and the great and good book. The enemies thought that he was not worth their persecuting attention, and therefore he could labour unharmed. God was making the foolish confound the wise. When Dr. Kalley was in jail, this poor man would come and get supplies of Testaments and tracts to distribute, or sell to

those who would buy them. In this way he earned something, and became very useful in the good work.

When the enemies saw how much good such a poor man could do, they resolved to stop it. Canon Telles, a dignitary of the Romish church and a Jesuit, once met him at his door, offering the tracts and Testaments, and he gave him a terrible beating. Which zeal was the best, that of the Jesuit for his church, or that of the humble labourer for the cause of Christ?

Jeronymo was put into jail, but this was no great hardship for him, for he had never seen much bodily comfort in this world. For a good while he had slept on the steps of some house so as not to be caught and beaten. His home was a very poor one. It was a little hut, in which his sister lived with an idolatrous husband. They would not listen to the new convert as he rebuked them for their false worship, and so he thought it was not best to live with them any longer. Some one asked him where he slept and he replied, with as much independence as if he owned a palace, that he could sleep quite well at any door, and the Lord always provided him with a piece of bread.

It was no small pleasure to him to be in the same jail with Dr. Kalley. One day when in the doctor's room, the conversation turned upon the resurrection of the body. Poor Jeronymo looked on his hands and his feet very much grieved. He could not feel

happy, in thinking that the same hands and feet would be given him at the resurrection. He had hoped to be freed from his poor, weak, awkward body. He was then told that if he died trusting in Jesus, he should be raised up "like to His glorious body." The expression of his face was instantly changed. He looked again at his trembling limbs, and then gazed upwards with wonder and delight, at the thought of having that body made like the Lord's.

When out of prison he did all he could during the day for his Master, and at night slept on the steps again whenever he could find a place not exposed to the violence of the enemies of Christ. In prison or out of prison he was happy. One day he came to Mr. Hewitson and heard him speak of the "hid treasure." He was asked if he understood what it meant. He came forward as one who had been bruised by severe blows, and said that he knew what the hid treasure was, for he had been beaten severely the night before because he loved his Saviour. Poor Jeronymo could find no "good Samaritan" among his own people, unless they had first been taught the Bible.

Two or three would come to the young missionary at a time, and others would wait anxiously for their time to come. They often were not cautious, and would linger at the door watching for it to be opened. They seemed not to care for the danger of being arrested and cruelly treated. Daily there were additions to the church. He found that Mr.

Wood's house was too small as well as too public. So he rented another with a garden on each side of it, where the people might not be watched so closely by the police. His health was still feeble. The wonder is that it did not entirely fail. It should be noticed that these people are naturally timid and fearful of danger. They were persecuted at home by friends and suspicious neighbours. Often a man's foes were they of his own household. Yet the love of God and of his truth made them bold.

A pony had been left by Mr. Wood for the young missionary to ride, when he sought the refreshing air on the hills, or the music of the waves along the shore. Coming toward his house from one of these rides, he saw several policemen on the watch about his house. He rode on past the house, and these spies continued their watch for two or three hours and then left. The few people in the house went home, no doubt full of sorrow that their pastor must refrain from his work. He wished to use all prudence, lest these disciples should be beaten with many stripes, have their houses burned, their property taken away, and their privileges denied them by arrest and imprisonment.

The curses of the priest fell on the poor, instead of blessings. A poor man had by careful earnings laid up seven pence to pay the priest for confessing him. He offered it in the chapel, but the priest turned round in anger, and with an oath "hoped that he might turn as black as his hat if he would

ever confess a man for less than ten pence !” The poor man obtained another half penny and offered that also, but was rudely turned off with a curse. This was his last attendance at priestly confession. He learned to confess his sins to God, who invites us to come “without money and without price.”

Several persons were examined by the officers in order to find some cause for an arrest of Mr. Hewitson. The police were ordered to put him down in some way. The treaty between England and Portugal prevented an outrageous attack. Out of prudence he discontinued his meeting for a few weeks, in order that the black cloud of threats might blow over a little. Yet the converts were bold, and their enemies saw that imprisonment was a poor way to cure them. The lion went about roaring, for he knew not what to do with this devoted pastor and the harmless people.

In making strong the church, Mr. Hewitson took another important step. Let him tell it in his own words, dated May 8th, 1845. “I have been contemplating the ordination of three or four elders. On Tuesday last, I intimated to a godly young man, that I wished him to become an elder, asking him if he would object to undertake the office. He answered that he would refuse to do nothing that was agreeable to the will of God ; and, evidently referring to a threatened attempt on the part of the enemies of the truth to force him into the military service, he added, that he would gladly enlist himself as a

soldier to defend the Lord's cause and people. The young man is a devoted servant of God, with intense love of Bible truth. He quotes the Scriptures with great readiness and felicity." The missionary then proposed that this young man should be assisted in preparing for the ministry. "The time may be not far distant," he says, "when I shall be obliged to leave Madeira by the strong arm of persecution, and it would be a great comfort to the afflicted church here, amidst their privations, to have the prospect of so soon receiving ordinances at the hands of one of their own number." Elders were afterwards ordained.

May 12th, he writes, "The horizon is becoming more and more cloudy. Two or three days ago at a dinner party, the Bishop of Madeira declared exterminating war against the Bible. He said that he had all the authorities on his side,* and he was resolved to put down all dissent from the Roman Catholic Church. Yesterday while the Bishop was preaching, he fell down in a fit. This might teach him that the Lord is mightier than he."

"An excellent young man, who should be made an elder of the Portuguese church in Madeira, on a person saying to him, 'that the church of Rome is the mother of us all,' had replied, 'Then keep her to

* Very much like the boast of Sennacherib in 2 Chron. xxxii. 10-18. But the missionary could have said, "There be more with us than with him. With him is an arm of flesh; but with us is the Lord our God to help us," ver. 7-8.

yourself.' He was, for this, sent to jail four months."

The police warned him not to continue the meetings in his house, or he would be arrested, and the court would not handle him mildly. He thought, however, that it was better to violate the Portuguese law, than the law of Christ, and so he cautiously held meetings under cover of the night.

Aug. 24, 1844, he writes, "This night we are at eight o' clock to 'keep the feast' in secret, and with closed doors and windows, in our dining-room, with this poor and persecuted little flock of Christ. The service if discovered will send his dear servant to prison, but the Lord is his keeper."

The jailer was very kind at this time. He allowed three prisoners to get out *on parole*, and go to the "Church in the house." He knew they would come back, for they said they would. He knew that these Bible-readers could be trusted. Honour to that jailer!

The Lord took his servant out of this danger. He became too ill to labour in the city, and sought rest and recovery by retiring to a village fifteen miles distant. Disease crept more rapidly upon him. He was brought back to Funchal, in a hammock, a mode of conveyance in this mountainous land. Dr. Kalley was absent in Scotland. The physician almost despaired of seeing Hewitson well again. Nor was the patient very hopeful. He said, "For two or three days I scarcely expected recovery. I never

went down so far into the dark valley, nor got so steady a gaze over the verge of time into the depths of eternity." For six weeks he could not meet, on Sabbath, with the Scotch congregation worshipping there. Yet he declared that these were the "sweetest weeks he ever spent in Madeira." A friend sent him some flowers and he wrote back, "When we find the Lord's flowers withering in our hands, we should not vex our souls as we are apt to do. . . . He is not hiding his face, though the flowers be dry. He would have us be ever going again, through the gentle dropping dews of prayer in the Holy Ghost, to knock at his garden gate, and ask him for a fresh gift of his choicest flowers. He withers the flowers we have, that we may ask for more. Oh matchless love of Jesus! He wishes us to come again and again."

This sickness gave strength to his heart for the good work. "Out of weakness he was made strong." He did not think best to renew the public meetings till Dr. Kalley should return, lest the foe should get some advantage. But he set on foot a new method. The converts should hold meetings from house to house, and those best instructed should conduct them. It was a happy plan. He organized a class, who should study the gospel, in order to be qualified to teach others. Some came eighteen miles to attend it. One person, just released from jail, was asked to lead in prayer, but feeling his need of learning and good language, he said, "Excuse me, for I can

only pray as I have been taught by the Holy Ghost !” Would that all Christians could thus learn from the Spirit of God !

The rage of the enemy waxed more terrible ; more was known of jails than of churches in those stormy days. Hewitson was waiting daily for the call of policemen to hurry him away to prison. Dr. Kalley returned to the island. The missionary was forbidden to preach or teach in the name of Jesus. One of the judges was ordered to arrest him, but declined. The Bishop went to Lisbon to get aid to put down the religion of Christ. The English merchants were forbidden to have any meetings of Portuguese in their houses. It seemed best for Mr. Hewitson to retire from the scene for a little while. But he felt that he must get his class through a good course of study. He toiled hard. In three weeks eighty-seven Portuguese took the sacrament. There were hundreds—yes thousands—ready to listen to the word of God, but the hoof of oppression kept them down.

One cheering fact occurred, just when the enemy seemed to be most mighty. “ A few minutes ago,” he wrote, “ I have heard of a wicked man’s conversion. His wife called to ask me to visit the house.” That man had been one of the chief tools of the angry priests, in carrying on their work of violence. This gave more of an impulse to priestly rage, while it made it the more sad for the young missionary to retire from the field.

He left Madeira in May 1846, intending to return after a few months. With a bounding heart he soon exclaimed, "Again I am on British ground!" Toward Madeira his thoughts often turned. He heard how his flock were being scattered by the storm. "Ah! the tidings from Madeira," he writes, "are truly sad. The dear people, hunted like wild beasts on the mountains by their savage foes, and forced on the resource of emigration, as the only means of escape from the dreadful alternative of relapse into Popery, or of suffering, it may be in many cases to death. One man brutally murdered! Several women beaten almost to death! Popery would exterminate grace itself from the earth if it could!"

Of Mr. Hewitson's labours, Dr. Kalley wrote: "He has been a source of incalculable good to Madeira. I feel *myself* to be very much a hewer of wood or drawer of water."

CHAPTER VII.

LAWLESS VIOLENCE—ENGLISH LADIES MOBBED.

THE Misses Rutherford were English ladies residing in a quiet part of Funchal. They occupied a summer residence called the "Quinta das Angustias." One of them was an invalid, unable to leave the house. A Miss Clarke acted as her nurse. A young Portuguese lady, an orphan, a convert, and a teacher, was also one of the family.

The Misses Rutherford were known to be Protestants, and friends to the Bible-readers. They had allowed some of the Portuguese women to come and hear the Bible read in their house. They had been "helpers in the gospel." It was resolved by their spies and foes, that they should be driven from the island. All treaties for protecting English residents were disregarded, and even when the British consul ought to have shielded them from harm, nothing was done. They were exposed to the rage of a mob.

On a Sabbath morning, August 2nd, 1846, a company of thirty or forty worshippers of God met in the "Quinta das Angustias." They met on this

holy day to sing praises, offer prayers, read the Bible, and hear a letter from Mr. Hewitson their pastor, then absent in Scotland. The worship was conducted by Mr. Da Silva, a man of influence and learning, who had left all and followed Jesus.

During these hours a mob was collecting. It was not headed by a drunken outlaw, but by a canon of the church, an officer who assisted the Bishop in his labours, and was one of his counsellors. He was a Jesuit. Educated in England, he had seen something of what power the Bible had over the people. He had, no doubt, come from the Cathedral that very hour, with his robes upon him, and was now mustering a ruffian rabble to attack the peaceable worshippers in the Quinta.

The meeting heard Mr. Hewitson's letter with deep interest. It was like one of his rich sermons. A few words from it would do us good.

"I remember you every day in my prayers before God, giving thanks to him who called you out of darkness into his marvellous light.

"Life, light, salvation, the hope of glory, all spiritual and eternal blessings, are found in Christ Jesus our Lord; neither can they be found anywhere else. Christ is the storehouse of all the heavenly goods; Christ is the treasurer of all the riches of divine goodness; Christ is the fountain from which rivers of living waters are always flowing; Christ is the Sun of the highest heavens, which scatters and throws all the rays of divine wisdom

and knowledge both among the angels above and the believers below. Whatever blessing you need, seek from Christ Jesus.

“If ye depart from Jesus, ye are poor, miserable, blind, and naked; ye have nothing. Coming to Jesus, ye become partakers of his riches, his white robes, his light, his wisdom, happiness, joy, grace, and love; his kingdom and glory. Come therefore nearer to Jesus, and never leave off living and walking with him. Be very close to his pierced side. Hide yourselves within his heart. Bathe your souls in the waves of his eternal love.

“If you do not trust in Christ only, you cannot be saved. If you trust in your tears, prayers, works, persecutions, or tribulations, you are certainly wrong, and walk far from the way of salvation. Such things are not Christ—such things are not your Saviour. Do not trust in them, but only in Christ.

“It is good to shed tears of sadness, thinking on your sins; but shed them looking to Christ crucified. It is good to pray; and to pray more and more earnestly; but you ought to pray trusting only in the merits of Christ. It is good to do the good works of faith and love; it is good to increase more and more in fortitude, charity, purity, and meekness; but see that you don't put any confidence in your own works. It is good, if necessary, to suffer persecution, shame, and death itself, for the sake of the name of Jesus. But we ought always to remember,

that it is not for the sake of our personal sorrow and suffering, but only for the sake of the sufferings which Christ endured, that we are saved.

“ If we have Christ, we have all ; without Christ, we have nothing. You can be happy without money, without liberty, without parents, and without friends, if Christ is yours. If you have not Christ, neither money, nor liberty, nor parents, nor friends, can make you happy. Christ with a chain is liberty ; liberty without Christ is a chain. Christ without anything is riches ; all things without Christ are poverty indeed.”

Tears must have fallen from the eyes of these devoted Christians, so soon to be persecuted. The meeting was held until after twelve o'clock. As these refreshed worshippers were about to retire, a mob appeared at the gate. The Jesuit Canon Telles was heard shouting defiance and revenge. Other priests were with him.

Mr. Da Silva went first to the gate. The canon instantly thrust an image in his face, and bade him “ kiss it” and “ adore his God !” Da Silva calmly replied, “ Why do you interfere with a peaceable citizen ?” The canon then abused him, with the names of “ heretic, renegade, apostate,” and other insults. But the good elder, “ when he was reviled, reviled not again.”

The canon then knocked off his hat in a violent manner, and urged on the mob. Da Silva, after such ill-treatment, managed to escape, and three or

four others with him. One young man was so brutally attacked that he retreated into the house. The rest were compelled to remain within doors. The English ladies could not think of forcing them to leave the premises. The house was besieged through all the afternoon.

Dr. Kalley came in the afternoon to visit the sick in the Quinta. He knew nothing of the mob until he rode up to the gate. As he was told that the sick English lady was in need of medical aid, he felt that he must go in, though the mob should rage the more. Voices hooted at him, called him abusive names, threatened him, and shook their fists and their clubs. When he came back he was threatened again, and his groom was violently beaten. The mob declared that they would kill him if he dared to follow the doctor. He therefore ran home, struck with fear and horror, reporting that he had left his master in the midst of a murderous mob. The doctor mounted his horse, and rode through the crowd in the street, and some hats were lifted in respect for him, and some voices were heard saying, that it was an outrage to reward him in such a way for doing good.

The mob would probably have disbanded and gone away, had not Canon Telles and the priests been determined not to abandon the ground. They went about through the crowd, adding oil to their burning fury. The police were there, but they did not disperse the rioters. No law was read, forbidding such

outrages. The scenes that followed during that night of violence are best described by quoting the words of an eye witness, Lieut. J. R. Tate, in the British service :

“Having heard, late in the afternoon, of the painful situation in which the Misses Rutherford were placed by the threatening attitude of the mob, I rode down to the Angustias, with a view to afford them any protection, counsel, or comfort in my power, as well as to watch the further motions of the people. I arrived at half-past six, when I found that the police had been withdrawn. The canon, however, with various other priests, was on the ground, and an unusual number of persons were walking and talking in the neighbourhood. I accordingly resolved upon returning at ten, and remaining in the house during the night, should my presence be required by the ladies under the circumstances in which they were placed. Soon after ten I returned, at which time *Conego Telles* was seen in the road, with a crowd of people talking in groups around the gate. Through them I was permitted to ride in quietly, but not, as we afterwards discovered, without much consultation on the subject amongst the ringleaders of the mob. Being out on the balcony about eleven o'clock, when the silvery moon was shining peacefully through the trellis of the verandah, and all nature quietly reposing in the solemn stillness of the night, the sound of human voices warned us that the mob had come within the

gates. We now perceived a number of men armed with bludgeons standing at the front door, and at once warned them off the grounds.

“Miss Rutherford addressed them in Portuguese, using every argument to induce them to retire. She reminded them that their appearance there at such an hour, and in such an attitude, was contrary to all law, while their conduct was seriously endangering the life of an invalid lady. She cautioned them to beware of illegal proceedings; she told them that they might surround the house and wait for daylight, or send for the police if they suspected there was any criminal within; for to the police, with a legal warrant, she would open the door the instant the sun was up. The people were at the same time assured that the case would be represented in the morning to her Britannic Majesty’s representative at Funchal.

“To this they replied that ‘they did not care for the English consul’—‘there was no law for the Calvinists’—and ‘they could appeal to the governor.’* ‘They had a right, they said,’ ‘to do what they liked, and all the Portuguese in that house should die.’ They then insisted on immediate entrance, or that the Portuguese should be delivered up to their vengeance. Both were, of course, refused, when they declared their intention to force their way; with the threat that if they did so every

* The subsequent conduct of the governor fully confirmed the ideas the ruffians had been led to form of him.

soul they found within should die. A low whistle was given by the ringleaders, which was immediately answered by a further rush of men, who now amounted to fifty or sixty, armed with clubs and bludgeons. Seeing all remonstrance vain, that the people were partially intoxicated by liquor, and were now planting their comrades in all directions round the Quinta, we retired from the balcony into the house, shutting and bolting the windows as we went. Having done this, we repaired to the chamber of the invalid, and committed ourselves unreservedly to the care of Him who alone could overrule the will of his enemies, and make the wrath of man to praise him.

“In a short time the smashing of the windows, and crash of the bludgeons on the door, announced that the money and liquor of the enemy were fearfully doing their work.*

“Amidst the yells of the mob, the cry was still heard for admittance; when Miss Rutherford again addressed them in that calm, gentle, temperate, yet firm and dignified manner which distinguished her conduct through the night. One of the ringleaders

* “The money paid on this occasion was in small sums of 3 bits (fifteen pence) and upwards. This I have from relatives of those who actually received payment. That paid to the ringleaders on the occasion of the outrage on Dr. Kalley’s residence was in much greater sums—large subscriptions having, I was given to understand, been raised among the priests and men of property.” REV. MR. MORTON.

desired her to speak in English,* but she answered that 'she spoke not for his ear only, but for those of all that were present.' She then, in the most courteous way begged them to withdraw, urging the danger they were incurring by so acting in violation of the law. 'There are no laws for Calvinists,' was the instant reply, showing that the impression produced by the long preceding course of authorized persecution was, that Christians were outlawed by the fact of being readers of the word of God, with a further threat, that if the doors were not immediately opened they would burn the house to the ground!

"Another smash of windows followed, and one of the mob called out aloud, 'You had better retire or I'll kill you.' Miss Rutherford sprang back, and a huge stone fell upon the spot which she had occupied but the moment before. The smashing at the door was now resumed with fearful violence, and repeated at short intervals. As each blow fell upon the windows and resounded through the house, a shudder passed over the invalid's weakly frame. And though I am sure there was hardly a thought of self within her, yet so deep was the sympathy evinced for her suffering sisters in Christ, that we expected every moment would have severed the spirit from the body, and called it from a stormy world to 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.' Each crash seemed

* So that the mob would not understand her plea.

like an electric shock, pervading every nerve; so true is it that 'we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.' Thus when 'one member suffers, all the members suffer with it.' 1 Cor. xii. 26.

"Meanwhile Miss Rutherford and Clarke, her English maid, were exerting themselves to conceal the poor Christians from the anticipated murderous attack. They consisted almost exclusively of women; of harmless, quiet, inoffensive females! But they were Protestants—they had not been to mass, nor had they lately paid the fees of confession. And so their sex was no protection from the bludgeon of the ruffian! They were marked out by the priesthood for vengeance, and the end was to justify the means. For their greater security they were hurried into the kitchen, at the remote end of the house; that being the apartment likely to be last reached by the assailants, and from which there was a stair-door down to the garden. All but a poor blind man were shut in here; and he, perhaps the happiest of the party, was put under a bed in a spare room, over which some dresses were carelessly thrown to conceal him from view. He was told that there was no help but in his God, and that he must plead with him to put out his arm and save him.

"We also commended the whole of our party to the care of our heavenly Father, praying that he would be to each of us individually a very present help in this our time of trouble; that he would teach us to

pray, that he would help our unbelief and confirm our faith; and above all, that he would uphold us, so that not one of our number, for any pains of death, should fall from him. The seats were then removed from the room in which the meeting had been held. Bibles and bonnets were put out of the way, so that no additional cause for excitement might inflame the rabble as they entered. Still crash succeeded crash, and blow succeeded blow!

“What a contrast, thought I, between those without and those within the house! Here was peace and confidence; there violence and hatred. Here was the voice of Him who is love itself, and who had permitted the storm to rise, whispering into each one’s ear, ‘It is I; be not afraid; my grace is sufficient for thee;’ there was the voice of Satan urging on his slaves to deeds of darkness and of blood. Here, in a word, was Christ; there was anti-Christ. Here the seed of the woman; there the seed of the serpent. Alas, how true! it was not against their countrymen as men that their hatred, their rage, their violence had been raised, for many of those had come from the country, and were personally unknown. It was not against them, but against ‘Christ in them.’ It was Jesus whom they persecuted. After a few more crushing blows, the door of the house flew open. Still none dared enter. Portuguese cowardice, ready enough to attack the helpless, aged female, and the blind, shrank from encountering an unknown danger in the dark. The

ruffians sent for lights, which they made 'little boys' carry in their front! They then searched every room in the lower part of the house, but in vain. Their victims were not there.

“Soon after midnight, just as arrangements were completed above, lights were distinguished on the staircase, and almost immediately they entered the drawing-room. Off this room was the invalid's chamber, and thither the rioters directed their course. Six or eight of the ruffians, preceded by boys carrying lights, flashing in their faces, daringly entered the room and demanded the Portuguese; placing by this act of reckless cruelty, the life of a defenceless invalid lady, guiltless of crime, in the most imminent danger. They were informed that the Portuguese were not there, and would not be given up; and desired, moreover, not to come farther into the sick lady's room. They whispered together for a few minutes, (every moment of which must have been an agony to the ladies,) and then went grumbling and muttering away. A guard being left in the drawing-room, they proceeded in search of their victims; a rather tedious process by the way, in a house with twenty bedrooms and six sitting rooms, besides a chapel and closets of all kinds.

“At length we heard the yell of triumph. The victims had been found. Resistance was not thought of, but they were all on their knees in prayer to God. One was seized—his head laid open to the bone, and himself thrown over the banisters to the

ground. Here the mob was beating him with clubs and dragging him out to be murdered in the garden, 'for it is a less crime,' said they, 'to kill him there.' At the very moment of opening the door by which to drag out their intended victim, the police and soldiers entered, thus catching them in the very act of outrage, and intended murder in a British subject's house. The mob was asked by what authority they had entered that house, to which they replied that 'they did not care for authority or law.' Two of the ruffians were then secured, marched off, and lodged in jail.

"The rest fled through the house, making the ladies fancy for a moment that either the poor victims were rushing to us for shelter, or that the villains were returning to add us to the number of their prey. We soon discovered that the police were in possession of the kitchen, and taking our party under their charge, they conducted them in safety to their homes. No sooner had the invalid heard of the safety of Christ's little flock, than nature showed herself completely exhausted. The spirit indeed was strong, but the flesh was weak. She fell into a state of complete insensibility, from which she had not recovered when I left the house in the morning. The noise had, it appeared, been heard in the town, but no force was in readiness to quell the disturbance; or in ten minutes they might have reached the Angustias. The two policemen who heard the noise were insufficient to face a mob; they

hurried off, therefore, for military aid. Thus, not the foresight of the magistrate, nor the vigilance of the government, but the length of time spent in searching the house, and the native cowardice of the Portuguese, were instrumental in the hands of an all-wise and all-merciful Providence, towards bringing deliverance to his persecuted, but not forsaken ones.

“In the morning, at the request of Miss Rutherford, I officially reported the outrage to the consul, ‘in order that he might take such steps as he might be pleased to think the case demanded as representative of the British crown.’ I also begged him to adopt such measures as might be necessary to protect British life and property from any repetition of violence, the door being so smashed in that any one could enter the premises at pleasure. This letter I delivered in person, but soon found how little we had to expect either in sympathy or assistance at the hands of the representative of British majesty. The subject was treated with the greatest coldness and indifference. More regret was expressed at the meeting of a few Protestants for prayer and praise in the morning, than indignation at the violation of British rights and honour, and the danger to which the lives of British subjects were exposed at the hands of a lawless mob at night. Although I looked, and still look at the outrage as an affair to be judged of wholly irrespective of the meeting or any other circumstance whatever, I

ventured to assure the consul that not a word had, at that meeting of friends, been uttered against the religion of the state, which alone, according to Portuguese interpretation of the law, could make such a meeting illegal.

“Besides, I added, had all the laws of Portugal been broken, Miss Rutherford was amenable to those laws, and to those laws only, and till tried and condemned by them, was surely entitled to protection from her country. She should not be given over to the tender mercies of a Romish priest and his reckless mob. The consul admitted that the outrage was unjustifiable; and he ‘hoped,’ and ‘trusted,’ and ‘felt assured’ that the offenders would be punished. I suggested that in my humble opinion the British government, in a case of such gross violation of British property, &c., was entitled to demand that active measures should be taken by the authorities for the arrest of the offenders; or, at least, that due punishment should be ensured to the two persons captured on the previous night under circumstances that could admit of no kind of doubt as to their guilt.

“So far, however, from this being likely to follow, I told him that no authority of any kind had been near the scene of outrage; nor, so far as I could see, were any steps being taken for the furtherance of the ends of justice. The consul stated, in reply, that it was a case for the courts of law, and not for him to interfere in! I then asked the consul as to

the protection which the Misses Rutherford might expect to their lives and property during the night ; when (will the reader believe me when I say ?) the representative of Great Britain referred them to the office of police ! ‘The head of police would, he had no doubt, provide them with a sufficient force !’ ”

“Such outrages were committed on the 2nd of August, 1846. Neither the British consul nor the Portuguese authorities made any efforts to prevent their repetition. The leaders of the mob well understood the disposition of the authorities, and were encouraged in their work.

“Such, I may add, were some of the consequences directly arising from the breach of the peace by a canon of the cathedral church of Funchal, Carlos Telles de Menezes, a dignitary of the church of Rome !!!”

CHAPTER VIII.

NARROW ESCAPE OF DR. KALLEY.

THE enemies now found how far they might dare to go in deeds of violence. They need fear nothing from the governor, nor police, nor British consul. It was in the power of the governor and consul to restore order. A resolute word from them would have put the rioters in fear. They were solemnly bound by their oaths of office to protect all whose lives and property were assailed. British Protestants could claim the protection of all they had, by the treaty between England and Portugal. It was said expressly—"Their dwelling houses, warehouses, and everything belonging thereto, shall be respected, and shall not be subjected to any arbitrary visits of search." It also secured them the right to worship God without any opposition.

The one man against whom the malice was strongest, was Dr. Kalley. It was determined to attack him very soon. Through the week, after the attack on the Quinta das Angustias, he was often insulted. His name was called aloud in the streets, and he was threatened. The cries of "Calvinistas," (Cal-

vinists,) and "Kallistas," (Kalleyites,) were very loud in reproach of the Protestants. Large companies of men marched through the city declaring that all Protestants, foreign and native, should be destroyed.

Miss Rutherford, before leaving the island, asked such protection as even an enemy would give, if there were any mercy for the defenceless and the sick. But it was refused. From the head of the police she received the following message :

"That he (the police magistrate) would not continue to protect Miss Rutherford's house so long as Portuguese were admitted to hold divine worship, or any that had been known to assemble themselves together were permitted to frequent the place." And he further required from her a promise in writing "that no meeting should be held in her house." To this impudent and daring threat Miss Rutherford replied by stating to the consul her thorough conviction that no Portuguese law prohibited such meetings, in which nothing was said against the religion of the state. At the same time, as protection was otherwise refused to the lives and property of herself and family, she requested him to give such promise in her name, if he considered the giving of such a promise "extorted by threats," and which no law and no treaty gave the magistrate any right to prescribe, was compatible with the honour of the British nation. If not, she demanded protection from him. She was the more earnest because her

friends thought that her sick sister could not endure the removal from the house.

No such protection was granted, but she was ordered to remove as soon as possible. The threats against these innocent ladies, and the kind-hearted Dr. Kalley, became more fierce during the week. Knives were packed away in a house near the Quinta das Angustias. The rioters were spying out the Christians. One of the leaders was heard to say, "If Dr. Kalley escapes this time, he must be the devil!"

A letter was addressed by Dr. Kalley to the police magistrate, informing him of the facts of the case. The bearer of the letter was seized in the street, by some "gentlemen," as they were called, and beaten severely, so that he was forced to give up the letter. Dr. Kalley then wrote to the governor a statement of the facts.

The governor, in a very insulting letter, replied, that the British residents on the island were looked upon with "mistrust and disgust," and that the disturbance "was the fruit of the tree he had planted on the island, and it could produce nothing but discord and trouble!" Just so the apostles were falsely accused of having turned the world upside down!

To this insulting letter Dr. Kalley sent a manly, respectful, and Christian reply. He recited the events of the previous Sabbath, and said: "The authorities are not ignorant of the facts. They are notorious to your excellency, to the public

prosecutor, to the British consul, and to the whole population of Funchal. The actual state of the house speaks volumes, but not one of the authorities, either British or Portuguese, has yet looked near it. The criminals are not unknown—two of them were in the power of the authorities—actually in prison—and were set at liberty! Why does the public prosecutor not raise an action against those guilty of so public an outrage, unless it be true that the authorities do not choose to repress the disturbances by the punishment of the offenders?

“Houses have been broken into, and the inmates beaten nearly to death. Other houses have been set on fire at midnight, and burned to the ground, and the authorities have not given any public demonstration of disapproval. Not one of the criminals has been punished; and when ruffians are arrested by the police ‘in flagrante,’ in a British subject’s house, they are forthwith set at liberty. The assailants are released—the assailed are imprisoned and condemned in virtue of laws, respecting which the judge, in the very sentence, declared that they are abolished.

“Further the master of police dares to refuse protection to British life, and British property, except on condition of British subjects making promises which no law and no treaty ever conveyed to him any right to exact; and for the want of energetic interference, the residence of British citizens is actually placed in a state of siege.

“If the authorities choose to proceed in such a way, the verdict of the world as to the cause of the disturbances cannot be doubtful. The attempt of the authorities to throw the blame upon others, will only serve to remind the world of Nero, blaming the Christians for the burning of Rome.

“A large loose rock, on the steep side of a hill, may be easily kept in its place as long as it is at rest; but once in motion, how terrific its course, as it sweeps and bounds impetuously down the mountain side, bearing destruction along with it! Who can arrest it? So it is with the power of a lawless mob.”

Like the apostle Paul, when falsely accused, he referred to his past life in proof that he was aiming to secure the best interests of men. “My aim has uniformly been to promote the health, comfort and happiness of the Madeirans, as far as is in my power. I have never taught anything at variance with the doctrines, that men have one Father, the living and true God, that we are all brethren, and that our common Father commands all his children to love one another, not in word only but in deed and truth.

“I have never taught a syllable at variance with the glorious truth, that when we had all offended that most gracious Father, and deserved the doom he had denounced, a Friend from heaven—a partner with the Father in his throne—loved us, died for us, redeemed us with his blood, and thus laid us under

still more powerful obligation to love our Lord—to love one another—to love all men, even our enemies; and such doctrines are diametrically opposed to all disturbance, injustice, and crime.

“I am bold to say, that my conduct, and that of those who hold similar religious sentiments, has never been such as to give any reason to suppose that, in my creed, I approve of any kind of moral evil. No one has ever dared to charge me with teaching any man to defraud or injure his fellow-man. Amid all the disturbances that ever occurred at Madeira, there never was an instance in which those who agree with me in my religious views, were the aggressors; and among innumerable cases of unprovoked, atrocious cruelty practised against them, they have never, with one exception been charged with striking a blow, even in self-defence; for they have learned of Him, who was meek and lowly of heart—who, when he was reviled, reviled not again—when he suffered, he threatened not, but committed himself to Him who judgeth righteously. I feel, therefore, most fully borne out in repudiating the charge which your excellency has brought against me, as the cause of the disturbances referred to; and am convinced that, on an extensive, unprejudiced investigation of facts, your excellency will exonerate me from the charge.”

The governor was now as silent as the police magistrate had been. Dr. Kalley then wrote to the British consul, whose name we now withhold, lest it

shame some honest and brave man that bears the same good-sounding name. In this he said,

“The rioters must feel that the conduct of all the authorities implies an approbation of their proceedings, inferior only to the issuing of an edict, or the offering of a reward for their perpetration; and they are accordingly becoming daily bolder, so that on the night of the 5th instant, and last night, their threats were such that from sixty to eighty individuals felt themselves obliged to flee from their houses for their lives, and spend the night in the mountains.

“I have received warning from various Portuguese gentlemen, that the rioters threaten to attack my house, and two or more other British houses within the next eight days; and as your inattention with respect to Miss Rutherford’s case has favored the presumption that our government will not interfere, whatever atrocities be committed upon us, it seems highly probable that an attack will be made.

“From the conduct displayed towards the Misses Rutherford, (who had broken no laws, and, if they had, should have been tried by the law, and not left to the mercy of an infuriated mob,) and towards the rioters; it is impossible to regard the authorities otherwise than as, at the very least, conniving at the outrage, and therefore responsible for all the results.

“If you, in your official capacity, do not demand the adoption of such measures as shall effectually

secure British subjects against the repetition of such atrocities, I am convinced that my life and property will be in danger; and if, from your non-interference, similar atrocities be again perpetrated, our country will justly look to you as responsible for them all.

“ I believe it is intended that an attack shall be made on other places, at the same time as upon my house, so as to afford a pretence for no aid, under the plea that the police were occupied elsewhere.”

Saturday came, and the signs were plenty, that the mob intended an attack on Sabbath, just one week after the exploits of Canon Telles in attacking the house of some innocent ladies. Dr. Kalley sent this message to the consul :

“ *8th of August.*—For several days the vociferations, threats, and abuse uttered by the lower orders, when passing my house, have been incessant; and of such a nature as to be disgraceful to a country professing to be civilized. They are never interfered with. Every one who goes out, or in to my house, is assailed with a volley of abuse, whatever be their religious opinions; and during the last night my family was repeatedly alarmed by parties battering at my door with sticks.

“ *2nd P. S.*—Noon. I enclose an anonymous letter just put into my hands, which I beg you will return to me.* I must repeat that I am fully con-

* The anonymous letter contained a correct programme of what was planned for the next day, in mobbing Dr. Kalley in his own

vinced that this comes of liberating the prisoners, and other conduct of the authorities; and if energetic measures be not instantly adopted, I shall feel myself obliged to deliver up the key of my property to you for protection, as I cannot, with a couple of servants, defend it against a mob."

Dr. Kalley began the work of turning his dwelling into a fort. Two ruffians disguised as townsmen came and stationed themselves at the door, watching all that passed. About six o'clock on Saturday evening, ten or twelve soldiers marched up as a guard to the house, and were posted in a cottage at the entrance of the grounds. Dr. Kalley asked them if they knew why these threats were made against him. They replied that "they fancied it was because he was opposed to the saints." He told them that this was a great mistake, for instead of being opposed to them, it was his greatest aim and wish to be one of the happy number. The person in charge of the guard then added, "Well, I don't know, but the authorities think these things have lasted long enough."

"From these ominous words, and from preceding events, the doctor felt assured, writes an eye witness, that the authorities would be in no hurry to come to his protection, and, therefore, returned to finish the barricading of the house by every additional

house. And yet the consul did nothing! Yes, he did go the next day and look on the scene of violence against one of his own countrymen!

means that he could contrive. In the meantime five or six of the soldiers kept watch at the gates, whilst their comrades remained in the cottage.

“At ten o'clock, a friend of Dr. Kalley's accidentally met a boy returning from Santa Luzia, with a load of iron bolts, which he knew had been ordered for the barricading of his house. He accordingly stopped the lad, and on enquiring the reason of his not delivering them at the doctor's house, was told, ‘that he could not gain admittance, and that the soldiers had said they were not required!’ The doctor's friend then accompanied the boy back to the house, and assisted the doctor in completing his work.

“About two in the morning, all had been done that seemed possible in the way of defence, and as Dr. Kalley's friend was leaving, the doctor accompanied him to the outer gate. Providentially, on reaching it, they overheard the guard in a familiar conversation with men, either masked, or with their faces blackened; one of whom was sharpening a large knife on the door lintel, preparatory, as he said in Portuguese, to the ‘killing on the morrow!’ When several had gathered together, they further heard them consulting as to whether they should go in then—the soldiers being still in their company. One said, ‘No, there will be plenty of time for all to-morrow.’ Another, ‘Nay, but let us go in now;’ and the gate moved a little on its hinges. Now this had been left shut, so that it could not have

been opened but from within; and when found open, it was evident that the soldiers were traitors,* and had come from the cottage and opened it. A female servant was near, and when she saw it move, she instantly shut it with all her force; and having the key with him, the doctor locked it. Convinced of the treachery of his guard, and that he had now no longer any security to his life, he returned with his friend into the house, to consult as to what should be done. After committing themselves to God in prayer, and casting all their care upon Him who 'careth' for his people, they felt satisfied that the most prudent course was to withdraw from the house. Dr. Kalley therefore disguised himself, as hurriedly as possible in the country dress of a peasant, and stealthily and silently withdrew.

"It was a glorious moonlight night,—too clear to be favourable for his escape, but there was no time for delay. He passed through his own grounds as cautiously as if he had been a thief, and fearing as much to meet a ruffian there, as, in other circumstances, a ruffian would have been to meet the rightful owner! Having reached the boundary, he looked carefully round; but seeing no watch on this

* "The soldiers were well aware that what was about to happen was both agreeable to the government, and encouraged by the priests; and, therefore their present conduct and bearing to the leaders of the mob. Had they been called upon to act on the morrow by their officers—or that night instructed by their superiors to do their duty, I cannot doubt that, as soldiers, they would have unhesitatingly have done so."

side of his property, he descended the wall, to creep along the vineyards in his front. What a spectacle was here presented! The best and kindest friend that had ever visited Madeira—he that had spent eight long years in active exertions to benefit her people—who had been by night and by day ministering to their wants, at the bedside of their sick and their dying, and had been the means, under Providence, of restoring thousands of them to health and strength;—was now leaving his home, at dead of night, unattended and alone. He was fleeing for his life! The stars were shining in beauty above—the mountains rising in noble grandeur on his right; rich vineyards lay before him, and on his left appeared, over the city, the calm, placid, silvery ocean.

“All was still. The winds were hushed. It was the Lord’s day morning. No sound broke the sacred stillness of that hour. All contrasted fearfully with the tempest which the demons of superstition and persecution had raised in the hearts of some of that deluded people! Having descended a little way, the sound of voices broke upon his ear, and fearing it might be a watch of enemies, he turned aside. But after a few more alarms especially from meeting people in the way, and from the watchdogs of the peasants, he reached the Pinheiros in safety, the Quinta in which I was residing with my invalid sister and mother. This was a little after three o’clock. He leapt the wall, gently tapped,

and was received by those within with fervent gratitude for his escape from the assassins who sought his life. With deep anxiety had the attention of all in the Pinheiros been directed, for nights past, to the residence which he had now been compelled to desert; and our eyes had been intently fixed on the spot, almost to the moment when Dr. Kalley made his appearance in person.*

“In the home which he had left there were hearts beating anxiously for him; and we lost not a moment in exhibiting the appointed signal of his safe arrival. This being seen, the rest of the inmates of the house consulted for their personal safety. An old and faithful servant buried the silver plate—a few important documents were secured, and they left the dwelling where the ignorant had been instructed, the mourner comforted, the sick attended, and anxious trembling sinners directed to the blood that ‘cleanseth from all sin,’ but against which the leaders of the misguided people had now threatened to direct their rage.

“While the family escaped by the back way, through vineyards and fields, as the doctor had done before, the friend who had been with them during the night returned through the front door, leaving, as it would seem to the treacherous guard,

* Our cook had visited Santa Luzia early in the evening, and he had reported the very suspicious appearance of a number of “bad men,” in the neighbourhood of the doctor’s house. The threats, too, were so open, that we were continually dreading an attack.”

the whole party quietly within. It was now near the break of day, and crowds were pouring up the mount road to the Festa, which had just begun. Soon after daylight I was up, and not a little startled at the sight of the doctor's groom, who, remembering probably the military outrage at the Serra, had fled from his master's house as soon as the guard appeared, and taken refuge in our stable. Fearing that his being seen would serve to throw suspicion on his master's retreat, I asked him a few questions as to the time and circumstances of his leaving on the previous evening. And having thus lulled the suspicions of our own servants, if any existed, I recommended him quickly to seek a place of safety, which he at once consented to do.* Thus was Dr. Kalley in a place of shelter, unknown to a single native in the island.

“It was now high time for Dr. Miller (Dr. Kalley's brother-in-law) and myself to be acting. We felt assured that the threatened attack would take place at the appointed hour; but were thankful that we had a British consul and a British flag that must be degraded and trampled upon, ere a British subject's residence, rendered sacred by treaty, could be openly outraged under the Sabbath's noon-day sun. We hastened, therefore, to the consulate for the purpose of reporting the events of the night, and

* He returned, however, as I afterwards discovered, to the stable, and I subsequently took him off in a hammock to the “William,” of Glasgow, disguised as a woman.

requesting the consul to hoist the union of England over the property of Dr. Kalley. The reader may imagine our utter amazement when we found that in spite of all the warnings he had received, all the details of the plot with which he had been furnished, the very hour of the attack being known to him, the British consul had actually gone away to his country seat, without any probability of his return to Funchal!!

“The Quinta dos Pinheiros, to which the doctor fled commands an excellent view of Santa Luzia, his residence. Dr. Kalley had, therefore, an opportunity of watching from the windows the motions of the people below; and who can tell with what thrilling anxiety he must have gazed in the direction of his now deserted residence? Ten o'clock came, and all was quiet; the soldiers kept watch, and the intending assailants, who had their spies in all quarters of the town, thought that their victims were safe within. Half-past ten o'clock struck; still no unhallowed sound was heard reverberating there.

“It was a glorious Sabbath morning. The sun had risen, and was shining in a blaze of golden light; the sky was cloudless—the earth lovely, every vineyard around us being clustered with grapes, scattered by a heavenly Friend. But though the wild roar of furious men was not yet heard, they were gathering from among these vineyards to perpetrate, in the name of that God, a God of love, justice, and

truth, outrage, cruelty, and it might be murder ! The only subject of conversation in the streets seemed to be the intended proceedings of the day ; and Mrs. Kalley, when escaping in disguise, overheard persons say—‘ Those who are in that house, would need to-day, to be sure of salvation.’

“ Eleven o’clock struck, and still there was a pause. Then was heard a rocket hissing through the air. A little pause, and a second followed ; and there began a hum of human voices, which soon rose into wild bursts, like ocean’s billows in their angriest mood. It sounded nearer and nearer ; still the Quinta and grounds were quiet. Another moment and a dense mass of human beings emerged from among the trees, and were seen surrounding the house. There was one wild roar and then a silence. They retreated, and a faint hope arose that the soldiers would do their duty. But no : the silence was again broken ; the people were not mistaken, the approval of the authorities was indeed real, and the work of the instigator of the riots, who had, I understand, himself enjoyed the charitable advice and medicines of Dr. Kalley, was commenced in earnest.

“ Sledge-hammers and clubs were soon in requisition. The ruffians worked hard, and the door was forced. A tremendous yell arose, then disappointment and confusion. They had expected that the doctor would be dragged out to satiate their infuriated passions. But no ; he was not found ! During

all this time the governor and the police magistrate were present, with a guard of soldiers; and there they remained while the house was being attacked, broken into, and ransacked; seemingly, as was remarked by a gentleman who passed at the time, more as a guard to see the work of devastation well done, than for anything else.

“The consul arrived in the midst of the work of destruction, and seeing that nothing but force could restrain the mob, pressed the governor to ‘fire, as it was a case where it was necessary to sacrifice life.’ But this the governor refused to do. Guns were, indeed, heard in the distance; but it was at the festival of ‘Our Lady.’ The corps of country-police, which had, on former occasions, been called out to prevent people from going to the doctor’s house to listen to the sacred Scriptures, were not now called out to save his life. The militia, though called to attend, and fire in honour of the Festa of ‘Our Lady of the Mount,’ were not in requisition when the lives and property of British subjects were in danger. Nothing effectual was attempted by the governor, who had at his command all the force of the island. Who, then, can fail to see that the presence of that functionary and the military, at Dr. Kalley’s house, was a most pitiful farce? Nay, it was more than a farce—it was an insult to the British nation.

“Disappointed of human sacrifices, the ruffians seized upon the doctor’s valuable library, manu-

scripts, and other papers; and those which were not reserved for their priestly employers, were, amidst fiendish yells of delight, cast into the road in front of the house, thrashed with clubs, and afterwards burnt. The sacred Scriptures were the objects of especial hatred, and were all consigned, without reserve, to the clubs and to the flames."

As there was now no security either for property or life, Dr. Kalley's friends resolved to convey him secretly and in disguise to a British vessel. For this purpose, a hammock was obtained, but they had much difficulty in securing bearers. Finally they succeeded.

"Dr. Kalley was quickly disguised in female attire, put into the hammock, and covered over (as invalid ladies are when being carried in Madeira) with a linen sheet. Soon we had fairly started on our perilous journey, not wavering in doubt, but strong in faith and prayer; knowing that He that was for us was greater than any host that might be arrayed against us. At first one of the bearers refused to carry any one whose face he did not previously see; but his objection was fortunately overruled by the servant of the consul.

"About a hundred yards from the entrance of the Pinheiros two men were on the watch at that point of the road which is crossed by the Levado, and from which our course diverged to the left. This was the first danger we encountered; but, putting on a bold face, we advanced towards the spies.

A suspicious glance was directed at myself, the bearers, and the hammock ; but as we appeared to be going away from those parts that would have led them to suspect the hammock's contents, we were allowed to pass on without molestation.

“ Before we had gone far the end of the sheet was lifted by one of the bearers and an inquisitive look directed within. I then handed into the hammock a bottle of eau-de-cologne, which I carried in my hand to dispel suspicion. In a little time expressions were heard indicative that ‘ it was no lady they were carrying.’ Still we proceeded on our long, circuitous journey, passing, ever and anon, little groups of curious people, talking over the affairs of the day and gazing on the dense column of smoke rising from Dr. Kalley's burning library, &c., the papers from which were falling around us.

“ By and by we descended towards the town, and the bearer who had lifted the sheet exclaimed, ‘ It was hell for him, he could not go any farther ;’ and he stopped and laid down the hammock. The moment was a critical one ; but as the weather was truly oppressive (for we had come under a burning sun) even to one unencumbered with the weight of a hammock, I did not oppose their resting awhile. I then gently pressed them to proceed, and in a few minutes we were passing the deanery. Three several times did they thus lay down, and as often were they induced to resume their burden, each time pressing earnestly to know whither they were

going. This was a question that could be answered only at the risk of our lives. I mentioned, therefore, the name of a street close to the pier from which we were to embark, and by which it was necessary to pass. We were now fairly in the heart of the town, and expressions were more than once heard, 'It is he.'

"We passed the convent of Santa Clara, and the consul's servant declared he could not go a step further and would not. It was a trying position, and things were becoming imminent, for the mob, having failed in obtaining possession of Dr. Kalley's person at Santa Luzia, had assembled in front of the consulate, where as I have already said his wife and brother-in-law's family had previously taken refuge. Here they insisted that Dr. Kalley was secreted, and loudly demanded his person. While thus engaged in insulting the British flag, and on the very point of breaking into the official residence of our consul, a party of soldiers sent by Colonel Teixeira was drawn up in front of the consulate.

"From the steps of St. Peter's another bearer was procured, but the cry had just been raised, 'There's the consul's servant; that must be Dr. Kalley.' We hurried past the Franciscan convent and the castle onwards to the beach, while the cry of 'Kalley!' 'Kalley!' was being carried from street to street till it reached the British consulate. Three loud fiendish cheers, and the living mass

swept impetuously towards the pier, diverted from the siege of the consulate to the far more exciting search for the doctor's person. At length we reached the pier, the boat was in readiness, the hammock put on board and we were launched upon the ocean. I turned round and the whole beach teemed with living beings. What a change had a moment produced in our condition and in theirs! But a moment earlier and we had surely been sacrificed to the fury of the mob. We were now out of danger—we were beyond the murderers' grasp!"

The little boat with its precious charge was rapidly rowed towards the steamer. Only those who suffer persecution for Christ, know how exciting such an hour must be. Angry voices from other boats were heard asking who was in the hammock. The boatmen seem to have thought "it was a sick lady who was going to the West Indies." No one of the Christians said it was a sick lady; they merely kept quiet and passed on.

When the little boat came alongside of the steamer, Lieut. Tate mounted the deck, and asked the captain to take the hammock on board. "Awful disease," "Quarantine," thought the captain at first. He hesitated. But the mysterious story was soon told, and it drew forth his true generosity and hearty welcome. Dr. Kalley was now on board an English ship. Soon after Mrs. Kalley and a native attendant were on board the vessel. This was Dr. Kalley's earthly reward, for showing

himself the best friend of Madeira that ever landed on her shores ; the best friend of the people ;—"the man who had consecrated time, talent, property, and life itself to promote their best temporal and spiritual welfare. Not only he and his family were obliged to flee, but his library, valued at \$10,000, was reduced to ashes."

The British Consul had laid aside the official dress, and had taken down the flag from flying over his house, signifying English protection ! The consular uniform should not be seen, and the flag should be furled in the lockers at an hour when they ought to have been used to save English life and property. England was not to blame, but she was insulted by her own consul, who went about in a "sailor's round jacket !" Name not the man !

The consul went to the mob which was still raging at Dr. Kalley's burning house, and told them that he had escaped, and had gone on board an English vessel. But they would not believe this, unless they could see him. So the obliging consul went to the shore with them and asked that Dr. Kalley would show himself ! This was an insult. The consul plead that, if this was not done, he would be suspected of harbouring Dr. Kalley in his house, and it would be set on fire. It would gratify him, and satisfy the mob if he would grant them an ocular demonstration. Dr. Kalley consented to this indignity because he feared his dear friends would be burned alive in their houses, or murdered in trying

to flee from them. It was too late to use any more hammocks in carrying away disguised persons.

There were officers of the government ready to put down these riots. They had some respect for life, for property, for rights, and for the treaty between nations. They came to the Governor and police-magistrate who were present at the work of destruction! "The officer of the guard frequently asked permission of the head of police to disperse the mob, but was told on no account to do so! Colonel Teixeira, the military commandant, knowing what was going on at Dr. Kalley's house, and having received no requisition for more troops than a small guard, proceeded in person to the scene of plunder, told the civil authorities that he had field pieces and plenty of troops ready for action, and asked permission to bring them up. He was informed there was no need whatever for them."

We see then what the Romanists are ready to do on Sabbath, when there are Christians to be driven away; and when there are no civil laws to hinder them from riots. Two Sabbaths had been desecrated in the most bold and violent manner. One week was not enough to spend in this wicked work. The fury was still kept hot by the priests. No Christian, no Bible-reader, was allowed to be safe in the city, or any of the towns of the island.

On the next day after Dr. Kalley's flight, many other English residents were forced to leave their homes. The sick were treated without mercy.

Eleven such families were insulted and threatened. One English gentleman, who helped his friends to get safely away on ships, was threatened with murder and obliged to flee. It would not do to help any one to remain safe on the island, nor to help any one to flee away! One British lady died after reaching a vessel in the harbour, from the violence to which she, in her sickness, was exposed; others came near losing life through fatigue and alarm.

The native Bible-readers were severely persecuted. Their houses were broken into and plundered, their steps were watched by spies, and they were driven by hundreds into the mountains, and hunted down, like sheep upon an island of wolves.

“It is truly heart-rending,” wrote one of the English residents, “to hear of their sufferings. When discovered in their hiding places, they are mercilessly beaten, to extort a promise that they will go to confession. A few days ago a man was most brutally murdered, and several women have sustained injuries from which they are not expected to recover.” They were faithful to their Saviour, and remembered that, by faith, men of olden times endured fire and sword, even death for Christ.

There was no protection for Protestants on shore. A placard was put on the governor's palace demanding that Protestants should leave the island on that week, and stating that four thousand men would come for the answer of the government on next Sabbath.

Not many years before, during the reign of terror under Don Miguel, one of the proscribed persons took refuge under the flag of a foreign consul. He was safe there, though he did not dare to leave his room for many months. But he was not a Bible-reader! No Bible-reader could be allowed the protection of a foreign flag, and the worst of our shame is that an English consul should even deny the use of his waving banner.

CHAPTER IX.

THE "WILLIAM OF GLASGOW."

THE converts and Bible-readers were now called to enter the seven-times-heated furnace. Fire at home, the cudgel in the streets, the treachery of priests, starvation in the mountains; all these threatened them. They were persecuted on every side. Their neighbours, who still adhered to the Roman church, the priests and the police were constantly on the alert to arrest them. They were forbidden to read the Scriptures, or to pray together in their own dwellings. Every copy of the word of God on which the priests could lay their hands was immediately committed to the flames. But thanks be to God, the Bibles were not all destroyed. Some enclosed their Bibles in small boxes and buried them in the earth. Others opened a place in the stone wall of the house, put in the Bible, and then plastered over it. And others wrapped them in cloth and hung them in trees of very thick foliage. In such ways as ingenuity and piety could suggest, we are assured by those who know, that at least fifty Bibles and three hundred New

Testaments were preserved from the destroyer and are now on the island. From time to time there has been a resurrection of those Bibles that were buried during the violence of the persecution. The fruits of "the seed of the kingdom" will, we trust, yet be seen in Madeira.

Every night some new act of violence and cruelty was committed. The vineyards of Protestants were trodden down, and their property destroyed. They were hated by men, because they loved Christ. There was no human law for them, because they were determined to obey the laws of God. There was no earthly home for them, because they were seeking the Father's house in heaven. They were praising God in the mountains, or seeking refuge on English ships. Guns were often fired from these ships, to let the persecuted people know that they might find a welcome on their decks.

The "William of Glasgow" was anchored in the bay of Funchal, ready to take on board as many of the Protestants as could find room. Twelve English refugees were on board. One of them who knew much of the fury of the mob, thus wrote to Mr. Hewitson: "This ship is to take away two hundred of your flock to Trinidad. Seventy are already on board. The sound of the hymns is very sweet, as it rises from the hold. It is a great privilege to be near them in this time of need, and to see that their faith does not fail. They never speak against their persecutors—they only mention them with pity.

Sometimes I overhear them in prayer, praying for their enemies, and for those who have turned back again to the houses of idolatry. They have all been in hidings on the mountains, and many of them have nothing left but the clothes they wear." We quote a longer account of these exiles. It was written by one on board the ship William.

"They soon heard that the ship William had received on board those who sympathized in their cruel sufferings. And the very first night after we embarked, several of the poor persecuted ones were safely treading the deck of the William. It was a truly interesting sight to see the boat sweep alongside, doubtful at the moment whom it might contain; then to see one after another mounting the side of the ship—casting a wistful eye around, lest perchance they might have missed the looked-for vessel; to witness the affectionate meeting, as they caught the eye, and afterwards the hand, of a well known sympathizing friend. It was most affecting to see the tear of joy, the look of gratitude, that beamed in the face of each poor sufferer as he first set foot upon an English deck, and once more breathed the air of freedom and of liberty.

"It rejoiced the heart to see the tear of gladness—to hear the prayer of intercession for their enemies, and the hymns of praise and gratitude from night to night, as their numbers increased, and they now flocked in crowds to seek amongst strangers that shelter which their countrymen refused them. Old

and young, strong and infirm, girls and women with children at their breasts—all hurried to the William, knowing that here were hearts beating with tender affection for Christ's suffering flock.

“I wish I could recount the marvellous escapes of some through the brushwood of the mountains, while their enemies were in full pursuit—the hairbreadth escape of others, who left their homes at midnight, and never were permitted to enter them again—who left them to the robber and the plunderer, and never found shelter more, till they found it in the William of Glasgow. I have a letter before me from one who, writing from Trinidad, speaks thus of her wanderings in the mountains of Madeira :—

“I cannot narrate in writing the afflictions we suffered, nor even by word of mouth could I tell them. I can only say we fled from our home on Saturday night, and wandered fugitives for thirteen days. But God in his mercy sent us a ship one day after the sad 9th of August, to deliver his children from the fangs of their enemies, and from the snares of the devil. We cannot give the thanks due to God for his mercy towards us. God fulfilled his word :—“When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shall not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.” Isaiah xliii. 2.’

“Every night added to the list of native con-

verts rescued from the assassins' grasp. But all did not escape so well. On the morning of the 9th, the day of attack on Dr. Kalley's house, the nephew of a poor woman, who had just been obliged to fly from the house, was found at the door, as the ruffians came to attack it. He was but twelve years old, but his youth was no protection. He was knocked down and violently beaten, receiving a dreadful blow in the head, which for a considerable time confined him to the hospital. On the same day a poor old woman was dreadfully beaten, and the mob, supposing her dead, dragged the body to the spot where two of the converts had been buried on the public road.* There they laid her upon the grave. She remained in this state a considerable time, and was then carried to the hospital; but having refused to attend confession, on which terms only she was offered her life, she was cast out to perish. She was afterwards taken in again, and notwithstanding one arm was broken, and her whole body a mass of

* "As if it was not sufficient for the church of Rome to be continually persecuting the converts to Gospel truth, she denies, in direct violation of the laws of Portugal, their very bodies sepulture in the only legal cemetery, and decrees that they be buried in the public roads. Scarcely twelve months since the authorities of Madeira, not content with ordering a Protestant's body to be thus buried in the public road, insisted on its being buried in front of his own door, in order that the family might daily step over it. Happily the rock prevented the accomplishment of this iniquitous design, and he now lies on one side of the door. Verily 'the righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart.' Isaiah lvii. 1."

bruises, recovered, and sailed in the Lord Seaton for Trinidad.

“Poor Mariasinha! hers was one of the most fiery of all the trials of those stormy days. Canon Telles attacked her again and again, and the most fearful threatenings were employed to force her to confession. She was five weeks alone amongst her enemies; speaking of which time subsequently to a Christian friend, she shuddered, as she thought of the blasphemies she had heard from the lips of the other invalids, and from the attendants. May her patience, and her strong and simple faith have been blessed as a lesson to some one among them! It is interesting to tell how this poor one of the flock, weak both in mind and body, was made strong to witness a good profession in the hour of trial. During this conversation, which the English lady declared to be a solemn lesson to her, she said: ‘Much had been forgiven her, and truly she loved much.’

“Another woman was treated in a similar way some days later, and shortly after, a man was barbarously murdered in open day by five or six ruffians, who, not content with having murdered him, jumped and stamped, like fiends, over the mutilated remains. For this murder four men were committed to prison, and during the week a jail delivery was everywhere spoken of, as the work of the coming Sunday. On the Saturday preceding, being the eve of the great Mount Festa, the city was filled with strangers. At

intervals during the day two English ships, lying next to us, fired their guns, to show the people, as the captain remarked, that afloat, at least, the English could and would protect themselves. This I believe, gave great offence to the Portuguese authorities; but there is no doubt the effect on the people was good.

“The military officers, ashamed of the scandalous affair of last Sunday, met together in their quarters, and resolved amongst themselves to put down all attempts at disturbance, independently of any requisition from the civil authorities; ‘seeing,’ as they said, ‘that the administrator of the council had lost the public confidence, and had been the promoter (as they were ready to prove, if the inquiry were proceeded with) of all the disorder, in concert with the Canon Telles and other priests;’ and a message to this effect was sent to the governor. Throughout the week some very clever and ludicrous squibs were posted in different parts of the town, and it was the constant work of the police to search them out, and pull them down. Some caricatures also appeared, in which certain public characters were by no means spared.* On Sunday, the 16th of August, a good many boats were pulling and sailing about our vessel, with insulting parties on board, singing songs against “the Calvinists,” and in one we recognized

* Some wag fixed, among other papers, on the door of the British consulate—“To let, with immediate possession.” “Furniture for sale, the occupier being about to leave the island,” &c.

the boys who held the lights before the ruffians on the night of the Angustias outrage, as they entered the invalid's chamber. Crowds of people were in the town from all parts of the island. Upwards of two hundred assembled, as on the previous Sunday, in the neighbourhood of the cathedral, armed with bludgeons; but on hearing of the determination of the military, and not meeting with their friend the police magistrate, as they had done before, dispersed, or rather went in search of the native converts in the country, fearing that an attack on the jail would only meet with certain defeat and loss. The two neighbouring ships continued firing their guns at intervals throughout the day, for which, I believe, they incurred the penalty of a consular reprimand.

“The William had now received on board all the converts she could accommodate, and, as it was impossible for these poor persecuted ones, either to appear on shore, or to satisfy the priests' demands, it was necessary that something should be done to remove the difficulties of procuring their passports. A deputation accordingly waited on the governor, and obtained from him a dispensation as to personal application, and also as to the certificates of church attendance, which are always insisted on before a passport is given. So glad were the authorities at this time to sacrifice any consideration to allay the fever which they had themselves excited.”

Thus did the great Head of the Church prepare the way for the flight of his people from their native

country! What a company was this! What a spectacle for the 19th century! Parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, are separated from each other. Among these tender, natural, and social relations, some are persecutors on shore, and others are fugitives on the vessel. Who can tell the agony of these persecuted disciples about to leave their country and friends for ever? What were their feelings, when they thought of the darkness, delusion, and bigotry in which their relatives were involved;—when they anticipated that their next meeting would be at the judgment-seat of Christ, and especially when they thought of the destiny of those who persecute the children of God?

The day of their departure arrived. What a day for them! Alas! What a day for Madeira! It seems as though the Gospel was to be taken away from that infatuated people; it looks like the departure of the Saviour from their coasts; it reminds us of his declaration to the bigoted priests and Pharisees who despised and rejected him; "I go my way, and ye shall seek me, and shall die in your sins; whither I go, ye cannot come." But our prayer is, that they may not be abandoned to their delusions. May the light of the glorious Gospel yet shine upon them, and may they yet rejoice in that light!

"On Sunday, the 23rd of August, the William loosed her sails, and slowly and beautifully glided

out of the bay of Funchal. There was something of deep solemnity about her every motion—carrying, as she was, two hundred Christians from the land of their fathers, to seek a refuge in a land of strangers. Most of this large party had left their homes at night, and could not, without risking their lives, return to their ruined cottages to collect any little property that might be left. Many of them came on board with nothing but the clothes they had on, and these in tatters from their wanderings in the Serras. Yet during the days we sojourned among them in that ark of refuge, not a word of repining reached our ears, except from one or two unconverted members of large families, who had not yet learned to love the cause for which the rest rejoiced to suffer. The language of all the others was that of joy and thankfulness to Him who had called them ‘out of darkness into his marvellous light;’ 1 Peter ii. 9; and who had now in his mercy delivered them from their enemies on every side, and gathered them together in one family, and into one refuge.

“The more that was seen of this persecuted flock, in circumstances the most trying, the higher did their Christian principle rise in the estimation of all. Those only who know the general character of the Portuguese can form a just estimate of the total change that must have passed on these converts. They had become ‘new creatures’ indeed. In the distribution of clothes to the necessitous, Matthew v. 44, it was most gratifying to witness

the good feeling shown by all on the occasion—to see not merely their willingness to share with one another the bounty of their Christian friends, but their eagerness to tell of the wants of others more destitute than themselves. And in no one instance was there an attempt to deceive, by any concealment of what they possessed. The mate and steward both repeatedly remarked, ‘that they had never seen folk love one another as these folk did.’

“Among the two hundred and eleven passengers of the William, there was one Romanist family, who had long persecuted the converts, and was now seeking a passage to Trinidad as emigrants. Their extreme poverty excited the compassion of those around them. After the converts had each received from the hand of charity their small supply of clothing, some of them came aft to their benefactors on the ship, and begged to know if they might now consider it as their own property, and act accordingly. They were asked the reason of the question, when they said, it was their wish to obey the Lord’s command—‘Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.’ They were cheerfully assured that they might, and it was pleasing to see them share their scanty store with their former enemies; thus affording a most beautiful specimen of the spirit by which they were animated.

“Their conduct throughout was such that the Romanists openly expressed their wonder and astonishment. They saw those who had little properties, (and there were both land and householders in the William’s band of Christians,) parting with their houses and land, and all they possessed, for the smallest trifle, counting ‘all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord.’ Philippians iii. 8. One Portuguese gentleman, talking on the subject, wound up by saying, that ‘if he were called upon to choose a religion suddenly, and without further thought, he believed he should fix upon that of these people, because he saw them suffer without complaining.’

“As was their conduct under persecution on shore, so was their conduct afloat. They had chosen Christ, and the only subject of their glorying was the Lord Jesus. They looked not back upon the world with all its pleasures. From it, and from self, they had been weaned by the Spirit of that God who had been their friend through evil report, and through good report; who had been more than a brother to them, in sorrow and in joy, by day and by night, at all seasons, and in all circumstances. They knew that He, who had thus watched over them, would not desert them in the land to which they were now being driven before the persecuting hand of man. Christ, when on earth, said to his disciples, ‘When they persecute you in this

city, flee ye into another.* The Christian's kingdom is not of this world: his kingdom is a kingdom set up by the God of heaven. It is a kingdom which shall, in God's own good time, break in pieces and consume 'all other kingdoms, but shall itself stand for ever.'

"Rather than sacrifice one's inheritance in that kingdom, it were well to flee, during a whole lifetime, from city to city, or from one land to another, however severe the trials, however great the earthly losses, however cruel the personal sufferings. 'The disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his lord. It is enough for the disciple to be as his master, and the servant as his lord.' 'If we suffer, we shall also reign with him.'

"And now why was all this grievous persecution carried on against that little flock? Were they traitors to their country? There were none more loyal. Were they disturbers of the peace? None were more peaceful. Never perhaps were the members of any church more 'likeminded one toward an-

* "Matthew x. 23. After reading, in the simplicity of their faith, the words, 'if they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you,' John xv. 20, and 'when they persecute you in this city, flee ye into another,' they felt that they must suffer persecution, as God had said so. And after talking together on the subject, they applied to a Christian friend as to what they should do when persecution came, for they could not flee to other cities, unless God were to open a way for them through the sea. His answer, delivered four years before, they now called to mind, 'if persecution should come to Madeira, God would also send ships to deliver those who keep his word, as surely as he delivered the Israelites from the power of Pharaoh.' "

other, according to Christ Jesus,' Rom. xv. 5, than the little flock at Madeira. Never was there simpler faith, simpler hope, simpler love. Shining as lights 'in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation,' they held 'forth the word of life;' Phil. ii. 15, 16; constantly provoking each other to love and good works. Their humility, gentleness, guileless simplicity, and burning love, were seen and acknowledged by their most bitter enemies. Like the meek, who shall inherit the earth, they would fain have been suffered quietly to delight themselves in the abundance of peace. As followers of the Prince of Peace, they were peaceable and peacemakers. They desired peace with God, peace with man, peace at home, peace abroad. But peace was not to be purchased at the expense of principle. 'The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable.' James iii. 17. To appease the enemies of Jesus, they would not cease to read and obey the word of God. And this was the sum and ground of their offence. They would obey the injunction of their Saviour, to 'search the Scriptures,' and learn of him, instead of subjecting their minds and will to the guidance and thralldom of their fellow sinners, who in vain were serving God, 'teaching for doctrines the commandments of men.' "

In the ship William there were about two hundred of these exiles, and soon after this, the Lord Seaton took about the same number.

CHAPTER X.

A LOOK BACK AT MADEIRA.

WHY did not these outrages on British life and property provoke a war on the part of England? It probably would have done so, had not steps been taken to prevent such a calamity.

“When the tidings of these outrages reached Portugal, the British ambassador there, more faithful to his trust than the consul at Madeira, entered his solemn protest against these reckless and unrighteous proceedings. The Queen of Portugal was compelled by this act to appoint and send a royal commission to investigate the affairs at Madeira, especially with reference to the treatment of British subjects.

“This commission came and made their investigations. In their view, the conduct of the government at Madeira was so unjustifiable that they requested the administration to resign. They all resigned except the *administrador do concelho*.

“His dismissal was immediately sent from Portugal. A new governor was appointed at Madeira.

In this change there was a show of disapprobation on the part of the queen against those who had encouraged and sanctioned this persecution by their silence and inaction. Whether this change was made by the queen with a conviction of wrong doing on the part of the authorities at Madeira, or whether it was effected through fear of British cannon, may be a question.

“There was also the *external* form of a trial of some of those who had been the most active and the most savage in this persecution. The result of this appearance of justice was the acquittal of all the rioters. Even those who were arrested in the very act of murdering the Bible-readers, were acquitted. When the evidence of their guilt was too obvious to be denied, no penalty was inflicted. The leaders of the mob, such as Canon Telles, were not subjected even to the form of a trial.

“The painful conclusion to which we are driven by these facts is, that the civil government and the courts of justice connived at these enormous crimes, and that the whole form of trial was a solemn mockery or a farce.”

Canon Telles was still active in his work of persecution. He circulated a petition to the Queen of Portugal, begging her to issue a decree against the Protestants, or, as he wrote, “Against foreign missionaries and their agents, foreign and native.” It was like the request of the Gadarenes to Jesus, “that he would depart out of their coasts.” As he

was not himself working for the gospel in Madeira, he could not say, "Come over and help us." This petition was signed by one hundred and seventy-eight persons. Among the signers were the names of the civil governor, judges, public prosecutor, thirty-eight priests, and eighty-one relatives of the priests. This strange petition, we believe, was granted by the queen.

The Bishop was not asleep. Nor was he sitting down behind the screen, laughing to see the work of death or banishment going on so well. He was active. He ordered that all young persons should be confirmed in the Romish Church as soon as possible, and that all the islanders should come at once to mass and confession. If they did not obey, they should be proceeded against for heresy and for apostasy, as Mrs. Alves had once been served. Death had been pronounced against her. Only one step more and the Bishop would have had the old Spanish Inquisition in all its power.

This Bishop had left Madeira early in 1846, saying, in a pettish way, that he would not return until Dr. Kalley was driven from the island. It must be made more thoroughly Romish, or he would not stay in it! In fact, too many people were just making the great discovery that they could do without him.

He returned in October after Dr. Kalley's expulsion. He sat down to write a "pastoral letter." Now such letters are usually, among Protestants, of

a mild, persuasive character. They are the letters of pastors to their people. They are such as Mr. Hewitson wrote, full of love and christian sympathy. But how did the Bishop write?

He called the religion of Dr. Kalley "proud and Satanic philosophy;" "doctrines of yesterday, conceived in impiety, by caprice, and extracted from the dark bosom of Protestantism." Did he not remember that Dr. Kalley had circulated the Bible which was proved to be the true word of God, and which did not differ in any important point from the one the Bishop ought to have kept in good use? The Bishop was thus denouncing the word of God!

To the influence of these doctrines he ascribed the potato disease! blight of the vines! and all other calamities. This same charge has been laid to Protestants who lately left the Romish Church under the labours of Rev. Mr. Chiniquy, in Illinois. The failure of the harvests, and the sickness, the want of money in the country, and all other temporal trials, were said by the Romanists to be caused by the little colony of St. Anne, when they left the church that would not let them have the Bible. Our Lord did not think Bible reading to be such a sin! No! it is his will that we "give attention to reading and sound doctrine," and "hold fast the form of sound words."

The Bishop's zeal led him to pen the most singular expressions. "He speaks of the Divine aid and mercy in enabling them to drive away the heretics. He

says to his flock, that 'the Lord compassionating your troubled situation, condescended to excite and direct, by way of moderation and charity, (!) your purified religious zeal, (!) and natural energy; and by an extraordinary mode, and perhaps strange in the eyes of the world, to snatch from the midst of this flock, already almost torn to pieces, that wolf from Scotland. Blessed be the God of mercies, and Father of all consolation, who thus condescended to succour us, and console us.' As an expression of their gratitude and joy, in view of the things that had been done, he orders that in all the churches they 'sing the hymn, *Te Deum laudamus.*'

"When the tidings of the Bartholomew massacre reached Rome, in 1572, and the Pope and cardinals marched to the church of St. Louis to give thanks unto God for the victory over the Protestants, then the Pope ordered the '*Te Deum laudamus*' to be sung. What then is the difference between popery in 1572 and in 1846?

"May the daily prayers, offered by the converts from Madeira for the conversion of those who have cast them into prison, and driven them from their country, be graciously answered; so that the final destiny of persecutors may not be theirs."

CHAPTER XI.

ARSENIO NICOS DA SILVA.

“He not only belongs to that class who are to be in everlasting remembrance, but he is eminent among them.”

IN the most pleasant part of the chief city of Madeira dwelt the family of Da Silva. Arsenio Nicos was born in 1800. His father was a man of wealth and high esteem. The garden about his house was cultivated with so much taste that strangers upon the island visited it as one of the notable places. The rich variety of grapes, plants, and flowers, with the politeness of the family, made it a delightful resort.

The Da Silvas were members of the Roman church, and believed in its rites and infallibility. They had taken for granted what the priest said, and had not searched the Scriptures to find whether they were taught the truth. They believed that the priests were the holiest and greatest of men: adored the Virgin Mary; felt willing to kiss the Pope's toe; almost shuddered when a Bishop passed by; and no doubt they knew as little about the Latin mumbled over at mass, as we do in hearing it read by a priest.

Among their children were two sons, Arsenio and Casimiro. These sons were carefully taught the rites of Romanism, the fear of a priest, and the worship of saints. They were every day presented before the image of the Virgin Mary, as if it could bless them, and she was entreated to watch over these children and make them priests of the church. Could Mary have spoken from heaven she would have said, "Worship God," and pointed them to Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

These sons were sent to the best schools on the island. No pains were spared to make them as learned as any of the priests ever become. They grew fond of books, and were very diligent in their studies. They received some office in the church called "minor orders," and were reported to be ready for studying the theology of the church.

Thus far had they gone, but were unwilling to go any farther. They refused to become priests. They had eyes to see and ears to hear. They saw too much of the sins of the priests, and did not wish to be counted with such men. They perhaps had heard and read of those strange transactions of popes, cardinals, and priests, which once shocked a Luther and a Calvin. It may be that they learned in some way that there had been a great Reformation in the 16th century, and wondered why the church in Madeira was not reformed.

Their parents were astonished. They besought

them even with tears to remember how much their education had cost, how many prayers and vows had been made to the Virgin, how much honour they would have if they became priests, and how they might become Bishops and Cardinals; but they did not care for such entreaties. The father-confessor could not persuade them to put on gowns and shave their heads.

Casimiro loved money and lands, just as his parents had done before him. His mother thought she could touch that chord, and so she told him if he would become a priest he should have a large estate and be regarded by her as the favourite son. She held out the shining gold!

This appeal was very strong and went home to his heart. It touched the intended chord, and he felt the power of the music. He then began to feel a struggle between his love of gold, and his hatred of priests. He abhorred the vow of celibacy which he would be required to take; but he also abhorred the loss of the riches which his mother promised. Methinks—for we Protestants may think—that if the Virgin had spoken to him she would have pointed him to her poor Son and her glorious Saviour.

He yielded to the charm of riches. He became a priest. He did not believe in what he was obliged to do and say. He hated the office and the church. His duties were a burden, and his soul was not at rest. A request was made by him to be released from the office. The “dispensation” was granted,

and he took his money, settled down upon his estate, and is now, we suppose, living as a gentleman retired from office and business.

Arsenio could not be induced to enter the priestly office. He had more stability of character, more intellect, and more principle than his brother. His conscience was not to be bought with gold or honour. Yet he was not a believer in religion. He knew only one form of religion, and that he knew was corrupt. He could not then see that Romanism was not Christianity, nor that Christianity was truly from God. He saw how foolish it was to worship the Virgin and other saints, but could not perceive how wise and happy it would be to believe and worship Jesus Christ.

He became a merchant. He was polite, pleasant, honest, and energetic, so that he soon had an extensive business. He made himself a large fortune, little knowing that one day he would gladly leave all and follow Christ.

When about twenty-five years of age—when Hewitson was called the boy of a book, Arsenio married a young lady of a very wealthy family. She was gay, worldly, and by no means inclined to take the black veil in a nunnery. She was admired as very beautiful and highly accomplished. The friends all thought this a most happy union. One child smiled upon them to make home happy. They made this only daughter an idol in their hearts. They did all they could to make her as near a queen

as possible. If she should live, she would one day be very rich, and they wished to see her well educated, and adorned with every accomplishment their city could bestow. Her "god-mother" was very rich, and had made a will leaving her immense wealth to this young lady. Perhaps too the bachelor uncle, who satisfied both his love of gold and his hatred of the priesthood, was supposed to have such a will in reserve for his beautiful niece.

But God had other purposes. He had a legacy for that infidel father which only a Redeemer can give. She was to be a link in the chain of means which would bring her father to Christ.

Disease crept slowly through her veins and hid itself there, only to work death the more perfectly. Perhaps she had not played enough in the sunny vineyards, or had studied too closely at school. The visions of her future looked toward the grave.

The best physicians were called, but they could do little good. The Virgin Mary was invoked and she did still less. It is not her work to hear prayer or heal the sick. She is engaged in praising her Saviour in heaven. The young lady still declined, and the parents would give anything they had to restore her to health. It is a sad affliction for any parents to follow such a daughter to the grave.

In 1840 Dr. Kalley had gained a great reputation on the island as a skilful physician. Many came to consult him in very difficult and almost hopeless cases. His success had been remarkable.

God seemed to bless him. The reader will remember the method he adopted to point all his patients to the Great Remedy for the soul.

Da Silva was advised to send for the Scottish physician. No doubt he was ashamed to do so, but as a last resort for healing his beloved daughter, he consented to go and consult him. It reminds us of Naaman going to Elisha. He found Dr. Kalley very kind and ready to do all he could. As Dr. Kalley came near the rich house, many eyes were upon him. Even the servants exclaimed, "The Doctor! the English Doctor!"

He entered softly, sat down by the bedside of the young lady, and tenderly spoke of her sickness. He learned all he could about the cause. Then he prayed God to make him wise in prescribing the medicine, and to make it a means of healing. He also entreated the patient to look to Jesus as the great physician, who alone could restore her to health. No such physician had ever been in that house before. While they all wondered, he requested the parents to seek her recovery by prayer to Jesus Christ.

Several visits were paid by Da Silva to Dr. Kalley. He saw his dear child recovering day by day. It seemed as if God was very merciful to him and his family. He one day asked that he might talk with the doctor at his own house privately. He came, and they sat down together. It seems that he had already heard Dr. Kalley preach on the

need of a change in the sinner's heart and life, and he felt that he needed it more than all others. In his business he could not forget the ring of gospel words. The written word had become the voice from heaven. And now as he sat down he felt willing to be as a little child.

"On what subject do you wish to speak?" asked Dr. Kalley.

"About the way in which a guilty man can, under the government of a just God, escape the punishment which he deserves."

"Well, tell me what you think about it."

"I understand that in baptism the death of Christ is so applied as to free from original sin;" and then he went on to speak of penances and masses, and good works as atoning for actual transgressions. This is Romish doctrine.

"I understand," said Dr. Kalley, interrupting him, "that the blood of Christ cleanses from all sin."

"What?" cried Da Silva.

"I understand that the blood of Christ cleanses from all sin, of every kind."

"Tell me that again!"

"No: but here, read here, and here"—as the Doctor pointed out several texts in the Bible. The inquirer read, and great tears came coursing down his cheeks as his eye fell on the plain words of God which attested the wondrous truth. Then the light of the cross seemed to break in upon his soul. He

could see why Christ died, and how he loved guilty sinners. He began to understand the doctrine of God's free favour in pardoning the lost and undone. He was wiser than Nicodemus, and more willing than Naaman. Now he could see why the doctrines of the Bible produced such good effects on those who loved, believed, and practised them.

We would gladly know more of what passed during that hour. He received then the first Bible he had ever read. Yes, he had been once prepared to study the theology of the priests, and yet had never read a Bible! Remember Luther.

Eagerly did he read the word of God; gladly did he become a convert to its doctrines. Boldly did he defend it and the persecuted converts. Humbly did he bow to Jesus, praying, "Create in me a clean heart." Submissively did he yield to the Holy Ghost to renew and sanctify his heart. Willingly now would he sacrifice everything in this world to the Lord Jesus. His case reminds us of those who came first to Jesus to be healed, or to have a friend healed, and who went away believing in Jesus Christ as the Son of God. Remember Mary Magdalene and blind Bartimeus.

Dr. Kalley had heard him called "o avarento," "the miser." At this time the Doctor was trying to furnish a small hospital. Da Silva sent him a large basket full of sheets, towels, and other articles of comfort, and along with them a note, saying, "My heart was gangrened; it has felt the

power of the love of God; and I send you the first fruits of it." Good fruits were these to help a "good Samaritan" in taking care of the poor and the sick, but these were only an earnest of what was to follow. No longer was he "the miser."

Da Silva had heard strange things of this "father in Christ." The priests were obliged to admit that he was a skilful physician, but they said he was in league with Satan, to overturn the Romish Church. One of them called him "a devil incarnate," and hoped to see the day when he and his Bibles, and all who believed them would be burned together on the public square, in front of the Governor's house! This priest must have known little of the Bible.

Da Silva heard nothing like that from his new friend and brother, who wept with many tears, as he urged men to flee for refuge to Jesus, or prayed with deepest emotion for priests and people. He was ever ready when persecuted to give response in those words from the cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" This rich convert could see the difference between these preachers, and he too wept while hearing the truth spoken in love, or praying for his enemies.

How different, too, were the Bible-readers from their opposers! Even enemies were forced to say, "We call these people ugly names, but they don't answer back; we spit upon them, but they don't get angry; we beat them, and they seem pleased; we

break open their houses, and destroy their property, and they are happy; we put them in jail, and they sing; we can't make them unhappy!" This might have been said at Philippi in the days of Paul and Silas. Da Silva could see the reason of this contrast.

"Mrs. Da Silva, who had been persuaded by her husband to hear Dr. Kalley, when she saw the tears in his eyes, became very much troubled. She was afraid that the servants or the people would hear of the views Mr. Da Silva had of himself as a sinner, and they would think he was a very bad man. She had no doubt that her lord, (as ladies address their husbands in Madeira,) was a perfect gentleman, and ought not to be compared with those who had not noble blood in their veins. She thought he had mistaken his own character.

"The Bible became the companion of Mr. Da Silva, and prayer his delight. He had not only felt that he was a lost and wretched sinner, justly condemned, but he had also experienced the power of faith in Jesus Christ. The doctrine of justification, only by faith, flashed upon his mind like light from heaven. This opened his eyes to see the awful state of those who sought salvation by virtue of their own works. This filled him with the deepest distress for the conversion of his wife, his daughter, and his blind countrymen. He poured out his heart in prayer to God for them.

"Before his soul rejoiced in the full light of the

Gospel, it is interesting to see how the Spirit of God enlightened his mind, and led him on from one degree of knowledge to another. When reading the Bible, he came to the Epistle of Peter; he was delighted to find an epistle from that apostle. He was ignorant of its existence, up to the hour when his eye rested upon it. As he had always been taught that Peter was the supreme head of the church on earth, he supposed here, if anywhere, he would find the doctrines and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic church. After reading it again and again with the closest attention, he was surprised to learn that nothing resembling the mass, purgatory, confession, praying to the saints and to the Virgin, as taught by the Romish church, was to be found in the writings of Peter.

“The epistles of Peter would make an excellent tract to put into the hands of all Romanists who have a high respect for the authority and supremacy of that apostle. They would see, as in sunbeams, how little gold and silver, and how much the precious blood of Christ has to do in the salvation of souls.

“The conversion of Mr. Da Silva was known to all the inhabitants of Madeira, not merely because he was a man of great wealth and influence, but especially by the remarkable change in his life. He mingled with the Bible-readers, who were despised and treated with contempt by those with whom he had always been associated. Instead of attending

the gay and brilliant parties, where his wife and friends found their highest happiness, he went to pray with the persecuted Bible-readers. In their little circles of prayer he enjoyed richer blessings than the gaiety or pleasures of the world could impart.

“ One of these meetings, for prayer and reading the Scriptures, was held in a private family, about a mile from his house. We are told, by some members of that family, that Mr. Da Silva was always expected to be present. They depended upon him to conduct the exercises, and to read and expound the word of God. His whole soul was engaged in this work. These precious meetings will never be forgotten by those who attended them. They will ever remember, with indescribable interest, the fervent, tearful prayers, and edifying exhortations of Mr. Da Silva. By these, as the means, their courage and faith were increased at the time when they were about to pass through the fires of persecution. These seasons of previous communion with God, and with each other, were continued, until the family had to flee for their lives to the mountains.”

One of the judges of the island married the daughter of Mr. Da Silva. It pained his heart not to see her also a follower of Jesus. She, who had been a means of bringing him under the influence of the gospel, and who had received such a blessing from its messenger and from his God of mercy,

would not "heed the things which were spoken." It often occurs, that they who are the most benefitted by a blessing are the least grateful.

This judge was he who declined to arrest Mr. Hewitson, on the ground that his authority did not extend over him; perhaps the friendship between his father-in-law and the missionary had some weight in his mind.

Mr. Da Silva had become a member and an elder in the church, under Mr. Hewitson. With such a pastor and teacher, he must have grown rapidly in knowledge and grace. It is a wonder that he was not imprisoned. "Bonds and afflictions awaited him."

The reader will remember the attack upon the house of the Misses Rutherford, and the man who had an image thrust in his face with the command to "kiss it," "adore it," but who refused the idolatry. Rome owed that man a grudge. The abuse of that hour was not enough. He was too prominent a man to be allowed his liberty. Neither the power of wealth, nor his high standing as a citizen could screen him from harm. His near friends, of such influence as his wife and son-in-law ought to have exerted, were not enough to save him from danger. He must either return to the church of Rome, or fly from his family and home, from wealth and native land. Others were speeding away for life; so too must he. Already he was obliged to keep away

from the city. Among the mountains, so often the kindest refuges God's people could find, he wandered, a sheep, yes a shepherd, hunted by the wolves.

He could not bid farewell on a bright morning at his own door, order his well packed trunks to the harbour, get into a fine carriage, and pass through the streets in style, bowing to many friends as they bowed goodbye to him. Every pang of parting was made as intense as possible. The love of his wife was a small offset to her want of sympathy with him in his religion. It was but a "drop of honey in a quart of gall." Any respect of his son-in-law was nothing to the shameful refusal to defend and save him from an exile. Of his daughter he could have said, "How can I give thee up!" Once he had been ready to give and do anything for her; now she is not ready to use all possible means to keep him at home.

He was obliged to come from the mountains to the city in the night, if he would see his family. He hired a man to stand at the corner of a certain street at an appointed hour. All was dark and silent. He came and met this man who showed him to a house where he could be concealed. Then he sent for his wife, obtained a little money, hastened to a ship and sailed for Lisbon.

Never again did he see his family. Letters passed between them, and he would often say, years

after this, "I have a letter from my wife—kind friendly letter, but no good, no spiritual in it—no faith in Jesus Christ."

The Lord had a future work for this Christian hero.

CHAPTER XII.

REV. MR. HEWITSON IN TRINIDAD.

“HE will guide me with his eye,” wrote Mr. Hewitson while absent, “whether it be back again to Madeira or not.” He learned that he must go to Trinidad, “not only to administer gospel consolation, but to reorganize the exiles into a compacted church order.”

January 2nd 1847, he sailed from Southampton. The winds were contrary. He was soon lying sick in his cabin, translating Mr. H. Bonar’s hymn, “I lay my sins on Jesus,” into Portuguese, and a metrical version of the 23rd Psalm. This was the beginning of a Hymn-Book for the Portuguese church.

He felt that he must do something for the Master on the voyage. If we do not work where we are, we will not be likely to do any good in any other place. “Among the passengers,” he says, “I have come in contact with only one who seems truly desirous of walking with God.” This was a man who took an interest in the new mission as its thrilling history was told him, and he gave ten pounds for the Trinidad fund. Mr. Hewitson gave him a

copy of the old book called "The Marrow of Modern Divinity,"* and he was so pleased with it that he one day put a five pound note in the missionary's hand, saying, "This book is worth that to me." Of this kindness the suffering exiles should have the benefit. He was taking £200 for their relief—what was this among so many?

Mr. Hewitson did not expect to have an opportunity of visiting Madeira. But he was gladly permitted to do so. The vessel landed him at a secluded point of the city, and two gentlemen quietly led him to a house near by. Then he was put in a palanquin, and carried through the streets to the residence of a sure friend, where his unexpected visit was received with joy. Several converts came there to see him. It was a happy hour. Then, veiled in the palanquin, he made a few other calls, and was taken back to the steamer, whose wheels were soon working away to Trinidad. Remember Paul's short visit at Miletus.

February 4th, 1847, he was at Trinidad. The "meetings and greetings, the embraces, the tears, the laughings" cannot be told. The welcome was kind and cordial, from those whom he had well known in Madeira.

There were now about four hundred and fifty exiles in Trinidad, most of whom were numbered with the converts to Christ. Eighty-five members of the church were there. Three of the seven elders, and

* This has been published by the Board of Publication.

four of the nine deacons had come from Madeira. About thirty persons soon applied for admission to the church.

How were these exiles to be supported? They were in a strange land. They were not familiar with the language of their benefactors. They found all classes of people from several different nations. The island had become a sort of "stowing-away place," for sufferers and slaves from Africa and India. Many of these foreigners were sunk in the lowest state of superstition and wickedness. The native inhabitants had been so overrun by these heathen bands, that some of them left their estates and retired to the forests to make new homes. Yet there were some Christians among the islanders, who had warm hearts to relieve the exiles of Madeira. Several of the planters were willing to hire them to work on the sugar estates. But remember that these exiles knew nothing of that kind of labour. Some of them had been wealthy, and their hands were not skilful to toil for their daily bread. Many women and children must have a lighter employment.

"Something must be done," wrote Mr. Hewitson, "for the more safe employment of the exiles. I am revolving a scheme which none but an Oberlin could carry vigorously into effect, and I am not an Oberlin. Every weak muscle in my body echoes—'not an Oberlin.'" A head to plan was not all the need. Funds were wanted. The work of teaching, preach-

ing, and perfecting the church was enough for more than any one man. He resided at the capital, called 'Port of Spain,' and there found most of his church about him. He had his 'class' newly started; a Sabbath-school was commenced; a day-school was begun; and he had many inquirers to instruct, many mourners to comfort, many weak believers to encourage, and many poor to assist. He went regularly to Arouca, fourteen miles distant, and held meetings; also to Santa Cruz, ten miles away, where he found some Portuguese. Twelve of them were Protestants, and eight were Romanists. All the Protestants were together on one estate. After their day's labour, they met together for worship. Some of the Romanists gladly heard the word. About one hundred of the converts were thus scattered about on sugar estates and cocoa plantations. He went to them all, and often preached under the shadows of the trees. To learn how one half-a-week was laboriously passed, read the following letter to his parents, written March 31st:

"On Wednesday, last week, I left this place in a gig, at a little after six, A. M. and travelling ten miles, preached to forty Portuguese in the open air under the shadow of a large tree. Afterwards I went a distance of six or seven miles more, and preached in an upper room to about twenty Portuguese. Then returning four or five miles, I preached again in Mr. Brodie's church at Arouca, to a number of Portuguese, who assembled, after

their day's work, from a distance of two miles. On Thursday morning I was here to breakfast, having left Arouca pretty early. If the Lord will, I shall be at Arouca again next Sabbath, administering the communion and preaching twice." This was coming very near to proving himself an Oberlin. We wonder how such a weak body could endure such labours, attended, as they were, by anxieties which cannot be written. "Working in this hot climate suits me ill," he writes; "I scarcely know what it is to be free from fatigue."

The Romanists saw and felt these labours. With a glad heart he could write :

"In this island there are a considerable number of Portuguese from Madeira, who came here staunch Roman catholics; and of these several have been led, by means of intercourse with their converted countrymen, to embrace the Protestant faith. Three of these have expressed a desire to be admitted to the Lord's table, and another of them travelled eighteen miles last Saturday evening in order to attend public worship with us on the following day. One of the most recent of the converts from Popery, and one whose heart seemed to have been truly opened by the Lord to receive the word of grace, is labouring under a white swelling at the knee which makes amputation necessary, as the only means of saving his life. Two or three Sabbaths ago, this man, yielding to an irresistible desire to hear the gospel in public, made the dangerous effort of travelling to

church on crutches, and back again, a painful journey of nearly two miles. Surely such as he will rise up in the judgment against those who, possessing greater advantages, yet "neglect the great salvation," and "forsake the assembling of themselves together" in the house of God."

One glance at the temporal condition of the exiles. On the sugar plantations many suffered. The low marshy ground, so different from the vine-lands of their native home, together with the hot air, made their condition very sad. Many of them had fevers of the deadly type. Others were obliged to retreat to the highlands and to the capital. The Governor ordered the removal. This Governor was Lord Harris, of England, who exerted himself most generously in behalf of the sufferers. Other labourers on the plantations suffered from other diseases, and especially from failure of eye-sight. About fifty of the refugees were supported by cultivating the sugar cane, when only sixteen of them were able to do the work. Mr. Hewitson wrote:

"The greater proportion of the exiled brethren have found occupation in the capital of the island, Port of Spain, or its vicinity. Not a few of them are distributed in domestic service among the families resident there. Some are occupied in gardening and similar rustic labour. A few have commenced shopkeeping on a small scale, being unable to gain a livelihood by any other means. While those of them who are masons, carpenters, and

shoemakers, are endeavouring, in their respective departments of labour, to earn a livelihood. The female converts, who, in Madeira, were able to support themselves by needlework, are still dependent on the same means of support, but their earnings are comparatively small and precarious. While some of the brethren are, by the goodness of God, in comfortable enough circumstances, not a few have such difficulties to struggle with as tend at once to keep them hanging in daily dependence upon the Lord."

Another glance at their spiritual condition. The elders and the deacons had been faithful, and had kept up meetings before Mr. Hewitson arrived. Some persons had grown sorrowful under the heavy burden, and had almost forgotten to cast it on the Lord. They had remembered Egypt, and felt lonely in the wilderness. One of them said, "In Madeira it was not so difficult as it is here to walk with God. I had some striking answers to prayer in Madeira, but here God has not given such answers to my prayers." The reason was plain. Family-worship and secret devotion had been neglected. The asking had almost ceased, and the answers were withheld.

The sword will be kept bright in the contest, but will rust when the battle ceases. Take away the iron hand of persecution, and the heart will very naturally be thrown off its guard, and become worldly. We often feel the chill of a summer ev-

ening more than we do the intense cold of the winter, for we protect ourselves against the keen December storm. Thus some who had braced their souls against the enmity of Madeira, felt the unsuspected chill of Trinidad, and grew cold in heart.

But not so with all. To the first communion numbers came, hungering and thirsting for righteousness. They sat under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to their taste. Could they not lean on Jesus' bosom, and wash his feet with their tears? "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness leaning on the arm of her beloved?" She was the refugee church, with bleeding feet, and garments rolled in the blood of her sons!

Exiles from Madeira were still arriving. For months there had been a succession of flights, when the faithful, like Abraham, "went out, not knowing whither they went." They knew not how to be fed or clothed. Fleeing from one enemy, they knew not but they should rush into the face of another. It might be "as if a man did flee from a lion, and a bear met him; or went into the house and leaned his hand on the wall, and a serpent bit him."

Yet many had strong and pleasant hopes. They felt assured that in Trinidad and the United States there would be "freedom to worship God." They were willing to leave all for this great right and privilege. They sought a better country. "It was

something like the anticipation of heaven to the weary and suffering Christian."

Persecution was sweeping Madeira well-nigh clean of its choicest and worthiest people. Among the thorns was here and there a lily left; among the tares some good seed was growing secretly. Among the lawless was here and there one to hold up the banner of truth, and testify that "there is a judgment." The wrath of man could not entirely crush out the word of God. The church of Christ was not destroyed; only removed to another clime.

Mrs. Alves was among those who were heartily welcomed by her friends. Another, Philippa Rosa, who, in a trying hour, had denied her Lord, was there. Like Peter in her denial, she was like him in repentance, and returned to her Saviour with bitter weeping. A little boy, who saw his father killed and thrown into the river, when trying to escape to the vessel, came with his mother to Trinidad and there saw his mother die. God found friends for him. He afterwards came to America.

Every vine has its enemy; every field of wheat has its tares. Trinidad had its foes to a pure religion. At the very moment when Mr. Hewitson was writing about Philippa Rosa's tears of penitence, one of his flock came to his house weeping, and saying that in the house where she was acting as a servant, she was most harshly treated for refusing to do evil. The family were Romanists. "I left Madeira," said she, "that I might be able to

follow God, and for nothing else, and I wish now to leave that family." This is a specimen both of the spirit of enmity, and of Mr. Hewitson's calls and labours. The shepherd must find a place for the lamb. He wrote :

"Now, more than ever perhaps, the brethren who are 'strangers' in Trinidad, need the prayers of the church. They are exposed to temptations more dangerous, because more subtle and insidiously seductive, than those connected with a persecution state. To be attracted by the world, under its mask of a graceless Protestantism, is worse than to be repelled by the world under its undisguised form of hatred to the truth. Let the church then,—even all who love the Lord Jesus, and who have heretofore poured forth supplications in behalf of the persecuted saints of Madeira,—continue in earnest prayer for them to the Lord, that they may be 'kept from falling, and presented faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy.'"

The organization of the church was completed in April, 1847, about two months after the arrival of Mr. Hewitson. He would leave for the cooler north in May. It was important to find a leader for the flock.

The eyes of the faithful had been directed to Mr. Da Silva as the successor of Mr. Hewitson. He had studied theology. His gifts and graces were of a high order. The Free Church of Scotland named him as their missionary.

Da Silva went with joy, and his dear former pastor had the great pleasure of handing over to this strong fellow-labourer the care of the exile church. He was ordained and installed over his first and only charge, at Port-of-Spain, in April, 1847. His former pastor said of him, "He seems to have the Bible always in his heart, and his heart always in heaven."

When the people were asked whether they would receive Mr. Da Silva as their pastor, they were requested to vote by raising the hand. But they were too happy for this; they all rose to their feet, and raised both hands as high as they could! He would not lack for the Aarons and Hurs!

The good pastor often made one remark, which became a proverb among the ministers on the island. "*Patientia! Patientia!*" he would say pleasantly smiling, when anything dark or difficult came up, Patience! Patience! It reminds us of the tradition concerning John, the beloved disciple, in his old age saying daily, "Little children, love one another."

Six hundred in his flock, and all exiles! Pilgrims and sojourners indeed! No other flock like it in the world! It was truly a charge. The labours were great. But he was not in despair. The property of the exiles, and the wretched prospect of a better condition in Trinidad, were truly an anxiety in his mind. No land could be obtained for them to settle upon, and there was little hope

of living by their toils so long as they must become mere slaves in the hot fields, or in the friendless houses of strangers.

Like the Pilgrim Fathers in Leyden, they began to look toward some other land for a home. Their cry came to the Christians of the United States, and instead of echoing back a cold, heartless murmur, a voice of welcome rolled across the waters. Our banner of religious freedom was held up above the waves. Our "great West," with her grand prairies, was pictured before their eyes. Our Christian people felt their hearts touched by that sad wail from Madeira, which will ring awfully in the persecutors' ears at the judgment: "Ye did it not unto the least of these my brethren!"

The American Protestant society sent the Rev. G. Gonsalves to Trinidad, while Mr. Da Silva was praying God that help might come. His mission was to inquire into the condition of the exiles. This "Good Samaritan" society was intent upon looking after the temporal interests of the people, as well as the spiritual. The exiles had not only been beaten but cruelly robbed, or they could have had their own means of finding happy homes.

Mr. Gonsalves had been born at Madeira. He had been a Romanist. After his conversion he came to this country, and for several years laboured among the five thousand or six thousand Portuguese on the sea coast of New England. It was refreshing to his own heart to visit those once fellow-coun-

trymen, and feel the warm glow of their piety. What he saw may be shown in one of their pastor's letters to the Free Church of Scotland :

“More than one hundred and twenty communicants take the Lord's supper on the last Sabbath of each month. The solemnity and reverence with which this act of worship is performed, touch the heart even of the unbelieving. Besides, the regularity with which the people attend on days fixed for ordinary worship, and the general blamelessness of their lives, exercise, in some degree, a beneficial influence on the character of those among whom we dwell. God, who has begun this good work among them, will carry it on; but till this day, through many, many afflictions have these children had to pass. In the midst of them we constantly implore his mercy; and sure we are that he will hear us. The sufferings in which this church is at present involved arise from the decaying state of this island. With difficulty do the people at all find labour so as to be able to support themselves and their families, and to pay the rent of their houses, which are always exceedingly high. In circumstances of extreme necessity, those of them who sicken, die as much in consequence of want as from the severity of their disease. Their little children are almost naked, and have only rags to sleep on. Such of them as are of age to be sent to school, are, as a matter of sheer necessity, put to service for food and clothing. And what is it that they learn?

Everything that is opposite to the doctrine of the gospel; and consequently the children, who should grow up to take the place of their believing parents in love to the Lord, are like seed-corn that is completely lost.”

Mr. Gonsalves returned bringing a letter from Mr. Da Silva, in which he says: “I do not see here the prospect of keeping this people in the midst of the present distress, as their labours are not paid as they should be; for in this sickly climate, when the husband and father is taken to the hospital, the wife and children are left destitute, and not being able to pay the house-rent, they are turned into the street, to beg from door to door. This state of things led me to solicit of the governor of this island, Lord Harris, a portion of land to be divided amongst the Portuguese, that they might on the same build their cabins, provided they could receive some aid in advance, to be paid by them in the course of time. But although the governor is friendly to us, yet in his official capacity he said he could not comply with our request. I have also written on this subject to the Rev. Mr. Hewitson, of Scotland, who answered that we should find it difficult to obtain lands for families in these islands. And finally in the midst of these efforts, the bank of the West Indies failed, and sugars came down in price, and business was prostrated to the ruin of many households. Government works were stopped, and labourers can find little or nothing to do. And worse than all,

our children whose morals should be preserved at every expense, are mixed with a low, profane, wretched Roman catholic population.

“ I do not ask for money, but for lands. I ask what God has given to man, that he might earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Our people are mechanics and farmers, virtuous and industrious; they will soon thrive with the blessing of God and the labour of their hands. They will soon rejoice in abundance, for they hate vice and love virtue.”

Some of the exiles wished to go with Mr. Gon-salves, but their pastor persuaded them to wait until they could remove as a band of pilgrims. Little did he then think how soon he would depart for America to seek health, reach the shore, and die in the arms of those who were calling his people to a land of liberty.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SHEPHERD DYING ON THE SHORE.

“Although no relatives were present, yet many hearts mourned over him, and many eyes were filled with tears as his body went down to its last resting-place.”

To pass from luxury into poverty is often severe to health. Perhaps Mr. Da Silva was affected somewhat by this. But the separation from his family; the anxiety, like Paul's, for his kindred; the change of climate; the charge of a people poor and in need of much spiritual guidance; the great labours of his ministry—all these brought on disease in fearful form. Toward the north he was pointed, and in December, 1848, he came to New York. He was not only on our coast, but on the shore of another world.

Sad were the partings at Trinidad. But those who had risen to their feet and held up both hands in receiving him as pastor, now felt that it was a “needs be.” They crowded the wharf when he sailed. Many risked their lives by entering small boats and dashing through rough waves to the vessel lying at anchor, that they might see his face once more,

and hear some words from that man whose heart was in heaven. Their enthusiasm was not yet lost. Alas! this was their last vision of his face on earth!

Nor was health all that he sought. Dearer to him than life was the exile church. He sought a home for his people—a green pasture for the flock. Some of the Madeira brethren were here before him, and the meeting was one of great joy. Wanderers, tossed on the seas or struggling over mountain passes, always delight to meet and talk, and draw pleasure from the past endurance. So with brethren, long tossed and wearied on earth; what will it be in heaven!

A candle, after the blaze is gone, revives in one brighter glow, and then dies. The life of this man of God had really lost its vigour. It revived for a few days, and then sunk rapidly away. Truly God's ways are not as our ways. It seemed as if he could not be spared to conduct the toilsome enterprise of giving the exile church a home. But he was not so necessary as Moses or Joshua, or he would have been spared.

There he lay gasping on a bed of death. Every thought of home, of his flock, of his plans, would seem to point every dart of pain. Once rich, now an object of charity! Once dear to wife and child, but now cast out as evil! Once thinking of a splendid monument, but now an exile grave! Was he cast down? Oh these were nothing to his soul. For he

knew all this well counted cost. Once he was blind, now he sees! Once he was lost, now he is found! Here is comfort. He has little anxiety for himself, for his name, or his body. His mind turns in imploring pity toward his family and flock, as he commits them to the merciful Lord. The man of strong vigorous mind speaks like a little child.

A gentleman from Illinois was daily with him. Da Silva had asked about the land, to his imagination so goodly. He said he wanted to go and see all the land that he might find a good home for his people. This he often repeated: "You can do my people good. I must go with you. They must have a place and go to it, or they will all be scattered."

"Oh! I want to know more with you. You teach me to speak English;" he would say when others spoke of the things reserved for those who love God.

"Better?" asked this daily attendant one morning. "No, it is not better." He turned away his head and wept. Hezekiah perhaps did not feel more intense longing to live, than he did at that moment, for he "remembered Zion." Soon recovering his submission he said, "God is good, but I fear I not go with you to see my people settled."

The all-absorbing topic, of an earthly kind, was the good of his people. When hopes of life revived, he praised God that there was some prospect of

his living long enough to see them in a new home. "Are you yet alive?" his friend asked, after the patient had been some time unconscious.

"Yes, but very sick, pain, swelled." Then he wept in view of the goodness of God in bringing reason back again.

On the last day of 1848, when he was fast sinking, Mr. Kingsbury said: "It is Sabbath, clear sky, and the sun bright;—is God good?" "Yes," he replied. "Is Christ precious?" "Yes." "I fear," said Mr. Kingsbury, "you will not live long." "No," he answered, "but yet I want to go with my people."

On the 1st of January he was weak, restless, and in severe pain. Mr. Kingsbury remarked: "Christ alone can help and cure you." "Yes," said he, "but my people will be alone. God is good. Every thing seemed to go wrong since I came to America;—hindered here, could not go west and get homes. No, but God will take care of the Portuguese."

To Mr. Kingsbury he said: "You are my friend; I love you very much." When told that we were all his friends, but God was better than them all, and he must love him; he quickly replied: "Yes, yes, I love him, I love you."

He was sensitively grateful for every little kindness. It was hard to be dependent on strangers. He was told that Christ was thus showing that "every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children,

or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit life everlasting." He replied, "Oh, yes, good friends, Christ is better than all."

"Pain! sick! very sick!" he would say with great effort; and when told that Jordan's flood was dark, deep, and rapid, but Christ had passed it safely, he would say, "Yes, yes! Though dark on this side, the other is cheerful. Yes! yes!"

In his last audible prayer he said:

"O Lord God of Israel, thou hast been very gracious to us poor Portuguese, who were in great darkness in the island of Madeira. Of thy infinite mercy thou hast given us the hope of eternal life through our Lord Jesus Christ.

"O Lord, look in mercy upon thy servant who is afflicted. But especially look in mercy upon thy redeemed people in Trinidad. O Lord, thou knowest that thy servant has done what he could for thy people, and now is ready to give up even the last drop of his blood for them, even as thou, blessed Lord Jesus, didst give thine for us poor miserable sinners! O Lord, forgive my sins—give patience.

* * * * *

"O Lord, I pray thee for my dear wife and daughter. O Lord, may they forsake the world and give thee their hearts, and remember the advice I have given them.

"I am weak, but thou art mighty. Let not, O Lord, thy persecuted flock become scattered, but

establish them in the faith of the gospel and unity of thy Holy Spirit.

“O Lord, bless all good Christians in America; reward them for their kindness to us. These favours I ask, in great weakness of body, through my blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.”

Just before he died, he asked Mr. Gonsalves to write to his wife and daughter. “What shall I write?” “Tell them to remember what I have written in every letter.” Yes, he had always been earnest for them. There was no return to the Roman catholic church.

One of the last questions proposed to him—“Is God good to you?”—was answered: “Yes, he is good to me; God is good to all!”

Though he could not open his eyes toward the last, yet the tear of love to Christ would roll down his thin and sallow cheeks. At the last hour his Portuguese brother knelt down to pray, along with others who could not be persuaded to leave the room where their dear pastor was dying. While the prayer was ascending, the happy redeemed spirit left for the heavenly land. He fell softly asleep.

He died in faith, January 10th, in the forty-ninth year of his age. Scarcely landed from the waves of ocean, so rough at his embarking, the billows of death took him away, and they still murmur his dying words, “Farewell in Christ Jesus.”

At his funeral the Rev. Mr. Gonsalves, missionary of the society, addressed, in their own language,

the Portuguese exiles, who were present to mourn over the death of their beloved pastor. At the close of this, all the Portuguese present, (about fifty,) rose and sung a hymn in their own language.

Every eye in the congregation suddenly filled with tears, as the notes of these homeless and persecuted disciples fell upon the ear. The singing was so devotional and hearty, and there was such a sublimity in their rising when suffused with tears, and their hearts overflowing with grief, that no one could resist the subduing influence of the scene.

The body of this first martyr from Madeira was then buried in the vaults of the Lafayette-Place church, there to await the resurrection of the dead in the last day. Beloved, blessed man, thou art now at rest!

It was a bitter cold day, but many were the witnesses. The weeping Portuguese felt like Rachel, refusing to be comforted.

After the death of this devoted "man of God" a friendly letter was sent to Mrs. Da Silva, at Madeira. It told her of her husband's sickness, and his joyful death, and reminded her of his last message to his family. She replied in a very lady-like, but cool, business letter. Though she thanked those who were kind to her husband, she expressed not a word of sympathy for his religion, which was his comfort in death.

To another letter sent her some months after, she replied in a very different spirit. She referred to

her "good husband whom it had pleased the Lord to take to himself." Her gratitude to his friends was far more deep and hearty. She said that her mind was in great darkness, and she could obtain no comfort from the church which she had refused to forsake. She was reading the Bible, but needed some one to tell her what to do to be saved. And this is all we know of her history. We hope the entrance of God's word and Spirit gave her light to the true cross.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN OUTLOOK OVER THE SEA.

O thou Eternal Ruler !
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Protect them from all harm.

WHEN a vessel is burning at sea, it often occurs that the relief-ships carry the passengers in all directions, and it is a long time before the mother knows where her son was borne, or an anxious people learn who were saved. It was thus with the scattering of the Christians of Madeira. It was long before the little bands could report their places of refuge. Some had landed in Demarara, others at St. Vincent, and others at St. Kitts. How many fled from Madeira cannot be certainly told. Some little bands may have perished, with no man left to tell the awful story. Some were heard of in British Guiana. Of others no news ever came. Of them it could have been said, in the beautiful words of the Bible, "They shall lift up their voice, they shall sing for the majesty of the Lord, they shall cry aloud from the sea. Wherefore glorify ye the Lord

in the fires, even the name of the Lord God of Israel in the isles of the sea.”

The Editor of the *Defensor*, a newspaper in Madeira, was threatened with murder for publishing the following facts, in 1846. In the parish of St. Antonio, some persons met quietly on the Lord's day evening, in their own house, to read and hear the Bible. A band of armed men entered the house violently, wounded the owner of it, and arrested the unresisting company of friends. Remember Saul of Tarsus. “He made havoc of the church, entering into every house, and haling men and women, committed them to prison.”

They were charged with resisting the officers of justice! It was not asked what they had done for which the police could arrest them, nor proved that they had showed any resistance. The police had no right to go without the legal, written order, and they could show none. We think that our homes are our strongholds, and that not even a King or Governor has any right to enter by force, unless proof is shown that we are guilty of some daring wrong. Not so in Madeira. “Where law ends, tyranny begins.”

Any one could see that the police and their band were guilty of an assault. But the jury, sitting in face of these arrested Bible-readers, would not see that fact. So they found these innocents guilty of resistance! Resistance for turning the other cheek after one was smitten! Madeira is a beautiful island, but we

thank God that we were not born there. No one could have a "vine and fig tree" of his own, and be safe under it, if he had a Bible in his hand

"Alas for liberty!" wrote this editor. "Tyranny is like fire." It gains strength by running. The law that protects to-day, may be made to crush the protected to-morrow.

These prisoners were condemned to lie in jail ten months. When the ten months were fully ended, they were there still, with no prospect of release. Why? Because the public prosecutor imagined that the sentence was not sufficiently severe! Where was the judge whose son-in-law was a Christian?

The widowed mother of two of the sufferers was released without trial. But while her children were patiently waiting for the slow law to release them, her dwelling was set on fire, the store-house burned, and she was obliged to escape for her life. In the West Indies she fell a victim to the fever, remembering how her husband had been buried in the public road for his faith.

Who then would report the state of the people in 1848, if an editor were thus threatened with murder in 1846? There were "the Lord's hidden ones" on the island; but how many in 1848, no one could tell. They were left to "glorify God in the fires."

"Poor Madeira!" wrote Dr. Kalley. "There are very few believers in it now, unless they are concealed; and who knows how many the Lord has 'who have not bowed the knee to Baal?'"

The English residents, for some time, were in danger. Dr. Kalley advised a friend not to go there, and also said: "The enemies are now very brave. The priest says from the pulpit, that, unless Dr. Miller does as he would have him, he will be treated as Dr. Kalley was. Dr. Dexter was obliged to leave the hospital. M. R. was much persecuted. She was taken to the church to confess; but did not confess any thing."

Yet there was some good news. Some of "the bravest of the enemies" became "among the firmest of the converts." The Lord knew where they were. One such man could say, "Sometimes I lift up my heart to the Lord in prayer, and at other times I break forth into singing praise to God; and always, by this means, I get rid of the evil thoughts that trouble me, and have my heart filled with joy." Thus did the Psalmist sing in the night watches.

Mr. Hewitson, returning from Trinidad, visited St. Kitts, preached fourteen times, and administered the Lord's supper twice. He found about fifty members there, and they afterwards became an hundred. He left an elder there as their teacher and guardian.

Martin Da Songa wrote a letter telling how many exiles on the island of St. Kitts wished to go to the United States. There were ninety-nine, who said they wished first of all "to follow the word of God and grow better," and then follow the exile church to a new land. These persons were not "outlaws".

of Madeira as their enemies said, but were "men of good report." Da Songa wrote :

"In the number I here send, there are none that get drunk either on rum or wine, neither any that may be called slothful. All this people are accustomed to come to the prayer-meeting for a long time, and there are some new ones who now attend ; but I have admitted none in the number except those I knew as believers before the reception of your letter."

At Essequibo, in British Guiana, were nineteen of the exiles. They heard that their brethren were on the eve of going to the United States, and one of them wrote to their old friends Da Silva and Miss Rutherford to learn the facts. The letter is worth reading :

"But, perhaps, before I proceed, I had better inform you who and what I am. I am then a planter and attorney, and manager of this estate—but the Lord has also used me in his vineyard, and, through me, has collected together a church exceeding one hundred in number. We do not identify ourselves with any denomination, but the only test required for fellowship is an interest in 'the blood of the Lamb.' With us are united sixteen Portuguese, besides our dear blind brother Antonio, and his sisters Mary and Jokina ; they at present are in Georgetown, Demarara. Of those sixteen, only five were received into the church at Madeira. Of these were Francis Da Silva and his wife Maria.

Several of the others were impressed with the truth there, while others knew nothing of it till they heard it from the Lord's people here. I know nothing of Portuguese, but we have very profitable meetings together notwithstanding. I mean, now, the meetings particularly for the Portuguese. They sing and pray in their own tongue, in which I sometimes have owned fellowship, though it is but few words I understand. They then fix on a chapter, or part of a chapter, which one dear brother reads; this dear brother has wonderfully got on with English; I believe it is only about two years he has been here. His wife has been in this colony many years; she therefore also knew some English; and then there is another dear interesting young disciple, who was taught to read in Dr. Kalley's school, in Madeira. Her parents, with herself, and I think two other children, emigrated to this country some five or six years ago. She was living a poor lonely orphan, on an estate about a mile from this, having lost her parents and brothers or sisters. When she heard of the Christian Portuguese here, (our blind brother and his sisters were here at the time,) she came to see them; the Lord soon touched her heart, and she is now, I trust, growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour. She is learning to read in English, and can read the Testament pretty well in this language.

“But, to return to our meeting, when the chapter is read, I refer them to every text that I can, that

I think will throw light on the portion read. I then talk what I feel led to say; this brother assisted by those two sisters interpreting it to the others. And I am happy to say there is an inquiring mind, while the many questions asked show me plainly they understand what is said. In our public meetings, particularly at the Lord's table, I sometimes try and speak to them a few words through this brother."

Men who have come out of the fires, been trained in dungeons, and tried on the mountains or in caves and dens of the earth, will generally be found "steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

Friends in England and America were active in providing a way for these exiles to come, and a home for them when they should arrive. They should not leave their various refuges and start "not knowing whither." They were willing to go anywhere, if they could have a safe home and a secure church.

Most of these exiles had learned "to labour and to wait." Da Silva's "patience" was not forgotten, nor were Hewitson's lessons of industry. They were now mostly farmers and mechanics. They wished to be in a colony by themselves in a new land.

At first a large agricultural company engaged to give them a home in Illinois. They were to have houses, good wages, and the comforts of life. To

every family of the colony ten acres of land were to be given. Bonds were given to make secure the contract. The place was about half way between Springfield and Jacksonville, Illinois. The American Protestant society were to pay for their immigration to the place.

Appeals were made to the Christians of England and the United States to help transport the exiles, who were in need of clothing and daily bread. The response was generous. The Christian people felt their hearts touched as they were asked to take an outlook over the sea.

CHAPTER XV.

A FAREWELL TO THE ISLES.

“They come, they come;—thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.”

SOME of the exiles were already in New York. Great preparations were making for the welcome of others. Just then the first plan for their settlement failed. New schemes must be devised. Stout hearted men set about it in right good earnest. In their will they found a way. A home was again secured in Illinois. Christian friends in Jacksonville offered to take those already in New York and provide for them. Springfield and Waverly were proposed as points where others following should be settled.

Here was the “finger of God.” Had the exiles left New York when first proposed, they would have met with that terrible disease—the cholera—then stealing victims from the lines of travel, and besetting men at almost every point of rest. And further, had they gone then to the place first selected,

they would have met with a severe disappointment, and found no resting place for their feet. The company which had engaged to give them houses and lands had failed. The delay thus caused proved a blessing. Though in the city when the cholera raged, no death was known to occur among them.

One vessel after another arrived, bringing exiles, until about five hundred were in the city. The American Protestant Society had to find their daily bread, and clothe the needy. Some were sick. All were in a strange land.

Dr. Kalley had not ceased to remember these people, many of whom were his "sons in the faith." He wrote them from Malta in 1849. As one band of exiles after another came, his letter met them in their own language. In it he says:

"What are all the riches of this world without the love of God? Love is found in heaven. There the blessed rejoice in love. They have no money in heaven. There they do not need money. But they could not be happy without love. Love therefore is celestial; it is worth more than all the treasures of the world. Love will remain when the fire of God shall melt all earthly goods. Jesus said, 'Love one another as I have loved you.'"

He then warns them of false teachers. The lesson is good for us all. "The way in which these enemies succeed in destroying souls, is by raising doubts in the minds of the disciples as regards the blessed truths of the Bible. In the same manner

the Devil tempted our mother Eve; and he endeavoured to tempt Jesus in the same way. In this way the Devil and his servants have destroyed millions of souls. They begin by saying that the word of God is a book full of mysteries, and very obscure, very hard for any knowledge of true religion by searching. Then they recommend the writings of the fathers, saying that they contain the truth which the church has believed in all ages. They say that we must examine the writings of the dead priests to know the true meaning or right interpretation of the Bible.

“Suppose a number of men should go to work and make a common tallow candle, and, after lighting it, should place it in their midst, and then should send out their preachers to inform the people that without the light of their candle no one could see in the day time, even if the sun should shine ever so clear. What should we think of such men? Why we should take it for granted that they had run away, by some means, from the lunatic asylum. Are not the words of God clear and plain? Can they not give assurance to the immortal soul? Suppose we should see a number of men digging at the bottom of one of the huge mountains of Madeira, and heard them say that the mountains were about to tumble down, and that it was necessary for them to work very hard in order to prevent so great a calamity. Therefore one would bring a handful of clay, another a broken reed, another a rotten

rail to hold up the mountain. What should we think of such men?"

Gladness is often the twin of sadness. It was on the 19th of October, 1849. Nearly three hundred exiles left New York on that day for their western homes. Many eyes were on the pilgrim band. Among them were three orphan sisters, who had been wealthy in their native vine-clad isle. One of them could have remained in the city and taught music, had she understood the language. As she was playing beautifully one evening, she was asked where she left her piano. She said that she left it in her own house, with all she had in the world, and fled for her life. On the deck of the steamer stood the wanderers. It was a sublime scene. An eye witness says :

"As we began to grasp the hands of those pilgrims, with whose trials and sufferings we were so familiar, a scene of unspeakable tenderness was presented. Never had we seen their tears flow so profusely. We felt their warm grasp, but soon we could not utter that last word—farewell. The three orphan sisters wept aloud, not because they have not a relative on earth, but because they left those who were deeply interested in their welfare."

One old lady came the second time to bid farewell, and as she grasped the hand of a benefactor, she closed her eyes and lifted her silent prayer to God that all human kindnesses might be rewarded. One hundred others followed soon after

them. Rev. Mr. Hale, of Springfield, Illinois, wrote of those who arrived there as follows :

“ We are much occupied these days in ministering to our brethren, the Portuguese exiles. They arrived here just in time to enter on the severe winter weather, which now they, in common with all of us, have to endure. They are not much accustomed to severe cold weather ; and as our city was very full of people when they arrived, it was well nigh impossible to provide them habitations ; to provide comfortable dwellings was out of the question, as everything worthy of the name was already crowded full. But we have done what, under the circumstances, we could, and they are hoping for better times. So far as I know, they are contented and happy. Many of them find employment, at good wages and ready pay. They are highly valued as labourers, and will soon be able to take care of themselves without the aid of others. Indeed, the last thing to be looked for is that such men should long be a charge to their fellow men. If they maintain their religious principles and their habits of industry, there is but one destiny for them here, and that is ‘ plenty—independence.’ ”

Among those who remained we may find characters of interest. One was a venerable woman, seventy-nine years of age. Only five years before had she heard there was a Bible in the world. She made it her delight. She could say, “ Thy testimonies are wonderful.” For her devotion to that

book, which our Lord gave us to read, she was publicly beaten by those who professed to be the "only true church." She left her native vineyard with two less ribs than in our land we allow every Christian to have. But such wounds only reminded her of her Lord's pierced hands, thorn-crowned brows, and bleeding side. She was happy.

The first convert under the labours of Dr. Kalley was on our shores, with her husband and aged mother. She had aided Dr. Kalley in defending his house in the days of fearful riot. She drove the nails and fastened the bars over the windows. She knew something of curses, blows, and jails.

This family had taken a wrong vessel at St. Vincent, and were landed in the cold of winter on Nova Scotia. The northern blasts were too severe for the poor exiles of a southern isle. The chill had wrought disease in the old lady. She was in consumption's fatal grasp. When in New York, she suddenly one day spoke cheerfully, "I am going to my Father, I am going to my Father."

"Shall we pray with you?" asked her friends.

"Yes!" and then exclaimed, "My Lord is coming, my Lord is coming." In the moment of the prayer she said, "See the angels! don't you see the angels?"

In a moment her spirit was wafted gently away. That view of the angels! Was it illusive? May writer and reader not deny it, but wait till our experience shall decide. Hebrews xii. 14.

A lady, named Antonia Da Conea, had once gone to Dr. Kalley for medical aid. She expected soon to die by a fearful disease. God blessed the remedies of the kind physician, and she recovered. She had learned how to read when a child, but had forgotten it. She learned again, and obtained a boon which would never let her forget how to read again. It was the Bible. She became one of the most intelligent and devoted Christians in the church. She taught her daughters the good news, and they became teachers in the schools. Many of her friends and neighbours were persuaded by her to love the Lord Jesus. Her enemies saw how great her influence was, and they said that she had an enchanted cup, from which if any drank they became "Calvinists."

Her husband came with her to attend the class which Mr. Hewitson taught before leaving Madeira. He was thus well qualified to become an elder in the church. He owned a good home, with a beautiful vineyard about it. A band of ruffians came to assault their house; it was Saturday night. Next day they were to have a quiet meeting for Bible-reading and prayer. Catching up a few articles, they fled to the mountains. God's people have often known what mountains are worth. It has been so from the days of Lot. They walked all night, and on Sabbath morning were upon a summit to greet the rising sun. Glad were they to see a spring, as Hagar was to see a well when her boy

was gasping in his thirst. Here they bathed their bleeding feet. Was Jesus ever wounded in climbing the mountain sides for the nightly prayer? Then they sat down on the grass, read the word of God, and praised Him who is the God of the mountains as well as of the valleys. Softly did they sing, lest even there might lurk an enemy. It was eighteen days before they could reach a British vessel. They went to Trinidad; there the elder lost a limb and was more lame than halting Jacob. At New York he was brought near to that shore whence Da Silva took his joyful departure for a better world than this. But the Lord brought him farther on toward securing a home for his survivors.

If any Howard had sought to know the condition of the prisons and dungeons of Madeira, he could have been well informed by those who knew too well. Even the Bomba would no longer have remained a mystery. Many had been there and could testify. Mrs. Alves was one of the welcomed. All her surviving children were with her. If she had any fears concerning those left behind, it was, lest the enemy might rifle the very graves.

The reader will remember the young woman who, on the fearful night of Dr. Kalley's siege, locked the gate and took away the key. She was among the escaped. She was an orphan, without a living relative on the earth. Her heroic deeds are worth reciting.

For several years she was an inmate of the family

of Dr. Kalley. She became a teacher, and in the stormy year of 1846 her class of young ladies numbered thirty. She was staying with the Misses Rutherford when the mob committed the outrage upon their house. She heard the mob cutting down the door and breaking the windows. In a small room up stairs she sought refuge. The rioters rushed into the house. The soldiers came into her room and ordered her to confess and return to the Roman catholic church. She replied that she was daily in the habit of confession, but she confessed to God and not to man. To their threats she made the same reply. "Were you not afraid at that hour?" a friend afterwards asked. "I believed that my Father would take care of me." The mob left the room, locked the door, leaving her in it, and took the key. They then seized some of the Bible-readers and committed the awful deeds of "outrage and intended murder."

Again was this young lady called to the trial of her courage and faith. She was brought before the governor of the island. In a large parlour she must face the crowd of official dignitaries. A book was brought to her on which was the sign of the cross. She was requested to put her hand upon it, and take oath that she would never leave the Romish church. She refused with all the "boldness of Peter and John." "But you will surely put your hand on the book!" said the governor. "No! never! The Saviour says—Swear not at all; neither

by heaven nor by earth, neither by Jerusalem, nor by thy head ; it cannot be right therefore to swear by the sign of the cross."

"Do you think, young woman," replied the governor, "to teach us the Bible? I know much more about it than you do." A statement very doubtful! She was permitted to leave the room with no further trouble at the time.

Two other family histories are reserved for the next chapter, and we close this by appending a paper signed by fifty-eight persons. It refutes any charge that these exiles were "wretched outlaws," not fit to live in Madeira. It had been stated in a public paper that some of the refugees, after having their way paid to New York, sought a Romish priest, made confession, and returned to the church that had robbed and driven them away. This may do only for those who have nothing to say but slander.

"We, the undersigned, are all natives of Madeira : we were all born and educated in the Roman catholic church : we have always been in the habit of attending mass, confession, and the various ceremonies, feasts, and fasts of that church. We knew of no other way of worship, because we had never seen nor read the word of God. We did not know there was such a book as the Bible, in which was found the history of Jesus Christ and of the apostles, until Dr. Kalley began to circulate it in Madeira. In reading the Bibles we received from him, we learned,

for the first time, that we must be saved by the blood of Jesus, and not by penance, and mass, and purgatory. We found that the Virgin and saints are not mediators, for there is only one Mediator between God and man, that is, Christ Jesus. When we began to rejoice in Jesus as our only Mediator, and to read the Bible with joy, then we were forbidden, by the priests and the government, to read it. The priests began to take our Bibles, and to burn them. Many of the Bible-readers were thrown into prison. Some of us have been in prison about two years, and others three years. We have been driven from our houses and our country—have wandered in the mountains, and slept in caves—because we read the word of God, and desired to live according to its precepts, and for no other reason. We were compelled, by the priest and the government in Madeira, to flee away, and leave all our goods, and houses, and lands; and on this account we are now destitute in a strange country. To the truth of all these things we are prepared to testify before all the world.”

(*Signed.*)

CHAPTER XVI.

TWO HOUSEHOLD BANDS.

ON a warm day in August, 1841, three young men were on the way to attend the feast of the "celebrated Virgin of the Mountain." The fame of Dr. Kalley had reached their ears. Out of mere curiosity they called to see him. They were polite, and saluted the doctor with all respect. One of them, N. Vieira, told him that he wished to buy a Testament for his friend Henry.

"Who will teach Henry to read the good book?" asked Dr. Kalley.

"I will," N. Vieira replied.

"Can you read?"

"Yes, sir, I have read the catechism for six years past in a school."

"Do you believe there is a God?"

"Yes, sir. I do believe in God."

"Give me some sure proof of his existence."

"He made the ocean and the fire."

"Do you believe you are a sinner?"

"Yes, sir. We are all sinners."

"How do you expect to be saved?"

“By my good works.”

“Good works! What good works have you done to satisfy the demands of God’s law against your sins?”

“If I clothe and feed the poor, these good works will take me to heaven, after passing through the purifying fires of purgatory.”

“My friend, Christ came into the world to save you. He has given his life for you: now believe in Christ, read his words of advice, which are found in the Bible. Read in the sacred book the kind invitations of his gospel.”

“Sacred Bible! I do not know such a book. I never saw one.”

“Here is one. I will make you a present of this holy book, if you promise to read it every day to your family, after the labours of the day. When you find any passage you cannot comprehend, write down all the points, and when you come to the city bring them to me. I shall always be happy to see you.”

These young men took the good book and went home. N. Vieira gathered his mother, and two brothers and two sisters in a family circle, and commenced reading God’s word. He began with the creation of the world, and continued to read about the wonderful works of God, until their interest was so great that they could not keep it to themselves: so they spoke to their neighbours and friends, from house to house, of this new and wonderful book.

A few months passed. The new Bible-reader came again to Dr. Kalley, and told him these good tidings. The "man of God" was exceedingly glad to hear him speak of how he had found the Saviour to be his Redeemer, and how his mother and sisters were weeping over their sins. He invited N. Vieira to come and live with him, visit his schools in various parts of the island, and speak to teachers and scholars of the love of Christ. The invitation was laid before the family, and though they needed him on the farm, yet they felt that he could do more good in the way proposed. He gladly entered upon the new work.

He was first requested to read the Bible in the hospital to the sick every morning. This he did, and was blessed in the service. In the hot season Dr. Kalley hired a house in the mountain district of St. Antonio Da Serra, near where the Vieiras lived. In their own house he established a school, and Henry was appointed the teacher. Many neighbours came to hear the word of God.

One Sabbath in 1843, the Rev. Mr. Weed of the Scotch church was just about to administer the Lord's Supper. N. Vieira and a friend requested permission to receive the holy Communion. Dr. Kalley tried to dissuade them at first, lest it might be a rash act on their part. But they felt constrained by the love of Christ, and had no fear of the rage of man. They were ready to die if need be. Their greatest anxiety was that this "father

in Christ" might not suffer on their account. They were examined, admitted, and seated at the Lord's table.

Four days after this N. Vieira was arrested, brought before the Magistrates, and charged with having forsaken the religion of his fathers and of the government. Now was a time to try him, whether he would obey God rather than men. He replied to the charge that he had never received religion from his earthly parents: that he now enjoyed the love of God in his heart: that this religion came from the Bible which God gave to his people to read: and that he was but a follower of Christ the Lord. As to purgatory, it was not in the Bible. "The mere forms of religion," said he, "have never quenched any thirst, but now I have found a pure fountain in God's word which satisfies my soul."

"Do you believe in the crucifix, that we should worship the image on the cross?" asked the judge.

"Nay. God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

"Very well; go in peace."

Were they to go in peace? A secretary of the government was there, who wrote down all the answers. They should hear from them again. Such young men of promise must be checked in their labours of love.

On the next Sabbath their names were read aloud by the parish priests in all the churches, and their

excommunication pronounced. People were forbidden to allow them to enter their houses, trade with them, or even give a cup of cold water to them. *

Terror could not be struck into the minds of other Bible-readers in this way. They saw that somebody was wrong. The ignorant part of the people were afraid of the Jesuits, for they imagined that the Jesuits had all power at command. But those who could read the Bible, read all the more, in order to learn who was in the right. These persons thought well of the converts, and applauded their firmness. Nowhere is firmness of any account unless it be on the side of right. Thus more and more Bibles were in demand. The searching for the "hid treasure" was earnest and intense. These enemies did not understand human nature, or they would not have made these humble young men such objects of curiosity and inquiry. Take a book from a man by force, and you make everybody else want to see what that book is. Thus many were led to ask for the Bible; and who could give it to them?

The priests and the officers of government were not satisfied with this. They imagined that by punishing these two young men very severely, others would be afraid to forsake the Romish church. So they one day met to lay their plans. They were so angry that they talked louder than they intended. Remember the enemies of Paul, who banded together and took an oath not to eat or drink until they

* See Appendix, for the pompous sentence.

had killed him. They talked too loud about their mad design. Paul's sister's son overheard the plans, and went into the castle where his uncle was, and told him that certain men had sworn that if he ever came near them they would kill him.

There was a young woman, a convert, named Ursula, who overheard some conversation about arresting and imprisoning these two young Christians. She hastened to Dr. Kalley's house and told him that his young brethren, then in his house, were threatened with death. Ursula had scarcely finished her almost breathless story when the loud rap of the police was heard at the doctor's gates. The hunters had surrounded the innocent prey and thought their hands would soon be laid upon them. Not a moment was to be lost. Escape from the house was impossible. The doctor knew there was a niche in the wall behind his library case. So the case was pulled away from the wall, and the two friends were hid in the narrow space. The case was then pushed back and no eye but that of God could see them. The hunters rushed in, searched the house, even went into the rooms of the sick, but could not find the men they wanted. The doctor did not say they were not there, but helped them ransack the house. The police went away, hoping for better success some other time, and the friends came out of their hiding place with a song of deliverance in their hearts:

For six months these young men were hidden in

the houses of their friends. There came a decree from the court of Lisbon that no one should be molested or persecuted for religious opinions. The court said that men might worship God according to the dictates of conscience. The spider makes a beautiful web to catch his prey; so the Romanists made a beautiful law, but it was only a trap to catch the innocent. And many were caught. No convert to Christianity could have his own religious opinions.

N. Vieira returned home to gladden his mother's heart, and to exchange places with Henry. The Bible-class was entrusted to Henry. The flourishing school in Da Serra had N. Vieira at its head. But there was no library case to hide him nor any law from Lisbon which would protect him. The haters had their cruel way.

The priests and the police soon saw that this family paid no regard to the confessional, (they went to the Protestant confessional—the Mercy-seat), and did not obey the priests of their parish, nor care for the Pope, nor bow to the Virgin Mary, nor have any idols in their house. It was resolved to put an end to this matter. Two officers with eighteen men came by night to arrest the teacher. He was roused from his sleep at midnight, and fled to the friendly shelter of the mountains. Two hundred soldiers were sent by the government to arrest him. For more than a month they hunted him, but could not find him. He was one of "God's hidden ones." All this time he found no roof under which he could

sleep. The caves were his refuge, the earth his bed. David in his exile was not more homeless. Yet David could sing and make Psalms even there. He could look up and see the hart bounding on Bether's hills and say, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." So with our heroic young sufferer. Though without a change of raiment and almost starved, he could rejoice in the Lord Jesus.

While thus wandering on the mountains he one day came in sight of the large mansion where his mother lived. It was about five miles from the capital. There he had played in his boyhood, and in the vineyard he had toiled through many a weary day. It was the old home. He probably intended in some way to gain admittance there, and relieve the mother who perhaps was weeping for her son. But what fearful view broke on his vision? He saw the soldiers coming down like a wolf on the fold. Never did a dove look down with keener pain of heart on her nest just when the eagle's claws were going to rifle it, than he did from the mountain top.

The soldiers arrested his mother, his sister and her husband, and also a woman living in the household. One of his brothers, in delicate health, was compelled to eat disgusting food, with the threat of a severe beating. When they had secured their victims, they took the furniture and tore the clothes and bedding to pieces. Where was the husband of this aged woman at this hour? Though a Romanist,

one can hardly imagine how he could permit a scene like this in his own house, and with his own family. They led their captives away, goading the aged mother with a stick pointed with sharp iron. A bayonet would have been more refined. She was too feeble to march as rapidly as they wished. They insulted her by saying something like this: "Go along, you old Protestant fool."

Her son could see much of these cruelties, as he stood gazing. His soul almost sunk within him. What to do he knew not. What would be the fate of his family he dared not imagine. To rush to his mother would not comfort her, for she could not feel any happier herself by having her son as a fellow-sufferer. His courage and faith were almost failing. Then he thought of his Bible. Into his troubled mind came the words, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" His mind rose with Paul's in saying, "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." He was comforted. Famine might come, peril might hang about his path, persecution might take his life; he was ready to die in the love of Christ.

Elijah found bread by the brook-side. This wanderer found it in the mountains. No Christian brought it, for no Christian knew his hiding-place.

Only one human being knew. This was a Roman catholic girl. She was the only Romanist known, by us, to have been kind to the converts. It was a fearful offence to "give them fire, water, bread, or any comfort; or even to "touch" them! Whoever did this was to be publicly cursed by all the priests.

This young girl was tender-hearted and pitied the suffering Christians. She did not dare tell any one that she knew where one poor Bible-reader was hid. But she took a little meal from the barrel, and when her mother was absent, she made a cake and baked it in the ashes, so that there might be nothing to betray her. No doubt she made it as large as she dared, and as good as she could. She sought a favourable moment, and ran into the mountains to give it to him. On this he lived four days. It gave him strength to wander, and watch for a vessel to take him away. One day he reached the deck of a British vessel and was safe. He first went to Demarara.

Where was Ursula, who had given warning to the two friends at Dr. Kalley's house? She was too kind toward the persecuted to be safe. The spies saw what she did. Her kindness betrayed her. She was called a "convert," and so she became. She chose affliction with the people of God, and leaving a once happy home she fled for her life. She reached St. Vincent, and there in a quiet grave her body was laid to sleep till the resurrection.

The family who had been taken from the mansion, when N. Vieira looked down upon the outrage, with about twenty others, were put on board a Portuguese frigate, the largest one in the Portuguese navy. They were told that they were all to be taken to Lisbon, and there tried for heresy. But they were deceived. In a few days they were shut up in the dungeon at Funchal, where they were closely kept for nearly two years.

Nor would the government give them bread or water. They must die if no hand of charity would provide relief. Foreign residents sent them their daily food. Their enemies did nothing to prevent starvation; and had they starved, their persecutors would not have been more guilty.

The time of their release came at last. The bars of their prison were drawn back very slowly, and they were told that if they would for ever leave their native island, they might go wherever the ships would carry them. They left all for the gospel's sake.

One day in these stormy times, a ship touched at Demarara. N. Vieira went to the wharf to see who might be on board from his home. Often had he wished to learn the fate of his mother, brothers, sisters, and friends. To his utter surprise, they were on the ship. The joy of such a re-union seemed almost to repay them for the sorrows they had all endured. Earth has few such meetings. Heaven will have many even more joyful.

They all remained in Demarara some months, where they suffered from the fevers of the place. They then sailed for Trinidad. Some of them came afterward to this country.

The aged mother remained in Trinidad. She had once lived in a large mansion, about five miles from the chief city. Her house had been filled with luxuries, and many servants came and went at her bidding. But her exile-home was far different. She lived in a small room, ten or twelve feet square, glad to have the plainest diet for her daily bread. She had left her husband, a Romanist. Nothing had he done for her while in prison, nor for any of his children. He probably is yet living upon the estate. This Christian woman said that her little home among strangers was the happiest she ever had known, and the days of her exile were brighter than all those past in the mansion. Christ was her riches and her comforter.

The other family sketch is brief.

In the family of Vasconcellas, there were four brothers, who were farmers. One of them, Joseph, was about thirty years old when the persecutions began. He saw how others were cruelly treated, and asked the reason. He learned that they were Bible-readers. He found out for the first time that there was a book called the word of God. He obtained one, read it with intense delight, and went to hear Dr. Kalley preach. Then he attended the meetings for prayer and inquiry. For some time

he dreaded the Jesuits and the priests. Many others at this time trembled under their threats, and their attempts to excite the people to violence.

But as he read the words of Jesus he was made bold, for he said, "Fear not them that kill the body." With these words stamped in memory, he became very decided. He ceased to attend the Romish church. With mass, confession, and saint-worship, he had nothing more to do. He began the duties of a true Christian life. He became "strong in the gospel." Without disguise he met with the Protestants, and cared little if the police did see him.

They lived some distance away from the capital. One morning before the sun rose, an armed police was attacking the house. They chose the darkness; so did Judas. With horrid yells they were asked to open the doors, which they did. The four brothers and their aged father were bound with thongs, shamefully treated, and hurried away to a jail, which, of course, would not be far off in such a country.

The mother and sisters fled, while the father was parleying with the soldiers at the house. The old man was afterwards released, and sent back home, being told that he was too infirm to be shut up in prison, and as four of his sons were captured, the police would be satisfied.

The church and jail of the neighbourhood were near together—very wisely. Into the jail twenty persons were cast. There they remained three days

with nothing to eat or drink. They were then put on board a Portuguese ship, and told that they should be taken to Lisbon for their trial. Here, we suppose, they met the Vieira family, and were deceived like them, and lodged in the prison at Funchal.

During their imprisonment there was less favour shown to some prisoners than to others—if indeed a milder cruelty can ever be a favour! One of these brothers, Joseph Da Vasconcellas, had all along been the object of special malice. He had been more active in teaching the gospel, and had the greater influence. Hence he was treated with severer barbarity.

The mass was introduced into the prison, and the inmates were required to express their adoration; a thing unknown there for generations. A little image upon a cross was to be brought in. Joseph was compelled to go with the priests to bring it. They came to the church, took it from the altar, and carelessly threw it into the basket which Joseph carried. There it was, “upside down,” and he was blamed severely for having it thus carried. He once would have shuddered at such a thought, and even now would not have done such a deed. If the priests had possessed any of their pretended reverence, they would have never thus turned over the image, much less play the false part they did. If they did not reverence the image, why ask him to do it?

When the mass was celebrated, the prisoners all

refused to witness the ceremony. They were forced to be present. Some of the more feeble were so cruelly forced, as to bow against their will—a bow obtained by breaking them down. Joseph stood strong and firm. He was then struck terrible blows, but persisted in refusing the idolatry. No name of vile reproach was too bad for them to employ against him. And this at their own mass!!

For refusing to confess to a priest, who showed that he was anything but a “vicar of Christ,” he was manacled till his hands were blood-shot, and then cast into the horrid Bomba, where the wonder is he did not die in agony.

When two years had passed in prison, the Vasconcellas were released. They returned home only to be driven poor and unpitied to Trinidad. There the aged parents were buried, and one of the sons beside them. The surviving three came to this country. They all said that through their various trials the Lord had never forsaken them. Joseph, if living, bears still in his body the signs of the abuse cruelly inflicted upon him for refusing to worship the wafer, and bow to the image, with which Christ is mocked and put to shame.

CHAPTER XVII.

A PASTOR FOR THE FLOCK.

MR. HEWITSON was not one who would put his light under a bushel. It was put on a candlestick on ship-board as he returned from the West Indies in 1847. "I never had a voyage like this," said the captain. So all the company felt. "Not a Jonah had been on board, fleeing from the presence of the Lord, but a Caleb, walking in the light of God's countenance." Daily his voice was heard in prayer and preaching in the ship. One sailor felt the new kindling of love in his soul. "I am not in want of a closet to pray in," said this sun-brown tar; "I can just cover my face with my hat here at the helm, and I am as much alone with God as in a closet."

Hewitson went home, to be "a bright and shining light" in Scotland. He was settled in Dirleton, where he died in August, 1850. He "turned many to righteousness." While failing day by day he could remark pleasantly: "The Lord has his own way of dealing with his servants. He is pleased to make one like a bowl of living water, which shall

be handed round to refresh many souls. And he takes the same bowl, empties it, turns it upside down, and puts it on the shelf, saying, 'I have no more need of thee!'

As he laid him down to preach no more, he was comforted with the "tenderness of Christ." "I have seen further down of late into the depths of his amazing love than ever I saw before." Not without a tear did he dictate of his field of labour :

"No more I reap that harvest field;
Its sheaves to others may it yield:
My call to hasten home is sealed;
God's will be done."

There were many links to connect him still with the Portuguese exiles. In his labours and his sickness he often spoke of them. And they remembered him. Here is a link worthy of note. Opening a letter from New York he read thus :

"The Portuguese here are a very devoted band of pilgrims. They love one another. They search the Bible with great diligence. They enjoy a blessed prayer-meeting morning and evening. . . . Seldom is a prayer offered at the throne of grace, from any one of the flock, that I do not hear your name, that of Dr. Kalley, and the Free Church of Scotland. . . . Can you, my dear brother, come to Illinois next fall, and take charge of this interesting, precious flock? I know they all love you as they love their own souls."

These people would have stood on their feet and

held up both hands, if that could have made this link of love a bond between pastor and flock. But he was not to come to our land. He was to hold forth the word of life a little while and then die, leaving those death-bed words to ring through the world, "I am better acquainted with Jesus than with any friend I have on earth."

That star which had risen over the moors of Scotland, and hovered a while over the isles of the sea, ever moving on to where Christ was, seemed to go down in the cold north: but no! God took it and set it in the firmament of his glory. It had turned many to righteousness, and was placed on high to shine, a star for ever and ever.

Hewitson was a minister in a far higher sense than even his childish ambition involved. He was also a king—a king in glory! for there such humble souls are "made kings and priests unto God."

The Lord of the vineyard raised up a pastor for the exiles in their new western home. We would be happy to present a brief account of his life; how he became a Bible-reader in Madeira; how he left friends and his father's house for the sake of Christ; how he fled from his native island, and how he became a minister of the gospel. But he does not wish any account of himself to be given, for he wishes Christ to have all the glory, and all our attention. We shall therefore only mention some facts which have already been published.

Mr. Antonio De Mattos was one of the converts

at Madeira. He fled to Scotland in 1846, where he became qualified for preaching the gospel. He was ordained to come to this country and take the place of Mr. Da Silva, as the pastor of the scattered flock.

He paid a short visit to his father's family in Madeira. He saw forty of the converts in the chief city. He met them one by one, conversed and prayed with them, for it was not thought prudent to hold public meetings. It was a most joyful and refreshing visit to these young disciples. He remained under the paternal roof until a notice was posted on the door, that he must leave the island or suffer death.

He then visited Trinidad on his way to this country. There he found more than four hundred exiles, many of whom had come from other shores to enjoy the protection offered them by the British government. Mr. De Mattos has been for several years the pastor of the Portuguese Presbyterian churches in Springfield and Jacksonville, Illinois. In a beautiful letter now before us, he speaks of their prosperity, their trials and temptations. There are about one thousand Portuguese exiles in the two places where he preaches.

The severe laws in Madeira will not allow any one to go as Mr. Hewitson went, and labour among the people. Yet there have been for several years many Bible-readers there. Sometimes as many as

one hundred have been reported. They would meet together in little companies, as quietly as possible, for prayer in the night; and often under the vines their low tones of prayer would find an utterance which no enemy could hear, but which did not fail to reach the ever-listening ear of Him who never slumbers.

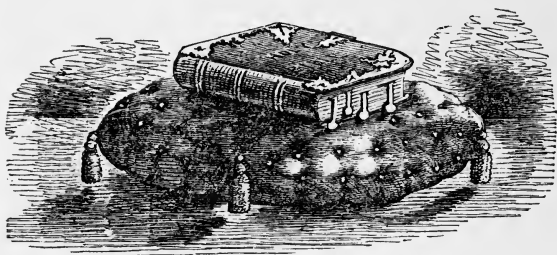
Those Bibles and Testaments which the exiles buried in the earth, or plastered in the walls of their houses, were not hidden in vain. Many were afterwards found, and many no doubt will yet be brought to light. The good seed thus buried, will one day bring a good harvest for the Master.

Our little volume now closes. As the reader shuts it up, we hope that Holy Book which did such wonders in Madeira, will be opened, and diligently read. An open Bible, a well-read Bible, a Bible believed and obeyed, is the only book that can teach us the way of salvation. Persecutors will probably never dare to take it from us. But we may keep it from ourselves. We may cheat ourselves of its great truths. We may neglect the word of God, and be ignorant of the love of Jesus Christ.

We often hear thanks rendered to God that "we may sit under our own vine and fig-tree, with none to molest or make us afraid." Truly this is a great privilege. Let us read the Bible under the summer shade, or by the winter fire, and pray to

the Lord with earnest hearts, "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law."

Holy Bible! Book Divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine!



APPENDIX

DR. KALLEY refers particularly to the sentence of excommunication pronounced against two of the converts. To gratify the interest, or curiosity of the reader, we here spread out before him, this pompous and unjust sentence as it was originally uttered:—

“ Sebastião Cazemiro Medinna Vasconcellos, Leader of the Choir in the Cathedral, Synedic Examiner, Vicar-General of the Bishopric of Funchal, in the island of Madeira, for the Most Excellent and Reverend Don Januaro Vicente Comacho of her Majesty’s Council, Dean of the Cathedral of Funchal, Commander of the Order of Christ, Bishop Elect of Castle Branco, Temporal Governor and Vicar-General of the Bishop of Funchal, Porto Santo and Arguinot—

“ To all the reverend vicars and curates, assistants and chaplains, as well as to all judges and justices of peace, to the delegates of the attorney-general, to the administrators of councils, and all officers of justice, and to all ecclesiastical and secular persons

of every degree and condition in all the bishopric and out of it, whom this my letter may reach, who may hear it, or get notice of it any way, health and peace for ever in Jesus Christ our Lord, who is the true remedy and salvation of all. I make known to you, that, having proceeded to an examination of witnesses, as competent to my office, it was proved by them, and confirmed by my sentence, that Francisco Pires Soares, married, and Nicolao Tolentino Vieira, bachelor, both of this bishopric, residing in the parish of Santa Luzia, near the parish church, apostatized from the union and bosom of the Holy Mother Roman Catholic Church, and became sectaries of the Presbyterian communion, incurring by this, ecclesiastical censure and canonical punishment of the greater excommunication. The censures requiring to be aggravated, I ordered this present letter to be written, by which I require and command, under pain of the greater excommunication, all ecclesiastics, ministers and officers of justice, and others above mentioned, as soon as they shall have notice of it, not to touch or hold communication with those who are excommunicated by the curse of Almighty God, and of the blessed St. Peter and St. Paul, with these of Gomorrah and of Sodom, Dathan and Abiram, whom the earth swallowed alive for their great sins and disobedience. Let none give them fire, water, bread, or any other thing that may be necessary to them for their support. Let none pay them their debts. Let none support them in

any case which they may bring judicially. Let all put them aside as rotten and excommunicated members, separated from the bosom and union of the Holy Mother Catholic Church, and as rebels and contumacious; for if any do the contrary, which God forbid, I lay, and consider as laid, upon their persons, the penalty of the greater excommunication. Therefore were their names and surnames expressly declared; and that all may know this, I order the reverend parish priest to publish this at the meeting on the first Sabbath or holy day, and to affix it on the door of the church, from which let no man take or tear it under pain of excommunication, until, by making satisfaction for all, they merit the benefit of absolution.

Given in Funchal, under the seal of the vicar-general and my signature, on the 27th of April, 1843. Jacinto Monteiro Cabraë, Writer to the Ecclesiastical Council, wrote this.

SEBASTIAO CAZEMIRO MEDINNA E VAS.





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