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# THE GOSPEL IN AFRICA:

AN ACCOUNT OF THE

LABORS AND SUCCESS

OF

THE REV. W. A. B. JOHNSON,

MISSIONARY OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY, IN REGENT'S TOWN,  
SIERRA LEONE, AFRICA.

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“And I will make them, and the places round about my hill, a blessing; and I will cause the shower to come down in his season: there shall be showers of blessing.

“And the tree of the field shall yield her fruit, and the earth shall yield her increase, and they shall be safe in their land, and shall know that I am the Lord, when I have broken the bands of their yoke, and delivered them out of the hand of those that served themselves of them.”—EZEKIEL 34: 26, 27.

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# LIFE OF JOHNSON.

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## CHAPTER I.

“AND I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight.”—ISAIAH 42: 16.

THE ways of Providence and Grace encircle the earth like a net-work of mingled gold and silver threads, all twined in intricate yet perfect harmony. Our dim sight can only trace them here and there, as the Sun of Righteousness reveals their marvellous tissue, yet we love to mark the least coïncidence which proves our Father's watchful care. The day is coming, too, when we shall behold with one undazzled glance the myriad cords of love which have extended from the beginning to the end of time. May the records of God's faithfulness and love which are contained in the following pages afford a profitable study to all who read them!

At the close of the year 1812, while the Christian world mourned the recent death of Henry Martyn,

there was joy in the presence of the angels of God over the spiritual birth of an obscure mechanic in a narrow street of London. And by the Holy Spirit's power this poor, unnoticed man became, one day, in labors and results, not far behind that noble servant of Christ. It is thus that God ever preserves an Apostolic succession to "preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ."

WILLIAM JOHNSON was born in the kingdom of Hanover, about the year 1787. Nothing is known of his early life but a slight incident which happened in his eighth year, which proved a bright link in the chain of Providence. His schoolmaster required from the children, every Monday, some account of the sermon preached the day before, and it happened one day, that Johnson could only remember the text: "Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." The master was displeased, and said it was only a passage of Scripture, and that was not sufficient; which grieved the little boy so much that the text was never effaced from his memory. We give the history of Johnson's conversion in his own words:

"In 1812 it pleased the Lord to make me willing to accept the salvation of Jesus. The following means were used: I was brought very low in temporal circumstances. One evening, having nothing to eat, and being almost naked, and my dear wife lying in bed,

weeping for hunger, which drove me into great distress, I threw myself also on the bed, and turning myself from one side to the other, thinking what I should do. 'No friend to go to.' What to do I did not know. Now this passage struck me all at once. 'Call upon Him!' But, thought I, 'Will God deliver me? me call upon God! have I not done such and such things? and committed such sins? and now call upon God to deliver me!' In short, it was as if a book had been opened, and I had read all the sins I had been guilty of. 'Oh! what shall I do, what shall I do? no worldly prospects, and an angry God!' In short, I was in a despairing state. Oh! what a miserable night was this!

"The following morning I went to work, (having employment in a distillery, where I received eighteen shillings a week, which was insufficient for the support of me and my wife;\*) how I felt I do not know, for I was like a madman. Breakfast time came; all the men went home; but it was of no use for me to go home; yet to stay there would cause suspicions, therefore I went home.

"My wife met me at the door, very happy. This was something strange to me. She told me that the breakfast was ready. I was astonished, and did not know what to say. She told me that a lady from India had taken a house in the street, and had sent the mis-

\* Provisions were then at their highest price.

tress of a neighboring shop for a woman to stay with her, and the mistress had recommended her. The lady had given her four shillings, and told her to get the house ready, and if she behaved well, she would reward her accordingly.

“My feelings at this moment I can not well express. The greatest sinner in the world, and God so merciful! My despair was turned a little into joy, but still my sins, my sins lay very heavy upon me. I tried to pray, but did not know how or what to say, lest I should add sin to sin.

“Having heard that a prayer-meeting was held in the German Church, at the Savoy, I determined to go on the following Friday. Accordingly the time came, and I went.

“A missionary, Mr. Lehman, of the Moravian Brethren, gave an exhortation; Mr. Steinkopf being on the Continent at the time. Mr. L. explained the love of Jesus; how He came into the world to save sinners. He exclaimed: ‘Is there a sinner here, full of sin, and ready to sink under it? I bid in the name of Jesus, such an one to come to Him, for He has said: “Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”’ In short, this was what I stood in need of, and I was enabled to cry to Jesus for mercy. I could pray. I felt my sins forgiven. I felt joy unspeakable and full of glory. I thought I could have gone to heaven at once; and at last, like the

Eunuch, I went on my way rejoicing. Many passages of Scripture, and spiritual hymns, which I had learned when young, entered my mind, and appeared to me as if I had never known them before. One passage in particular made me wonder that I never had seen the beauty it contained before. It was the following: 'In the beginning was the Word; and the Word was with God, and the Word was God,' and so on till I came to those words: 'And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us.' Here I was lost in wonder. God who made all things, came into the lower world, became a little child, and lay in a manger for the sake of poor, lost sinners! Oh! what manner of love is this? And then I began to see how wonderfully He had led me; had protected me in so many dangers, and even when in rebellion against Him, He had loved me, and called me out of nature's darkness into His marvellous light; turned me from evil paths into the paths of life. Oh! why me, the chief of sinners! the vilest of the vile; why me, why me?

"After I was thus called out of darkness into the marvellous light of God, I felt a great desire to convert those about me; which I believe is the case with every young Christian. Accordingly, the first thing I undertook was to tell my wife all that had happened unto me, and to persuade her to come to Jesus; but I was disappointed, and soon found that it belonged to the Lord to bring men out of darkness into light.

“The same experiment I tried with my fellow-laborers, but they laughed me to scorn, called me a hypocrite, and after that, began to persecute me. My master required me to work on Sunday. This set me quite against my situation; I therefore (after having struggled with the cares of this world) left it, and obtained, through the mercy of God, a situation as warehouseman in the sugar house, in Prince’s Place, Cable street.

“I had then joined the Savoy Church, and used to go with my wife to Zion Chapel on Sunday evenings. I come now to the time when it pleased the Lord to fill my heart with something else. About November, 1813, some missionaries were publicly addressed in a chapel in Fetter Lane, and I was present on the occasion. One of them, Mr. B., stood up and declared what the Lord had done for his soul, and how he was called to the missionary work. I felt what I had never felt before. First, I saw the unspeakable privileges I enjoyed, and what the Lord Jesus had done for my soul; and secondly, I saw the misery and wretchedness of the poor, benighted heathen. Oh! what did my heart feel! Oh! could I but go and help them, and tell them of Jesus, how gracious and merciful He is to poor sinners! I must see others go, but shall I never go? I am married, and have no ability; but still, if I could but go and tell them of Jesus! O Lord! to Thee, nothing is impossible; here am I, send me. These



were my feelings that night. I was drowned in tears. I turned myself to the wall, and gave free course to the fullness of my heart. In this state was my mind for some time. But I took it into closer consideration, and I thought it could never be, for the Society would not engage a married man, and many other difficulties came into my mind, therefore I tried to quench the desire. But this brought me into great darkness, and I became quite prayerless and careless.

“Soon after, Mr. Stodthart used in the pulpit the following words: ‘Are any of you in darkness, examine yourselves, for something is the reason that God hides His face.’ This brought me to a close examination, and I found that ever since I quenched the desire about the missionary work, I had been in darkness; and was constrained to cry out: ‘That is it, that is it. Lord, to Thee nothing is impossible! Here I am; send me if it is Thy will!’ Thus it was. Very often, when I quenched the desire, a dark cloud overshadowed my mind.”

All this time, his wife remained unconverted, but he continued to pray for her, and at length, he says:

“One Sunday, when she looked on while the people of God were surrounding His table, it pleased the Lord to give her conviction of sin. Oh! what did my heart feel them! Jesus is a prayer-hearing and answering God. When I was full of unbelief, He answered my imperfect prayers.” Thus one great obstacle was re-

moved, but others still remained, and his wife thought herself unfit for the missionary work, and was much averse to it. This too, he made the subject of earnest prayer, and very soon her desire for the work became as great as his own. The following extracts from the Minutes of the Church Missionary Society complete the history of his consecration to the work of God :

*“Church Missionary House, Jan. 9, 1815.*—The Secretary reported that a German of the name of Johnson, was desirous of engaging as a school-master, and his wife as school-mistress, under the Society. He had given the following account of himself :

“W. Augustine Bernard Johnson, age 28, wife 26, works with Mr. Martineau, sugar-refiner, Prince’s Place, Cable street, St. George’s in the east; has worked there two years; had been two years in Germany in a counting-house; a Hanoverian; known to Mr. Steinkopf, and to the Rev. Mr. Stodthart, of Islington; lives at 14 Morgan street, Commercial Road.

*“Resolved,* That inquiries be made respecting Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, and that they be desired to attend the next meeting of this Committee.

*“Jan. 23d, 1815.*—Conversation was had with Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, and advice given them. They professed the utmost willingness to give themselves up to the work of God. Their characters and views having been favorably reported of, it was

*“Resolved,* That it be recommended to the Committee

to receive Mr. and Mrs. J. under the care of the Society, and that they be prepared as school-master and school-mistress for Africa."

Speaking of his place of destination, Johnson says:

"Whenever Sierra Leone came into my mind, a dark cloud appeared before me, but through the darkness, the following promise came continually into my heart: 'I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight; these things will I do unto them, and not forsake them.'

"At length the time of our departure was at hand; every thing was ready, and I, still doubting and fearing, but encouraged by the above-mentioned promise, went on, and we embarked on board the *Echo*, the 11th of March, 1816, for Sierra Leone."

It is worthy of note that in the same year John Williams, the martyr of Erromanga, and Moffat, the veteran of South-Africa, sailed for their respective stations. There are some striking points of resemblance in the circumstances of the two distinguished servants of Christ, Williams and Johnson. Both were humble mechanics in the city of London, and both about the same time were filled with the desire to become missionaries to the heathen. Neither had received a finished education, but God endued them with the wisdom that

winneth souls ; and the history of their labors and triumphs is so much in the spirit of the Acts of the Apostles, that we can not doubt that they were called to their work by God Himself.

## CHAPTER II.

“BEHOLD, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man’s hand.”—1 KINGS 18 : 44.

AFTER a pleasant voyage, Messrs. Horton, Johnson, Düring, and Jost, with their wives, arrived safely in Sierra Leone on the 27th of April, 1816. The Rev. Edward Bickersteth, Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, was at that time on a visit to the colony. It was peopled by liberated slaves from many different tribes, and the few missionaries among them had accomplished little, for want of steady, well-directed effort. He urged them to be more diligent in preaching, and reminded them that it was God’s chief ordinance for saving souls. He also made some judicious changes in the stations which they occupied. During his stay, an impulse was given which is felt to this hour, for he directed the affairs of the Mission so as to prove that God had given him “the spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.”

We take the following extracts from a journal kept by Mr. Johnson :

“*Sunday, March 17th, 1816.*—Got under weigh about half-past ten A.M., which was about church-time. Read the lessons of the day, with the whole church service.

“*Saturday, March 23d.*—Passed the Lizard at four P.M. Once more will I look toward that happy land where my soul found the pearl of great price—the Lord Jesus. Ah! when I entered Britain’s shores, I was as destitute of the knowledge of the Lord Jesus as the poor benighted heathen who at this moment worship dumb idols. Oh! why me—why me, the chief of sinners! By the grace of God I am what I am.

“*Sunday, April 14th.*—In the evening, the captain desired that prayers only should be read. Accordingly we read the church service, but my mind was much agitated, that so many poor sailors should retire again without being spoken to. Trembling, I begged leave to say a few words, and I discharged my heavy heart, and spoke a few words of the Lord Jesus. But I was surprised to hear that it had not met with the approbation of one by whom I least expected to be opposed, and I was told I had taken too much liberty, and that it might give offense to the captain, etc. I answered that I had done nothing else but discharge my heart, and had spoken of the Lord Jesus, and that I prayed the Lord might forgive those who were against it.

“*April 17th.*—A seaman came to me, and said he

must ask me a question, if I would not be offended. He then asked if I had not spoken to him in particular on Sunday evening. If the captain had not been present he would have spoken to me at the time. I replied that I had not spoken to him in particular, but to all that were present. Business called him away, and I could not continue the discourse. May the Holy Spirit convince him of sin, and lead him to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world.

“*Thursday, April 18th.*—Came to anchor at Goree. Went on shore to see Mr. H., who is going on well, and has about ninety-three children in school. Mrs. J. very ill.

“*Sunday, April 21st.*—On board all day. Deprived of divine worship, as the seamen were obliged to work all day. Prayer-meeting amongst ourselves. Experienced the presence of the Lord Jesus.

“I can not help remarking that many people in Goree have discouraged us concerning the climate of Sierra Leone, which brought me very low; but all doubts and fears have been removed by reading Acts 20, and especially verses 23 and 24.

“*Tuesday, April 23d.*—Mrs. Johnson is recovering. Oh! the Lord Jesus is faithful to His promises. He has again heard and answered my imperfect prayers. Oh! why me, the chief of sinners? ‘Bless the Lord, O my soul! and forget not all His benefits.’

“*April 30th.*—Sierra Leone has a beautiful appear-

ance. Thus far the Lord has helped us, and has favored us with a pleasant and speedy voyage. Oh! that He would write gratitude upon our hearts, and make us truly thankful. Ah! how cold and indifferent about spiritual things. ‘Oh! wretched man that I am!’ Lord Jesus, send down Thy Holy Spirit, and shed abroad thy saving love in my cold heart.”

Mr. Bickersteth wrote of Mr. Johnson :

“I am much pleased with all I have seen in him. There seems a deadness to the world, and a devotion of heart to the cause, which are likely to make him a blessing where God’s providence shall place him.”

Mr. Johnson’s journal continues :

“*May 3d.*—Mr. Bickersteth pointed out our destination. Messrs. Horton and Düring, to Leicester Mountain; Mr. Jost, to the Bullom settlement, and he informed me that I was most likely to go to Rio Pongas. My mind is much distressed. I do not feel at all inclined to go to Rio Pongas. The Lord’s will be done. He has brought me here, and no doubt has some work for me. ‘I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not.’

“*May 16th.*—Mr. Bickersteth went with Mr. Nylander to Sierra Leone, where all the missionaries met. I was informed on the 22d that I was appointed by the meeting to Hogbrook, now called Regent’s Town. When Mr. Nylander mentioned the result of this meeting to me, I can not express what my heart felt



that moment. 'I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not,' immediately entered my mind, and I was convinced that was the place which the Lord had appointed me. Mr. Nylander informed me also how many negroes there were at that place, which gave me great joy, notwithstanding the misery he also pointed out which they were in. I was fully convinced that if God the Holy Spirit stopped them, as it were, in their mad career, although some of the wildest cannibals in Africa, they can not any longer resist."

Mr. Johnson writes thus to the Rev. J. Pratt:

"As soon as Mrs. Jost is able to come over, I shall go to Hogbrook, where fifteen hundred recaptured slaves wait for instruction. Oh! may the Lord go with me, and make me useful among them. May His grace be sufficient for me, and His strength made perfect in me, a poor, weak worm. Sometimes I think I shall be of no use among a race so wild as that at Hogbrook. But why should I doubt? With God nothing is impossible. A heart as hard as a rock—yea, the wildest savage in the deserts of Africa, if stopped by the grace of God, must surrender.

"Well, then, I will go in the strength of the Lord. I will teach them to read, and tell them of Jesus. Oh! may God the Holy Spirit give the increase, and He shall have all the praise, the honor, and the glory!

"It has been and is now my desire to teach adults

as well as children. May God enable me to perform it.

“Pardon my infirmities, and believe me to remain,  
dear sir, your most humble servant,

“ W. JOHNSON.”

His journal continues :

“*June 14th.*—Waited on the Governor, who was desirous that I should go to-day to Regent’s Town to see a house which he had bought for me until another might be built. A gentleman, Mr. Ruffell, accompanied me to show me the place. But, oh ! how have I been cast down this day : if I ever have seen wretchedness, it has been to-day ! I was told that six or seven died in one day. These poor people may indeed be called the off-scourings of Africa. But shall I despair now ? No. The first shall be last, and the last first. Who knows whether the Lord will not make His converting power known among this poor, depraved people ? With Him nothing is impossible. Let me go, then, and tell them of Jesus. His grace is sufficient for the vilest of the vile, for the chief of sinners. Yes, it is sufficient for the vilest cannibal. There are a very few of these poor people who can speak broken English ; the greatest part have lately arrived from slave-vessels, and are in the most deplorable condition, chiefly afflicted with a dropsical complaint. To describe the misery of Regent’s Town would be impossible. Oh ! may the Lord hold me up,

and I shall be safe under these difficulties which appear before me."

At this date he wrote to the Rev. Josiah Pratt:

"I hope I shall be enabled, by the help of the Lord Jesus, to give you a more particular account of Hogbrook in my next. It is what I may call a complete wilderness. But God says: 'In the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert; and the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water,' etc. Oh! may the Lord fulfill His promises on poor, benighted Africa, and may the happy time soon come when the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord Jesus, as the waters cover the sea."

The journal now proceeds as follows:

"*Sunday, July 14th, 1816.*—Family prayer between five and six o'clock A.M. The house full. Opened worship by singing a hymn, of which the natives are very fond. Read and explained the latter part of the 46th chapter of Jeremiah, sung another hymn, and concluded with prayer.

"*Eight o'clock.*—Three women came and stood by the door. I asked what they wanted. They replied that they wanted to learn book. I gave them three alphabet cards, and they received instruction till nine o'clock.

"*Ten o'clock.*—Divine service. Opened worship by singing a hymn; read the Church Service; sung a hymn; prayed; explained the eighteenth chapter of

the Gospel of St. John. Spoke of the sufferings of Christ, the fall of man, and the necessity of His sufferings. Concluded with a hymn and prayer. The whole house, piazza, and windows full: some were obliged to stand in the yard. Oh! may God the Holy Spirit own and bless the few imperfect remarks which have been made.

“*Three o'clock.*—Divine service as before. Spoke on Acts 2 : 36–38. House, piazza, etc., full again. After service, I went with George Lancaster to a neighboring village, (Bassy Town,) in order to explain the Scripture to them, but was overtaken by a heavy rain. However, we went; and I spoke a few words to some women who were sitting under the shade of an open house, through an interpreter.

“Went home to change clothing. Seven o'clock, divine service as usual. Read and explained the fourteenth of Acts, the whole house being full again, some standing outside. May God the Holy Spirit give the increase.”

At this period he again wrote to Mr. Pratt :

“HOGBROOK, (now called Regent's Town,) *July 18th, 1816.*

“REV. AND DEAR SIR: In haste I sit down to write these few lines, in order to acquaint you with my proceedings. I have been able, by the help of God, to open schools both for adults and children last Monday, the fifteenth inst.

“Last week, and last Sunday, after divine service, I made it known to the different black settlers who have children under their care, to send them on Monday, when the bell (which the Governor sent me last week) should ring for school. Accordingly, ninety boys, besides girls, made their appearance. I have just now begun school, and am happy to say that ninety-eight boys are now standing in eight classes, and learning the alphabet. I have one hundred names down. Glory be to the Lord Jesus, who has given me plenty of work to do, and health and strength to do it.

“I am very much in want of room. I have fifty boys under a piazza, and the rest under a shed, which is likewise used for a hall, and my wife is with the girls inside the house.

“The roof of the church is finished, but the masons and carpenters tell me that it will be two or three months longer before it is finished. As soon as the church is ready, I shall keep school and have service in it.

“I wish my time was not taken up so much with stores and cultivation. I would go after school-time to the neighboring villages, and teach and explain the word of God to them, and in so doing, I should be very much delighted.

“It has been said that it would be of no use, for the inhabitants of these villages speak almost in every

place a different language; but I have found every where some who understand English.

“The adult school, which I have likewise opened on Monday evening, consists of thirty-five men and sixteen women, and as soon as we have more convenience, I have no doubt we shall have plenty more. Though people will say that the Africans are like a tornado, which comes at once, and is soon over, nevertheless the Lord Jesus is able to give them a desire to learn to read His holy word, and if He gives the desire, it certainly will continue.”

His reports now assume the form of a narrative, for reasons which he explains himself:

“Thus far I kept a regular journal, but now my labors became so great, that I had scarcely an hour to myself from one Sunday to another. More captured negroes arrived from on board ship, and I had soon to provide for a thousand. A store-house having been finished, I was obliged to send the people from this place to Freetown, which is five miles, under a guide, for rice every day. Had to issue rice for this number of people every Wednesday and Saturday, without assistance. Sometimes I was on the point of giving up all; but the prospect of bringing them to a crucified Jesus enabled me to endure. The schools also increased, and when I gained a little order, and G. Lancaster was able to go on, he died. I was then again without assistance, and my day-school increased

to one hundred and forty boys. Then I received a boy from Sierra Leone, but he proved of no use whatever, and soon left me. I tried several more, who did more harm than good. Thus I was obliged to endure many discouragements, but my encouragements were still more. Hearers and scholars increased daily. In August we began to have both school and divine worship in the church. About the fourth Sunday the church was nearly full. The people in general became more industrious, and strove to get clothing, in order to come clean on Sunday to church; in this they made very rapid progress.

“Thus I went on speaking morning and night, and on Sunday three times, but saw no fruit of conversion, but was, on the contrary, sometimes much discouraged; for when I had done speaking, they would come and ask for clothing, etc., which gave me reason to think they only came for that purpose.

“In October, 1816, one evening a shingle-maker, Joe Thompson, followed me out of church, and desired to speak to me. I was in some measure cast down, thinking he wished for clothing. However, to my great astonishment, I found him in deep distress about his soul. He said that one evening he had heard me ask if any of the congregation had spent five minutes in prayer that day to Jesus, or the past week, month, or ever? He was so struck with it, and could not answer the question for himself. He had heard the

future state of the wicked explained. He could answer nothing, except that he was wicked; after that, all the sins which he had ever done before, entered his mind. He had tried to pray, but could not: he would therefore ask me what he should do to save his soul.

“What I felt at that moment is inexpressible. I pointed him to a crucified Jesus, and tears ran down his cheeks. I was obliged to leave him, for I could scarcely contain myself. I went home and thanked God for having heard my prayers.

“The following week, several more came in like manner, which removed all my doubts and fears at once, and I had such an assurance that God had sent me to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to the Gentiles, that there was no room for doubt.

“I went and related the circumstances to Mr. Butscher, at Leicester Mountain, and begged him to come and baptize them, which he did. Twenty-one adults, one boy, and three infants, captured negroes, were baptized. On Saturday evening, I examined them one by one, and was astonished to hear in what manifold and wondrous ways God had revealed Himself to these poor people. Several more came soon after, and the number amounted in January, 1817, to forty-one communicants.”



### CHAPTER III.

“THE Lord gave testimony unto the word of his grace, and granted signs and wonders to be done by their hands.”—ACTS 14 : 3.

It was remarked, many years ago, by an aged and thoughtful minister : “ We do the best we can to raise up a succession of faithful ministers of the Gospel. We look out for young men of promise ; men whose hearts God seems to have touched ; we put them under instruction, we make them theologians and preachers : and thus, whatever is in our power we do, and in so doing, we act rightly : no other course is open to us. To a certain degree we succeed, though we often have to mourn over grievous disappointments. But now and then it pleases God to take the work into His own hands. He raises up a man, and makes him a preacher of the Gospel by His own especial teaching ; and *then* we behold a very different sort of minister from any that human efforts or human skill can produce.”

It gradually became evident that Mr. Johnson, sent out originally as a school-master, had grown into a missionary of no common order. The history of his

call and preparation for the ministry is unfolded, most instructively, in his journal and letters, even before he was conscious of it himself. His convictions upon this important subject first expressed themselves in a letter to the Secretary :

“The church is estimated to contain five hundred people, and I am happy to say it has been crowded these six Sundays past.

“Excuse my taking the liberty of preaching, as I am not sent out for that purpose, nor have been ordained to preach, and have no ability—but what can I do? My heart is full; if I were to hold my peace, the stones would immediately cry out.

“It has always been my desire since I first knew it in my own heart, ‘to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ’ to the poor, benighted heathen, as you in some measure know yourselves.

“I always doubted whether God had called me to the work, but I have every reason to believe He has. My prayers have been answered; He has not only opened a way for me, but has likewise crowned my labors with success. Several have shown through their conduct and conversation that grace is begun in their hearts. I might say a great deal about this.

“Saturday evenings we have a private prayer-meeting, when we likewise tell one another what the Lord has done for our souls. One or two are able to engage in prayer, and my soul has often been refreshed when

I heard them wrestle with Jesus. Believe me, dear sir, I have experienced moments here in this desert, which I can not express. Yes, moments when I forgot that I was still in the flesh.

“Though the climate is perhaps the worst in the world, and who knows but I may have only a short time to stay here, I shall have reason to bless God throughout eternity for sending me here.

“Excuse me for saying so much of this, but while I am writing to a father in Christ, I take more liberty than I should otherwise; at the same time, I am persuaded it will not be made public, except it be thought proper.”

In another letter he says :

“The doctor who attends the captured negroes and resides at this place—a man of color, named Macaulay Wilson—has lately attended divine service. I observed that he came almost every morning, and paid me a visit, which he did not before, and seemed very much cast down. Last Friday I went to Sierra Leone to attend the examination of the schools before the Governor, when the doctor offered his company to go with me. While passing through the mountains, he said he wished to speak to me a few words. I desired that he would speak on; and he said that one Sunday afternoon I had spoken on these words: ‘The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.’ Since that time he could find no rest; he had often

come in the morning, to acquaint me with it, but had been kept back—could I not give him some advice, for he had been notoriously wicked? I replied that I could give him no other advice but to come to Jesus. ‘His blood cleanseth from all sin.’ He has since attended family prayers, and has found comfort in the passage: ‘Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord.’ (Isaiah 1 : 18.)

“This circumstance may, who knows, prove a blessing to the Bullom nation, as he is the son of King George, at Yongroo, and is expected to be king after the death of his father, and has great influence over the Bullom natives.”

At the close of this year, Mr. Renner, the senior missionary in West-Africa, paid a visit to Regent’s Town, which he thus describes in a letter to Mr. Pratt, Jan.<sup>4</sup> 2d, 1817.

“I spoke morning and evening in the church to a people that seemed devout indeed. Regent’s Town is fast advancing in getting civilized and Christianized. Almost every night, as I am told, one or another is affected, and on some nights, the whole congregation seems impressed.

“The temporal and spiritual work of our brother is no doubt great and laborious among these people; but to Johnson all is easy and full of pleasure. It is surprising to what a degree of harmonious singing both

sexes have attained, as if it were a congregation of ten years' standing."

At the close of the year in which Mr. Johnson began his work in Africa, Mr. Pratt and Mr. Bickersteth thus wrote :

"CHURCH MISSIONARY HOUSE,  
"LONDON, *Dec. 27th*, 1816.

"DEAR JOHNSON : We wrote to you November 2d, and have since received yours of October 8th.

"We have been highly gratified with the account of your labors. The result of them gives us a prospect of a brighter day for Africa than we have yet enjoyed.

"We do truly rejoice that you seek to diffuse the savor of the Redeemer's name among the poor recaptured negroes, and that He appears to give testimony to His word.

"Yet it has appeared to us incorrect that you should continue to do this without being ordained. We have therefore written to Mr. Garnon on this subject, and requested him to call a meeting of the missionaries, Butscher, Nylander, and Wenzel, to consider the expediency of your being ordained as a Lutheran minister. We trust that your own mind will be humbly and devotedly prepared for the work before you, as we have the best hope that God hath given you grace to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to the Gentiles. With kind regards to Mrs. Johnson, we are affectionately yours,

"J. P.

"E. B.

In reply to this letter, Mr. Johnson writes :

“I have with great pleasure received yours of December 27th, but have been very much cast down since, on account of my inability, when considering the great work before me. However, I must confess that the Lord comforts me by the precious promises, ‘My grace is sufficient for thee, and my strength is made perfect in weakness.’ The Lord’s will be done.

“I have written several sheets full, and stated several conversions of these people, but when I read the last instructions sent out by the Echo, I thought it best not to send them. However, as I have room, I will state only one instance, which will show you how wonderfully God reveals Himself to these poor people.

“One Sunday morning I was led to explain the Day of Judgment—the state of the saints in heaven, and the state of the miserable in hell.

“William Tamba went home much alarmed, tried to pray, but could not. He lay down to sleep, but could not for some time ; at length he fell asleep. He then dreamed he saw a man coming into his cottage, who made a large fire in the middle of it. After the fire had burned a little, he brought two persons in, bound with chains, and put them both into the fire. At length the man came to him, bound him, and brought him near the fire, ready to burn him ; when another man came behind him, and said with a loud voice : ‘Let him alone ; he belongs to me.’ On this he was

set at liberty, fell down on his knees and prayed ; then awoke, and found himself before the bed, on his knees. He continued weeping and praying all night, and the following day came to me, like the jailer of old, asking, 'What must I do to be saved?' I inquired of him how he came to ask me that question, and he related the above-mentioned circumstance, with tears."

At another time he writes :

"I learn of Mr. Garnon that you have likewise set apart Saturday evening for prayer on our behalf. Glory be to the Lord Jesus, who has particularly blessed this hour amongst us.

"Oh! what has not the Lord done! When we came out, I prayed Him to give me but one soul ; but blessed be His holy name, He has given me more than one.

"Mr. Macaulay Wilson, the Bullom king's son, acts at present as clerk on Sunday. I am happy to say he is a great help to me, and continues growing in grace, and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ.

"I went to Sierra Leone yesterday, and came rather too late for family worship. Mr. Macaulay Wilson therefore kept family prayer with the people ; and my wife told me that he gave a most affecting exhortation, persuading the people to give their whole hearts to Jesus Christ. Upwards of two hundred attend family prayer at present ; sometimes in the evening, we have the church almost full."

We now resume Mr. Johnson's journal :

“ In February, 1817, I received a letter from the Society, in which the Committee requested my ordination. Accordingly, on the 31st of March, 1817, I was ordained by the missionaries, Renner, Butscher, and Wenzel, according to the rites of the Lutheran Church. My mind was at first distressed; doubts and fears came again, whether I was truly called to the ministry; but when I came to trace my past experience, I could not any longer doubt. Then many sorrowful hours followed, on account of my inability, but 1 Cor. 1 : 25, 26, removed all; also, the following Sunday, being Easter, the 6th of April, it pleased the Lord to give me a final assurance of my being called to the ministry.

“ In the morning, whilst speaking to a crowded congregation, on John 11 : 25, several were affected, and wept and prayed aloud for mercy. In the afternoon, the same scene took place, whilst speaking on 1 Cor. 15 : 55.

“ In the evening, whilst engaged in prayer, crying and praying became so general, that I was obliged to leave off and give out a hymn, but all to no purpose. I exhorted them to silence, and gave out the text, then gave out another hymn, but all of no use. The greater part of the congregation were on their knees, and crying aloud for mercy. What I felt, it is impossible to describe with this pen.



“From that period I was obliged to use means to prevent further disturbances.

“Blessed be the Lord for His mercy, that He makes Himself known through one so vile and wretched! The present number of communicants is about seventy, and the schools, both adults and children, amount to three hundred and ninety.

“On Sundays some are so eager to hear the word, that they will come an hour before service, to secure a seat.

“The church is to be made into the shape of a cross, which will give nearly as much room again.”

In the course of the summer, he wrote to the Secretary as follows :

“On the fourth of May, being the first Sunday in the month, I administered the Lord’s Supper to my little flock. About fifty surrounded the table. It was a refreshing season, and was accompanied by many tears.

“The adult school is going on well. Six men and three women read the Testament. I asked one of them how he liked his new book. He said: ‘I can not thank the Lord Jesus Christ enough for this good book, for *I have seen myself in it.*’”

His journal continues :

“Nov 17th, 12 o’clock.—Spoke to the girls. Asked if any could tell me what they had heard yesterday. Hannah Cammel, a teacher, said : ‘Me hear you say,

if any man, woman, boy, or girl, die without Jesus Christ, they must go to hell.' 'What do *you* think, Hannah, are you with Jesus Christ, or without Him?' 'I am without Him, sir.' 'Did you ever pray to Him?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Why, or what for did you pray?' 'To save me from my sin, sir.' 'Are you then a sinner?' 'Yes, I am a great sinner.' 'Do you know what Jesus Christ did for sinners?' 'He came into the world to save them, sir.' 'Well, then, He came to save you.' She appeared affected, and could speak no more.

"*Nov. 23d, Sunday.*—Capt. Welsh, of the brig Pyrenees, came to visit us, being an old acquaintance in London. The Church was so full when the bell rang the first time, that we could not get in at the two side-doors. Some were sitting outside on boards. With difficulty we entered through the tower. I married two couple, having scarcely room to stand.

"My text was, John 5 : 6: '*Wilt thou be made whole?*'

"Capt. Welsh was much delighted. He said, after service, I have seen to-day what I never saw before. 'Oh!' he continued, 'what would our friends in London give for such a sight!' Turning to me, he said: 'God has blessed your labors beyond description. I have heard of your success, but could not have believed it was so great.' I answered: 'May God have all the praise and glory.'

"*Saturday, Nov. 29.*—At the evening prayer-meet-

ing I read a letter to the people, which I had received from Mr. Pratt; and from the *Missionary Register* for September I read and explained the anecdote of the poor woman, on the 407th page. When I had done, four of my communicants addressed the meeting on behalf of the Missionary cause, and requested me to set apart one evening in the following week to form a Missionary Society.

“During the past week I have been much harassed with unbelief, but glory be to God, all has been removed this night. I have, indeed, been much refreshed.

“*Sunday, Nov. 30th.*—Spoke in the morning on John 3: 14, 15. Found not much freedom. All appeared cold and dark. O Lord! let thy light shine upon us.

‘Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.’

“Afternoon spoke on Isaiah 55: 19–21, with much freedom; the people very attentive.

“Evening, Zechariah 13: 19.

“1. The manifold trials of God’s dear people.

“2. Why God’s people are a tried people.

“3. The promises to a tried child of God.

“Many were much affected. Some wept. I was much distressed before service, as I could not fix my mind on any passage; but while I gave out a hymn, this passage was forcibly applied to my mind. Praise

be to God the Holy Spirit for His mercy towards me. Oh! why me, why me? Informed the people that next Wednesday evening, after prayer-meeting, a Missionary Society would be formed, after the desire of some communicants.

“*Wednesday, Dec. 3d.*—At the meeting, I addressed the people, explained to them the heathen misery, and referred to their former state; urged the necessity of sending out missionaries, and of supporting them; and concluded with encouraging their exertions by our Lord’s acceptance of the poor widow’s mite. (Mark 12 : 42–44.)

“After this, no less than seventeen communicants addressed the meeting. Some spoke much to the purpose, though in broken English. It would have greatly animated our Christian friends in England.

“W. Tamba exhorted to prayer that it might please God to send some of them to carry the good news of a Saviour to their country people. He then said: ‘I will give half a crown.’ I told him that what he gave was to be every month. He replied: ‘I know, sir. I will give it every month.’ Several followed his example, and 107 had their names put down as subscribers at two pence a month. After which several school-boys and girls came forward and gave their pence and half-pence. I asked one boy who wished to give me a penny, where he got money. He replied: ‘Me got three half-pence long time. Me beg you, Massa, take

two, and me keep one.' I told him he had better keep his coppers, which he had kept so long ; but he refused, and urged me to take them.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul ! and forget not all His benefits. Oh ! what have I enjoyed this night ? Oh ! what hath God wrought !

"*Dec. 4th.*—At family prayer in the morning I told the people I intended to go to Leicester Mountain in the evening, where all the missionaries would meet to pray for the spread of the Gospel ; and if any were desirous to go with me, I should be ready at four in the afternoon.

"Accordingly I went, and a large company followed, cleanly dressed. I arranged the women and girls in front, and the men and boys behind, and thus we marched to Leicester Mountain. Mr. Horton counted them, and told me I had three hundred and twenty-one people with me.

"About seven, we began divine worship by singing

'Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.'

"I prayed, Mr. Garnon gave an exhortation ; Messrs. Diiring and Horton concluded with prayer. After service I arranged all my people again, the men and boys in front, the women and girls behind, and my wife behind them on horseback ; and thus we marched through the mountains, the men and boys singing :

'Come ye sinners, poor and needy.'

“And the women and girls :

‘How beauteous are their feet,  
Who stand on Zion’s hill;  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal.’

“*Dec. 14th.*—Divine service, ten o’clock. Observed several strangers; inquired who they were; was told that they had heard in Sierra Leone of good being done in the mountains, and had come to see. Spoke on Zech. 13 : 1: ‘In that day there shall be a fountain opened,’ etc.

“The church was crowded. Full outside. Did not experience that freedom I expected. Oh! could I but lean upon the sufficiency which is of God; but I am too fond of my own sufficiency.

“O Lord! enable Thine unworthy dust to lean more and more upon Thine influence. May I be diligent in searching the Scriptures, and whenever Thou permittest me to stand up in the name of my dear Jesus, enable me entirely to depend on the wisdom that cometh from above. May Thy grace be always sufficient for me.”

## CHAPTER IV.

“HE shall come down like rain upon the mown grass; as showers that water the earth.”—PSALM 72: 6.

MR. JOHNSON, in one of his letters, gives the following picture of Regent's Town:

“Our place is become a most romantic spot. It is surrounded by high mountains, one raising its head above another, and all covered with trees and bushes, continually green. Streams descend in different directions, from the various cliffs, with immense rapidity, and form, when united, a large brook, which runs through the middle of the town. On the banks is a meadow for the cattle, which is always green.

“Our house, the church, and the school-houses stand together in a large inclosure on one hill. The remainder of the hill contains about twelve acres. We have now planted it full of cocoa, cassadas, plantains, bananas, and coffee.

“In front of our house, on another hill, is a part of the town which extends also on our right and left. Behind us, on a higher hill than ours, the Governor

has erected a cottage. From my house I can see the whole town. Around the town are the people's farms. From these farms no less than eight mountains rear their heads, and form a chain around us."

The fertility and perennial verdure here described, are produced by the abundant rains which visit this mountain region. As the missionary surveyed this cheering scene, his heart could find appropriate words in David's psalm of praise: "Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly; thou settlest the furrows thereof; thou makest it soft with showers; thou blessest the springing thereof. Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness. They drop upon the dwellings of the wilderness; and the little hills rejoice on every side. The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are clothed with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing."

And as the sun-light rested on the hills, or veiled itself in passing showers, his thoughts would rise from this faint though lovely image, to a far more glorious reality. The hallowed presence of the Comforter Himself was there. He whose favor is as a cloud of the latter rain, was shedding His richest blessings upon that humble community, and transforming a moral wilderness into the garden of the Lord.

These marks of the divine blessing on his labors were received by the devoted missionary with deepen-



ing humility and self-abhorrence. The year 1818 commences with the following entry in his journal :

*“Jan. 6th.—*This is my birth-day. I am now thirty-one years of age. Oh! how short appears my past life; how unequal have my days been! Who knows but this year will be my last? Lord, Thy will be done; only prepare me, and enable me to be always ready. May I be faithful unto death. Should not this day be to me a day of praise and of thanksgiving? but alas, alas! how cold, how indifferent, about spiritual things; nothing can more meet my experience than that of the Apostle Paul, when he expresses in Rom. 7: ‘When I would do good, evil is present with me.’ Oh! wretched man that I am!

*“Jan. 15th.—*Last night, or rather this morning, I heard a man praying at some distance. I got up and went into the piazza; but could only understand a few words. After he concluded, I heard several join in singing :

‘To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,’ etc.;

and then a boy, as I judged by the voice, began to pray, whom I could understand very distinctly. His words were very blessed: ‘Lord Jesus! my heart bad too much. Me want to love you; me want to serve you, but my bad heart will not let me. O Lord Jesus! me can’t make me good. Take away this bad heart! O Lord Jesus! give me a new heart! O Lord Jesus!

me sin every day; pardon my sins! O Lord Jesus! let me sin no more!' Thus he continued for ten or twelve minutes. After him, another boy whom I could not understand, only I heard him make mention of the name of Jesus. Another verse was sung, and then a man concluded. The night was delightful. The moon shone very bright. I can not express what I felt. I went to bed again, but could not sleep; starting every now and then, and thinking I heard the same prayer again.

"This morning I inquired, of some of the communicants, who lived that way in the woods, but I could not find who they were. Oh! may the Lord carry on the work of grace which I believe He has begun among both young and old!

"*Jan. 26th.*—Went early in the morning to Freetown to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Collier, and Mr. and Mrs. Decker, who had arrived on Saturday evening. Did not like to stay in town on account of a great dinner which was given by his Excellency the Governor. Was invited, but sent an excuse. Spoke in the evening at Wilberforce, from Matt. 5: 20.

"*Jan. 27th.*—Returned to Freetown. After breakfast, at Mr. Garnon's, I was attacked by fever, which continued till two o'clock. About five, returned to Regent's Town, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Decker. The people had just begun family worship. Mr. and Mrs. D. were much delighted with the singing.

*“Jan. 28th.*—Went this morning to introduce Mr. Decker at Leopold’s Town, as he is to be stationed there. When I returned I was again attacked by the fever more severely than yesterday. Mr. Decker kept prayer-meeting with the people in the evening.

*“Jan 29th.*—Had a very uncomfortable night; slept very little. The fever increased in the morning, and became very alarming; continued vomiting and delirium. About ten A.M. the fever abated.

*“Feb. 2d.*—The fever became very alarming on Friday, and continued until Saturday. Had no relapse since, and am, blessed be God, gaining strength.

*“Feb. 4th.*—A woman came to me again who has several times applied for baptism. She said: ‘My heart follow me always. Me can’t do good. Me heart so bad, will not let me. Me want to serve the Lord Jesus Christ; but me no sabby how to serve Him. Me ’fraid too much. Suppose me die, me go to fire: me been do bad too much.’ I asked her what she meant by her heart following her always. She replied: ‘Me no want do bad, but me heart always want do bad, and so follow me always.’ I pointed her, with her bad heart, to the Saviour of sinners.

*“Sunday, Feb. 8th.*—Afternoon, spoke on Matthew 4: 21, 22. The church was full again. I was in my own mind much refreshed; the people appeared attentive. May God the Holy Spirit give the increase, and may He have all the glory! I fear very much that I

do not give praise to the Spirit of all grace, for what are exhortations and sermons without the aid of God the Spirit? O Lord, thou mighty Teacher! humble me, thine unworthy creature, more and more, and enable me to give Thee all the praise. Give unto me more wisdom, and reveal unto me more and more the mysteries of Thy grace.

“May the Lord Jesus have all the praise and glory for having enabled me once more, after a severe illness, to stand up in His name. Oh! may every dispensation be sanctified.

“*Sunday, Feb. 15th.*—Divine service half-past ten. Spoke on John 15: 12. The partition wall was pulled down last week, which made the church as large again, and I saw it almost filled, with great pleasure.

“After service, Hannah Cammel stood by the door of my room, desirous to speak to me. She said: ‘I have no rest, day or night. My sins are too many. I am the greatest sinner in the world. I don’t know what to do.’ I tried to persuade her that Christ came into the world to save the chief of sinners. May the Holy Spirit make known unto her the ability of Jesus to save, and give her guilty conscience peace.

“*Feb. 18th.*—A communicant came to me this evening, and said: ‘I often ask myself if I love the Lord Jesus Christ; and I can not answer that question. You said: “Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ? ex-

amine yourselves." This makes me 'fraid too much. I think I no love Him yet. I 'fraid too much.'

"The young woman mentioned on the 15th, told me: 'The second time you came to the school and asked us what we had heard on Sunday, I was so struck that I have since found no rest in my heart, my sins are so many. All which I do before, come to my mind; and I think nothing but hell can be left for me. I am afraid to go to bed. I know Jesus Christ did come into the world to save sinners, but I can not believe He has any thing to do with me; for I am the greatest sinner in the world. Nobody can be worse than I am.'

"I mention this because I had been led to think that my speaking to the school-girls was of no use; and had neglected for some weeks to go and speak to them.

"*Feb. 26th.*—Had but little sleep last night and the night before. Oh! what can be more grievous than to see flaming professors going back, as it were, into the world? May not I myself go also, one day or other? Who knows whether I shall not bring a disgrace upon the cause of Christ? Should not I bring a disgrace upon religion indeed, if *all* those were to go back whom I have reported to be converted? O Lord! I pray Thee hold me up in this trying hour, and I shall be safe.

"*March 1st, Sunday.*—In the evening I addressed the

people on Matt. 14: 12: '*And went and told Jesus.*' I found this evening a little more peace of mind. Happy are the moments when we can go, like the disciples of John, and tell Jesus our distress; and pour out our hearts into His bosom, who is so well acquainted with our trials, and is '*a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.*'

"*March 15th, Sunday.*—The church was full as usual. I bless God for giving me more peace than I have had lately. I can not express what I have gone through; no rest by day or night; whole nights without sleep. In the evening I felt very much fatigued, and was glad to think that I should soon be in bed and rest my weary body; which brought to my mind that eternal rest which remaineth for the people of God. On this subject I preached, and was much refreshed. My strength seemed to be renewed, like that of a weary traveller when he beholds his home.

‘There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest;  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.’

"*March 21st.*—A bullock and a goat belonging to William Tamba, died to-day, being the greatest part of his property. I said: 'Tamba, you have had a great loss to-day.' He replied: 'He that gave them took them away!' He appeared not at all sorrowful, but

cheerful ; even more than at other times, which struck me very much.

*“March 31st.*—Spoke to the girls at 12 o'clock. Asked whether they had kept any thing they had heard on Sunday? Almost all could tell me something. Some spoke with much affection.

*“May 11th.*—After the missionary meeting, the subscribers paid cheerfully their contributions. Many school-boys and girls brought their mites. The missionary spirit appears to increase. May the Spirit of all grace prepare some of these people to go forth and make known to their African brethren a crucified Saviour!

“A school-girl about sixteen years of age, gave a most interesting account of the conflicts of her mind. She said: ‘About three months past, you talk to the school-girls. When you done talk, plenty girls go and tell you what they been hear on Sunday. You pass me, and ask what the matter me no hear something. Me no answer; but me shame too much. You tell me you be 'fraid me never pray to Jesus Christ, but be careless and prayerless, and going down to hell. When you say this, me no like it at all. You done. Me go home. Me begin to fear too much. Me try to pray, but me heart come like stone. Me consider all them bad things me do before. Me fear more, more. Me no sleep; me fear me die and go to hell. Since that time, me no feel rest; me think nobody be bad

past me. But me think now, that Jesus Christ be strong enough to save me. But me sorry too much that my bad heart is always against me ; it will not let me serve the Lord Jesus Christ. Me no sabby what to do with my bad heart.'

"*May 13th.*—His Excellency the Governor came here to-day. He led the conversation to Baptism. He wished I would baptize more people. I told him that I could not unless God first baptized their hearts. He said that the reason so many were baptized on the day of Pentecost, was that the Apostles despised none. I replied that they were pricked in the heart, and that I was willing to baptize all such. He thought baptism an act of civilization, and that it was our duty to make them all Christians. He spoke in great warmth, and I endeavored to show him, through Scripture passages, to the contrary. He gave it up at last ; calling me and the Society a set of fanatics.

"*May 14th.*—Mr. Mills, one of the American missionaries, came here yesterday with the Governor. Mr. Mills staid all night with us. I found it good to be in his company. He spoke a few words to the people in the evening, in a simple manner, but with an enlarged mind.

"*June 1st, 1818.*—Being the first Monday in the month, we had the missionary prayer-meeting. It has pleased God wonderfully to work on the minds of the people in this way. It is not yet two years since the



Gospel first came to their ears, and yet a Missionary Society is formed! The thought causes a feeling in my bosom which I can not well express."

During this month, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson were both ill with fever, and he mentions the death of Mrs. Decker. But he drew from every circumstance, fresh incentives to zeal and faithfulness. His journal continues.

*"July 12th, Sunday.*—The rains came down the most part of the day in torrents; and we consequently expected few hearers. Before I had read the Exhortation, we had the great pleasure of seeing the church full. I could not help feeling for the females, who were all neatly dressed, but wet through. In the afternoon and evening we had the church full again.

"All praise to the Redeemer, who indeed continues to do great things for us. May Africa soon stretch forth her hands to God, in every town and village! Blessed be His holy name, the promise is already fulfilling. What a happy period is that in which we live! What do not our ears hear and our eyes see!

*"July 23d.*—I went yesterday to Freetown; and found Mr. Garnon and Mr. and Mrs. Collier very ill. It was a scene to me of much grief, yet of much comfort, as I found them all composed and happy in their Lord and Saviour. I also went to see Mr. Wenzel, who is, I think, not likely to recover. May the Lord

prepare him for that solemn change which he may soon undergo!

“*July 29th.*—Yesterday morning I received a note from Mr. Cates, in which I was informed of the death of Mrs. Collier. I went immediately, and called first at Mr. Garnon’s. I perceived something in his countenance which persuaded me that death was not far off. He appeared sensible at that moment, and asked whether all were well in the mountains. I went then to see Mr. Collier, who had the fever, but bore his great loss with fortitude.

“This afternoon, we committed the remains of Mr. Garnon to the ground. But what shall we say? *God is still our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be moved.*

“*Aug. 1st.*—I was informed of the death of Mr. Wenzel, and requested to attend the funeral at four o’clock. What mysterious Providence! Good is the will of the Lord. Be thou also ready! Warn sinners daily to flee from the wrath to come! Point them to Jesus. Forget not the words of the Saviour, which He spoke in Gethsemane, *Watch and pray.*”

After preaching to a very careless congregation at Freetown, he says:

“*Sunday, Aug. 2d.*—A little after twelve I proceeded to Regent’s Town, and felt as if I had come into another world. Several of the people met me on the hill,

and when I came to Mr. Macaulay Wilson's house, I saw it crowded, and heard them singing a hymn. Mr. Düring joined us with six people, and we celebrated the dying love of our Jesus. All the communicants except a few were present. Spoke to the churchful of hearers on Matt. 11 : 28.

“In the evening I spoke on the death of our friends, from Heb. 9 : 27. The whole congregation appeared to draw, as it were, every word from my lips. What a blessing it is to have attentive hearers! I believe more now, than ever I did, that God has much people among the liberated negroes.

“*Aug. 31st.*—Among sixteen candidates for baptism are nine school-girls. The simple but striking evidences which they give of the influence of Divine grace on their minds, I can not describe. My heart was so full sometimes that I was scarcely able to restrain myself.

“I will remark that a little girl whom my wife took into our house two years ago, is among the school-girls. Mrs. Johnson gave her the name of Hagar Johnson; I was much against her being received, as she is only eleven years. However, I could not bring any thing against her conduct, and she gave so clear evidence of grace being begun in her heart, that all the members were astonished, and she was received. I have found her often on her knees, praying and weeping; she will go like an aged Christian to

visit the sick, and she shows great attention to me and my wife.

“*Sept. 6th.* — After service, I saw a considerable number of boys and girls going into a field. I went to the top of my house to watch their motions. I saw the boys go to the right, and the girls to the left, and at length beheld them all behind different bushes on their knees. Others went out of the school and prayed behind the bushes. May God the Holy Ghost teach them how to pray. There appears to be a great stir among them.

“In the evening I spoke on Heb. 13 : 7-9. After service, I was told that the school-boys wished to speak to me. One boy stepped forward and said that they had been into the field to pray, and that they did not know how ; but that they had heard that Jesus prayed for them, and they wished to know if it was so. I spoke to them of the office of our High Priest, and they went away with joy into the field again.

“Being a moonlight night and very still, the mountains echoed with the songs of hymns. The girls were in one part of the field, praying and singing alternately. The boys had got on a high rock with a light ; one gave out some hymns, and at the conclusion all engaged in prayer. I could not well hear their expressions. Many of the people got up and joined these infant congregations.

“*Sept. 7th.*—All the people seemed to me to be dif-

ferent this morning. Their common conversations were all about religion. I rejoice with trembling. I am afraid the devil will roar very loud hereafter.

“*Sept. 9th.*—Last evening, after school, the boys and girls went to the Church. When they had begun to sing, Mrs. Johnson and myself went and stood behind the window. George, the tailor-boy, was the first who engaged in prayer. His principal petition was for a spirit of prayer. He repeated several times the following words: ‘O heavenly Father! for Jesus’ sake forgive us our sins, and for His sake send down Thy Holy Spirit to teach us how to pray. We don’t know how to pray; our hearts wicked too much; we do bad too much; we want to serve Thee. Oh! for Jesus’ sake, have mercy on us.’ A school-boy then gave out the hymn:

‘Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,’

after which he engaged in prayer. He spoke rather low, and the wind blew so much that we could not hear. Another boy gave out:

‘Blessings forever on the Lamb;’

after which a little boy about ten prayed very sweetly, which brought tears into my eyes. His whole soul seemed to be engaged. One part of his prayer came with power to my heart: ‘O Lord! we been so long on the way to hell, and we no been saved. We been hear

your good word so long, and we no consider. Oh! learn us how to follow you now. We live nigh hell. O Lord Jesus! save us; take us away from hell fire. O Lord Jesus! hear us now—this night! Our sins too much. Oh! save us, save us.' I could stay no longer, but went home. My heart was full; I gave free course to the fullness of it. I was drowned in tears. O my God and Saviour! what hast Thou done! What shall I render unto Thee?

“*Sept. 17th.*—This morning, one of the elder carpenter boys came to me in great distress of mind. I encouraged him to go with all his sins to the Saviour of sinners. He went home, I trust, in peace. This young man had been my greatest enemy. He had opposed in every way the Word of God; filling up the measure of sin with greediness.

“*Sept. 18th.*—More show a desire to be baptized. This is now so general that I am afraid the enemy is about to sow tares among the wheat. I am at a loss how to act. I can scarcely believe, at present, that all is real; the number is so great. And yet, when I come to examine them individually, I must keep silence, for their language and conduct are wholly changed. May the Holy Spirit direct me right! May such be added unto us as shall be saved!

“*Oct. 6th.*—Last night we had the missionary prayer-meeting, as usual. After service, contributions were paid. This morning, at family prayer, some paid for

next month. I asked one why he paid for next month now. He replied: 'I may be sick next month, and not able to pay; so I pay now, to make sure of it.' Many women came and paid a half-penny for their infants, besides their own contributions.

"When I came hither in 1816, five, six, or seven persons died in one day; and six only were born during the first year. In the last six months, seven only have died, and forty-two have been born. Is not this improvement one fruit of the Gospel?"

"While standing on a high rock, I could see the greatest part of Regent's Town. I saw the gardens and surrounding fields covered with rice, cassadas, yams, cocoa, plantains, and bananas. Ah! thought I, is not the promise fulfilled? (Isa. 41: 18, 19.) Two years ago, this was a desert, overgrown with bush, and inhabited by wild men and beasts, and now, in both a spiritual and temporal sense, it is a fruitful field! May the Holy One of Israel, who hath done this, have all the praise and glory!"

"I have to deliver £33 7s. 1d. to Mr. Collier, being the mites of my people, which they have contributed this year to the Church Missionary Society.

"*Oct. 7th.*—In the evening, after prayers, a woman who is a communicant, desired to speak with me. As I have set apart Mondays for religious conference, I told her to come next Monday, but she said she could not wait. She became thoughtful in November last,

and since that time has constantly attended church and family prayers, morning and evening, even in the heaviest rains. She lives on a farm three quarters of a mile distant. She is the only one among about fifty of her country-people in the same place, that attend worship. Since her baptism in February, she has been much persecuted by them, but has constantly and boldly declared to them the name of Jesus Christ. Her husband beat her when she talked of religion, but she steadfastly persevered, under great trials and difficulties. This evening she tells me her husband has begun to attend divine service, that he uses her with kindness, and that he wishes to have a lot in town, in order to live near the church. She had brought four of her country-women, who were below, desiring to speak to me. I spoke with them separately, and found that Divine grace had begun to operate in their hearts. Of this, she has apparently been the instrument. Well might this poor woman be impatient to wait till Monday, for her joy was too great to be restrained till that day. May this be a lesson to us all! May we constantly persevere in striving to bring sinners to Christ!

*Nov. 20th.*—I have been in a very low state all the week. I see continually my backwardness in promoting the gospel of Jesus Christ. It appears to me that all the missionaries are in an indifferent way concerning the souls they have received to watch over. Ah! and how far our thoughts are from those beyond the



Colony, just as if there were no other heathen in Africa! O my God! revive the spirit of missionary zeal amongst us. For my part, I feel just like a bird in a cage. Oh! that the Lord of the harvest would open more effectual ways for the conveyance of the glorious Gospel into the interior of Africa! I have reason to be thankful that the Lord has, through my weakness, established a church in this place. I have indeed reason to rejoice that my labors have not been in vain in the Lord. Yet I feel uncomfortable; my mind is wandering into the interior of Africa. Is this mere imagination? Why do these thoughts continually follow me, and why are many nights spent without rest? Lord, hast thou designed me to proceed from hence into other parts of Africa? Here I am, send me. As yet I see no way open; but with Thee what is impossible?

*“Dec. 5th.*—Mrs. Johnson is slowly recovering from a severe illness. We all expected she would have died last Sunday; she, herself, expected to depart and be with Christ. I was called in the night, by Mr. Macaulay Wilson, (I was very ill myself, in another room,) who told me he thought she was likely to die. I was very weak, but went to see her. She asked if I thought her end was come? I told her I thought it was, and asked if she was ready to depart. She replied: ‘Yes, but only through my Lord Jesus Christ.’ We prayed, in which Mr. Wilson and several of the

school-girls joined. She told me how things should be arranged after her death, and that she was sure to meet me again in heaven. I was taken very ill, and was obliged to retire. We took leave of each other for a time, and I confess we were wonderfully supported. 'O death! where is thy sting?' It is remarkable that she continued sensible, which is seldom the case with that fever. Her pulse beat no less than 140 times per minute.

"The Lord has been pleased to show us that strength shall be according to our day. I have frequently feared that this would be a trial which I should not be able to bear. But the Lord is faithful. He is a present help in trouble. Clear views of an interest in His blood and righteousness, and of His joys beyond the grave, make death a messenger of good tidings.

"*Dec. 22d.*—Edward Green, a communicant, said his body was sick, but his soul was well. W. Tamba, who is recovering, was afraid he should forget himself when well again. He prayed that God would keep him at Jesus' feet—his heart was prone too much to go from God.

"*Christmas-day.*—The church was crowded, many outside who could not find room. Spoke on Matthew 1 : 21. Baptized forty-six adults and one infant. May God make my poor, imperfect discourse, and the circumstances attending it, to abide in the hearers' hearts. In the afternoon had prayer-meeting—the

church full again. I spoke on Luke 2 : 24. I heard that the Freetown people behave in a most wretched manner. It is expected that the two parties (Maroons and Settlers) will fight every moment.

“Blessed be God, who has made the Gospel effectual at this place. Not one gun was fired—not one person intoxicated—all came to church cleanly dressed.

“*Dec. 26th.*—The mechanics having saved their meat, and also some of the other people, I gave them some, and also some cocoa, cassada, and yams, out of the field, of which they prepared a dinner. The carpenters made tables and benches, and the rest cooked. All the people were invited, and about eight hundred sat down to dinner before my house. I was afraid there would not be enough, when I saw so many. David Noah asked a blessing, which the whole repeated. Thanks were returned in the same manner. I asked if they had had enough. They said: ‘Yes, we have had plenty.’ W. Tamba gathered up the fragments, and there were eight pots full. All went home quiet, and in the evening we met for conference in the church. Firing of guns continues at Freetown. We can hear it even here.

“*Dec. 28th.*—Gave all the boys and girls leave to go with Noah to the water-falls, and some mechanics. The girls chose to go with me to Leicester Mountain.

“*Dec. 30th.*—Received a note this morning from Mr. Cates, by which I was informed of the arrival of the

Echo last night, bringing five friends ; which was joyful news to me. I told the people at family prayer, that a vessel had arrived with new missionaries, which brought a smile upon their countenances. Went then to Freetown, to welcome our new friends, and was much delighted with their appearance.

## CHAPTER V.

“THAT the Gentiles should be fellow-heirs, and of the same body, and partakers of the promise in Christ by the Gospel.”—EPH. 3 : 6.

THE desire expressed by Mr. Johnson to go out and preach the Gospel “in the regions beyond,” was no half-formed, hasty thought. His missionary life derived its energy from Christ Himself. Those ineffable words, “GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD, THAT HE GAVE HIS ONLY-BEGOTTEN SON,” were kept and pondered in his heart. The love of Jesus gave a ceaseless impulse to his labors. He could not be content to limit the Gospel to the colony in which he lived, and this strong desire to make the Saviour known among the heathen led him to propose an expedition to the Sherbro country in January, 1819. Mr. Cates, William Tamba, and others, offered to be his companions. His journal gives the history of their progress.

“*Jan. 12th.*—At our departure from Regent’s Town, many of the inhabitants surrounded us, shaking hands with their minister, and bidding him farewell with many tears. A report had been circulated that he did

not intend to return ; and it was with the greatest difficulty, and not till after repeated assurances to the contrary, that the people would leave us.

“On our arrival at Wilberforce, the people of the town assembled at Mr. Decker’s house. William Tamba addressed them, in the Cosso language, from Matthew 16 : 14–16. In a plain and serious manner he explained the important truths contained in these verses. The Cosso people seemed astonished to hear the words of eternal life in their own tongue. One little girl in particular appeared scarcely to believe her ears. When Tamba began to speak, she turned alternately to him and to her parents, staring at each, as if desirous to know whether others heard as she did.

“After speaking in Cosso, Tamba repeated the same in English, for the benefit of those who did not understand Cosso ; and the service concluded with prayer.

“The reflection that the Gospel of our Saviour was now, perhaps, for the first time declared in that tongue, afforded us peculiar pleasure.

“*Jan. 13th.*—Having passed the night at Wilberforce, we this morning proceeded on our journey. Passing Bassa Town, we arrived at a creek, across which two of our company swam, and brought over a canoe, in which the rest of us were soon paddled over. The sand-beach and majestic ocean were before us. On this beach we walked about three miles and a half ; crossed another creek, and arrived at a place of some

size, called Tengier. A considerable number of people assembled ; and as the head-man understood English, Mr. Johnson explained to him that the object of our visit was to inquire whether they knew and served the living God. He confessed that they did not. The awful consequences of dying in ignorance being pointed out, he said it was all true, and he should be glad to learn. Tamba was then introduced, as a man who could tell him and his people in their own tongue, the things that would make for their peace. Tamba addressed them in the Sherbro language. They listened with attention, and showed by their significant gestures and answers, that they understood him.

“Thus was a second uncultivated language made the means of conveying to the understandings of perishing sinners, tidings of the most stupendous mercy that ever gladdened the heart of the miserable. But their eyes were so blinded, that they seemed to view with indifference that which the angels desire to look into!

“The town abounded with those marks of superstition which are common in this part of Africa. There was scarcely a house which had not its wooden post and broken bowl for its defense. The folly of depending on such things being pointed out, the head-man acknowledged that they could do them no good ; that he only kept them because it was the fashion of his country, and not that he believed in them. Being

asked if he would call his people together on a Sunday, if any one came to instruct them, he said : ' No ! what they had heard to-day was enough.' Having faithfully warned him of the probable consequences of his refusal, we left him to consider it, and resumed our walk along the sand-beach.

"In about four miles, south-east, we arrived at the first of several small villages, bearing the general name of Ajaltopant. Here we rested ; and having procured some fish and fowl, made our dinner. Fingers served as forks, and a mat, spread on the earth, for table and chair.

"As the tide was running in, we were obliged to resume our journey on the sand-beach with as much expedition as possible, having a creek to pass, which was every moment getting deeper. We could not, however, refrain from spending a few minutes in observing the motions of two large sharks, which were sporting in the water within a few yards of land. Having reached the creek, we found it fordable, and soon waded through.

"Passing the Turtle Rocks, we arrived at Boombah, a small village, containing nine or ten houses, about seven miles south-east of Ajaltopant. The men were all absent, but the women accommodated us with the best house in the place, and sold us plantains, cassadas, and turtle eggs, on which, and some fish, we made our supper. While this was preparing, some of us



took a walk round the place. It is situated on a small projecting point of land, nearly surrounded by the sea. The rocks adjoining it are quite barren, but the convolvulus, and other running flowers, spread themselves over their hardy faces, and kindly lent them the appearance of vegetation on the one side, while the other is exposed to all the fury of the waves. A few miles to the east, the mountains of Sierra Leone appeared in view, and on the west the setting sun dropped into the bosom of the ocean.

“When the shades of night display the wonders of creation in a multitude of worlds around us, we are lost in astonishment at the immensity of the Creator. How much more so should we be lost in love and adoration, that to bestow salvation on the rebellious men of one poor world, the great Creator of the whole thought it not too much to shed His precious blood upon a cross, beneath the insulting hands of His own creatures.

“We collected as many people as we could, and told them why we visited their town. As Tamba spoke to them in their own language, they listened to what he said. A hymn was then sung, and the service concluded by prayer in English. The women showed much surprise; but attempted to join in the hymn, while they laughed and made a great noise during the prayer. May mercy be bestowed upon them!

“ We passed the night at Boombah ; some sleeping on a rude sort of bedstead, and others on the floor.

“*Jan. 14th.*—Having committed ourselves by prayer to His guidance and blessing who alone can keep us, we resumed our walk this morning upon the sand-beach till we were stopped by a creek, which was too deep for us to pass, the tide being full. After spending an hour or two on its bank, we ventured in. Those who could swim had little difficulty in getting to the opposite side. They discovered a place which it was possible to walk through, and thus we all got safely over. We passed several islands, and arrived at a village, where we took some refreshment, and afterwards passed several other villages, but found it impracticable to stop at them all.

“ We next came to an open bay, which, as the tide was down, was nearly free from water. Our road then lay for some distance through the bushes, till we again arrived at the sand-beach, and came to Cape Shilling, a settlement recently formed, about forty miles from Wilberforce.

“ Mr. Kearney, the Superintendent, was not at home, but his servants provided a lodging for us, and an excellent supper, after which we gladly retired.

“*Jan. 15th.*—The man who conducted us from Regent’s Town, returned, carrying intelligence to our friends of our welfare. We resumed our journey with

a new guide, and arrived at Manar, about a mile and a half south-east.

“In four miles further, we get to Tumbo. The high mountains on our left continued visible. Passing through Baraboo, we arrived at Mergenna, a small village, two miles from Tumbo. On being informed that we could not cross the water without a canoe, we engaged one, at an exorbitant charge, but after taking the quantity of fish-hooks and tobacco agreed upon, they made many trifling excuses, and delayed us for a long time. Our patience being exhausted, we demanded either the articles back again, or the canoe to be immediately got ready. They chose to fulfill the agreement, but though we had the prospect of being on the water till night, they would not sell us any thing to eat.

“We went about eight miles across the bay. It abounds in oysters and wild fowl. A bank of several miles in length is covered with these helpless fish, which seem to wait the hand of man to make at least one change in their helpless, inanimate life. The wild fowl were in great variety. One species exceeds in size the English goose, and nearly resembles it in color: its beak is very large, and of singular construction. When open, the skin forms a bag, hanging between it and the neck. The first time the bird opened its beak in our view, one of our boys exclaimed with surprise: ‘Ah! he have pocket!’ Birds and

oysters are not the only inhabitants of the bay, for we saw evident traces of alligators, but were mercifully preserved from their devouring jaws.

“We entered a river, and went several miles up it. The mangroves on each side form a complete forest. We entered a small creek, which in some places would but just allow the canoe to pass. At the end of it, we had to be carried a considerable way through the mud, on a man’s back, before we could land.

“The town to which we were going being near, the people soon caught sight of us. The men armed themselves, and came to meet us; but as our appearance, like our message, was quite peaceful, they did not interrupt us. It was nearly dark, and as we had been all day without eating, we were glad to purchase food.

“*Jan. 16th.*—The first thing this morning was to get the people together. Tamba addressed them in Sherbro, according to the direction of Mr. Johnson. They were all seated around him, some on stools, and some on country chairs, forming a motley group. They were generally attentive while he spoke. When he had done, they talked a little time together; after which one of them told Tamba that they could not say what he had spoken was bad; but that the fashions they kept were the same as the old men before them had done, and they knew no others; but if any one came to tell them, they would hear. Tamba then informed them that it was our wish to send some per-

son that way, who could tell them the things that make for their peace. They seemed very well pleased with this intelligence.

“ We were warned not to go to one particular house, as it would assuredly kill us. To confirm this, we were shown a dead horned owl, which hung near it, and which, we were told, had presumed to fly over this wonderful house, and therefore had dropped down dead.

“ We took leave of the people, and having taken a canoe, were once more on the muddy stream, which the natives call the Ta. We ascended this river about seven miles. We then left the main stream, and entered a smaller, and proceeded about half a mile, to a place where we landed, and walked to Mema, a small town.

“ In our way to Robiss from this place, we walked about seven miles through a country more fertile than we had yet seen. We again reached the Ta, but the stream was too much diminished to carry a canoe. We proceeded therefore by land seven miles further, to Tom's Place, the road lying through thick bushes all the way. This brought us to the Quer, a branch of the Bumh river, and we should gladly have got into a canoe, to take us to Robiss, but none could be procured. We were obliged, therefore, to set out on foot again, with a boy for our guide, intending to pass the night at the next town, as we could not reach Robiss.

We had to walk through mangroves by the river side, where the mud was deep ; and had, after this, to pass a part of the stream, about four feet deep. Our way continued through the mangroves ; and frequently, for half a mile together, we were obliged to pull off shoes and stockings, and walk through the mud. This continued four miles, till we reached the expected town, wet, hungry, and tired.

“ We calculated on getting here rest and food for our bodies, and imparting food to the souls of the people ; but when we entered the town, to our mortification, there was no one but an old woman and a few children, who neither wanted any thing from us, nor would give any thing to us. About a mile farther, we came to a hut in a farm, where we found a woman and two girls. Beyond this place our guide would not go a step.

“ Our situation was not very pleasant. We had either to remain where we were, without a place to sleep in, or sufficient food ; or to go into the woods, with night fast approaching, without a guide, and without knowing a step of the way. Hoping we might find another town, we set off, and went through several farms, till the road entered the wood. Here we soon lost all trace of it, and were obliged to go back to one of the farms, where there was an empty shed, resolving to take up our abode there for the night. Tamba then went to the woman on the farm where we

first stopped, to try to get something to eat, but she either could not, or would not let us have any thing, nor lend us a pot to cook the little food we had. We were therefore obliged once more to try if we could not discover a road through the wood, but our endeavors proved fruitless.

“It was now dark, and we could not see the road, even where there was one. As soon as we reached another farm where there was a shed, we stopped, and here we found a fire and an iron pot, though no inhabitant; and were glad to spread our blankets on the earth. The animals in the adjoining wood soon howled us to sleep. About two o'clock in the morning we awoke; and finding ourselves cold, and a heavy dew falling on us, we heated some water and mixed it with the last port-wine we had, and drank it out of an old broken wooden bowl. We then lay down again, and slept in safety till day-break.

“We had travelled nearly thirty miles, the greatest part of the way on foot, with nothing to eat. We lay down in an open field, in a country which is the habitation of elephants and leopards, under the falling of a heavy dew, and arose without having received the slightest injury. Surely goodness and mercy were with us.

“*Jan. 17th, Sunday.*—The morning of Sunday found us in this situation—without any food, and without knowing our way. We set off as soon as it was light,

in quest of a town. Following the most beaten path, we had not walked more than two miles before we had the pleasure of hearing human voices, and soon met a woman and some children. They told us that we were in the right road to a town, which we reached in another mile. It was a very small place, called Corry. Here we breakfasted; and as the people told us that their town was not far from Robiss, we determined to proceed thither, hoping to reach it early in the day. We came to a town called Menshon, or Romenshon. The people being Timmanees, Tamba could not talk to them, nor did they seem willing to receive us. We were obliged, therefore, to proceed, and followed a man who was going to Robiss, which they assured us was not far distant, though it proved still about eight miles. In the way, we crossed a small stream, which is the water which comes from Regent's Town.

“At Robiss, our first object was to collect the people and inform them the cause of our visit. Mr. Johnson spoke to them through an interpreter. The head-man acknowledged what he heard was good, and said he should be glad to hear more of it. In the evening, he attended again; and as Mr. Johnson preached, he made frequent replies, saying, ‘Good! True! Right!’ etc.

“*Jan. 18th.*—Early this morning we returned by Leicester Mountain to Regent's Town, where our arrival occasioned great joy. Thus in seven days, we



walked upwards of one hundred and twenty miles, taking a complete circuit round the colony; and we thus made known the glad tidings of salvation in several places, and in several tongues, in which, perhaps, it was never heard before.

“May some of the seed thus scattered, be so blessed that it may bring glory to God, and salvation to lost souls!”

An important result of this journey will be seen in the proceedings of a meeting of the missionaries, held in Freetown, on the 25th of January, 1819. Mr. Johnson then stated that William Tamba and William Davis had long cherished a desire to visit their respective countries, and tell their friends what great things the Lord had done for them. Both of them, he said, were fitted for the work, as one of them, at least, had proved during their recent journey. Tamba and Davis were then called in and examined. The former was asked:

“Do you wish to go among your country people?”  
“Yes.” “What for?” “To talk about God-palaver.”  
“Are you able to do that?” “Not by myself, but if God help me, I can.” “Do you think He will help you?” “If I pray to Him, He will.” “Do you not think your present situation is better for you? Many good people have been ill-treated by an evil world. Perhaps you may be caught and sold for a slave, or you may be killed.” “I know not what may come to

pass ; if they kill me, they kill me ; I know what I go for." "Do you think it is God's will that you should go?" "I can not prove that. I am full of fear." "What do you fear?" "I have a great desire to go and tell them what God has done for me, but I sometimes fear that it may arise from my own deceitful heart, and that I should do no good."

William Davis' examination was equally satisfactory :

"Do you wish to go to your country-people?" "Yes, I wish to talk to them about Jesus Christ. When I remember the state in which they are, and in which I was, I feel sorry, and wish to go and talk to them, but am full of doubt." "When did you feel the desire first?" "When Jesus first began to work upon my heart, two Christmas past." "Dare you go to your country people alone?" "No, I can not go in my own strength." "Do you think they would catch you and make you a slave?" "Perhaps they would, but if God be with me I don't care." "Should you get trouble, or contempt and ridicule, would you bear it for Christ's sake?" "Yes, I don't mind that. My countrymen here have laughed at me ; if God be with me, I can bear it." "Many young men from Africa have been to England, and were educated there ; but when they went back to their own countries, they soon turned heathens again. Do you think you could re-

sist this?" "If God be with me, I can; but by myself I can do nothing."

Thus did these converts of Mr. Johnson partake of his missionary zeal. But his own strong desire to carry the good news into the heathen tribes beyond, was not to be fulfilled. After a long interval, he resumes his journal as follows:

*“March 9th.*—Great are and have been my trials, which have been the cause of my neglecting to write my journal. But should I not have written down my trials every day, as I passed through the valley of darkness? might it not have refreshed my soul hereafter, when in similar circumstances? But ah! how can they be forgotten by me while they are engraven on my very heart?

“Mrs. Johnson was taken so ill that the doctor advised her to return to England as soon as possible. It was agreed upon at a special meeting of missionaries so to do. Before that time I went with Mr. Cates and Tamba to the Sherbro’ country; we completed a tour round the colony at the same time, and I can say, with success. Mr. Cates has since started with Tamba and Davis to their respective countries, a distance of four hundred miles. May our God Jehovah be with them, and bless their labors with abundant success!

“Mrs. Johnson became worse, and I was strongly advised to accompany her to England, as it was neces-

sary that particular care should be taken of her. This brought me into great distress.

“To leave my people seemed insupportable, and to leave my afflicted wife seemed equally so. Tears and restless nights were my portion. I saw my duty as a husband, on the one hand, to accompany my dear wife in her affliction; and on the other, I feared to become a careless shepherd; and as trials of this kind seldom come by themselves, doubt and fears of my own state began to prevail, and I scarcely knew whether I was a Christian.

“Heavy, however, as my trials have been, they have been blessed abundantly. The discourses which I addressed to my people while under these conflicts of mind, had been made the means of great good. No fewer than fifty-two negroes have been added, this last month, to the Church of Christ, and many more are candidates for baptism. O my God! it has been good for me that I have been afflicted! I pray Thee for Jesus' sake pardon the sins I have committed. Ah! unbelief, unbelief and hellish thoughts and deeds are still upon my mind. O my God! thou knowest the depravity of my heart. I thank Thee that Thou hast found a ransom.

“*March 17th.*—Many are still my trials, and many the mercies I daily receive from God's bountiful hands. We have met almost every night to examine candidates; it is indeed wonderful to hear the dealings of

God with these people. Mr. Morgan was present one night, and was so delighted that he was lost in admiration. A man was sent here about two years ago, who had been on board of a man-of-war for a long time; he has been indeed a trial to me and to all my people; he protested against religion, and lived in sin with greediness. Some time ago, one Sunday afternoon, he was at church. I felt no liberty at the time, and could not get on with my discourse; my own life recurred to my mind, and I was constrained to introduce my own tale. This proved to be the time of that man's conversion. The lion was turned into a lamb. He was examined last week, and received as a candidate for baptism; he was in England a long time, but was never baptized. Only the sovereign grace of God could do this."

In a letter to the Secretaries, he says:

"I must confess that I have many things to tell you, which I can not express with the pen. Should I see my way clear, and return with Mrs. Johnson to England, I think it will have its proper end. Oh! may God guide me aright. I have now so many babes in Christ under my care, oh! for faith to give them into the hands of Him who is able to keep them from falling.

"Mr. Cates, W. Davis, and W. Tamba, left us on the first of this month. I received a letter from Mr. Cates, dated the 10th, on Friday last, from York Island. They have been at Jenkins' Town. Two

days previous, Tamba preached in the native tongue wherever an opportunity offered. The Sherbro King wishes to see them again on their return. May the Lord be with them, and open many effectual ways for the Gospel, through their instrumentality. Prayers are offered up for them by the people here without ceasing.

“A considerable number of candidates have been received since Christmas, and these I intend to baptize on Easter Sunday. Numbers are under conviction of sin, and are daily inquiring what they must do to be saved. Oh! may our Saviour have all the glory of His work of grace. Surely the day is come when Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands unto God.

“Finally, dear sirs, I would solicit an interest in your prayers. Oh! pray for me, pray for one really distressed in mind. W. JOHNSON.”

Mr. Cates wrote to Mr. Johnson on the 22d of February, as follows :

“ We have met with some opposition in our work from the disciples of Mohammed, who abound in the places we have passed ; but our God enabled me to stop the mouth of one of his priests in a public argument before one of the country kings, and about thirty or forty head-men. Not being able to defend what he asserted, he was at last obliged to pack up his Koran and run from the assembly, which occasioned a hearty

laugh at his expense. Tamba has found many of his old acquaintances, who, when they heard him reason of temperance, righteousness, and judgment to come, are constrained to exclaim: 'What hath God wrought!' Unto the Lord I would commit myself. He has already frustrated an attempt to plunder us, and will, I trust, protect us all our journey through. Should it however be His will that we should perish in His service, we can not fall under a better Master. I now feel increasingly the want of the prayers I solicited before my departure, and trust they will not cease to be offered up for us."

Writing again to the Secretaries, Mr. Johnson continues to express his longings for the conversion of those who had never known a Saviour's name.

"Mr. — is against sending out more European schoolmasters. *I*, however, am constrained to say, 'Send as many as you possibly can;' only let them have liberty, and let them be men of Christian experience; and as natives are preparing and desirous to make known to their country-people the riches which are in Christ Jesus, let a European go with each two or three of them, and I am sure Africa will soon blossom as the rose."

In April, 1819, Mr. Johnson received a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Jesty, two newly-arrived missionaries, who gave interesting accounts of the work at Regent's

Town, in letters to their friends. Mrs. Jesty thus writes to her sister :

“The power of the Gospel, and the efficacy of the love of Christ, have excited such joy within me that I can not resist giving you some information respecting it, I wish I could find language sufficiently descriptive of the scenes which we have witnessed here.

“On Thursday, the 1st of April, Mr. Johnson sent five of his people to Freetown to take me to his house in a palankeen. While they waited, we heard singing; and on going to the door, found that these five men had seated themselves under the piazza, and with united voices were singing a hymn to the praise and glory of the Redeemer. We did not disturb them, but returned to our room; and, as you may imagine, with feelings of peculiar pleasure, that the Songs of Zion should be sung by the inhabitants of a heathen land.

“When we got to the top of Leicester Mountain, over which we had to pass in our way to Regent’s Town, I requested my bearers to stop and rest themselves; and took an opportunity of introducing religious conversation. I think I may say that the few minutes during which we rested on the mountain were the happiest that I had then ever experienced.

“The power of Divine grace in humanizing and elevating the mind, had indeed been eminently displayed in these Christian men, for Mr. Johnson stated that most of this very party, who were of the wild



Eboe nation, had, about two years before, in carrying Mrs. Johnson to Freetown, set down the palankeen in the woods, in spite of her remonstrances, while they settled their quarrels by a fierce battle."

Of Regent's Town Mr. Jesty says :

"Just as we reached the summit of the last mountain between Freetown and Regent's Town, the latter presented itself to our view. As I walked down the mountain, pleased with the enchanting scene, I was 'lost in wonder, love, and praise.' Music of the sweetest kind, and possessing charms which I had never before experienced, burst upon my ears. It was moonlight; and all the houses being lighted up, I inquired of Brother Johnson from whence these sounds proceeded. He pointed to the church, which is situated at the side of a mountain then opposite to us, on the other side of a brook over which Brother Johnson has caused his people to erect a strong, handsome stone bridge. The church is a handsome stone building. It was now lighted up, and the people were assembled for evening prayer. The chain of mountains that surrounds the town resounded with the echo of the praises of the Saviour.

"I hastened with all possible speed down the mountain and up the other, to enter the church, where I found upwards of five hundred black faces prostrated at the throne of grace. After the service was over, above two hundred of the congregation surrounded us.

They came in such crowds to shake hands with us, that we were obliged to give both hands at once. So rejoiced were they to see more laborers from 'white man's country,' that after we left the church and entered Mr. Johnson's house, many who from the pressure were not able to speak and shake hands with us, entered the parlor, and would not leave until they had manifested their love to us by their affectionate looks and humble salutations."

"The eagerness of the inhabitants to hear the Word will appear from their early attendance on the means of grace. It is true there is a bell in the steeple of the church; but it is of little use; for the church is generally filled half an hour before the bell tolls. The greatest attention is paid during the service. Indeed, I witnessed a Christian congregation in a heathen land—a people *fearing God and working righteousness*. The tear of godly sorrow rolled down many a colored cheek, and showed the contrition of a heart that felt its own vileness."

He thus describes the manner of closing the Sabbath:

"After we left the church, the children of the two schools retired to the school-houses, and the rest of the congregation to their respective homes.

"But that love which cometh from above and worketh by love, had taken such possession of the hearts of this people, that they delight to be continually *speaking*

*one to another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs ; and to sing with grace in their hearts to the Lord.*

“The school-houses are behind Mr. Johnson’s, on a higher part of the hill. The girls assembled in a row before their school-house, with three or four lamps dispersed through the line. Their eldest teacher gave out the hymn, and they were singing delightfully :

‘How beauteous are their feet.’

“While the girls were singing this hymn, the boys had climbed a little higher up the hill ; when one of the teachers gave out the hymn :

‘Come, ye sinners, poor and needy.’

“It was a beautiful moonlight night, so that the children could be seen from all parts of the town, while the lofty mountain resounded with the echo of their voices. I was walking up and down the piazza, listening to them, and anticipating the time when all kings shall fall down before the Redeemer, and all nations shall serve Him, when I saw at the foot of the hill some men and women coming towards the children. The men joined the boys, and the women joined the girls. The boys and girls had now sung several hymns ; and after a few minutes’ cessation, began again. I was thinking of our Christian friends in England, and said to Mr. Johnson : ‘Could all the friends of

missionary exertions but witness this scene, they would be more and more zealous for the universal diffusion of the Gospel of a crucified Saviour !' when I looked round me, and saw numbers of the inhabitants, men and women, coming in every direction. They joined respectively the boys and girls, and sung for some time. When the boys and girls retired to their school-houses, the men and women went to their homes in peace.

"This is a great work, and it is marvellous in our eyes. But it is the Lord, and to Him be all the glory."

Mrs. Jesty thus concludes her letter :

"O my dear sister! is not this encouraging to all Christian friends in England, to be doubly zealous and active in their missionary exertions? Let me entreat you all to be unwearied in your efforts and your prayers, that all Africa may become as Regent's Town. This is the fruit of the Gospel! Oh! send forth the Gospel, and more faithful laborers into the vineyard of the Lord! Let me again beg of you, my dear sister, to *pray, and not to faint*. Let the interests of Christ's kingdom be ever uppermost in your heart. Here is yet a wide field of labor. May the happy effect of the Gospel be felt by all benighted Africa, and to God shall the glory be given forever!"

The following extracts from Mr. Johnson's journal will conclude this chapter :

"*April 11th, 1819: Easter Sunday.*—The church was full at nine o'clock. I married two couple, baptized one hundred and ten adults and six infants, and administered the Lord's Supper to two hundred and fifty-three black brethren and sisters, and four white, myself making two hundred and fifty-eight. This was indeed a day of Pentecost in Africa!

"Mr. Cates arrived with Davis and Tamba from his journey. They have travelled nine hundred miles in ten weeks, and, blessed be God, not without success. I intend to take leave next Sunday of my dear flock, for a few months. Messrs. Cates and Morgan will take care of them while I am away, and, oh! may they be under the protection of Him who only is able to keep them."

Mr. Johnson preached his farewell sermon from 2 Cor. 13 : 11, and embarked on board the *Echo* for England on the 22d of April. Hundreds of his people followed him to Freetown on foot, a distance of five miles, and parted with him on the shore with many tears. "Massa," they exclaimed, "suppose no water live here, we go with you all the way, till no feet more."



## CHAPTER VI.

“FINALLY, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you.”—2 COR. 13 : 11.

WHEN Mr. Johnson chose these words for the substance of a parting exhortation to his flock, he did not foresee the peculiar force and fitness which they would assume when he was far away. Without doubt they often cheered and strengthened the simple Christians of Regent's Town, during the trials which were laid upon them in their pastor's absence.

Having decided that duty called him to England, Mr. Johnson resolved to return to his beloved people with as little delay as possible. His wife's health, by the blessing of God, was soon restored; his sojourn, therefore, in the land of his spiritual birth was brief, and marked by few events. But every hour of that time was regarded by him as sacred to the cause in which he labored. On the 5th of July, 1819, a few days after his arrival, we find him addressing a meeting of the Church Missionary Society, where a deep im-

pression was made. He passed a short time in London with the Committee and Secretaries of the Society, and then made a rapid visit to his relatives in Hanover. Here the sanctified affections of his loving heart took hold with new strength upon those from whom he had so long been parted.

He writes to a friend in England :

“HANOVER, *July 25th*, 1819.

“MY DEAR FRIEND: I wrote to you last Tuesday, when I arrived at Cuxhaven, and now again I should write, to give you particulars of my arrival in the place of my former residence. I went to an inn in the place where my mother lives, and sent for her. When it was told her that I was her son, you can not conceive the agitation of mind she was in. Tears of joy and fear ran down her cheeks, and I was at last obliged to show her two marks which I had upon my body, before she could believe that I was her son; likewise, my sister, who took the greatest care not to be deceived.

“One of my sisters, who is about twenty-two, has been impressed with good things, through my letters; and the affection she has towards me is beyond description. She has not left me; when I lie in bed, she will sit before me on a chair; and thus has scarcely slept since my arrival. Her language is that of Ruth, and thus she is preparing to accompany me wherever I go,



and my opposition is of no use. . . . I must leave it to the Lord, and may His holy will be done.

“Let my dear wife know that my sister is coming with me, and should Mrs. Johnson be in the country, let her know that I fully expect to meet her in London about the 18th of August. Religion is here at the lowest ebb; you can not conceive how the Lord’s day is spent here. I have not found one that is truly pious here; the Gospel is not preached; it is only, ‘Lord! Lord!’ Oh! what I feel you can not think, and this induces me to take my sister with me. She has no one with whom she can converse about her soul. My poor mother and sister are, I am afraid, still in darkness. Oh! that the Holy Ghost would open their eyes! I long to be with you again. I feel much backwardness and coldness in devotion; I scarcely know what I am about, and my mouth seems shut. I can not speak of Jesus and His fullness except to my dear, dear sister.

“Farewell, my dear friend; remember me before the throne of God. My heart is shut up: I can not pray. Oh! that the light of His countenance may soon—oh! very soon shine upon me, a miserable wretch. Remember me to my dear wife.

“Yours, etc.,

“W. JOHNSON.”

We learn from a passage in Mr. Pratt’s twentieth report, that “this visit was attended with a peculiar

blessing to some of his nearest kindred, who had not been previously moved by his correspondence." Thus did the providence which he acknowledged in all his ways, direct the steps of this devoted man.

Mr. Johnson's sister accompanied him to England, was examined by the Committee, and received as a school-mistress for Africa. On the 3d of September, he attended a meeting of the Church Missionary Association at Reading. Mr. Pratt mentions this in the *Missionary Register*, as follows :

"Mr. Johnson's narrative greatly interested the meeting. Having read letters lately received from W. Tamba, W. Davis, Peter Hughes, and David Noah, native communicants in his church, a gentleman in the hall was so struck with them as connected with Mr. Johnson's statement of the short time during which they had been under instruction, that he requested to know whether the letters were originals or copies. Having examined them, he declared his conviction that they evidenced a rapidity and degree of improvement in religious knowledge quite unequalled, and stated that although he was already a member of the Christian Knowledge and Propagation Societies, he could not refuse his support to this Institution."

After this, Mr. Johnson attended meetings at Saffron Walden ; at several towns in Suffolk ; in Exeter ; at Teignmouth ; and at Torquay. While listening to his truthful statements, some, whose chief concern was for

the temporal good of the African race, were constrained to see that the preaching of Christ to the heathen is the only certain means of civilizing them, and that Mr. Johnson, and others employed like him were the truest friends of Africa. "These," exclaimed Wilberforce, approaching them on the platform at one of the meetings, "these are the men that do the work!"

On the 27th of December, five months after their landing in England, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, with some new assistants, embarked for Sierra Leone. Being driven into Falmouth by stormy weather, they were enabled to spend a few hours with Mrs. Garnon, then living at Penzance.

The following letters are selected from many which Mr. Johnson received while in England:

"REGENT'S TOWN, *May 26th*, 1819.

"MY DEAR FATHER IN CHRIST JESUS: I have written a few lines to you. I hope you are well in the Lord, and your wife. I hope you will remember me to my brethren and sisters, though I do not know them; but I trust one day or other, we shall meet at the right hand of our Lord Jesus Christ. When I think about the office to which the Lord has appointed me, I fear.\*

"When I read the Bible, I learn that God said,

\* The writer was a native assistant in a school.

‘Fear thou not, for I am with thee;’ and, ‘If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say to this mountain, remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove, and nothing shall be impossible to you.’ And when I read in New Testament, I find Jesus said, ‘He that believeth on me hath everlasting life—I am the Bread of Life.’ This is my hope. But I fear again, because the Lord said: ‘Repent, or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will fight against thee with the sword of my mouth.’ This is my trouble.

“Remember me to all my brethren and sisters—let them pray for me that the Lord may give me faith to believe in Him. I do not fear what man can do to me, for the Lord is my shield and hope.

“Pray for me! Pray for me! for I stand in need. May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you and all His children. Amen.”

Another says:

“I take this opportunity of writing these few lines unto you, my dear brother, and I hope God may preserve and keep you when you pass through the mighty deep, and, by the will of God, I hope we may see one another again. I remember you day by day, and I ask how you feel in your heart, my dear brother. I hope you may be well in the Lord Jesus, you and Mrs. Johnson; and I pray unto God that He may

keep you till you come to Africa again, that we may see one another.

“I thank Almighty God for His loving-kindness to me. I know that the Lord is my Saviour and my God. I pray for all the good people who are in England, and the Secretary; I hope you may be well in Jesus, and that you may send more missionaries to Africa, to preach the Gospel to our poor countrymen. My master, please to send me one hymn-book. My wife ask you how you do, Mrs. Johnson?”

One of these letters gives an affecting account of the state of things in their pastor's absence:

“I staid at Charlotte town when Mr. Taylor was sick, and I speak to the people the word of God. One time we meet for missionary prayer-meeting, Oh! that time many white people sick, and many of them die!

“That time Mr. Cates sick, Mr. Morgan sick, and poor Mr. Cates die. I think the journey to the Bassa country which he take, that be too much for him, the land so long to walk, and the sun so hot. Yet I can not prove that; but I think his work was done, and his time up. When he was sick, I went to see him. ‘How do you do, Mr. Cates?’ and he said: ‘I shall certainly die.’ And by and by he got down to Free-town, and he sink very much, and his strength gone; but he was a man of faith, and he die on Friday, about five o'clock. And on Saturday we go to bury him,

four o'clock, and we look upon him, and then we went to Mr. Jesty's house, and Mr. Jesty tell us and say he think God will leave this place, because white people die fast, and when I hear that, I fear too much, and I consider many things in my mind; and I think hypocrites live among us, and God want to punish us, but I trust again in the Lord, He knows his people, He never forsake them. Then Mr. Collier get sick, and Mr. Morgan get sick again; and our friend said, 'God soon leave this place,' and I said: 'I trust in the Lord Jesus Christ; He never left His people, neither forsake them.' And next Sunday, Mr. Collier die about eleven. Then Mr. Morgan sick, Mrs. Morgan sick, Mr. Ball sick. Oh! that time all missionaries sick! We went to Freetown on Monday, bury Mr. Collier, and we come home again and keep service in the church. Oh! that time, trouble too much in my heart! Nobody to teach me, and I was sorry for my poor country people. Mr. Cates died, Mr. Collier died, Mr. Morgan sick. Oh! what must I do for my country-men; but I trust the Lord Jesus Christ, He know what to do; and I went to pray, and I say: 'O Lord! take not all our teachers away from us!'"

Mr. Johnson's first letter on his arrival in Regent's Town is dated,

*"February 7th, 1820.*

"REVEREND AND DEAR SIRS:

"I am very happy that I am once more able to address you from this place, but I should feel more so,

could I write such good news as at former times ; however, I think, on the whole, you will see abundant reason for thankfulness, that it has pleased God to keep His church here, even in the midst of the furnace.

“I shall now enter upon all particulars as far as I am able, and may God enable me to be faithful :

“On the 31st of January, we dropped anchor at Freetown. I waited immediately upon His Excellency, who received me very kindly.

“Being late, I could not go up to Regent’s Town that evening, but the news being carried up, a number of the people came down in the night, and many others the next morning. I did not lose any of my nails from my fingers, (as he had done when he left Africa,) but I believe I never in my life did shake hands so much before, as I did that day.

“On the evening of our landing, a man saw me coming on shore, and ran immediately up to Regent’s Town. Mr. Wilhelm had just concluded the daily evening services, when the man entered the church and cried out: ‘All hear! all hear! Mr. Johnson come!’ The whole congregation immediately rose, and those that could not get through the doors, jumped out at the windows, and Mr. Wilhelm soon found himself alone.

“The following evening I rode up ; Mrs. J., my sister, Mr. and Mrs. Beckley, Miss Bonfleur, and Rebecca Price, having gone in the afternoon. I entered

the town about ten P.M., having moonlight to guide me. I beheld with grief, almost every where, ruins. The tower of the church, the school-house which the carpenters were covering when I left, were levelled with the ground; the hospital just in the same state as I left it; the other school-house, which was intended for the boys, being built without arches, was pulled down as far as the windows, and it is now begun again with arches. The fences about my yard and garden were down, and not a stick to be seen. The fence round the field, which was well cultivated, was destroyed. The church was in a deplorable state; in short, the town did not look like the same place. Several people came the next morning and told me grievous things; and were I to put them down, what would you say, dear sirs, of the trials through which the people of God went in this place? Several have indeed backslidden, but there are indeed many causes for it; what will not be the consequences of bad usage? I thought I had left a friend and brother here, when I left this place, one whom I regarded much, but how have I been deceived!"

Here follows a sad history of the harshness and oppression to which these poor people had been subjected by the person who was left to fill the place of their kind and sympathizing pastor.

At the close of his letter, Mr. Johnson says:

"I am sure you will rejoice with me when you hear



that the infant church at Regent's Town has stood the furnace. And you will moreover rejoice when I tell you that three communicants have, during my absence, gone to glory; of which I shall give a more particular account in my next. The church now contains two hundred and fifty-nine communicants.

"My wife and sister join me in Christian love towards Mrs. P. and B., and family. Mrs. Johnson is quite recovered—a wonder to the colonists.

"May Father, Son, and Holy Ghost have all the praise. Amen.

"I am, etc.,

"W. JOHNSON."

William Tamba also wrote to the Secretaries upon this painful subject. His letter is a beautiful record of the faith and patience under unjust and false accusations. We give some extracts:

"Mr. — never came to Regent's Town except when Mr. Johnson send letter; when he read the letter to us, he always say, 'Johnson can not come back again, because he hears too much bad words from this place of you all;' and when I hear this, I fear; and when I remember the Church of Corinthians, I do not know what to do; but I said in my mind, 'Oh! that I could but only read the Bible, and I shall be glad;' but if I read the 16th chapter of Mark, 15th and 16th verses, I have a little comfort. But, O Lord! Thou

knowest I can do nothing of myself, but to Thee I look, and Thou canst do what Thou wilt with us. \* \*

“We know that the Lord has put it into your hearts to send teachers unto us, and we are glad to hear the word of our Lord Jesus Christ.

“The 5th chapter of Matthew, 9th verse, where God says, ‘*Blessed are the peace-makers,*’ comfort us.

“I tell you, Mr. Pratt and Bickersteth, some are glad to teach us, but not all. Oh! that the Lord may give them the same desire!

“When I remember my poor countrymen, I am sorry for them. I cry unto the Lord, and say: ‘O Lord! teach me to read Thy Word, and enable me to understand what I read, that I may tell them they may look to God, that He may save them from their sins, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.’

“When I read the 45th chapter of Genesis, 1st verse, ‘*Joseph made himself known unto his brethren*’—when I read this word, I say in my heart: ‘Oh! that the Lord may enable me to go to my country-people, to carry the good tidings to them! Oh! may the Holy Spirit be with us all. Amen.’

“Mr. Pratt and Mr. Bickersteth, how do you do? I hope that you are well, and remember me to all my brethren and sisters. I hope they are well in the Lord. I know that the Lord hears your prayers, and our prayers. Oh! may the grace of God be with us all. Amen.

WILLIAM TAMBA.”

Mr. Johnson writes to the Secretaries :

“ I shall endeavor to restore peace as much as lies in my power. I believe that nothing but jealousy has been the cause of all the differences.

“ Oh! that missionaries would but have a single eye to the glory of God, and rejoice when their brethren are useful, and not envy the success of each other. I am grieved to the utmost on this behalf.

“ Be not afraid, my dear sirs, that I shall ever cause unpleasantness to exist among the brethren. No, I will rather bear *all*, and endeavor to make *peace*. I shall only vindicate (when necessary) the character of my people, which I think is my duty. . . .

“ Pray for me, that in a particular manner at this difficult season, the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove may be granted me.

“ I remain, etc.,

“ W. JOHNSON.”

It is cheering to discover in the following pages, how soon this wisdom and gentleness, through the blessing of God, effected the restoration of peace and prosperity at Regent's Town.



## CHAPTER VII.

“BUT now, in Christ Jesus, ye, who sometimes were far off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ.”—EPH. 2 : 13.

THE Missionary Brainerd, describing his mode of dealing with the heathen, says :

“I have sometimes formerly wondered, in reading the Apostle’s discourse to Cornelius, (Acts 10,) to see him so quickly introduce the Lord Jesus Christ into his sermon, and so entirely dwell upon Him through the whole of it, observing him, in this point, very widely to differ from many of our modern preachers ; but latterly this has not seemed strange, since Christ has appeared to be the substance of the Gospel, and the *centre* where all the several lines of divine revelation meet.”

In reading the clear and simple Christian experience of Mr. Johnson’s humble flock, we are struck by its analogy to that of Brainerd’s Indian converts. Nor can we fail to trace it back to the direct and faithful manner in which both these Apostolic men “preached Christ unto them.” A careful review of all the outlines which we possess of Mr. Johnson’s sermons, will show

that from the very first he resolved to know nothing among his people, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified. Need we look farther for the secret of his great distress?

The following extracts from his journal are full of interest and instruction :

“*Feb.* 21st, 1820.—At half-past ten, divine service. The church was full. Mr. Bull read the Church Service, after which I preached on Luke 23 : 42, 43.

“After service, several of the communicants expressed great joy. One old man, named Leopold Susah, said : ‘Massah, my heart sing—me glad too much.’ I asked : ‘What made your heart sing, Susah?’ ‘Ah ! you see that poor thief you talk about, he no good at all ; he be bad when they hang him on the cross ; God teach ; He show Him bad heart ; He make him pray to Jesus Christ : “Lord, remember me.” Jesus no say : “Me no want you ; you too bad ; you be thief too much.” No, He no say so, but He take him and tell him, “To-day shalt thou be with me in heaven.” I see Christ take poor sinner, that make me glad too much. Ah ! my heart sing. True, me bad, very bad—me sin too much ; but Jesus Christ can make me good. He take poor thief, He take me ; me the same. Thank God, thank God !’

“I have had many sweet conversations with the people last week. One man said : ‘Massa, before you go from this place, you preach, and you say : ‘Suppose somebody beat rice, when he done beat, he take

the fan and fan it, and then all the chaff fly away, and the rice get clean. So God do Him people; He fan the chaff away. Now, Massa, we been in that fashion since you been gone to England: God fan us that time, for true.'

"On Friday night a house caught fire and was burned down. The alarm bell was struck, and all the people came to the fire. One of the communicants was much distressed on Saturday. He said: 'Last night that house burn; the bell ring; all people get up and go to the fire; but I no hear it. I sleep all night until morning, then the people tell me; this make me 'fraid too much. Jesus Christ shall come in the same fashion, and me 'fraid He find me sleep.' He was indeed much distressed. May the Lord bless the words which were spoken to him!

"*Josiah Yamsey*, a communicant: 'One morning last week, when we had morning prayer, you read the first Psalm. When you came to the last verse, you said: "The ungodly shall perish; hear this now—you hear what God says, the ungodly shall perish!" O Massa! them words go through my heart; them make me 'fraid too much. But on Sunday you preach to me, you preach on the words: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." That word comfort me very much. I was troubled too much, but the Lord Jesus delivered me through them words. I thank God for His mercy.'

"*Feb. 22d, 1820.*—Slept very little during the night. The spiritual state of the people is on my mind very much. Oh! who is sufficient for these things? May God the Holy Ghost help me, and enable me to build up the people of God in this place, in their most holy faith. The following promise comforted my soul: 'Fear not, I will help thee.'

"*Feb. 23d.*—S. Collins, a communicant, said: 'Massa, me know for true this time, God never leave nor forsake His people. That time you go, too much trouble come in this place, and then we hear that you no come back again, and that the Governor want to break up the town. Me say to J. Bell, "Come, let us go to another place, where people no trouble us," but my brother say, "No, we must not run away from trouble. God send it, and God will take it away. I no believe Mr. Johnson no come back." Well, I stop a little longer; and by and by some of my brethren do bad; when trouble come, they no bear it. That hurt me too much; then I want to go away again, but God stop me. By and by news come that the Governor want to break this town up. Me think: "Now God forsake the people at Regent Town." Me go to church at night. Mr. Wilhelm say all people must be ready, the Governor come to-morrow. Ah! Massa, my heart sorry for true, but just when me in that way, a man came into church and say: "Mr. Johnson come!" O Massa! I can't tell you



what my heart feel then. God no forsake His people. He knows all His people. Oh! thank God, thank God!"

*Feb. 25th.*—At the second anniversary of the Regent's Town Church Missionary Society, £4 8s. 10d. were collected, and several natives spoke on the occasion. One young man said:

"My dear brethren, I am not worthy to speak any thing before you, for I am not worthy to mention the name of God. When Mr. Johnson first come, he preach. I go and come back the same as I go; I no understand what he preach. He then preach again; the word he speak hurt me too much. I feel heart-sick. He say: 'No man can enter into the kingdom of God, except he be born again; no thief, no bad man go there.' Then me hear again that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. When I hear this, it make me very glad. I was the same man who carry a bag full of stones on his head; I went into the bush and pray, and I get peace, and my heart feel glad. That time I see the light of God shine in my heart. When I go to church, I have joy; when I go home, I have joy; when in bed, I have joy; when I get up, I have joy. But this time I no feel so glad. I feel myself guilty; my heart is hard as a rock. If God cast me into hell, He do good. I deserve it. But I thank Him for His salvation bought with blood. He save me freely. I see the difference now. When I was a little boy, no done suck, fight come into my country.

My mammy run away, and when she run, she throw me away, and a man pick me up, and I no see my mammy again. By and by they sell me for a bundle of tobacco.”

He then gave an account of his coming, to Sierra Leone, and continued :

“Missionary come here and preach to us, and we pay nothing. England make us free, and bring us to this country. God, my brothers, has done great things for us ; but I have denied Him like Peter. I can say I am guilty before Him. Oh ! may He have mercy on me ! I am not able to do any thing. I pray God to make us help God’s word to cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea. I believe that word will come true. If any one got a penny, let him give it, and pray God to bless the Society.”

Another said :

“I was a little boy when I come into this country. I hear about the Lord Jesus Christ, but I no understand. The Governor send me here. Mr. Hirst lived here. He preach ; I go ; I hear ; but I no hear. I was blind. I no see it necessary. Mr. Johnson come, and the first sacrament-day I go. Monday I go to work. A man tell me : ‘ You received your own damnation.’ That make me afraid too much. I heard afterwards that God’s people must have trouble ; but I did not believe it. I know now, the road to heaven is a rough one. But I remember that Christ

prays for us, and that He came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. When I was blind, the Lord preserved me out of many troubles; but I did not know then. Now I see. I am sorry for my country-people—they are blind, they are in darkness. Oh! that they may feel and know what I feel and know! We must lift up our hearts for them to Jesus Christ. I thank Him that He has put it into the hearts of white people to do poor black people good. I will give what I can that they may know the word of God. I was in my country-fashion, but, by the grace of God, I am what I am. Let us pray for our country-people; but don't let us forget ourselves. Oh! that the Lord may give us strength!"

Another thus addressed his countrymen :

"If I had stopped in my own country, I should have gone to hell. I was not long a slave in my own country. My father sent me with my big brother to the head-man of the country. Whether he sold me to him, I can not tell. The head-man sent me to another country. We walked about two weeks. Then they send me to the sand-beach, and white man take me, and he hide us; and I and another boy, we run away about two miles, but they catch us. I did not know any thing about God at that time, but still I said: 'If God will, they shall catch us.' I was so afraid when I got into the vessel, and cried very much, especially when I think of my father, brother, and sister. But

by God's providence, I am come to this country. I went to meeting to hear Mr. Hirst, but I play and laugh when I was there. Then Mr. Johnson came. I always come to church because other people go. I hear, but I did not understand, till I get sick with the small-pox; then I thought I should die. I begin to fear. Then I remember the word I heard in the church. But God spared me. I got better. It was then that I found the Lord Jesus; and I desire to know the Lord Jesus more and more, and that my country-people may hear of Him. When I consider what the Lord has done for sinners, I am sorry too much, especially when I read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. That chapter make me sorry too much. '*He was wounded for our transgressions.*' I trust that, through the precious blood of Jesus, I shall be justified, and shall reign with Him in heaven. My country-people lie in darkness. They worship their own gods. What Mr. Taylor say just now about the day of judgment—that we should meet our country-people, and that, perhaps, through the coppers which we give, make me glad too much. Friends, consider your former state, and consider the state of your country-people now. I dare say some people say: 'White people bring me to this country.' But they are only instruments: it is God that brought us here, to hear of Jesus, the Saviour of sinners. Suppose they say, the Lord Jesus no come to save sinners, but the righteous.

I must go to hell. Oh! pray—continually pray—for ourselves and for our country-people. Suppose we meet in the day of judgment, and they stand on the left hand, and they say: ‘You been see me go to hell, and have not told me about it.’ Try to do the best. Pray and give money. I thank the Lord Jesus, who saved me, who bled for me, and who was once nailed on the cross. Oh! we must pray that the Lord may save us, and receive us into the kingdom of glory. If Christ leave us to-day, we fall into hell.”

The journal now continues :

“*March 4th.*—Several people spoke this evening, so that I felt what I can not express. One woman who had been in my school, and is now married, said: ‘When I very young, my mother die. Soon after, bad sickness come in my country—people look quite well, and all at once they fall down and die. So much people die, that they could not bury them. Sometimes six or seven people stand at one place, and all at once three or four fall down and die. My father take me and run to another country, because he ’fraid of that bad sick. My father got sick, but he no die. Me get sick, too. One day my father send me to get some cassada. Two men meet me in the road, catch me, and carry me to the head-man. He say they must sell me. Just when they wanted to carry me away, my father came. He very sick; he look at me, and they say me thief; they go and sell me. My father begin

to beg them, but they no hear. My father stand and cry; and, O massa! since you talk that palaver about missionary, and about our fathers and mothers, me no rest.' Here she burst into tears, and said: 'My father always stand before my eyes. Oh! poor man, he no sabby any thing about Jesus Christ.' She wept very loudly, and after a little, continued her sad tale. 'After they carried me two days, they sold me. I do not know what they got for me. I stop there a little, and then people carry me away to another place and sell me, with plenty more people. Me very sick that time. Oh! me very poor, and nothing but bone. After the man that buy me took me, he say: "This girl no good, she go to die. I will kill her, she no good to sell." A woman live there, (I think it one of him wife,) she beg the man not to kill me. O massa! God send that woman to save my life. Suppose that woman no come and beg for me, what place I be in now?' She wept again, and could not proceed with her tale.

"Most of those who are influenced by divine grace begin to see now the hand of God in all their former lives. I believe we were all so affected, that many tears were shed in silence. *Ah! who would not be a missionary to Africa! Had I ten thousand lives, I would willingly offer them up for the sake of one poor negro.* Our friends in England do not know half the sorrows and miseries that reign in Africa. 'Oh! that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion!'"

*To the Secretaries.*

*March 7th, 1820.*

“MY DEAR SIR: I could write you many more affecting tales, but as I have written the most of this day, and it is now late, I must conclude. I have to attend the proclamation of King George the Fourth to-morrow, in Freetown, when I intend to take this with me, as a vessel is about to sail. You will see in the above, that the work of the Lord is still carried on. It pleased God to carry me to Europe last year; and although I could not see it at first, yet, blessed be God, I see now that it has been good both for me and my people. I trust it has been the means of uniting me more in affection to you; for I must confess that I felt not so much attached to you before as I do now; and I would entreat you continually to give me advice and admonition, on whatever you think in me is out of the way. I beg you would reprove me. I can assure you you have not to deal with a more feeble missionary than myself. In fact, I can not express my feelings on this head. Oh! continue to pray for me, that I may be kept humble. I am a poor sinful creature. It often grieves me when I consider what an expense my journey to England and Germany has been; but I trust it has been altogether for good. Saturday night is always considered by me as a peculiar season. Blessed be God that I have ever been permitted to

attend the Saturday prayer-meetings at the Church Missionary House. Give my Christian love to all friends who attend on that occasion.

“I shall give, as soon as I can, some full tales of my people, which are more interesting than ever I expected. My wife and sister join in Christian love to you.  
W. JOHNSON.”

It is a sad fact that persons from Christian lands, who reside among the heathen, are often the worst hindrance to the missionary's success. Mr. Johnson alludes in the following letter to his trials of this nature :

“*March 25th, 1820.*”

“The Governor has in a great measure behaved more kindly to me since my return than formerly, but he is, notwithstanding, ‘Old Macarthy’ still. I believe he has studied to be more prudent. He now seldom visits us, and so gives less trouble. If he comes into the mountains, he generally spends the greater part of his time at Bathurst and Leopold, where (as he confesses) he meets with more pleasure and hospitality. . . .

“The improvement of the Colony (that is, making more towns, and taking lands which did not belong to the Colony) will more and more prejudice the minds of the natives against the spread of the Gospel of our



God. Thus all openings appear to be shut again, which causes not a little uneasiness to my mind ; but 'the Lord He is God.' He will open effectual means and ways in His own time. A passage has often comforted me, which is every day new to me : 'I will lead the blind by a way that they know not.'

"The Europeans of Freetown have commenced a new mode of showing their ungodliness. They frequently break the Sabbath by going on horseback round the villages. They generally go through Gloucester and Bathurst to Leopold, where they arrive when divine service is nearly over, which they profess to attend. Afterwards they proceed to the water-falls, get almost intoxicated, and then return through Regent's Town about three o'clock, and annoy us with a great many compliments, when we are about to go into church. Some came a few Sundays since during morning service, and walked all about the place—no people being at home, except the sick in the hospital. I gave orders to the church-warden to tell them, when they come again, that all the people in Regent's Town serve God on Sunday, and that he is sorry to see a man who knows book, break the Sabbath.

"I am sorry to say our church is in a bad state ; I am afraid that it will not stand. We are repairing it now, as well as we can. I asked His Excellency to build another, but he gave no decided answer.

"A vessel has arrived from America with settlers.

They intend to settle on the Sherbro. Three clergymen are the agents. I saw two of them, who appear to be respectable and pious men. May God accompany them with His blessing.

“Now, my dear sirs, farewell. Bear always upon your mind at a throne of grace the man who writes this, who is sometimes encouraged, and then again discouraged; sometimes upon the mount, sometimes very low in the valley. Oh! pray that he might be kept by the almighty power of God, and led into all truth by the Holy Spirit, and may give all the glory to the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

“My sister is recovering from a severe fever. I think she is now prepared to meet the rains. Mrs. Johnson, who enjoys good health, joins me in Christian love to Mr. and Mrs. Pratt, and Mr. and Mrs. Bickersteth.

“Your ever-faithful servant,

“W. JOHNSON.”

In another letter, after mentioning the illness of several members of his family, he says:

“I myself am very low spirited; I do not recollect that I have ever been in such a low state before. But all must be well. I know we are all ‘immortal till our work is done,’ I therefore leave all in the hands of my dear Saviour.

“You will see by the journals, that the great work

which our Jehovah has begun, is still proceeding. There are now nineteen candidates for baptism, whom I instruct once or twice a week for that ordinance and the Lord's Supper. I trust they are partakers of grace; I have examined them as carefully as I am able. There are about as many more whom I have not examined yet. Among these nineteen candidates, I am glad to say, are two of the Institution boys, who have come from Leicester Mountain. I think there is, in general, a great change for the better among the boys of the Seminary. The boy, Henry Card, (the only one admitted from our school who was not a communicant,) is among the candidates. The late Mr. Cates sent him a dying message, which was the means of the boy's conversion.

“We have been more free, of late, from Europeans coming on Sundays to disturb us. Once they came, and made many compliments, after they had walked about the place. I told them I was glad to see them at any other time, but was exceedingly sorry to see them break the Lord's day. They did not answer any thing, but one complained of my young horse, which came out of the meadow and kicked his horse. Mr. Bull being present, said the horse was very religious, and did not like to see gentlemen break the Sabbath. They made a good many excuses, and went away, and have not come since.

“I am sorry to say that the Americans who have

lately settled at the Sherbro, are in a wretched condition. They have scarcely any houses to live in, and are most of them ill. A great number have already died, among whom is the Rev. W. Bacon, whom I saw at Freetown. I believe that the settlers have lost their father.

“Thus, my dear sirs, I have stated to you some particulars which have entered my mind. May the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob be with you and prosper all your undertakings. We continue to remember you and the whole Society at the throne of grace, as I am fully persuaded you continue to do in our behalf. By the time you receive this, we shall be in the midst of rains, in the midst of jeopardy, perhaps no more in the flesh. But come what will, we are in the Lord’s hands. ‘The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.’ Oh! that I may be useful while here below! May our Lord Jesus Christ but be glorified; then, whether we live or die, all is well.

“I remain, etc.,

“W. JOHNSON.”

“REGENT, *May 20th*, 1820.

. . . “D. Noah is still increasing in usefulness. He is indeed a valuable assistant to me. Tamba and Davis, I trust, have been made useful to some of the people at Leicester Mountain. One man from that place attended the Lord’s Supper here last ordinance-Sunday.

“An awful circumstance occurred last Wednesday. Mr. Lefevre, the Commissary General, went to shoot deer. A Krooman, who did not please him, was struck with the butt end of his gun, when it went off, and the contents lodged in Mr. L.’s left breast, and killed him. An awful warning!

“Excuse my writing so much, but allow me to say, that it affords me much pleasure and comfort. When I sit by myself, (having no one to converse with, and being sick,) and can write to you, I feel as if I was in your company, the remembrance of which is refreshing.”

The journal here alluded to is as follows :

“*March 11th*, 1820.—A carpenter boy said: ‘When I in my country, the king die, then the head-man got plenty slaves to kill them, because that be fashion of the country; when the king die, they kill plenty slaves. Me be slave, but I no belong to the king. Then my master take me and carry me to that place where they go to kill the people: he say, that boy no good. I will change him for one of them women that they go to kill. I see two houses full of slaves that they going to kill, and my master change me for one woman, and they put me among the people they want to kill for that king who die. Well, I stand—I tremble—don’t know what to do. By and by a head-man come and look at all them people. When they come

amongst us, I look them sharp ; they no take notice of me ; I stand close by the door ; I jump out, and run into the bush. I live there three days. I eat grass. I hear when they kill them people, I fear too much—they cry, they scream—oh ! too much ! I ran out of the bush, and run to another town. The people in that town catch me—they tie me and send me to the head-man of my country, and tell him they catch one of him slaves. The head-man send two people to fetch me back, but that man who catch me say he no let me go ; they must bring some cloth, and pay him. Well, then, two men go back ; they say they come in three days and fetch me. The day come, and I expect them come and fetch me ; but I try to run away again, and go to another country. The people in that country caught me, and carry me out and sell me, and I got on board the ship ; English ship come one day and carry us here. Now, first time, I think I do all this by my own strength, but this time I see the Lord Jesus Christ has done it. He has brought me here by His power.'

*“Easter Sunday.*—Preached a funeral sermon on the death of George Paul, from Heb. 9 : 27. The church was very much crowded, and all seemed attentive. May God give the increase.”

The youth here spoken of, came to Regent from the hold of a slave-ship in 1815. He was apprenticed to a tailor, and slept in Mr. Johnson's house, with some

others who had no other lodging-place. Mr. Johnson says of him :

“In 1818 I found that he and two more of the boys that slept in my house, were full of serious thoughts. One of them soon after died, and I believe he is now with George, to whom he was much attached, in unchanging happiness and glory.

“From this time, George walked steadfastly with his God and Saviour. He was never known to give way to the least indifference ; but wherever he went, or when at work, would speak to those about him on the things concerning their peace ; and would exhort them, especially those of his own age, to turn from their wicked ways. This youth was thus made instrumental to the conversion of several others, who are now communicants, and walk worthy of their high calling.

“A little before he was admitted as a communicant, he stirred up his companions to prayer ; in this he succeeded in September or early in October, 1818. Standing myself in a place where I could not be perceived, I overheard his prayer. It was short, but very impressive : he prayed much for the grace of the Holy Spirit, and forgiveness of sins, through the blood of Christ.

“When I returned to Regent’s Town in the beginning of February, 1820, I missed him among those who welcomed me. I inquired the cause, and was told

he was ill. On going to see him, I found him much reduced ; but he appeared in every respect resigned to the will of his Heavenly Father, having his hope fixed on the Rock of Ages. I suggested to Mr. Bull that if he were placed under his care in the Seminary, he might, perhaps, recover, and be instructed for a teacher of his countrymen. George seemed to get quite alive when he heard this proposal. He was then removed ; his strength appeared to return, and in a few days he was able to walk about again. But our thoughts are not as God's thoughts ; we wished to make George a teacher, perceiving an excellent spirit to be in him, but God had otherwise designed. Soon after, he became ill again, and closed the time of his pilgrimage on Sunday morning, the 27th of March, 1820, being about sixteen years of age.

“The friend who kept him during his illness, before he went to the Seminary, said that George was indeed a lad who lived by prayer upon Jesus Christ. He would often beg his friend to pray with and for him ; and when asked concerning the state of his soul, would answer, ‘Nothing but the blood of Jesus can do me good ;’ and when asked if he was willing to die, would say : ‘He is God ! let him do as HE likes !’

“A few days before his death, he said : ‘I am happy that I am sick and going to die ; Jesus Christ has saved my soul.’ Two friends prayed with him, and he begged them to help him on his knees to pray. He



was told that he could pray lying down, but he begged again, saying: 'I want to pray on my knees.' Tamba held him in his arms on his knees while he prayed. The last words which George spoke were: 'I am happy.'

"When one asked him, the day before he died, how he did, he replied: 'I thank the Lord Jesus Christ, He hold me fast.' To another he said: 'I beg you, when you go on your knees, pray for me.' When asked by another, on what he depended, being now about to depart, he answered: 'On nothing but the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ.'

"Thus another African is gone to glory, who was once a slave both in spiritual and temporal bondage. '*What hath God wrought!*' Our joy is great when we see sinners bend beneath the cross; but still greater when we behold them enter into everlasting glory, through the blessed Saviour.

"Receive Thou, O great Jehovah! all the praise and glory. Amen."

"*April 11th.*—In the evening I examined till a late hour, a number of people who had several times applied for baptism. I suppose there were fifty in the house, but only ten were received, whom I instruct twice a week. They all gave clear evidence of grace."

The following passages from a letter of the Rev. T. Morgan to the Secretaries, afford strong confirmation of Mr. Johnson's own statements respecting the people

of Regent's Town. The writer could not be charged with partiality to Mr. Johnson, for he was recalled to England after Mr. J.'s return, in consequence of the unhappy circumstances which took place while that station was under his care. After comparing the moral and religious conduct of the natives with that of the inhabitants of English towns, rather to the disadvantage of the latter, he gives some traits of character which he had noticed.

“Soon after my arrival in Regent's Town, Mrs. Morgan and myself were seized with fever, in which we were tenderly and unceasingly watched by the children around us. As I often suffered much in my head, and I believe frequently manifested it by contortion of countenance, a boy who had attached himself to me, and whom I kept constantly about me, sat for several hours in the night, holding my head, and bathing it with vinegar; and when I dropped asleep, covering it from cold, or wiping away the perspiration. No affection, I think, in a Christian land, would surpass this.

“One morning, while at breakfast, we were alarmed by feeble cries of ‘Massa, massa, fire live here!’ I went immediately to the adjoining room, and found the flames issuing through crevices of the floor. Brother Cates followed, and with his usual self-possession, said: ‘We will remove this child (who was lying sick in the room) and Mrs. Morgan, and God will as-

sist us to get the fire under.' This we accordingly did, and by the application of wet blankets, soon confined, and at last extinguished the fire.

"We were much struck with the INTEGRITY of the people. In their anxiety to save as much as possible, almost every article was removed. In the confusion, many things were scattered about the yard; not one article, however, even the most trifling, was lost; but all were brought again to the house, and fixed in their proper places. A boy who had got possession of the box which contained the money for paying the mechanics and laborers, was found in the garden, parading with the box under his arm, and guarding it, though unnecessarily, with a drawn cutlass in his hand.

"I was struck with the sudden disappearance of the women, who, at the commencement of the fire, had filled the house. On inquiry, I found that they had retired to the church to offer up their prayers unto God. What but a divine influence could draw them to God in this trial, to ask His blessing on the exertions of those employed?

"While replacing the books which had been scattered on this occasion, two of the girls came to us. I asked what they wanted. 'Nothing, massa,' was the reply, 'but we come tell you God hear every time somebody go talk Him.' 'How, my child, do you know that God hears His people when they pray?' She said: 'Massa, when fire come this morning, I

sabby your house no burn too much. Every morning I hear you and Mr. Cates pray God keep this house and all them boys and girls what live here; and when fire come, I say to Sarah: "Ah! God plenty good. He hear what massa say to Him this morning. He no let this house burn too much."

"The Christian negroes show a strong attachment to simple views of religion. I began some explanation on successive evenings, as plain as possible, of the Lord's Prayer. It pleased God graciously to bless these words to the people. They made the most practical use of them. A display of unholy temper would receive a reproof: 'If God your Father, that be no like His child.' Some thought God could not be their Father, because they did not feel sufficient desires that His kingdom should come among their country-people; and others felt that they were rebellious children for not doing His will on earth more as it was done in heaven. Some wept to think how He had delivered them from temptation and evil; and all, I believe, burned with love, to ascribe to Him the kingdom of His love, the power of His Spirit, and the glory of their salvation.

"I was obliged by the pressing requests of the people, to repeat these explanations four or five times; and resolved in future to know nothing and to speak of nothing among the negroes but the plainest words of the Redeemer. How much better calculated is that

language than any other to reach the heart, may be judged by this instance out of many."

We resume Mr. Johnson's own journal for the summer and autumn of 1820:

"*July 30th, Sunday.*—The prayer-meeting at six o'clock in the church this morning, was numerously attended. I gave an exhortation on the Lord's day, showing the imperfections and interruptions with which we have to struggle, while we meet in this world to worship God; and how great the difference will be when we shall keep the eternal Sabbath, when

'No more fatigue, no more distress,  
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach that place;  
No sighs shall mingle with the songs  
That warble from immortal tongues.'

"Divine service at half-past ten. I read the prayers as usual, and David Noah responded with the whole congregation. I must confess, when I read some of those beautiful and spiritual prayers, I could have wept. There appeared a holy awe throughout the congregation. I saw one woman, while she repeated the prayers, especially that part, 'Lord have mercy upon us! Christ have mercy upon us!' weeping bitterly. After the prayers, I preached on Rev. 3:19: '*As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten; be zealous therefore, and repent.*' In the afternoon I expounded and asked questions on 1 John 3:3-10.

“In the evening preached on Isaiah 63 : 26. May the Holy Spirit bless the word which has been spoken, and all the praise shall be to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

“*July 31st.*—While going along the street, some women called after me, and said a man was sick in the house which I then passed. I turned in, and found a man lying on a mat and blanket. When he perceived me he lifted himself up, though very weak. He and his wife were both communicants. He told me he was taken sick last week, on the same day when he buried his only child. He said: ‘Massa! God punish me this time! but suppose I no belong to Him, He would not do so. Last week he took my little boy, and the same day me got sick too. Suppose, massa, me have child, and me love that child, and that child do bad, I whip that child; why? because I love it. So God do with me. I do too much sin, and now God punish me.’ He wept. ‘Oh! that the Lord Jesus Christ may pardon my sins!’ I then interrupted him, and brought forth such passages as came to my mind, and which I thought would comfort him in his distress.

“In calling at one of the houses, I found two women (both communicants) at needle-work. The house was neat and clean. A clean bench was immediately put down, and I was entreated to sit. One of them had been lately married to a decent and serious young man. I asked how she get on now. She said: ‘I

think not so well as before. Beforetime I go to prayer; nobody hinder me; I live by myself in this house; I have no trouble; when I go to church I was glad, and the word which I hear was sweet too much. Sometimes people ask me: "Why you no get married?" I no answer, but I know I have peace too much; my heart live upon the Lord Jesus Christ. That same time, my husband send one man, and he ask me if I willing to marry. I don't know what to say, but I think I must say, Yes. Well, I say, Yes; and soon after, we get married. Me got plenty trouble this time. My husband, he is a good man, but me have trouble about him. Every time me think about the Lord Jesus Christ, my husband come into my mind; and so I stand when I live in the church. Sometimes I think it would be better for me if I were not married; then I should only think about my sins, and about the Lord Jesus Christ. Sometimes I don't know what to do. I hear you preach, but I can't feel it; only Sunday before last, when you preach in the morning it was just as if you talk to me all the time; me hold my face down and cry too much.' The text was Isaiah 43 : 1.

"*Aug. 5th* — Went to see a sick communicant. When he saw me, tears ran down his black cheek, and he remained silent. I requested him, if he had any thing on his mind, to tell me. He answered: 'Them words you talk last Sunday live in my head.' (The

text was Rev. 3 : 19.) 'I went to Freetown some time ago, and met with some of my country-people who live there. They make me come to their house. I eat with them, and they talk foolish, and I did not tell them they do bad. I stand like one of them. My heart tell me the same time, but I no mind that. Then them people do very bad. They curse and drink. They tell me to stop all night. I no like it; but by and by I stop; and, O Massa! what plague me too much, I laugh when they talk bad. Next day I go home, and oh! how my heart strike me when I go in the road; and when I go home, I get sick. God punish me for that, and since that time I have been sick. Sometimes I only strong enough to go to church; but I get no peace in my heart when I heard the word of God. All is against me.' Here he began to weep again, and I perceived that his illness was caused by grief. I tried to point out to him the tenderness of the father after having punished his child, and that our heavenly Father in like manner, mercifully, through the Saviour's merits, receives His children, and forgives their backslidings freely.

"One man said: 'Massa! I am like a dog who runs away from his master, and runs all about; but finds no house, no place to live; he gets hungry, and then comes back again to his master; because nobody will take him into the house and give him something to eat. I do the same. I run away from the Lord Jesus



Christ, but I find no peace; trouble meet me every where, and then I must come back to the Lord Jesus Christ, for He only gives me rest.'

"*Sept. 3d, Sunday.*—Married two couple—two carpenters to two school-girls; all communicants. When the girls came to take leave of me, they wept much, conscious of the important step they were about to take. The whole congregation seemed affected when the ceremony was performed, and responded in a very solemn manner. The brides were dressed in white gowns and black beaver hats; the men in blue coats and light waistcoats and trowsers. They made a very respectable appearance. What a contrast! when we consider that not long since, they were naked, and disfigured by slave-dealers' chains and gree-gees!

"I then proceeded with the morning prayers, after which I preached on John 1 : 29, '*Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world;*' and then baptized twenty-three adults and three infants. Before the administration of the Ordinance, I questioned the candidates, who stood in a line before the reading desk, on Regeneration, Baptism, the Lord's Supper, the Holy Trinity, and the Fall and Recovery of Man. I then explained to them the questions and answers in the Prayer Book, and baptized them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

"Being the first Sunday in the month, I administered the Lord's Supper to nearly three hundred com-

municants. I was so much fatigued that I could not keep service in the afternoon.

“In the evening, preached on 2 Timothy 2 : 19. The church was crowded, notwithstanding the heavy rains; and blessed be God for His mercy! For my part, I found it good to be there, and I believe the people did the same. A school-girl who had hitherto been very careless, was much affected; she wept during the whole service, and afterwards desired to speak to me, with several other people.

“Thus another Sabbath has been spent. Oh! that every Sabbath—yea, every day and hour, may be spent to the praise and glory of our Redeemer!”

In October, Mr. Johnson took another missionary journey. His account of it shows how deeply he had the salvation of the heathen tribes at heart.

“*Oct. 17th, 1820.*—Left Regent’s Town this morning, accompanied by William Tamba, and by John Johnson, W. Garnon, David Johnson, John Attan, John Hopkins, and Henry Martyn, all youths of the Society’s Seminary, to embark in a canoe at Freetown. Sailed about five in the afternoon, and cleared Cape Sierra Leone before night.

“*Oct. 18th.*—Having suffered much during the night and all day by contrary winds, we went on shore at a place called Tongeh, only five miles from Regent’s Town. We proceeded on foot along the sand-beach to a grove of trees, where we halted. Read a chapter

and prayed, when, I trust, we all experienced the presence of our gracious Saviour. As we had been much annoyed by bad language, (which the canoe-men thought they had a right to use, saying, it was canoe-fashion,) we found this spot of retirement peculiarly refreshing.

“We then proceeded further, determined rather to walk than hear bad language, and reached late a place called Mama, the village where we lodged two years ago, when our beloved friend, Mr. Cates, was with us. The people appeared happy to see us again, and gave us the same house we before occupied.

“We called them together, and Tamba addressed them in the Sherbro tongue. They were very attentive. Tamba told them in conclusion that we would now kneel down and pray for them. They all knelt down with us, and after prayer, went quietly to their homes, which was very remarkable, as Africans generally make a great noise during those nights when the moon shines; but not a word was heard. *We thanked God*, who had brought us to this place, and favored us with that opportunity, which we could not have enjoyed, had we remained in the canoe, *and took courage*.

“*Oct. 19th.*—After we had committed ourselves to the care and protection of our Lord and Saviour, and had paid our host, we resumed our march till we came to a large creek, through which we swam with some difficulty. After we had got safely across, we saw

two sharks in pursuit of some fish. This brought serious reflections to our minds. *When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.*

“ We walked again along the beach, and arrived at York, a new settlement of disbanded soldiers, about ten o'clock A.M., but as it was low water, we thought it best not to hesitate, but get across Whale river, which we found quite passable.

“*Oct. 20th.*—Went in the afternoon to a few small hamlets in the neighborhood of Kent. Found a man who had formerly lived at Regent's Town. Being very superstitious, he had withdrawn to a place where he could live in the practice of his country fashion. I took one of his gree-grees, and, cutting the leather open in which it was sewed, found that it was merely a piece of paper, which had been wrapped round a cake of Windsor soap: the stamp of the manufacturer was on the paper, with the inscription: ‘Genuine Windsor Soap.’ I exposed the strange charm to my companion, and a hearty laugh ensued. The poor fellow was quite confounded; and when I explained to him his folly, he said gree-gree was good, because he had bought it of a Mandingo man for 1s. 3d., and the man (a Mohammedan) had told him it was good very much. Seeing that we could not convince him of his error, one of our boys put it into the fire, which closed the dispute.

*“Oct. 23d.*—Reached the Bananas about ten A.M. Mr. George Caulker is a man of good understanding, which he manifests in every respect. I had some conversation about his translation of the Scriptures into the Sherbro tongue, which Mr. Nylander has already reported. He said he had translated the book of Genesis, part of the Liturgy, and some hymns. . . . I told him if he had any thing ready for the press, I would take it upon myself to send it to England to the Society, which I was sure would render him every assistance. He said he would get something ready, and send it.

“I further asked whether he would allow us to send any of those youths who were now in the Seminary, when they had finished their studies, to travel or settle in his territory, and preach or teach his people the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. As Mr. Thomas Caulker, his uncle, is the principal chief, Mr. G. Caulker spoke to him in the Sherbro tongue upon the subject; and then answered that they thought it a very good plan to prepare native teachers, and that any of them might go to their people whenever we pleased to send them, and that they would always protect them. I introduced the youths: both chiefs seemed very much pleased; and said their people now kept Sunday, but as they had no persons to teach them, they had made it a palaver-day.

*“Oct. 24th.*—Collected the people at a village called

Ribbee. The head-man was very old. He and the people listened with attention, and appeared much pleased with what Tamba told them. When he had done speaking, they proceeded, in their country-fashion, to talk palaver. I observed the old head-man counting on his fingers, and explaining to his people something of importance. I asked Tamba what they were talking about; who told me that he had spoken to them at the conclusion about keeping Sunday. We left them and retired to our house; read the sixtieth of Isaiah, and prayed; after which we took a walk round the place, and found it larger than we at first conceived. Gree-grees and devils' houses were seen in every direction. Oh! that the Lord may have mercy on these benighted people!

*“Oct. 25th.*—At the Plantains we were kindly received by the younger brother of Mr. G. Caulker. After breakfast we went in search of the lime-trees, which were planted by the late Rev. John Newton, when he was wandering like a lost sheep over this island. We found that they had been cut down; we saw the trunk of one, from which new branches had shot forth, but there was no fruit.

“I found some very useful books in the library of Mr. G. Caulker, which had been well used, with a hymn-book, some translations from which I found in print; and as several of the hymns in that book were composed by the Rev. John Newton, it is probable

that some of his hymns are now sung in the Sherbro tongue, on the very spot where he in ignorance wandered, and planted lime-trees for his amusement.

“In the evening we held a prayer-meeting in the canoe, it being the time when the people at Regent’s Town assemble for the same purpose.”

After encountering a terrible tornado, which put them in great danger and exposed them to much hardship, they arrived safely at Regent’s Town on the 26th, where they were received with much joy and thankfulness for their preservation.





## CHAPTER VIII.

“AND it shall come to pass, after that I have plucked them out I will return, and have compassion on them, and will bring them again, every man to his heritage, and every man to his land.”—JER. 12 : 15.

AT the opening of a new year, Mr. Johnson writes thus to the Secretaries of the Church Missionary Society :

“REGENT’S TOWN, *Jan. 19th*, 1821.

“REV. AND DEAR SIRS : You will be so kind as to receive herewith, the reports and journals of the different settlements ; also the journal of W. Tamba, who has been successful in his visit to the Sherbro country, and is now getting ready to go a second time.

“The anniversary of the Sierra Leone Church Missionary Society was held on December 26. Mr. Garnsey, being busy in preparing for his departure, declined preaching the Anniversary Sermon, which fell to my lot. I preached on Mark 16 : 15, ‘Go ye into all the world,’ etc. Mr. Garnsey will give you a full account. I can only say it was to me a day of joy. Never did I spend a more happy Christmas : all

was love and unity. On the 26th we had nineteen, and on the 27th, twenty-one male and female missionaries to dinner—the greatest number that ever dined together in Western Africa.

“The boys in the Seminary proceed as usual. I wish I could see a competent teacher. Be so kind as to send the following Latin books. . . . Should no teacher come out, we must try, by the help of God, what we can do.

“A Miss Mackenzie has been placed under my care. She was born at Goree, but educated in England, and is about sixteen years of age. As she can play the organ, I should very much like to have one for our church; we have a good place for one in the west gallery. If you would be so kind as to procure us a cheap one, we should all be very much obliged to you. D. Noah begins to complain of his chest. I am frequently obliged to lead singing, and the congregation being so large, it hurts me more than preaching.

“The whole income of the Sierra Leone Church Missionary Society is £118 8s. 2d., of which sum, £50 5s. 2d. have been contributed by my humble flock. . . .

“I know you will be pleased with the reports of the settlements. Indeed, it will draw forth gratitude from the hearts of God’s people, when they consider how the light of the Gospel is beaming forth in every direction. Praise and glory be to our Heavenly Father,

who has again revived our drooping hearts through the prospect before us! May the God of all grace continue to prosper your undertakings.

“WILLIAM JOHNSON.”

Another letter, dated March 20th, 1821, continues the history of mingled trials and encouragements which mark the missionary's experience :

“It has pleased our Heavenly Father to raise me again from a bed of sickness, which I thought would have proved my last. About the time I wrote to you last, I caught a severe cold, which settled upon my lungs, and my strength soon failed through violent coughing and spitting. I went, for change, to Charlotte's Town, which is not so much exposed to the wind, but received no benefit. I then proceeded to Freetown, and took my abode in the missionary house, where I have been closely attended three weeks by the doctor. I returned last Saturday, and am, through the mercy of God, so far restored, that I can do duty again. My cough has not left me quite, and I am obliged to be very careful. My people were much alarmed, and prayed earnestly for my recovery. The Lord has been pleased to hear their prayers. . . .

“Mr. and Mrs. Düring have been dangerously ill. Mr. and Mrs. Norman are both ill with the fever. Mr. N., I trust, is out of danger. Oh! may the Lord spare him! They are people to whom I am much

attached, and who will, if spared, prove useful among us.

“O my dear sirs! pray for us, pray for us! If ever a mission was afflicted, it is your mission in Western Africa. Mere professors of religion have joined the profane, and have opened their mouths against us, saying: ‘Aha! aha! our eyes have seen it! Ah! so would we have it!’ Oh! may the Lord hear our cries, and overcome evil with good!

“It is most remarkable that the work of grace proceeds; but so it has been, and so it will be. ‘Through much tribulation ye shall enter into the kingdom of heaven.’”

The following paragraph notices the commencement of two societies in the United States, which are doing, at this day, a momentous work in Western Africa—the American Colonization Society, and the Protestant Episcopal Board of Missions. The latter may be called the child of the English Church Missionary Society; for the perusal of missionary papers, sent by the Rev. Josiah Pratt, seems to have been the means of first awakening a desire in our Church to aid the missionary cause. Mr. Pratt, about the year 1815, addressed a letter to Bishop Griswold, inviting the coöperation of the Episcopal Church in America, and offering such aid as the Church Missionary Society could give. It elicited a cordial response from Bishop Griswold, and the intelligence that he had already

called the attention of his clergy to the importance of missionary objects. This movement resulted, after some further correspondence of Mr. Pratt with Bishops White and Griswold, in the formation of a Missionary Society in connection with our Church.

The Rev. J. R. Andrus was the first clergyman of the Episcopal Church in the United States who offered himself as a missionary to the heathen. This was in 1816, and as some years elapsed before the Missionary Society commenced active operations, he was engaged in 1820 as an agent of the Colonization Society. It is a cause of thankfulness to know that our colonies in Africa were founded in a true missionary spirit. The brief accounts given by Mr. Johnson of our first settlement on that continent are full of interest.

“Another American vessel has arrived, with missionaries for the settlement on the Sherbro coast. There are four agents. Two of them are clergymen of the Episcopal Church. One of them (Mr. Andrus) showed me a letter from Mr. Pratt, and I was much pleased that that letter had proved effectual to the formation of a Church Missionary Society in America. They asked my advice as it respects the Sherbro. I advised them to go lower down the coast, as, in the first place, their present situation is too close to this Colony; secondly, vessels of one hundred and fifty tons and upwards can not approach the settlement within ten miles; and, thirdly, the shore is very low,

and surrounded with mangroves, and therefore very unhealthy. I also advised them to search for another place before the rains, and stay during that season in Freetown, and immediately after to proceed to the place fixed upon, as they will then be able to build proper houses before the rains come on again. I have pointed out two places to them, Cape Mesurado and St. John's River, Bassa country. I believe that at both those places there is good anchorage for large vessels, and they are both about four hundred miles from this Colony, and thus remove all prejudice.

“They intend to sail in a schooner to-morrow for those places. I hope I have not done wrong in advising them, nor in giving W. Davis and Tamba as interpreters. Both are acquainted with the coast and with the chiefs, and will therefore be of great service to them. On their return they have promised to put Tamba and Davis on the Plantains, from whence they will proceed and visit all the towns and villages belonging to the Caulkers.

“Mr. Andrus and Mr. Bacon were with us last Sunday, and were much gratified. Mr. Andrus said he had heard that the accounts of this place were much exaggerated; but he was sorry things were not known more: he never had seen a church in America filled with more attentive hearers, nor so large a number of communicants who had behaved with more piety at the Lord's table than these.

“If these missionaries should settle at any of the places above mentioned, would you have any objection to Davis going to settle with them? He would be of great service to them and to his country; indeed, a large field of usefulness would be before him. Be so kind as to let me know. W. Tamba would have gone before this to the Plantains, but he would not leave me while I was ill.

“The fifty Bibles and thirty pocket Testaments for the youths in the Seminary, have proved a great blessing, especially the former. The marginal references have enabled the boys to compare Scripture with Scripture, and thus the holy book has become familiar to them. Will you be so kind as to make our grateful acknowledgments to the Bible Society for the great blessings they have conferred upon these youths, in giving them these precious books?

“Our troubles are many, yet, believe me, we are not at all discouraged. I trust I can say with the Apostle, in the full sense: ‘We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, yet not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.’ Our sovereign Lord reigneth, and He is ‘the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.’

“My wife and sister are both well, and join me in Christian regards to all friends.

“W. JOHNSON.”

On his return to Philadelphia, Mr. Bacon published an account of his visit to Africa in the *Missionary Register*. We give below his impressions of Regent's Town :

"*March 17th, 1821, Saturday.*—About one o'clock we arrived at Regent's Town. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson had been at Freetown, where Mr. Johnson was sick several weeks. On our arrival, great numbers of his people came to shake hands with him, and inquired affectionately after his health: the expression of every countenance bore strong testimony of their ardent love for him, and of the joy that filled their hearts on his recovery and safe return.

"At six in the evening the bell rang for divine service. The people were immediately seen walking from different parts of the town, the parsonage house being so situated, that there is a fair view of almost the whole settlement: and it was delightful to observe the eagerness which the people manifested to hear the word of God. A prayer-meeting was held by the communicants after evening prayers, it being expected that the Lord's Supper would be celebrated the next day.

"*March 18th, Sunday.*—At six o'clock the bell rang for morning prayers, when the church was again filled. How pleasing to behold hundreds of those who were once wretched inmates of the holds of slave-ships, assembled in the house of God on the morning of that



blessed day on which our Saviour rose from the dead and ascended up to heaven! With a hundred copies of the Bible spread open before their black faces, their eyes were fixed intently on the words of the lesson which their godly pastor was reading. Almost all Mr. Johnson's people who can read, are supplied with Bibles from that best of institutions, the British and Foreign Bible Society. Surely Christians ought to feel encouraged in the support of missions, when such cheering fruits present themselves to view.

“At ten o'clock the bell rang, though the church was nearly filled before that hour. The members of the well-regulated schools which passed in review before the parsonage in succession, were all clad in clean and decent apparel. When we arrived, there were no vacant seats to be seen. The greatest attention was paid during divine service. Indeed, I witnessed a Christian congregation in a heathen land—a people *fearing God and working righteousness*. The tear of godly sorrow rolled down many a colored cheek, and showed the contrition of a heart that felt its own vileness. There were three couples married, and one child baptized. After the sermon, Mr. Johnson, with the assistance of brother Andrus, administered the Communion to nearly four hundred communicants. This was indeed *a feast of fat things* to my soul.

“At three o'clock the church was again filled, and

the most devout attention was paid to the reading and hearing of the word.

“Again, before the ringing of the bell at six o’clock in the evening, the people were seen from distant parts of the town, leaving their homes, and retracing their steps towards the house of God. There we again united in praising the God who hath wrought such wonderful things, even among the mountains of Sierra Leone, where the praises of Jehovah resound, not only from His holy sanctuary, but from the humble, mud-walled cottage—from the tongues of those children of Africa, who have been taken by the avaricious slave-trader, dragged from parents, separated from brother and sister, and perhaps from wife and husband, bound in chains, hurried on board the slave-ship, crowded in a space not exceeding their length and breadth, nor even allowed to breathe the vital air. These persons, after being recaptured by order of the British government, have been put under the charge of a faithful minister of the Gospel, whose labors have been accompanied by the Holy Spirit. These are the mighty works of God!”

We now resume Mr. Johnson’s journal :

“Many are the difficulties and trials which of late have befallen us, so that even the desire of writing my journal seems almost gone. Last week I was informed that a West-Indian, who sells rum by the road to Free-

town, and whose craft had suffered through my preaching against the awful sin of drunkenness, wanted to shoot me! I took no notice of the report. Last Thursday, one of our men came running after me to Freetown, and said that the above man had loaded a gun, and waited my return on the mountains. I still took no notice until a second and third of my people came and stated the same. I was very unwilling to inform against the man, but to preserve my life, I thought it my duty to have him secured. He was apprehended and brought before a magistrate, when it was very clearly proved that he had ill will against me. He was bound to keep the peace. Had he been in England, he would not have got off so easy; but I was glad he was not committed for trial. May the Lord forgive him, for he knows not what he does. I know that my God will protect me. 'The Lord is on my side, I will not fear what man can do unto me.'

*April 6th.*—This morning, after family prayer, Mr. Singleton, a member of the Society of Friends, and who has been sent out by that society to collect information about Africa, arrived here. It appears that Christians of every denomination begin to look towards poor, injured Africa. Mr. S. appeared very reserved at first, but soon found himself at home. At eight we always have family prayers in our house. He attended, wept much, and when I had concluded, begged leave to address us. He seemed so much

affected that he could scarcely speak. He concluded: 'Peace be to this house.'

"After breakfast we visited some of the people's houses, and he was much gratified to see them so clean, and a Bible or Testament every where on the table. He said he never could have supposed that the people lived so comfortably; and observed that they were far better off than most of the poor people in England. We next visited the girls' school and the Seminary, with which he was much pleased. He addressed each. In the afternoon we went to Bathurst, Leopold, and Charlotte's Towns, and returned about five o'clock. In the evening he did a thing which I suppose he would not have done for the king! He had gone into church with his hat on. Two men went up to him, and in a polite manner requested that he would take off his hat, which he did, smiling, and appeared much pleased with their zeal.

"*April 7th.* — Our friend again attended family prayer, and again was much affected. He addressed us in a very Christian-like manner, saying he was fully persuaded that there was no difference between the true people of God. After breakfast we went to the market, which gratified Mr. S. much. We then went to see some of the people's farms, and he was still more delighted. At five, he went to Freetown, much gratified.

"One woman said this evening: 'When I think

about the great things God has done for me, I don't know what to do. When I was in my own country, they catch us all, and then they take all my brothers and sisters and kill them, me only one left—oh! what great things the Lord has done for me, poor, guilty sinner! Me so bad! I hope the Lord Jesus Christ will have mercy on me. Oh! Him one only can save me.' ”

“*April 8th, 1821.*—The boys concluded the Lord's day as usual with a prayer-meeting. This meeting has now stood nearly three years, and, I believe, has proved a blessing to many of the young. It will ever be remembered that George Paul was the instrument who formed this prayer-meeting. Bless the Lord, O my soul! for this blessed day. ‘Oh! give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever.’

“*April 11th.*—Went and visited some people. One woman, who was ill, said: ‘Sometimes I feel glad, sometimes sorry; sometimes full of doubts and fears. Yesterday I was sorry too much that I could not come to the missionary meeting. I was hungry too much for to come, but I too sick. Sometimes me 'fraid too much; I think I have sinned against the Holy Ghost: this trouble me too much. Me heart so bad as make me think me sin against the Holy Ghost. Sometimes me no sabby what to do. Me can't pray, me so cold. Oh! me troubled about that too much, and now I am

sick. I think God punish me, and now me heart so hard. Only thing that comfort me is the Lord Jesus came to seek and save them people that lost ; and that God punish His people. He punish me, and that make me think He love me. I hope He will pardon my sins—them too much upon me.’ ”

Of a poor woman whose unworthy husband had robbed and deserted her, Mr. Johnson writes :

“ Her trials have been amongst the ‘ all things that work together for good.’ I believe, if there are any who enjoy peace and comfort, she does, in her humble cottage, the cleanliness of which can not be too much admired ; as also her regular attendance at divine worship, which she never neglects. I asked her how she got on now. She said : ‘ I have plenty trouble, but the Lord Jesus Christ is my father and husband.’ She avoids all company, in order that no evil report may be raised among them that are without. She lives near her country-people, who have, like her, found the pearl of great price. I can not help observing, that when the fence round the cottage wants repairing, her Christian country people will join together and do it gratis. This is another evidence of that sovereign grace which turns the lion into a lamb. These are all of the Eboe nation. May the God of sovereign grace have all praise and glory.

“ *April 21st.*—J. Pratt, who had been told that he could not be permitted to attend the Lord’s Table, for

a slight offense, came to me this morning, and said: 'Massa, when must I go now? I do so bad, that true, I deserve to be turned away from the Lord Jesus Christ and Him people, but for true, Massa, I can not live without the Lord. What must I do? What word live there again that can comfort my heart? Suppose me run to my country far away, the word me hear live in me heart, and can't come out again. To what place can me go for peace? I don't know what to do.' The words of St. Peter came to my mind: 'Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.' And I could not send the man away without telling him to come to the Lord's Table to-morrow. He was very thankful, and a great burden appeared to have fallen from his heart. Cases like this I have had frequently. They are like Noah's dove, finding no rest but in the Ark of the Covenant—the blessed and precious Lord Jesus Christ.

"Several women spoke this evening concerning the state of their souls. One said, who wept much: 'My heart fill up with sin; more I pray more sin I feel, and more worse I stand. My heart plague me too much. I think I can not be saved, because I think nobody bad like me. Suppose somebody can look into my heart, he can say: "That woman bad for true." Oh! my sin pass me. Hope the Lord Jesus Christ will have mercy on me. Suppose He have no mercy, me must go to hell.' Several more spoke to the same effect.

Some of us could not forbear dropping a tear of sympathy. We sung :

‘Show pity, Lord! O Lord! forgive;  
 Let a repenting rebel live;  
 Are not Thy mercies full and free?  
 May not the sinner trust in Thee?’

We concluded with prayer.”

Such expressions can not be understood by the unconverted reader. But “as in water, face answereth to face,” the renewed heart can see its own reflection here; for our perception of sin, and our deep abhorrence of it, are just in proportion to our growth in grace, and in the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour. Thanks be to God that “*we have redemption through his blood, even forgiveness of sins.*”

“*April 22d.*—Our attention was attracted by a little boy about three years old, who was baptized with his mother. He appeared very devout. Having knelt down, he placed his little hand before his eyes, and appeared as if in earnest prayer, and so remained during the whole ceremony. When I poured water on his head, he remained still in his devout posture.”

“*April 28th.*—I have been much engaged this week with people who continue to come and apply for baptism. Many gave very satisfactory answers, which induced me to believe that a work of grace had begun in their hearts. I asked one young man why he wished



to be baptized. He said: 'I have nothing to say for myself; only one thing I say, I always feel I am a great sinner, and the Lord Jesus Christ died for sinners. That is why I wish to be baptized; I can not live without Him. I must give up; my heart always plagues me, and the Lord only can save me from that.'

"Last night I was agreeably surprised at the sight of Mr. Bacon, who has been down the coast to the Bassa country. Mr. Davis, accompanied by the king's son, came also. The missionaries have succeeded in getting land; they have a sufficient quantity to begin a colony in the Bassa country. It appears that the king of the country is in earnest, or else he would not have sent his son, which may be taken as a token of sincerity as it respects the land, etc., promised. I can not express what I felt when the news reached my ears. A heavy burden fell at once from my mind, which has been there ever since I heard of the death of Mr. Cates; for he, humanly speaking, died of the fatigue which he endured in going to that country, and I was the cause of his undertaking it, for I first proposed it to him, and urged a special meeting to be held. But now I see that the Lord's ways are in the deep. 'How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!' Had Mr. Cates not gone there, the missionaries would not have received land. W. Davis produced the agreement which the king had made with Mr. Cates, which opened the way immediately. Thus,

that dear servant of the Lord has slain more at his death than ever he did in his lifetime."

It is delightful thus to trace back our Liberian colony to its beginning, and to find that the enterprise flowed from the pure and holy source of genuine love to Jesus. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints;" and that cause must be dear to Him in which He permitted the lives of some of His faithful servants to be sacrificed. Mr. Johnson continues:

"The people were in the evening-school when Davis and the prince arrived. I took the latter into the schoolhouse, and had our friends in England seen the sight, they would have wept for joy. His countrymen who were standing in their respective classes, left them without asking leave, surrounded the son of their king, shook hands with him in the most affectionate manner, and inquired after their relatives. Some leaped for joy when they found that their parents were yet alive, and the prospect of the Gospel soon sounding in their ears, caused sensations which can not be well described. D. Noah heard that his father and brethren were alive and well. W. Davis said he had seen some of those who sold him as a slave, and who tried to hide themselves, being ashamed to look at him. He heard that his mother was alive, but too far in the interior to enable him to pay her a visit this time. He, however, sent her a present, and word that he hoped soon to see

her, and to have her in his family. Some of the people were so struck when they saw Davis, that they scarcely would believe that he was the same, as an instance of one returning who had been sold had never occurred before. Is not this a Joseph's case? The missionaries have agreed to settle on the shores of the Bassa country in the middle of the dry season."

"*April 29th.*—This holy day was spent as usual. The church was full three times. Spoke in the morning on Matt. 9 : 12. Explained in the afternoon 1 Thess. 5 : 1-13 ; and in the evening preached on Rev. 21 : 6. Was much fatigued in the evening, as the day was remarkably hot, and the church so full that I could scarcely breathe. My soul, raise an Ebenezer to the covenant Jehovah, who has again wonderfully sustained thee. As thy days, so shall thy strength be. O Lord ! what shall I, the most unworthy of Thy servants, render unto Thee for all Thy benefits ? Thou overwelmeest me with mercies, all of which I am unworthy of. Receive, O Lord ! my unworthy tribute of praise and thanksgiving."

"*May 4th.*—More candidates for baptism have been received to-night and the night before last. The whole number is now 33, who will be on trial at least four or five months, and then instructed for the ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's Supper. O my God and Saviour ! Thy unworthy creature desires to praise and bless Thee for the power with which Thou accompa-

niest Thy holy word. Oh! may Thy poor servant be enabled through the influence of the Spirit to preach Christ crucified, who is indeed the power of God and the wisdom of God.

*“May 5th.*—This evening, one man said: ‘Massa, them words you talk last Sunday morning sweet too much to my heart. That time me come to church me so much trouble. My heart full up with sin. Me sit down, and by and by, when you begin to talk them words in Matthew 9 : 12, you say, sick people want a doctor; but them people no sick, no want doctor. Me say, ah! that is true. Suppose me sick, me can’t go for doctor. By and by you ask: “Who is sick in this congregation?” And then you tell us who them sick people be the Lord talk about in the Bible. Ah! Massa! same thing live in my heart, and me say them words God send to me to-day. By and by you talk about the Lord Jesus Christ; Him the doctor for heart-sick people. Oh! them words make me so glad. That time me go home, me have comfort too much. Thank God, the Lord Jesus take Him own blood for medicine, and take all my sin away.’

*“May 14th.*—Divine service as usual yesterday. I spoke in the morning on Matt. 9 : 24. In the afternoon went to Charlotte, as Mr. Taylor was ill, and spoke there on John 3 : 9, 10. There were but few present; some appeared very attentive; two men wept much when I spoke of the evidences of a Christian.

Returned to Regent and preached in the evening on Isaiah 44 : 20, 21. May the Lord Jehovah be praised for giving His unworthy creature health and strength to speak in the name of the Lord Jesus. Sickness has commenced with the rainy season. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Mr. Davy, Mr. and Mrs. Norman, and my sister, are all ill with the fever.

“ In the evening a young man came to me and said : ‘ Massa, them words you talk last night strike me too much. When you preach you read the 14th and 15th verses of Isaiah, and explain them. You show how our country-people stand. Me say : “ Ah ! who tell massa this ? He never been in my country.” You say : “ Do not your country-people live in this fashion ? ” I say : “ Yes, that true ; God knows all things. He put them things in the Bible.” Massa, I so sure that the Bible God’s word, for man can not put all things there, because he no see it. That time I live in my country, I live with a man that make gree-gee. He take me into bush and teach me to make gree-gee too. He show me one tree, and say that gree-gee tree. He take country axe, and cut some of that tree. He make a god, and he give me some of the leaves and that was left, to carry home. When we come home, he make a fire, and all the people come and sit round the fire, and clap their hands and cry : “ Aha ! aha ! ” Massa, when you read that verse I can’t tell you what I feel. You then begin to talk about the text, (20th verse,)

“He feedeth on ashes,” and I was struck again, for when they done cry “Aha,” they take the ashes and make medicine ; they give it to people when they be sick. You been see some gree-gree which look like dirt; that is the same ashes they carry that our poor countrymen feed on ashes. For true the Bible God’s word. Again you talk about the 21st verse, and tell us to remember this, and look back and see how God pull us like brand out of the fire. Massa, I thank God for the word I hear last night ; it make my heart sorry for my poor country-people, but it make my heart glad when I see what God done for me. But me so wicked. God love me so much, and still my heart so cold, Massa, one thing trouble me too much, when you talk about whoremongers and adulterers. I must say I not done that sin yet, but I am so ’fraid by and by I shall do that sin. Me done that sin plenty times with my heart. I hope the Lord Jesus will have mercy on me and keep me. Another thing trouble me, I don’t know if you like to hear it, but I will tell you. My heart trouble me too much about my country-people ; me so much want to be a teacher to them. I wanted to tell you before, but me so ashamed ; but when you preach last night about our country-people, I think I must tell you.’ I gave him some advice, which I pray God the Spirit may bless to him.

“*May 21st.*—Last Tuesday evening I received a note from J. Reffell, Esq., Chief Superintendent of captured

negroes, in which I was informed that a slave vessel had been brought in with two hundred and thirty-eight unfortunate fellow-creatures, and that he and the acting Governor had agreed to send them all to Regent's Town, and begged me therefore to go to Free-town the following morning and receive them.

"I can not describe the scenes which occurred when they arrived at Regent's Town. I have seen many negroes landed, but never beheld such an affecting sight. As soon as we came in sight, the people came out of their houses to meet us, with loud acclamations. When they beheld the new people weak and faint, they carried and led them up towards my house. After they had lain on the ground, being quite exhausted, many of our people recognized their friends and relatives, and there was a general cry: 'O Massa! my sister!' 'My brother!' 'My countryman!' 'My countrywoman!' etc. The poor creatures being faint—just out of the hold of a slave-vessel, and unconscious of what had befallen them—did not know whether they should laugh or cry when they beheld the countenances of those whom they had supposed long dead, but now saw clothed and clean, and perhaps with healthy children in their arms.

"The school-boys and girls brought the victuals they had prepared, and the people, following their example, ran to their houses and brought the food they had got ready, and in a short time their unfortunate

country-people were overpowered with messes of every description ; and made a good dinner, such as they had not been accustomed to for a long time. Pine-apples, ground-nuts, oranges, etc., were also brought in great abundance.

“I lodged for the night the men and boys in the boys’ school, and the women and girls in the girls’ school.

“Another remarkable circumstance occurred the same day. A rattling noise proceeded from east to west, and was immediately followed by an earthquake. All the buildings shook for a short time. My sister, who had just recovered from the fever, and was up stairs, heard an unusual noise, and instantly every thing was in motion. The chairs, tables, glasses, etc., moved, and the doors opened and shut again repeatedly. She rose to get down stairs, but was so giddy that she staggered as she went, and could get no further than the stair-case, where she sat down. The girls ran down crying : ‘The house want to fall.’ Mrs. J., who was in the yard, felt also giddy. Mr. and Mrs. Norman heard the noise, and saw every thing in their house in motion. The school-girls were beating rice, when they at once saw the mortars in motion ; they threw away their pestles and came to my house. One girl was at the brook to get water. She saw the water in an unusual commotion, and sat down to behold the scene, when the rock on which she sat was moved under her ;



so she left her pot and ran off. One man ran out of his house, calling his family, and saying: 'I have not kept family prayer this morning, and God wants to pull down my house.' They assembled and had prayer during the earthquake. Some who were sick, feeling their beds shake, gathered all their strength and got out of their houses. All the people came to church in the evening, and I spoke on the circumstance.

"On Friday I distributed the new people. I picked out sixty-eight boys and sixty-one girls for the schools; the remainder (men and women) I distributed among the people. Several had the joy to take a brother or sister home. One boy in the Seminary found a sister younger than himself, who remains in the girls' school.

"In the evening the church was crowded again. One school-girl put some of her own clothes on one of the new girls, to take her to church. When the poor girl came before our church, and saw the quantity of people, she ran back crying. She said she had been sold too much, and did not want to be sold again. Poor creature! she thought she was going to market to be sold. The girls had some trouble to persuade her otherwise.

"When the bell rang yesterday, the church was intensely filled, and many had to remain outside, though I placed the people as close as possible. The church is now too small, and the number of hearers will in-

crease, on account of the new people. I have planned another addition, which we shall begin as soon as permission is granted. I intend to take the north side out, and throw the whole under a double roof, substituting pillars for the present north wall, and to place the pulpit on the south side, in the middle. It will be eighty feet long, by sixty-four. Galleries may be placed all round, which will make it as large again. May the Lord bless our feeble endeavors!

“*June 6th.*—Sir George Collier has brought more slaves to-day. I suppose I shall get more people to-morrow. I hear that more have been captured, who are on their way to Sierra Leone, under the direction of a man-of-war.”

On the 10th of October, Mr. Johnson writes to the Secretaries :

“Our prospects of a mission in the Bassa country, which were some time ago so very bright, are clouded again. Mr. Andrus is dead. Mr. and Mrs. Bacon have returned to America. I have now to add the death of Mr. and Mrs. Winn, and the Bassa King's son. What shall we say to these things? Is the time for the Bassas not come? But we will leave this to our God, and wait patiently for Him to remove the gloom. His hand is not shortened that it can not save, neither His ear heavy that it can not hear. It is enough that the Lord has said: ‘Ethiopia shall soon

stretch out her hands unto God.' One of the American agents survives—Mr. Wiltberger.

“ We go on as usual in spiritual things. The Lord is with us. We have many trials, but the Lord's work proceeds. I sometimes believe myself the happiest man in the world, and would not change my situation for all the crowns on earth; while at other times I exclaim with the prophet: ‘ Oh! that mine head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people.’

“ I can not say how many communicants we have at present. The number is great. I am afraid to number them. (2 Sam. 24.)

“ Your Mission in Africa, my dear sirs, I believe more troubled than any other. I can compare it to nothing but a vessel in a heavy gale of wind on the ocean; the gale, however, proves favorable, and pushes it forward.

“ I hope you will send us more help, and they of the right sort, not inclined to ‘ look back.’

“ I am, etc.,                      W. JOHNSON.”

*From a letter to the Secretaries.*

“ Sir C. Macarthy has arrived, as you will see in the *Gazette*. I exhorted the people to receive him with all the honor and affection due to him, which they did in

a Christianlike manner, very much to my satisfaction. Two lines, three and four deep, were formed from the bridge to my house. Men, women, and children were neatly dressed, and decorated with flowers of the country. Twelve girls were dressed in white, with green ribbons, and decorated with roses, the eldest bearing a banner. If you will be so good as to peruse the *Gazette* of December 8th, 1821, you will see the particulars. Sir Charles seemed quite overcome, and the gentlemen who were with him stood and beheld the scene with astonishment. I hope he is convinced that our religion teaches a man to be loyal, and not disaffected.

“The Europeans of Freetown have inspected the mountains, and have been so surprised at the order, industry, and piety of our people, that their mouths are completely stopped. They acknowledge now that the Gospel is the only means to civilize the heathen. Several have requested me to call upon them for contributions to our Society. The Governor has also requested me to call on him for the same purpose. My humble flock has contributed £72 8s. 1d. this year, and it has not a little surprised the colonists.

“His Excellency has been pleased to give me £10 as his contribution. Several other gentlemen have given donations and subscriptions. Mr. K. Macaulay gave £12 2s. I have now in all for the past year £177 18s. 10d.! The gentlemen in Freetown publicly con-

fess that, *above all other institutions, ours has proved the most beneficial to Africa.* One of the editors has begged me to answer him several queries, which he intends to publish, but I feel very reluctant to comply with his request. I am much exposed to flattery at present which does not benefit my proud heart. O my dear sirs! above all, pray for me, that the Lord may keep me humble. I am really in danger, because I prosper, May I be kept at the feet of Jesus, and aim at nothing but to promote His glory.

“*Dec. 28th.*—After prayers in the church, some told me that they felt as if it were Sunday all the week. I reminded them of the eternal Sunday which is to come.

“A Dr. Ayres has arrived, as agent for the Colonization Society. They have altered their minds respecting the Bassa country, and intend to settle at Cape Mesurado.

“The kind present of the organ has safely arrived. I might fill several sheets in describing the wonder it occasioned. The people who have lately arrived will not come near it—they suppose it to be alive.

“It is rather too small for our place, for when the people sing, it can not be heard; but we are at the same time thankful for it.

“Next week, if nothing happens, Mr. Reffell and I intend to visit the Banana and Plantain Islands.”

As we approach the close of Mr. Johnson's ministry, we find his labors attended with growing success, and

rising in the estimation of those who witnessed them. But we see him also growing in humility and faithfulness to the cause of Christ. How fully his earnest prayers against spiritual pride were answered, we may read in expressions like these :

“O Lord ! my Shepherd, bless Thy word, and pardon all infirmities. May Thine unworthy creature be filled more and more with the love which passeth understanding, and which ‘many waters can not quench ;’ that he may tell sinners of the electing, redeeming, and sanctifying love of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, which has flowed from everlasting like a ‘pure river of the water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb.’

“Thanks be to God who carries on His great work still ; oh ! that I could but praise Him as I ought ; but alas ! alas ! the more His mercy is displayed, the more ungrateful I am. I am convinced in my mind that there is none worse than myself in the world. And were not salvation of free and sovereign grace, I should despair at this moment.”

## CHAPTER IX.

“WHOM the Lord loveth, he correcteth, even as a father the son in whom he delighteth.”—PROV. 3 : 12.

IN the closing verses of the 90th Psalm, we are sweetly reminded of the connection between the afflictions of the righteous and their spiritual prosperity. This intimate connection may be discovered in the experience of every child of God ; but no where is it so strongly marked as in the history of His missionary servants. And do not their exceeding and varied trials prove them to be especially dear to their Father in heaven ? As the clouds of sorrow thicken in the lower atmosphere of this apostle of Western Africa, we see him ever conscious of a Father's smile above, and ready to declare : “I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us.”

In his first report, for the year 1822, Mr. Johnson writes :

“DEAR BRETHREN : Grace to you, and peace from God our Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ !

“I thank my God that it has pleased Him once more to bring us here together, and that He still enables me to state to you that His word prospers; yea, has free course and is glorified at Regent’s Town—in the conversion of sinners and the edification of saints.

“Love and unity among the communicants continue to increase, and morality in general is more prevalent. Disputes diminish very fast, and those which do occur are trifling.

“The attendance upon divine worship is steady and regular—all attend, both small and great. On week day evenings, when the word of God is explained, we have sometimes as many as on Sundays.

“Two female communicants have departed in the faith; their only dependence was on the merits of their Saviour. They did indeed depart this life with joy, having no desire to remain in the flesh. Those who stood by, confessed they had never seen any person die in that manner. I trust these events have proved beneficial to those who remain.

“The schools are going on as usual. They are well attended. The male day and evening schools are conducted by D. Noah, and the female by my sister.

“There has been more ground cleared this year than any one preceding, which gives us hope of a plentiful harvest. The population of Regent is this day, 1551, residing on 406 lots. . . . May the Lord continue to assist us in all our poor endeavors, and receive all the praise and glory.

W. JOHNSON.”



In his next letter, he gives a long list of places in which missionaries are wanted, and adds: "Missionaries who will simply preach Christ crucified, will alone succeed. Oh! may God the Holy Spirit separate more Pauls from the Church for the work of the ministry among the Gentiles, specially for Africa, which has the greatest claim on the Christian world. None have been more injured than Africa, and none is more degraded. I can not help wondering that so few come over to help us; all are for India and New-Zealand, and Africa is scarcely left alive with a few fishermen. I think it is time to assume the character of the widow in the Gospel: 'Avenge me of mine adversary!' I plead not my own cause, but the widowhood of Africa; for her I will cry with importunity: 'Send missionaries! send missionaries! Avenge Africa of her adversary!'

"I have felt reluctance to number the communicants; but as some one has done it for me, I hesitate no longer to give you the real account of the Church of Christ at Regent's Town:

"Present at the Lord's table, April 28, 1822, . . . . .	310
Absent through sickness, . . . . .	30
Excluded for a short time on trial; they have been baptized, and are, strictly speaking, communicants, . . . . .	38
	<hr/>
	378
	<hr/>
Excommunicated, but attend church, . . . . .	21
Left Regent's Town on their own account, . . . . .	2
Communicants who have died, . . . . .	13

“Pray for me that the Lord may give me health to accomplish His work and ‘finish my course with joy.’

“I am sorry to say that Mrs. Johnson suffers much. I am at a loss to know what will be the result. May the Lord give her patience, and send deliverance from on high! Her sufferings are beyond description. Violent headaches prevent her from enjoying rest, sometimes for three or four days and nights.

“My sister remains well and is useful. Past afflictions have humbled her much; she is perfectly satisfied with her situation, and lives, I may say, a life of faith. She has about 100 girls under her care, whom she manages with great propriety.

“W. B. JOHNSON.”

#### JOURNAL.

“*March 8th.*—In the evening I had many visits paid me. One man was much distressed. He wept bitterly, and said: ‘Massa, all them words you speak in church are against me. All the things I do, and which live in my heart, you talk of in church. I am afraid I shall be lost; my heart no stand good at all. The more I try to pray, the more cold I feel. I go on my knee, but can not pray; my heart like stone. I have no peace. I get sick plenty time, and think I shall even die, and then what will become of me, (he wept aloud.) I shall surely sink into hell. I am afraid, because my heart so hard, that I have sinned against the Holy Ghost.’

“Another said: ‘Massa, them things God do for me pass every thing. Who will die for another? Oh! the Lord Jesus die for sinner; yes, for them people who been sin against Him. I sit down and consider this, and I don’t know what to say. I never hear such thing before. Sometimes people say, Such man do me good too much. But the Lord Jesus do pass every thing. He love till He die to save me. Oh! I love Him so little; that time I want to love Him, my heart no willing; it always run about; that trouble me too much, but yet He love sinner. Ah! true, that pass every thing.’

“*March 13th.*—Attended Quarter Sessions, a task which is very disagreeable, but being a Justice of the Peace, I am obliged, to save a fine of £5.”

On his return from a missionary tour through the various settlements, he writes:

“One of the female communicants had departed this life in my absence. The following account I was happy to hear from James Thompson, who is an Israelite indeed: ‘The time the woman die, they call me. I ask her how she now feel. She say she very glad to die; in this world nothing but trouble; she ready to go and be with the Lord. I ask her about her sins, and she say: “The Lord Jesus Christ has spilt blood for my sins; nobody else can save me. In Him only I trust.” Then before she die, she tell her husband to call all the people that live close by them; and when they

come, she tell one man to pray. They all kneel down, and she get up from bed and kneel down too. When they done pray, she say "good-by" to her husband and the people. She lay down again, her husband help her. When she lay down, she say: "I am going to my Father; He call me." Then they think she go to sleep; but when they look, she dead. Massa, me never see any person die in that fashion. Them words you talk in church about two weeks ago, strike me the same time. You say God's people go to sleep when they die. Stephen, when they stone him, fell asleep. Ah! I think about them words, and when I see that woman die so too, it make me glad too much.'

"*March 24th.*—Divine service at half-past ten. The church was particularly full. Spoke on Heb. 9 : 27. I spoke on the death of our departed sister

"*March 30th.*—Went to-day with Mr. Reffell, and visited Leopold, Bathurst, Gloucester, and Charlotte. At Leopold, a school-girl came running to tell me of the death of Mary Düring, a communicant. She was taken ill eight days ago, in church. I firmly believe she has joined the Church triumphant. She was about eighteen, and one of the oldest girls in school. She has been a communicant about three years, during which she faithfully followed her Saviour. She waited upon me in church, and took particular delight in washing and scouring the pulpit, reading-desk, and vestry, which she never was desired to do. Her beha-

rior was like that of an experienced woman ; she was scarcely ever seen to smile. She had much illness during her pilgrimage, and though she had many offers of marriage, being well made and of a pleasing exterior, she always refused. Notwithstanding her devout conduct, she would often come to me and complain, weeping over the depravity of her heart. She had been nearly six years in our school. Her final illness, which was an affection of the lungs, was but short ; she bore every pain with patience, and when informed of her danger, appeared resigned to the will of her Saviour. She said she had done nothing but bad, but that the Lord Jesus Christ had done great things for her. He had shed His blood for her, and that was her comfort. She fell asleep in the arms of Hagar Johnson, without a struggle. As long as she had strength, she would pray on her knees. Mr. Norman remarked, that when he lived in the girls' school, he had frequently seen Mary Düring pray as early as three o'clock in the morning, and observed that she had the best gift in prayer. Who does not rejoice at the death of the righteous, and who does not wish to die like them !"

In the course of this history, we meet with frequent instances of the power of divine grace in youthful hearts. One of the loveliest traits in Mr. Johnson's character, was his tender interest in the children of his flock, and he seems to have been particularly happy in producing solemn impressions in his pastoral visits to

the schools. Perhaps the vividness of his own religious affections may be chiefly ascribed to his daily exercise in conveying the knowledge of salvation to the young and ignorant in its most simple and attractive form. While he went back, as it were, to the first principles of the doctrine of Christ, the Holy Spirit applied them with new force to his heart, and thus a peculiar blessing was returned into his own bosom. The following is a remarkable case of early conversion :

“*April 8th.*—A little girl about *nine* years old surprised me much. She said: ‘Massa, that time you come back from England, one Sunday you talk about wicked people. You say how they stand, and I think you talk of me, and me ’fraid too much to go to hell. Then me want to tell you, but I say I too young. Since that time my heart always trouble me; plenty time me want to talk to you, but me ’fraid. Last Sunday week when you talk about Mary Düring, you say: “Perhaps you think you are too young to serve God; it may be one boy or girl think so. Remember that young people die as well as old. Who knows but one of the youngest boys or girls may be the next; and how will you stand if you are not ready?” Them words, massa, strike me too much, for me just in that state. I want to know what I must do. I fear I do not belong to the Lord Jesus Christ, because I no believe.’ She said much more, and I was really delighted, for I had every reason to believe that grace was work-

ing upon her heart. I put several questions, which she answered very correctly. She said that she felt at times very comfortable in her mind. I inquired what made her feel so. She said: 'Because I am a great sinner, and Jesus Christ a great Saviour.' I said: 'What did He do for sinners?' 'He bled and died for sinners. The word you talk on Good Friday make me glad too much.' As her conduct is so far consistent, I shall have no objection to admit her to baptism, for 'who can forbid water that such should not be baptized?'"

*Rev. W. Johnson to the Secretaries.*

“REGENT'S TOWN, *May 1, 1822.*

“REV. AND DEAR SIRS: With grief I take the pen in hand to inform you that my poor wife is suddenly so much afflicted that the doctors recommend her immediate return to Europe.

“It appears that an ulcer is forming in her head, which, as the doctor says, will in this climate spread so rapidly that medical assistance which they may offer will be of no use. I asked the doctor to tell me candidly if he thought there was any prospect of her recovery, and he replied that there was none, and that she would fall a sacrifice to the disease; but he would still advise her to return to Europe, as she would have better assistance there than she could receive in this country.

“Under these circumstances you must conceive what my feelings must be; the trial indeed is severe, but I thank my God who supports me wonderfully. I firmly believe I shall not see her again in the flesh, but what can I say or do? ‘The will of the Lord be done’ My present feelings will not permit me to enlarge.

“W. JOHNSON.”

#### JOURNAL.

“*May 4th.*—Took leave of my poor unfortunate wife. What I felt on this occasion, I can not express with my pen. Were there any prospect of my again seeing her in the flesh, my grief would not be so great; but under the circumstances of her being obliged to return to England, I could not help deeply feeling for her. She will have to spend the remainder of her days in the greatest misery. May the Lord give her patience, and support her in the hour of death, which I think can not be far off. I can not be sufficiently thankful for the mercy vouchsafed to us under this severe trial; I have enjoyed, and continue to enjoy, the smiles of His countenance. I can say with resignation: ‘The will of the Lord be done.’ One passage of Scripture is much in my mind, and affords me much comfort: ‘What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.’ I know that this trial will ‘work together for good,’ and that God will give me strength according to my day. When I came home, the people



looked at me with tears in their eyes; it appeared as though they wished to speak to me, but were too full of sorrow to say any thing. One man came at last, and said he could not help weeping when he saw me. 'Mammy,' he observed, 'has been with us six years, and she stands the same like our mother. God takes her away, and who knows how soon He may take you away; and what will then become of us at Regent's Town? When I think of Mammy's sickness, me heart feel I never see any person suffer so; and when she go, she say she shall never see us again till we meet at the right hand of God; them words go through my heart.' He wept much, and wounded my heart afresh.

"One woman wept, and asked why I had not told them that Mrs. Johnson was going to England; she had not known it, and therefore had not bid her good-by. I told her I had not known it myself until the day before. She continued: 'Me was young when Mammy came here, and she stand like my mother, and I no bid her good-by!'

"*May 5th, 1822, Sunday.*—After prayer-meeting in the morning, several people came as before, and with sympathizing affection pitied my affliction. One woman leaned her head against the stair-case, and gave free vent to her feelings. After she had composed herself, she came to my room and said: 'O Massa! I am sorry Mammy go so quick. I no bid her good-by,

which make me so troubled. 'The words Mammy talked to me I never forget.'

"At ten o'clock, divine service was performed—I was so distressed in mind that I could not preach. Mr. Norman read prayers, and I directed him to read the thirty-eighth Psalm. Went in the afternoon to Gloucester—preached and administered the Sacrament to about forty-six persons; my mind was much relieved; the Lord revealed himself to me as he does not to the world. I preached at Regent's Town in the evening on Heb. 4 : 14, 15.

"After evening service, some other women came and expressed their sorrow at not having bade Mrs. Johnson good-by. One said: 'That time Mammy go, I think she go to bid Mrs. Düring good-by. Suppose we know Mammy go, and not come again, none but us should have carried her to Freetown. I am sorry Mammy so sick; poor thing, she suffer so much, and that for me. Suppose she no come to this country, she no sick. May the Lord Jesus Christ help her.' Another said: 'Mammy say, when she go, that she no see us again in this world, but hope we meet at the right hand of the Lord Jesus Christ at the day of judgment. Them words make me sorry too much.'

"*May 6th.*—Received a note this morning from an African who does not live in this place. I must confess I have received notes from some of our white brethren on business, but not a word of comfort or

sympathy is contained. Let me never hear the affections of the black Christian censured. I have proof that the taught have more sympathy and brotherly feeling than those sent to teach them. The note was as follows:

“MY DEAR SIR: I was sorry and disappointed. I came yesterday to hear you preach, as I have had no opportunity of hearing you for some time. Believe me, dear sir, let me go where I will, my heart can never let me think any church like Regent’s Town church. I am very cold every where else, then when I hear you speak, I think all you say is directed to me. When I saw you yesterday, and could not help weeping, only I hid it from you as much as I could; but when I saw Mrs. Johnson’s chair, I could not help crying, and I pitied your case; but, sir, all things work for good to them that love God. This is a cross, and a great one to bear. You have given up your wife for the cause of Christ.

“I remain, etc.,

“ \* \* \* ”

“A considerable number of my flock came and participated in my affliction. Some said that as God had taken away Mrs. Johnson, He would perhaps take me away. Their hearts seemed so full, that they could scarcely express their feelings. One said it was just as

if somebody had died—the whole place was in awful silence, and every one appeared to mourn.

“*May 7th.*—After evening service, had many visits, as usual. One man said: ‘I was in the bush, making shingles, when my wife came running and said: ‘Mammy done go.’ I said I no believe that, because Massa no tell me, but when I come home, I found it was true. Oh! I so sorry when I see you in the church Saturday evening; and Sunday, when I come to church, I want to hear God’s word very much, and then you no preach, and I think about them words you speak long time ago in the church: you say we stand the same as people that have always plenty to eat, and don’t know what it is to be hungry; we have the word of God every day, but you afraid we too full and get careless about it; take care, by and by God may take away His word, and then you will know what it is to hunger for it. Ah! Massa, them words come into my mind, and I so ’fraid by and by God take away you too, and then what will become of us? When we do what is not right, you send for us, and tell us: who can come here and do the same? I remember what is written in Revelation: “I will remove thy candlestick out of its place.” Oh! them words make me so afraid. May the Lord Jesus Christ have mercy upon us, and not take you away.’

“I still enjoy the special presence of my Saviour. He blesses me with a peaceful and resigned mind.

*“May 19th.*—Went this morning to Freetown. Called at Gloucester, settled the works, and decided a few disputes. When in Freetown, the Gambier packet arrived with plenty of letters from the different vessels which had arrived from London. There were, as usual, none for the missionaries. I believe Christian people like to hear from missionaries, but do not consider how much more the latter long to hear from them. How refreshing a letter in the hour of trial!

*“May 11th.*—This has been to me a busy day. Have to preach three times to-morrow, and have no text. O my God! help me I have no time to study. May Thy grace be sufficient for me, and Thy strength be made perfect in my weakness.

*“May 12th.*—Spoke on Psalm 62 : 12 in the morning. In the afternoon spoke at Leopold, from Luke 12 : 32, and in the evening, at Regent’s Town, from Rom. 8 : 31. I enjoyed the last service in particular, and I think the people did also, for they appeared very attentive. I entered on this day with fear and trembling—with groans and sighs I entered the gates of the sanctuary, but Thou, my God and Father, hast wonderfully supported me. Be all the praise and glory Thine.

*“May 14th.*—The monthly prayer-meeting was held here to-day. Mr. and Mrs. Flood, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Davey, Mr. and Mrs. Norman, Mr. Beckley, and Mr. and Mrs. Huddleston, (Wesleyans,)

W. Tamba, Davis, Noah, and Sandy were present. It proved a refreshing season to all.

*May 15th.*—Left early this morning for Freetown, to proceed to York with Mr. Reffell. We did not embark till two P.M. Mr. Reffell having to attend court. Mr. Flood expressed a great desire to accompany us round the Colony. Mr. Beckley agreed to read prayers for Mr. F. on Sunday next, that he might go with us. Between seven and eight o'clock it grew dark, and a tornado made its appearance, which placed us in no little danger. Had not our gracious God in mercy preserved us, we must, humanly speaking, have perished. The storm commenced immediately, and rushed from the mountain towards us; but at the moment when we expected it to overtake us, it changed its course, and passed off behind us. We had not more than five minutes' heavy rain. Our boat was so small, that it could not have withstood the winds and waves, but must have sunk. The other boat, which was behind us, effected a landing, and consequently did not reach us all night. We arrived at York at nine o'clock; we had to pass several rocks, and the sea running high, we passed through much danger. On reaching shore, we felt something of the gratitude we owed for the mercies with which our Father had favored us. We determined never to put to sea again towards night in so small a boat during the tornado

season. Mr. Johnston, the Superintendent, received us very hospitably.

"*May 16th.*—The people assembled in the evening. I addressed them on John 3 : 1. I felt peculiarly happy in addressing them: they indeed seemed hungering for the word of God: some wept bitterly. When I visited this place before, I observed several persons intoxicated: this, however, was not the case now. The Superintendent assured me that before that visit he had not been safe out of doors after dark: he was, however, happy to say that an entire change, as it respects moral conduct, had taken place. It was also remarked by Mr. Raffell that he had never seen the place as quiet as now. I endeavored to bring John Sandy to this place, but I could not prevail upon him. He accompanied me as far as Free-town, but took care not to bring more clothing than that which he wore. I found on inquiry that he was afraid I would leave him behind. He said if I staid he would stay too: but when I went, he would go too. I am really sorry he is so partial to home, for I hoped to place him among this people.

"*May 17th.*—The bell rang as before, between four and five o'clock in the morning. I was obliged to dress by candle-light to attend chapel. I could but just see to read a chapter at the window. I chose John 10: the place was again filled, and all were, as usual, attentive. In prayer I commended them to the

God who will carry on His work of grace in their hearts, which I believe is begun. The Superintendent, Mr. Johnstone, seemed much affected.

“After breakfast I married four couples. Several made application for baptism. I told them that I could not baptize them, because it was necessary that they should be instructed. For this purpose I framed some questions, which are in use at Regent’s Town, and directed William Allen to instruct twice a week such as wished to be baptized. Some seemed much concerned with respect to their spiritual state. When I left the chapel, I was much entreated to visit them again soon; which I promised to do if it pleased God.

“Reached Kent about six o’clock. Had prayers with the people next morning. Read Psalm 23. After breakfast proceeded to the Banana Islands. Returned to Kent in the afternoon. After evening service, conversed with the communicants. One man had, since I was here, quarrelled with his wife, which he confessed, expressing much sorrow. I warned and exhorted him to be more watchful, for another misdemeanor might deprive him of the privilege which God’s people enjoyed. He thanked me, and entreated me to pray for him.

“*May 19th.*—Had service with the people this morning. Mr. Flood read prayers, and I preached from Matthew 11 : 28. After service, Mr. F. baptized two



children, and we administered the Lord's Supper to sixteen persons.

Mr. Cammel came from the Bananas in a large canoe, filled with people, to attend divine service. The place was filled. One thing appeared to me strange, as we do not see it at Regent's Town, namely, the people came very late; many did not come till the second lesson. I took an opportunity in my discourse to reprove them sharply for so doing.

*“May 20th.*—Married several couples, after which a few disagreeable palavers were settled. Mr. Beckley arrived, and complained much that the apprentice boys did not attend school in the evening. I am afraid there are faults on both sides. When the African once gets a bad opinion of a European, there is no help. I know by experience that the missionary who has the affections of the people, can do more by two words spoke in season, yea, by a sorrowful look, than another with never so severe means. I have seen some who have used most entreating language to no purpose; why? Because the individuals treated did not believe it came from the heart. Mr. Reffell asked me how I acted with such boys. I said I reasoned with them, which generally had the right effect. Once, when a few carpenter's boys refused to attend school, I ordered them to go to Kissey to fetch each one bushel of lime; and when they came home, they begged my pardon with tears in their eyes.

"*May 21st.*—Rose at day-break and proceeded up the creek. About nine arrived at Waterloo, where we were hospitably received by Mr. and Mrs. Wilhelm.

"*May 22d.*—Spoke to the people in the morning. Left Waterloo in Mr. Reffell's boat, which came round to meet us. Called at Hastings and Wellington, but made no stay. At the latter Mr. Reffell's horses met us, and we proceeded to Kiskey.

"*May 23d.*—Rode early to Freetown, and from thence on my horse to Regent's Town. My people met me on the road by numbers, it being the day when they go for rice. They all would shake hands with me. Some said: 'Ah! Massa, we hungry too much for to see you.' Those who were at home, especially the schools, met me on the hill before Regent's Town. I asked whether there was any palaver. They answered with joy: 'No palaver, Massa.' The longer I am with these children of Africa, the more I am attached to them.

"*May 24th.*—Rode early to Gloucester and settled all business there. From thence to Freetown, and received two hundred and one slaves, or rather liberated Africans."

*Rev. W. B. J. to Rev. H. Diring.*

"REGENT'S TOWN, *June 13th*, 1822.

"DEAR BROTHER: Being able to see a little to-day, I shall scrawl a few lines as well as my eyes will allow.

The ophthalmia, or soreness of eyes, has unfortunately broken out among us at Regent's Town. We are not in very favorable circumstances. Our girls' school, which consists of about one hundred and thirty, is greatly afflicted with that disease, and myself and most of my servants are laboring under it too. I could scarcely see any thing yesterday, but am much better to-day. The doctor yesterday lanced one of my eyes, and put a blister on my temple, which has eased me much, and restored the sight entirely. I can see a little with the left eye, but dare not expose it. Through the mercy of God, I hope to be able to resume my labors in a day or two. . . .

"Sir Robert Mends has taken eighteen hundred slaves. About eight hundred have come in, and the rest are expected daily.

"*June 19th.*—The day before yesterday, a slave-schooner, with four hundred unhappy fellow-creatures on board, was upset off Cape Sierra Leone. Only seven men were saved; they had got into a boat and were picked up by the Myrmidon. Nineteen sailors and two officers were on board to bring her into Sierra Leone, who have all perished with the rest. A tornado came on suddenly, and turned the vessel over!

"O dear brother! how many poor creatures fall a sacrifice to this inhuman traffic in human blood. I have been filled with horror ever since. Numbers were landed yesterday from another vessel, in a most

deplorable condition. The hospital at Leicester is overflowing. Some are but just alive, and others are walking about with a death-like look, and will, to all appearance, fall a sacrifice. One poor creature in the girls' school died just now, and five or six will soon follow. My heart is so full I can not contain myself.

“What do the good people of England know about the real condition of Africa? You know they can have no idea of its misery unless they are eye-witnesses as we are. Oh! when shall an end be put to the slave-trade! O Lord! have mercy, have mercy, upon poor benighted Ethiopia!

“I have written to my dear wife. You must not alarm her about my eyes; there is no danger. I have no doubt I shall be perfectly restored in a day or two. My sister has had her health remarkably well, but has gone to bed this morning. I am afraid she will have the fever. I don't know what I shall do without her. She is just fit for an African school.

“Mr. and Mrs. Norman are, as usual, one day well and another sick. Mr. and Mrs. Davey have been very ill, and there was nobody to attend them. The children had left them. I mounted my horse, and taking two of our oldest girls, went and found Mrs. Davey almost exhausted, and had not a change soon taken place for the better, she must have died. Mr. D. was not so bad. I left the two girls with them,

who staid till they recovered. Mrs. Taylor is still very ill. I don't know that I ever saw her so reduced. Thus the 'the vale of tears' is not in favorable circumstances. If any one wishes to experience trials, let him come to Africa. *It is certainly the worst climate in the world; yet there is not a spot in the world I like better. I could not live elsewhere.*

"Remember me to all Christian friends. Tell them they use me ill, because they do not write. We always remember my dear wife, you, and Mrs. D., in prayer. I can say you have not been forgotten once, either in public or family worship, since you sailed. May the God of sovereign grace be with you and yours!

"I am, etc.,

"W. JOHNSON."

*To the Secretaries.*

"REGENTS' TOWN, Oct. 28th, 1822.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR: I forward you the following journals, etc :

"Be so kind as to present my grateful acknowledgments to the Committee for the fine organ they have been pleased to send us.

"Since our quarterly meeting, I have received one hundred and eighty men from a slave-vessel, which has increased our population to nineteen hundred.

“Our church proves again too small. It would hold our own people, but as more join us on the Lord’s day, a great many are obliged to remain out of doors.

“The number of candidates for baptism has increased since our last quarterly meeting to thirty-six; the Lord is still doing wonders among us. May His name be praised!

“You will rejoice with me at what the Lord is doing at Gloucester; my report gives a slight view of the case. Mr. Düring will, without doubt, be pleased, when he finds on his return, that the number of communicants has increased from forty-five to one hundred, and as many more are inquiring. The fearful Tamba trembles at the idea of having the church of Christ filled with hypocrites.

“A report was brought here by a vessel which brought letters from several of the passengers who sailed with Mr. Düring, that Mrs. Johnson had died at sea. This report has distressed me much, and I think it very hard that Mr. Düring has not written to me, especially as three vessels have sailed from England and reached here since his arrival.

“I received last week, per Mary, a letter in which I was informed of the death of my mother, and of my sisters having suffered severely, and being much distressed.

“My work and my trials have caused me nothing but restless nights, and I indeed wonder that illness

has not followed the suspense in which I have been kept by Mr. Düring. The loss of my mother, and my numerous engagements, etc., appear like a cloud which I can not penetrate; but blessed be my God and Saviour, who still says: 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' I spoke last Sunday twice from these words with much comfort. I have scarcely any time to study, yet never enjoyed greater freedom in the pulpit than I do at present. To the Lord be the praise and glory.

"We are now looking forward with joy to the arrival of our fellow-laborers. The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few.

"Allow me to give you my sentiments respecting the seminary youths. Several have now advanced to manhood, and it is time, I think, to look for some fruits from the labors which have been expended.

"The following I now think are fit to conduct a school under a missionary, and when our friends arrive, one to each will prove of great service: John Johnson, William Bickersteth, T. Macaulay, D. Johnson, T. Johnson, John Altara, and William Garnon. These have been trained up under my own care, and I am satisfied with their piety, and with their willingness to be made useful in the Lord's vineyard. I do not forget the benefit I received from Noah's exertions, and I believe these young men are similar characters.

"D. Noah is employed from daybreak till ten o'clock at night; a continuance of exertion which no Euro-

pean could endure in this climate. He conducts entirely the day and evening schools; besides this, he issues rations for about twelve hundred people, keeps the provision-lists and returns, and school-lists, measures out all the lots, and sees that the houses and fences are regularly built; prays with the sick, receives the stores every Thursday in Freetown, enters marriages, baptisms, etc., and does the duty of a parish clerk; in short, he is every thing at Regent's Town. He occasionally, when I could not, has gone to Bathurst, and also to Gloucester. I can not sufficiently praise God for having given me such an assistant. He does all with great pleasure, and never thinks he can do too much. If he has five minutes to spare, they are generally spent in the study among the books. He works a slate-full of problems during school-hours, which he copies into a book between ten and eleven at night; and after that time he writes his journal; he then retires, and rests till half-past five in the morning.

“As we have been preparing males, I have not forgotten to educate proper females. We have now about twelve girls in the school, who are themselves able to conduct a school. They are all pious, and can read and write, cut out and make all sorts of female clothing; mark, wash, cook, etc., and are either teachers or ushers, in turn keeping school. . . .

“Mr. and Mrs. Norman have suffered considerably



from the late rains, but are now better. Mr. Norman is useful in superintending buildings. We live, blessed be God, in peace, and the work of the Lord prospers. . . .

“There has been a great stir between Mr. Flood and the Dissenters, about burying the dead—not creditable, in my mind, to Mr. F. Why did he not let the dead bury their dead?

“I look with great anxiety for a letter respecting my dear wife. It is still reported here that she died at sea; but how the report began, I have not been able to discover. Pray for me that strength may be given me equal to my day.

“The Governor and several sea-officers are to attend divine service here on Sunday. My engagements are so numerous, that I scarcely know from morning to night what I have been about, but my God sustains me in mercy.

“May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. So prays

“W. A. B. JOHNSON.”

## JOURNAL

“*July 8th.*—Thanks to God, who has restored my sight so far that I can resume my labors.

“At the quarterly meeting held at Kiskey on the 25th ult., I caught cold, which brought on a relapse of

ophthalmia, and almost deprived me of my left eye. I fear it will not be perfectly restored; at the same time I am thankful that I can see a little with it. The Lord be praised for His mercy.

“Not being able to administer the Lord’s Supper the Sunday before last, it was appointed for yesterday. On Saturday evening I collected all the communicants in the church. Having observed a coldness in them, I was desirous to exhort them previous to the administration of the Lord’s Supper; but as it rained very much, only half came. As this did not satisfy my mind, I appointed the following morning, at nine o’clock, for all who intended to come to the Lord’s Table to be in the church. Accordingly all, except the sick, came in twelve different parties, according to the divisions of the town, to church. My heart did rejoice when I saw this scene. I read (as some had been reädmittid) such passages of Scripture as tended to humble them, and exhorted the rest to carefulness and watchfulness. Also I read and explained the Communion service, in the Prayer-Book, and concluded with prayer. Two young men came forward, and said that they had quarrelled, and desired to make peace with each other before they came to the Lord’s Supper. This was soon effected, as both said they were wrong. A woman said to me that she had spoken evil behind another’s back, and wished to beg her pardon, which I of course advised her to do by all means. She went

and did so, and the offended woman forgave her with great cheerfulness. I was so delighted with the simple mode they dealt with each other, that I could scarcely forbear shedding a tear, seeing that 'my children walk in the truth.' Oh! that these dear people may continue in their simplicity!

"The bell was then rung, and the church opened for the rest of the people. I went to my house, and saw them coming in every direction, but it was perceptible that the 'salt' and 'light' were inside the church. I read prayers, and preached on Luke 18 : 13 : 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'

"After the sermon I baptized five infants, and administered the Lord's Supper to the goodly number of three hundred and thirty-seven. Though I had spoken for five hours, I felt no fatigue. Glory be to God my Saviour, for the portion of strength which He gives me, according to my days. Oh! that I could be more grateful for the special mercy with which He continues to favor me!

"In the evening it rained much, but the church was still well attended. The boys concluded, as usual, with their prayer-meeting, under the direction of Peter Hughes.

"A circumstance occurred to me on Saturday, which I think is worthy to be related, as it will show how the Lord has favored many of these dear people with tender consciences.

“Walking on my piazza, I saw a school-girl, a communicant, about seventeen years old, who is generally very steady, coming up the hill with another girl, rather thoughtlessly laughing and talking, which is unusual, as most of these people at that time, when they have got every thing ready for Sunday, sit down and read their Bibles. When she had passed my house, I called to her, and said: ‘Mary, what day is to-morrow?’ She made a full stop, cast her eyes to the ground, paused awhile, and then looked up with a sad countenance, and said: ‘The Lord’s day, sir.’ Seeing that she was sufficiently reproved, I resumed my walk. When I turned about, I saw Mary standing at the other end of the piazza, and tears rolling down her black cheeks. When I came near her, she made a low courtesy, and said, ‘I thank you, sir,’ and then turned about and went to the school-house, and I have no doubt, fell on her knees, and turned to her Bible.

“*July 15th.*—Divine service was held yesterday. In the forenoon I was obliged to omit the Liturgy, as the people were all wet. Indeed, it was impossible to get dry to church, if the distance were ever so short. I read a chapter, prayed, and preached on Job 29 : 2.

“*July 21st.*—On Saturday Sarah A. came to me and said that she had given her word to a young man, an apprentice to a carpenter, about two years ago, to marry him, provided he behaved like a Christian, which he promised to do. He had, however, broken

his promise, and now she wished to know whether she should do right if she returned a few handkerchiefs, which he had given her, and declined to have any thing further to do with him. I wished to know in what the young man had acted inconsistently; she said: 'Massa, he a little sore on his foot, and he always sent word to the master-carpenter that he could not come to work, his foot was so bad; and he stop at home near four months, and all that time he went to work on his farm, and went to Gloucester to see his countrymen. Now, if he could go to his farm and go to Gloucester, he could have come to work. You see, Massa, I think he no Christian, he tells lies and is lazy; and 'spose he do so now, what will he do when he is married?' I mention this to show to what a state the Gospel has brought our young people. It is unknown for a believer to marry an unbeliever; the strictest principle is observed on that head.

*"July 30th.*—Saw this morning one of our communicants, who has been very ill. She was very happy when she saw me, and said: 'O Massa! I thank you too much for to come and see me. I think last Sunday night I no see you again in this world. I was so sick I faint; and I think now my time come. I want to send to you, but I think you tired; it was late. It was just as if my soul wanted to go out of my body. I said: "Lord Jesus, receive me." But a little after, I got better. I think now that I no been give myself

quite up to God, and that is the reason God punish me. Now God shall have my whole heart. You see, Massa, me now done with the world. I am fully sure nothing can give me a bit of peace—no, nothing but the blood of Christ. Oh! may He help me to serve Him for true.'

"*Aug. 13th.*—Had some sweet conversation with some of my people last night, and had a better feast than they who were dining with the Governor at Free-town, in honor of the King's birthday. I feel thankful that we are not invited to any of those festivals now, and that we resisted at the beginning.

"*Aug. 23d.*—One of my people said: 'The Lord Jesus is my breakfast and my supper, my morning and my night. I can put my trust in nothing besides, for all I see is sinful; in my heart nothing but sin; in the world nothing but sin; but the Lord Jesus, He took all sin, and die for it, and He only good, and only able to save—that make Him my every thing.

"A woman wept much because no news of the arrival of Mrs. Johnson had come by the last vessel. She had been a servant of ours, and lived five years with us. She had found the pearl of great price when in our family, and therefore is much attached to us. She is now married to a pious carpenter, with whom she lives very happily.

"Went next to the hospital to see *my children*. Flora Wyndham, poor girl, has unfortunately lost both

her eyes by the ophthalmia. Poor girl! she is about fourteen years old, and is thus early deprived of the greatest temporal blessing. The people in the hospital spoke with wonder of her extraordinary patience and resignation. The doctor said he should do his best to recover one eye, but feared it would be impracticable. May the Saviour support her under the severe affliction. Her benefactor will be grieved to hear of this her sad misfortune.

“*Sept. 3d.*—Many have been my engagements, and doubts and fears in them have also been many; but thanks be to God for His mercy to me. It is an unspeakable mercy that He has been pleased to give me something to do; and above all, that He blesses my feeble endeavors with abundant success. Oh! why *me!* What am I that the Lord should be mindful of me? All is grace, yea, sovereign grace, which continues to be poured upon me. Language can not express what I feel, when, on the one hand, I behold my *exceeding sinfulness*, and on the other, the boundless mercies which I enjoy. Another rainy season is nearly passed, without a fever—yea, without a headache. I have been able to go through my various engagements without the least inconvenience; while others no sooner recover from one illness than they are down with another. Besides this, success in the great work in which I am engaged attends me on every side. O Lord! what shall I render unto Thee for all

Thy benefits towards me? Give me a heart filled with gratitude, and keep me humble, for Thou, who searchest the heart, knowest I am very proud and ungrateful.

“ One of our school-girls, Mary Whitaker, quarrelled with another girl, and was brought to me on account of some bad language she had used. I have a custom (which has always done more good than all the whips put together) to put offenders of this description into a corner of my room, and to reason with them as I walk in and out. This I did with the present offender. I told her of her bad conduct, and what the consequence would be if she continued in it. I then got a tract which was sent me by Mr. Williams, entitled, ‘Blind Betsey,’ founded on a fact related in the *Missionary Register*, and desired her to read it, and tell me afterwards the contents. Having read it for some time she burst into a flood of tears. As I had some friends with me at the time, I could not attend to her: when they were gone, she began to weep aloud. I asked what was the matter; she replied: ‘One word I read in this book which hurt me very much: I see that that poor girl was blind, and she say, “The Lord hath done great things for me;” now the Lord hath done great things for me, and I can see, and still I am so wicked.’ She was so overcome, that I could hardly understand what she said. She begged very hard that I would forgive her, and said she would never do so



again ; this, however, would not satisfy me, under the circumstances ; I told her that unless she really repented and fled to Christ for forgiveness of sin, she would be in as bad a state as before : she thanked me with many tears, and begged that I would pray for her. I gave her the tract and dismissed her. Two or three weeks after this, I observed that she became thoughtless again, and I feared that her convictions were but temporary. While in this careless state, she was suddenly afflicted with ophthalmia, so violently that her eyes were completely closed in two days, and we were obliged to have her led by another girl to the hospital. Blind Betsey's story now came to her mind again, and she appeared entirely comfortless, weeping continually, which increased the inflammation of her eyes. A few days afterwards, however, she appeared more composed ; the burden seemed to give way ; the Lord was pleased to manifest His mercy to her ; and, as peace was granted to her, her eyes were also restored. When she returned from the hospital, she came and told me in an affecting manner what the Lord had done for her soul. She has since walked in His fear ; and it is observed by all who know her, that she has become a new creature. She is now a candidate for baptism, to which ordinance she will be admitted, if it please God, when the next baptism takes place. This will be pleasing to Mr. Williams, who sent the tract, and also to her benefactors.

“*Sept. 9th.*—This evening a man, who has hitherto led a wicked life, came to me much alarmed : he said : ‘On Sunday you preached about them words : “Come now and let us reason together.” You spoke about a woman who had a very bad husband, who treated his wife very bad ; but the woman was a Christian ; she treated her husband very kind, and tried to make him as comfortable as she could. Another man saw this, and asked her how she could treat her husband so kind, who did all he could to make her miserable. She replied, that in this life only her poor husband could enjoy comforts ; being an unconverted person, she pitied him when she considered his awful condition in the world to come. Now, I stand just the same : my wife, I believe, serves God for true, and many times I trouble her for nothing ; but she bears all, and I think I see her now, looking at me with tears in her eyes, and sighing. I always thought that was nothing but fancy ; but since you told us about the man and his wife, I have no rest : I am afraid I shall be miserable in the world to come. You said the same time, that if a man fall overboard into the sea, and a rope was thrown to him, and he refused to lay hold of it, if he was drowned, it was his own fault. I have heard now six years the word of God, and about the salvation of sinners by the Lord Jesus ; but have refused to lay hold of the rope : I am afraid that it is now too late ;

but I am a little encouraged, because God says still :  
“Come now and let us reason together.”’

“*Sept. 12th.*—On Tuesday evening I went with Messrs. Nylander, Davy, and Taylor, to Kissey, and returned to Freetown, where we had to attend Quarter Sessions. His honor, the Chief-Justice, observed, when addressing the inquest, that ten years ago, when the population of the Colony was only four thousand, there were forty cases on the calendar for trial, and now the population was sixteen thousand, there were only six cases on the calendar; and he congratulated the magistrates and grand jury on the moral improvement of the Colony. It was remarkable that there was not a single case from any of the villages under the superintendence of a missionary or schoolmaster. When his honor found that this was the case, he dismissed us in a polite manner, as having no business to attend the Sessions, and we departed well pleased.

“*Oct. 11th, 1822.*—My grief is great—one affliction succeeds another. ‘Man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward.’ On the 24th ult. a vessel arrived, which brought the news that the Fletcher, in which Mrs. Johnson sailed, had arrived on the 18th of July, at Liverpool, and a report was spread that Mrs. Johnson had died on board of that vessel. Another vessel, the George, which sailed on the 20th of August from England, has arrived since, and brought letters from all the passengers of the Fletcher, but none from Mr.

Düring, who, if safely arrived, has had a month's time to write. It appears strange that he should neglect this, and keep us in suspense. The other passengers who have written, are entirely silent on the voyage and passengers; so that I do not know whether it is true about Mrs. J. or not; nor can I discover from whence the report came that she died at sea. Another vessel arrived yesterday, which brought us a letter from Hanover, in which we received the painful intelligence that our dear mother departed this life on the first of July. This has added to our afflictions. Oh! may the Lord support us!

‘Midst changing scenes, and dying friends,  
Be Thou my all in all.’

“I can not write what I feel. The Lord reigneth.

“On Monday I married several couples. Among others, John Johnson to Rachel Garnon, and William Bickersteth to Sarah Allen. Eighteen girls, all communicants, attended their sisters to church, and the students of the Seminary their brethren. Rachel Garnon was supported and given away by Tamba, and S. Allen by Thomas Richard, my church-warden. I gave them a sheep and a hog, of which they prepared a good dinner, having themselves added fowls. Mr. Norman and I attended to keep order. I sat with the girls at one end, and he with the boys at the other end

of the table. Tamba, Noah, etc., sat with their wives in the middle.

“After dinner, the afternoon was spent in a Christian manner. We sang hymns, and at intervals I called on some of the students to speak. Some spoke well, and quite surprised me. This gave rise to a new plan which I hope, by the blessing of God, will prove beneficial.

“On the first Monday in every month, at ten o'clock in the morning, a prayer-meeting will be held at the Seminary, when all the students and native teachers, with their wives, will attend; one of the students or teachers will speak by turns on a passage of Scripture. I appointed D. Noah to begin the first meeting, and gave him Isaiah 42 : 16, as his subject. I shall always be present, and shall call upon such as I think proper to pray, and appoint a speaker for the next meeting, and give him a text. This will, I hope, improve them in speaking publicly.

“Blessed be God that we have advanced so far. Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God. The speeches continued until the bell rang for evening service, after which all attended evening school, as usual, and then retired to rest.”

There is a rare forgetfulness of self displayed by this afflicted servant of God, in thus kindly uniting with his young people in their festive hours, as well as in his patient, uncomplaining labors in the daily round

of duty. How many Christians, under such painful and long-continued suspense, would have acted as he did?

In a letter to the Secretaries, dated Nov. 14th, he says:

“I have no further particulars of Mrs. Johnson. It is still reported that she died on the passage home. The *Hope* has arrived from London last week, which sailed the latter end of September, and how am I surprised that Mr. Düring, if any thing has happened to Mrs. Johnson, does not write to me! At all events he should have kept his promise to write as soon as he arrived in England. I am much cast down and afflicted, and almost out of patience.

“This morning a vessel was off the Cape. I immediately went in Mr. Reffell’s boat, but alas! it proved to be an American. The *Lively* is hourly expected, and I should suppose that by her I shall receive letters.”

In a letter dated Nov. 22d, he writes:

“Another vessel arrived yesterday, which brought letters for some of our friends, but none for me. I had, however, been comforted by a letter from the Captain of the *Fletcher* to a gentleman in Freetown, in which he says he landed ALL the passengers ‘safe and sound’ at Liverpool. Thus the report respecting Mrs. J.’s death is false. So many vessels arriving, I can not imagine why I have received no letters; yet I

believe now that my dear wife is alive, and I need not say I feel very anxious to see her. Would you, therefore, be so kind as to solicit the Committee in my behalf, to give me leave to return next April or May to England? I should also feel more comfortable if the affairs respecting my relations in Hamburg were settled. I have a brother, sixteen years of age, unprovided for, and unless I endeavor to do something for him, he will be exposed to the world without a guide or friend.

“I should like to be back again in September or October, as I can not be absent any part of the dry season. Mr. Norman would I think be competent to take charge during my absence, and Mr. Düring might administer the ordinances, and occasionally preach, as I have done at Gloucester, and thus I might leave for a few months with safety.

“My present labors are so numerous that I think it would do me a great deal of good. It would especially refresh my spirits, which are very low; yet I am so wonderfully supported that at times I am lost in admiration how I get through all so well. Sometimes I have preached so frequently that I think myself entirely exhausted; yet when I mount the pulpit again, every thing appears new and marvellous, and my strength as fresh as if it had never been spent.

“We are still busy with a road towards York. I have about three hundred men at work, who have done

a great deal towards the False Cape. We have the most difficult task remaining, but have no doubt of success. The poor people have worked almost beyond their strength; the rocks are immense which have been moved and blown out. I explored the valleys and mountains with D. Noah and J. Johnson, the day before yesterday, and walked a new pair of shoes to pieces. I hope we shall accomplish our object next week. The roads in the mountains are all made and in good order.

“Oh! may the Lord and Saviour keep me humble, and may every cross draw me more from the world, and fix my affections on things above, that I may say with holy Paul: ‘For to me to live is Christ—to die is gain!’

“W. JOHNSON.”

In his Quarterly Report, ending with Christmas, 1822, he mentions:

“The contributions to the Church Missionary Society, which have been raised by my humble flock, amounted to £74 14s. 10½d.

“The Christian Institution prospers. The youths have made considerable progress. Yesterday being Christmas day, we had the Lord’s Supper. The communicants from Gloucester joining us, we had four hundred and seventy at the Lord’s Table.

“May the God of all grace continue to prosper our endeavors.

“W. JOHNSON.”



## CHAPTER X.

“FOR I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day.”—2 TIMOTHY 4 : 6, 7, 8.

WE are now drawing near the close of Mr. Johnson's consecrated life. After reading all that was effected through his instrumentality, it seems almost incredible that his residence in Africa occupied a space of less than seven years. The record of his unceasing labors, in a climate so unhealthy, is sufficient to account for their early termination, for he entered into rest before he had reached his fortieth year. There is a deepening interest about his remaining journal and letters which makes us impatient, yet unwilling to reach the end.

On the 12th of February, 1823, he wrote to the Secretaries as follows :

“It still pleases our Heavenly Father to carry on His gracious work among the sons of Ham, as you will see by the last reports. Oh! give thanks unto the Lord!

“Our schools are now full of children. Since the Christmas report we have had a considerable addition and increase of labor. Our population is now above two thousand. Besides this, I have been deprived of the assistance of my sister Hannah, who has been married to Mr. Beckley.

“The Anniversary Meeting of the Sierra Leone Church Missionary Society was held at Kiskey Town, on the 8th of January last. . . .

“It was very gratifying to receive, without their being called for, contributions from Hastings and Wellington, which are not supplied by our Society, and only visited occasionally. John Sandy has since been appointed for Wellington. The people built him a house, and I assisted him with boards.

“W. Tamba was taken ill as soon as Mr. Düring arrived, and nearly left this world for his eternal rest; he had the pleurisy, and is now slowly recovering, but the doctor thinks he will not be for a considerable time convalescent.

“I am thankful that Mrs. Johnson is recovering. I hope she will soon be able to rejoin us. I miss her much now, my sister having left me. I hope the Committee will be so kind as to allow her to return with me after the rains. I can not express my gratitude sufficiently for the kind care you have taken of Mrs. J. I pray God to reward you.

“Mr. Düring was most affectionately received by

his people. As soon as I heard of his arrival, I went down to Freetown. Some people went with me, and some had already gone. We rode up in the evening, accompanied by a great number of Gloucester people, who went before, singing and praising God for having brought their minister among them again. I am thankful that they have been kept together, and that the number of believers has increased during his absence, namely, to ninety-eight communicants and twenty-seven candidates.

“Mr. Metzger is recovering from the fever; also Mr. Buckaner. They have now, I trust, escaped all danger. Last Sunday I perceived something unusual in Mr. Buckaner, which led me to think he was about getting the fever. I instantly used the proper means, which surprised him, he thinking himself well. However, in the evening he found by painful experience that I was right. I believe that this disease is very soon cured, and is not dangerous, if discovered in time, and the proper course pursued. You will, humanly speaking, lose very few of your servants, if you send them in the beginning of the dry season, so that they may either have fever, or become accustomed to the climate, before the rains set in. Let people say what they will, I believe the climate is not so unhealthy as it is represented. I am fully persuaded that many die of fear or neglect; not taking the advice of those who have resided longer in the country. Also, others die

on account of bad living, either through gluttony or laziness. Exercise is one of the best remedies against all sorts of diseases; and thus an active man or woman may enjoy tolerable health in Africa.

“May the Lord our God still bless your labors, and make you instrumental in sending forth more faithful laborers, is the prayer of

“Yours, etc.,

“W. A. B. JOHNSON.”

#### JOURNAL.

“*Monday, Dec. 2d, 1822.*—Last Saturday evening we had our usual meeting. Mr. and Mrs. Metzger, Mr. and Mrs. Norman, and Mr. and Mrs. Lisk, were present. The simple way in which our people expressed themselves, delighted us much. One woman said: ‘Suppose two people quarrel, another person come and make peace between them; and when we have no peace with God, the Lord Jesus Christ make peace between us and God. But when a man is once in hell, who can make peace between him and the devil? I fear too much, because my heart want so much for quarrel. I don’t know what to do to love my brothers and sisters.’ Others stated their many providential escapes during their past lives, when in slavery, driven about from market to market, like common cattle.

“Yesterday, divine service as usual numerously at-

tended. I spoke on John 7 : 46 : 'Never man spake like this man.' I was obliged to shorten the discourse, as I had caught a cold last week, and was very hoarse. In the afternoon I went to Gloucester ; endeavored to speak on 2 Cor. 12 : 9, but was obliged to conclude early, as the hoarseness increased.

"Baptized twenty-five adults and several infants, and admitted in all, thirty to the Lord's Table, having been baptized by Mr. Düring, being named after benefactors. After Baptism I administered, in company with Mr. Metzger, the Lord's Supper to ninety-five communicants. My heart rejoiced in God my Saviour, when I beheld such a goodly number at Gloucester. It is now a little more than six years when I took the first people to this place, and with the assistance of a young man, built a shed for the accommodation of the people. The look of the place induced me to recommend it to Sir C. Macarthy, who agreed to my proposal to call it Gloucester, and appointed Mr. Düring Superintendent. It was then a thick forest, now a neat village. The church, parsonage house, and girls' school, present an interesting view ; but, what is far more pleasing and gratifying, is the church, full of attentive and cleanly-dressed people, who are advancing in Christian experience ; about one hundred having been made acquainted through the teaching of God the Spirit, with the Saviour of sinners, to whom they

have fled for refuge. 'What hath God wrought?' Praise and glory be to Him for His work. Amen.

"I was grieved that in the evening, on account of my cold, I could not speak to my people at Regent's Town. Mr. Lisk read and explained Psalm 103. I rejoice to find that more are inquiring, both at Regent and Gloucester, what they must do to be saved, and are anxious to be admitted into the Church. I shall take an early opportunity of examining them, and such as appear to be partakers of grace, receive on trial, and for instruction, under the care of Sandy at Regent's Town, and Tamba at Gloucester.

"*Dec 18th.*—Through the mercy of God, I have been called to examine those who proposed themselves for Baptism, and oh! what shall I, unworthy sinner, render unto the Lord for His unspeakable mercies in owning and blessing His word, which is preached in so much weakness by His unworthy servant? Thirty-three have been received at Regent's Town, and fourteen at Gloucester. (The number has since increased to fifty at Regent, and twenty-seven at Gloucester.) Seventeen young people who are named after benefactors, are among the number at Regent's Town.

"Sarah Bickersteth is, as far as I know, the first of her nation who has tasted that the Lord is gracious. She is of the Kroo country, and was brought to the colony by a Krooman about five years ago. Sir C.

Macarthy saw her, took her from the man, and sent her here. She was then quite a little girl, but is now a well-grown young woman, and has become, through the grace of God, a new creature. She expresses great sorrow for her superstitious countrymen, and calls herself the worst girl in school. She answered almost every question put to her, and with tears said: 'I only want to serve the Lord Jesus Christ in this world, for He came and died for me on the cross.'

"Jane Farish was a girl who grieved me much by always quarrelling with the other girls; but blessed be God, who has, by sovereign grace, turned the lion into a lamb! When she related to me the merciful dealing of her heavenly Father, she said that before I fetched her out of the bush, which is about six years ago, she was very sick, and fainted; and her country-people, thinking she was dead, tied her up in a mat, and carried her to bury her. The grave was dug, and they let her down, when, as she expressed herself: 'God woke me. I began to cry, and they pulled me out again; a little bit more, and I should have been buried. I can not thank God enough. For true, He wanted to save my poor soul.'

"Last night a gang of sawyers, who are independent of Government, and who are always in the forest to cut and saw timber, but attend divine service very regularly, came to me and wanted to tell me what the Lord Jesus had done for their souls. As I had no

good opinion of them, being very strong, rough, independent fellows, eight in number, I told them to come again this afternoon. When they were gone, I went to the evening school, and inquired of some of our good people concerning these men, who informed me that they had observed them of late to be quite different, and had hopes that God's grace had touched their hearts. This was most surprising and pleasing news to me.

‘Hail, mighty Jesus, how divine  
Is Thy victorious sword!  
The stoutest rebel must resign,  
At Thy commanding word.’

“*Jan. 27th.*—Am only able to write a little. My eye became so much inflamed in the pulpit the Sunday before last, that I have been obliged to leave all my engagements ever since.

“*March 19th.*—In my distress, I cried unto the Lord, and He heard me. Blessed be Thy name, O my Father! reconciled through the blood of Jesus, for having once more restored my sight. Thou art indeed a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God, for Thou hast heard the prayers of Thy people!

“My eyes have been so affected with ophthalmia that I almost despaired of ever recovering my sight. However, through the infinite mercy of God, my right eye is restored. Last Sunday morning I was just able to read the text: ‘For through him we both have ac-



cess unto the Father.' (Eph. 2 : 18.) In the evening I could not see the text, had no light in the pulpit, not being able to bear it; but spoke on Romans 9 : 14 : 'What shall we say then? Is there unrighteousness with God? God forbid.' I found it good to speak on these words, but rather difficult, as I could not refer to the Scriptures as usual. . . .

"I felt thankful that though I could not read, the Lord had not shut my mouth. Two officers of the Navy attended divine service last Sunday, and several on the Sunday before. A man from Freetown sent me a pig on Monday morning, with the following words : 'P. R. sends you this pig because the words he heard in Regent Church went through his heart.'"

In a note to the Secretaries, dated March 10th, he speaks of having made visits to Kent, York, the Plantains, Bananas, and Coramania River. He continues :

"I hope Mr. Düring will communicate to you the particulars of our journey. The work of grace is going on, for which I desire to praise and bless my glorious Jehovah. May He be pleased to spare me my sight; but His holy will be done! Excuse, on account of my eyes, this short scrawl.

"W. JOHNSON."

This was his last letter to England. About this time he received a letter from the Secretaries, giving permission for his return to England, and in six weeks,

having completed his arrangements for the supply of his place during a short absence, he embarked on board the *Betsey* and *Annie*, which had lately brought Mr. Düring back to his post. Mr. and Mrs. Düring had lost a little son, between two and three years old, but a few days before, and having resolved to send their infant daughter, the only surviving child, back to England, Mr. Johnson undertook the charge of her. A young woman, one of Mr. Johnson's communicants, went with them as the nurse of the little one.

Mr. Johnson embarked in seeming health, but when scarcely three days at sea, the fatal disease appeared. The day after, Wednesday, the fever became alarming. On Thursday a blister was placed on his chest without effect. On Friday the disease was so much increased that he could not turn in bed. The cough became violent, accompanied by black vomit, and he remarked to his sorrowful attendant: "I think I can not live."

Just after his embarkation, when in apparent health, this faithful pastor had written to his people, most affectionately exhorting them to continue in the things which they had learned. And even in the closing hours of his short and violent illness, they were the last earthly objects which engaged his thoughts.

On Saturday, the third of May, he was at times delirious, and would call on Mr. Düring, and his beloved attendant, David Noah, saying that there were things which he wished to tell them before he died. In his

lucid moments he expressed a longing desire to see his wife. To his poor convert, who nursed him faithfully, he spoke in words of kind encouragement, and told her what to do when she reached London. He then requested her to read the 23d Psalm. "And then," she said, in giving an account of his death, "he said to me: 'I am going to die; pray for me.' I prayed the Lord Jesus," she continued "to take him the right way." He then told her to take good care of the little girl, and charged her with a message to the Society to send a good minister to Regent's Town as soon as they could, or the people would be left in darkness. "If I am not able to go back," he added, "you must tell David Noah to do his duty; for if Noah say, 'Because Massa dead, I can do nothing,' he must pray, and God will help him, and so we shall meet in heaven." His last words were: "I can not live, God calls me, and this night I shall be with Him."



## CHAPTER XI.

“THEN judgment shall dwell in the wilderness, and righteousness remain in the fruitful field. And the work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever. And my people shall dwell in a peaceable habitation, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting-places.”—ISAIAH 32 : 16-18.

THE news of Mr. Johnson's death reached the Church Missionary House in London in July, 1823, but it was not until the 8th of September that the people of Regent's Town received the heavy tidings. During this interval, many affectionate letters were addressed by them to their beloved pastor, from which we select a few, which give pleasing accounts of the state of the settlement after his departure :

*William Davis to Rev. W. Johnson.*

“REGENT'S TOWN, *April 29th*, 1823.

“REV. AND DEAR SIR : I have sent these few lines to you, for I have not much words to write at this time, and therefore I only write about myself and the people.

“My wish is to serve the Lord Jesus Christ, and to follow Him, but my own heart is so deceitful in all things, and desperately wicked, that I sometimes cry out with St. Paul: ‘Oh! wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?’ And when I consider that beyond the grave comes the judgment, I am afraid; but I pray and hope that the Lord, who has helped me, will still help me, for He is faithful to His promises. My wife is very sorry she did not shake hands with you before you went, and begs you to forgive her, and give her love to Mrs. Johnson.

“Since you have been gone, the people seem as if they will obey him you have left here. They are very quiet and steady, and plenty come to church and are attentive. The candidates, too, go on well. I hope the Lord will keep you, and bring you and Mrs. Johnson back again. Give my love to Mrs. Johnson, and all the good people of England.

“WILLIAM DAVIS.”

*Anthony Morgan to Rev. W. Johnson.*

“REV. AND DEAR SIR: I am indeed sorry for your going away from us; but, however, if we do not see one another in this world, I hope it may please God that we may not be separated in spirit. May we all go on from strength to strength till we all appear before God in Zion. I hope you will not forget to

pray for us ignorant creatures; I hope you do not forget us, we never will forget you. I hope you will not forget to pray for our country-people, that God may send the light of His countenance upon them, for they are in darkness and the shadow of death. I hope you will beg our friends in England that they will not forget to pray that God may send His Holy Spirit, to give us more understanding, that the work in which we are engaged may be blessed; for all of us know that without the Holy Spirit's assistance we can do nothing; for it is written: 'Paul may plant, and Apolos water, but God giveth the increase.'

"Give my respects to Mrs. Johnson, hoping she is well, and does not forget to pray for us, for we will never forget her. May those afflictions which God has been pleased to lay upon her, work for her good. . .

"Oh! I entreat you once more to beg all your dear friends in England to look up to the Lord Jesus Christ, that He may send His Holy Spirit to teach and guide us in the way of truth, for He said, He will be our guide even unto death.

"ANTHONY MORGAN."

*John Davis to Rev. W. Johnson.*

"REGENT'S TOWN, *June 20th, 1825.*

"REV. AND DEAR SIR: I am sorry that you are absent from us for a season; but I pray that the Lord may be with you in all your journey, and that He will

bring you back to us once more, to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. I feel myself very happy in seeing the people in good order, and I pray that the Lord will assist Mr. Norman to rule the people in the fear of God, and to feed His flock; and my wish is, that my countrymen may receive the Gospel as well as myself; but I know that without the help of God the Holy Ghost, nothing can be done. If I don't see you now, I hope we shall meet in everlasting glory; this is my desire. I praise God for His unspeakable love towards me. May the Lord be pleased to send out His light and truth all over the world, as He hath said, that His word shall go over the whole earth, as the waters cover the channels of the sea. I pray God that all may know Him, from the least even unto the greatest.

“My wife gives her love to you, and she hopes God will return you back to us; and she gives her compliments to Mrs. Johnson. JOHN DAVIS.”

Mr. Düring was apprized of the death of his fellow-laborer by a deeply-sympathizing letter from the Rev. E. Bickersteth, giving the particulars, as before related by Sarah, his only attendant. In conclusion, he says:

“You will, doubtless, take the first opportunity of improving this subject among his people. I preached at Wheler Chapel on the subject, from 2 Cor. 1 : 8-11.



It has caused much sympathy and deep interest among our friends."

The Secretaries wrote at the same time the following words of affectionate advice to the native teachers :

"Dear David Noah, and the other Brethren at Regent's Town :

"You will have heard, ere you receive this, of the loss of your beloved pastor and father, Mr. Johnson. Your and our loss is his unspeakable gain, and let us all say : 'The will of the Lord be done.'

"He was justly dear to you. The Lord gave him grace to love your souls, and to be willing to lay down his life for you, and his days were shortened by laboring in a climate unhealthy to white men, for your salvation.

"But sorrow not for him: think rather of that exceeding and eternal weight of glory which God our Saviour has now bestowed upon him, and will bestow upon all them that love His appearing: think rather of the blessing the Lord bestowed upon you in giving and preserving to you so long, so faithful a minister.

"And why has He now taken him away? He has taken him away that you may '*cease from man*;' that is, that you may see that your confidence should not be placed in any human being; that you may see, as your beloved minister always taught you, that they are only instruments in the Lord's hands for blessing you.

“He has taken him away that you may learn to *trust in the Lord only*. You might naturally, having been blessed under our dear departed brother’s ministry, be tempted to look too much to him, and forget who made him a blessing to you. Now, may you all be led to look simply to the Lord! He will maintain His work among you. He will uphold you by His right arm, and you shall be safe. The enemy shall not prevail against you. He has said: ‘I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.’

“God has taken him away *to humble and to prove you*. Many will now be saying: ‘Oh! that I had minded more what he said, and walked more closely with God; but because I did not rightly value and use the instructions of so good a man, God has taken him from me.’ Well, perhaps it was so with some, but be not too much discouraged; the Lord intends your spiritual good, and that you may only meet him with more joy in the kingdom of our Saviour’s glory. Now, Jesus the Lord, who never leaves us, is looking upon you, and seeing whether you can trust His love, even in this severe trial, and say: ‘Of very faithfulness Thou hast afflicted me.’

“God has taken him, we hope, *for the conversion of others*. There are some who refused to hear Christ while His minister lived. Oh! may they hear Him now, when He speaks by taking their minister away! Oh! that the unconverted negroes of Regent’s Town

may turn to the Lord without delay! Oh! let it never be said of them: 'The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart.' The Lord grant that Mr. J.'s death may be the appointed means for the spiritual life of many in Regent's Town!

" 'Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.' Now is the time to glorify His name, to show that you can indeed trust your Saviour, and that His grace is sufficient for you. He would address you with affectionate earnestness and say: 'Therefore, my brethren dearly beloved and longed for, my joy and crown, so stand fast in the Lord, my dearly beloved.' We hope all will be of one mind, and that Satan will not prevail to divide you. We hope David Noah will attend to Mr. Johnson's dying request.

" We will endeavor, as soon as God shall enable us, to supply Mr. J.'s place; and you must pray to God to raise you up a faithful pastor.

" Let every man look not on his own things, but on the things of the Lord Jesus. We hope yet that the Gospel will spread from among you, and by you, far and wide among your countrymen. Oh! think of their present condition, and may the Lord give you grace to long and labor for their salvation! We are persuaded that you will do more than we say.

" And then look at your beloved minister's life, and God give you all grace to follow him, even as he fol-

lowed Christ. Remember how he labored among you; how kind and loving he was to every man; how he bore with your infirmities; how he rejoiced to tell you of Christ; how grieved he was at the ungodly; how much he prayed for you. Oh! think of these things!

“We close in the words of the Apostle: ‘Remember them which have (had) the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of life, whose faith follow; remembering the end of their conversation, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.’

“The Lord be with you all, pray your affectionate friends,

“JOSIAH PRATT,

“EDWARD BICKERSTETH.”

The arrival of the news in Regent’s Town, is thus described by Mr. Norman :

“When the letters arrived, I was engaged in reading Milner’s Church History with the native teachers, and the elder boys of the Christian Institution. When I had read the letters, I informed them that their minister was dead. They were all greatly affected, and especially David Noah. The information spread over the town, and in a few minutes our house was crowded with weeping inquirers.”

Mr. N. then spoke to them in a soothing manner, and promised to read the letters to them in church, after evening service.

“In the evening the church was crowded. Before

I began the service, I spoke to them, and begged them not to make any noise, as I knew it was the African custom to cry aloud when they had lost a friend. I told them that the Christian manner of bearing a trial was with patience and silent submission to God, who had a right to do as He pleased.

“The congregation then sang the following hymn :

‘Dear Refuge of my weary soul !  
On Thee when sorrows rise,  
On Thee when waves of trouble roll,  
My fainting hope relies.

‘To Thee I tell each rising grief,  
For Thou alone canst heal ;  
Thy word can bring me sure relief  
For every pain I feel.

‘Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face,  
And shall I seek in vain ?  
And can the ear of sovereign grace  
Be deaf when I complain ?

‘No, still the ear of sovereign grace  
Attends the mourner’s prayer,  
Oh ! may I ever find access,  
To breathe my sorrows there.

‘Thy mercy-seat is open still,  
Here let my soul retreat ;  
With humble hope attend Thy will,  
And wait beneath Thy feet.’

“The passage of Scripture which came in course for our consideration this evening, was John 8 : 12–19. I dwelt more particularly on the 12th verse. Afterwards I read the letters which had been received. All were remarkably attentive and quiet.

“We then sang the following hymn, well known and much used among the people, their attention having been frequently called to it by their deceased minister :

'In every trouble, sharp and strong,  
My soul to Jesus flies ;  
My anchor hold is firm in Him,  
When swelling billows rise.

'His comforts bear my spirit up,  
I trust a faithful God ;  
The sure foundation of my hope  
Is in my Saviour God.

'Loud hallelujahs will I sing  
To my Redeemer's name ;  
In joy and sorrow, life and death,  
His love is still the same.'

"Knowing the strength of African feeling, I was much astonished at the behavior of the people. Not a word or sob was heard in the church after service, but all was silent grief.

"The Saturday evening after, many persons attended the weekly meeting; six of them spoke, and all in a most feeling manner adverted to the death of their pastor. They said that 'they believed God had taken him away because they looked more to Mr. Johnson than to the Lord Jesus.' They also exhorted each other to show their love to their pastor's memory by doing as he told them."

The Governor, Sir Charles Macarthy, and many others in the Colony, in letters to England, expressed their sorrow for the loss of one whom they esteemed so highly, and every where among English Christians the dispensation awakened deep regret.

And now a period of long-continued trial became the lot of Regent's Town. In the commencement of

1824, Mr. and Mrs. Norman were obliged to return to England, and one year elapsed before a missionary was found to fill his place. In a few weeks he was removed by death, and another year elapsed before the arrival of the Rev. W. R. Betts, who was appointed to that station. In less than a year, he too was removed, being obliged by illness to return home. Through the remainder of that year and 1828, there was no resident pastor, and Mr. Davy, who officiated in several neighboring congregations, could only visit them at long intervals.

Thus for more than twelve years, the faith of these poor people was subjected to the severest trials. At length, in the year 1835, the Committee succeeded in giving them a more permanent supply. Mr. Wates, afterwards Bishop of Sierra Leone, Mr. Schon, and Mr. Denton, labored there in succession, with devoted zeal, and the drooping church began to revive. In 1841 Mr. Wates writes: "In Regent's Town, one hundred and twelve persons applied for religious instruction, upwards of seventy were candidates for Baptism, and five for the Lord's Supper."

In May, 1845, Mr. Denton baptized eleven men and twelve women. The Rev. Mr. Graf, who preached on the occasion, says: "The church was quite filled with an intelligent and lively congregation; the singing and responses being loud and general, and the attention during the sermon intense and uninterrupted."

Thus we see that the work of Mr. Johnson was indeed of God, since it survived the test of so many years: and it is comforting to know that He who "caused them great" has "had compassion on the Christians of Regent's Town," and that if we were to visit this mountain flock at this present time, we should find the Good Shepherd again "making them to lie down in green pastures, and leading them beside the still waters."

The following letter, by the wife of Bishop Vidal, gives a pleasing account of the first Confirmation there:

"REGENT, *May*, 1853.

"This is a sweet spot, completely secluded, but surrounded with the most beautiful mountains, in which are fine water-falls, falling into the most picturesque and beautiful streams. Mrs. Denton sent her palankin for me to Fourah Bay. The ride, though in some parts rather alarming, was exquisite, up and down some steep and rugged hills, and through some brooks which, owing to the rudeness of the so-called bridges, my bearers had to ford. Darkness overtook us, and the latter part of the way a boy walked before us with a lantern.

"The little church and parsonage, with its neat garden, close together, are situated at the side of a hill, with a brook, at the foot, of the clearest water. The garden is very pretty; the native huts are all around;



and there is a simplicity about the people which we look in vain for in Freetown. There seems so much more reality among the people here, and so much more simple earnestness and devotion.

“The Confirmation took place on the 24th. The candidates, five hundred and twenty-three in number, were from Regent, Gloucester, and Leicester. And to come to this retired spot, hidden from all the world, and to enter that little church, and see it crowded with the candidates, all in white, and sitting as still as possible, did seem to say in cheering accents: ‘Our labor is not in vain in the Lord.’

“The service commenced with singing:

‘Sound the loud timbrel,’

which was well sung in parts by all present. Then Mr. Denton read the Morning Prayers, the Venite and Jubilate being chanted. After which the hymn was sung:

‘Let worldly minds the world pursue!’

and then the Bishop proceeded with the Confirmation service, which he read in a touching manner.

“When all were confirmed, they sang:

‘Oh! Thou who camest from above!’

after which the charge and the blessing. Many of those who were baptized by Johnson, were this day confirmed. The Bishop thus alluded to him in his charge: ‘Many will remember how the refreshing rains

of God's Spirit came down in rich abundance, and fertilized this favored garden-plot; how Regent and Gloucester became indeed a spiritual Eden, under the fostering care of God's honored, faithful, and successful servants, Johnson and Düring, names never, never to be forgotten in the records of this colony, ay, of this continent. . . .

“ ‘ Happy Regent and Gloucester! your early privileges involve a deep and lasting responsibility, while at the same time they prove that the watchful eye of the Almighty Husbandman is over you—that eye which never slumbers nor sleeps. He chose you, in the infancy of the Church in Africa, to be the special objects of His gracious favor, and He still regards you as His own. Oh! for another such revival season to make the plants of righteousness bloom again, and to call forth once more the sweet fragrance of the garden, which the Lord hath blessed! It is for this that we are longing and looking up to heaven, and watching the signs and tokens from above. May God's Church in the mountains be speedily again His Hephzibah and her land, Beulah.’

“After this service, some of the people said: ‘We no like to go home again: it is good for us to go die now.’ Others said: ‘It is so like heaven! We never felt so like heaven before!’

We add here portions of two letters from the Rev. George Nicol, which bring down the history of the

progress of the Mission very nearly to the present time :

*“Aug. 5th, 1855.—*Congregation on Sunday mornings nine hundred, inclusive of three hundred and eighty-eight communicants.

“I administered the Lord’s Supper at Regent. I think a larger number were present on this occasion than I ever witnessed there—nearly three hundred. If a stranger had seen me preparing the bread this morning, he must have wondered what it all meant. A glance at the number of communicants would have afforded a pleasing solution of the difficulty.

“Twenty young persons recently confirmed, were admitted for the first time. After much careful preparation and sifting of character, I was glad to find so many as twenty whom I could receive with so much hope and pleasure. The service was to me more than usually affecting. A few weeks ago, I thought I should be obliged to relinquish my charge, on account of ill-health. It was therefore cause for devout thankfulness to be permitted once more to administer to my people this solemn ordinance.”

*“Aug. 13th, 1856.—*All hearts are cheered by the present ripeness of the Sierra Leone Mission. The School Committee met at the Mission-house a few days ago, and it would have done the hearts of our Christian friends good to hear their simple, heart-felt expressions of gratitude to God for what their eyes are

now permitted to see. Nearly all of them are Johnson's men, whose gray hairs show that they have passed through many years. In addressing the meeting, one and all alluded to that devoted missionary's time. 'If any one,' said they, 'had told us at that time, that we should have our own sons to teach and preach to us, we should never have believed it.' The work of grace in the hearts of some of these simple people is astonishing to me.

"There is a poor man here who has been confined to his bed for years, through sickness. He sits absolutely in ashes, for his bed is only a mat drawn near the fireside, but he is rich in faith. I have invariably returned from a visit to him, quickened and encouraged in my own soul. He can not read the A, B, C, but it would do the greatest divine good to spend an hour with him. The work is real, not illusory."

And now, at the close of this remarkable history, let us examine the impression which it has made upon our minds. It first shows us, as it were, a lazarus-house, whose inmates, gathered out of many differing savage tribes, have not even the bond of a common language to unite them, and who are alike in nothing but their universal degradation, their all-pervading moral disease. We pursue their history through a period of less than seven years, and we leave a prosperous, civilized community, all of one heart and mind, the very model of civil order, happiness, and health. Can this

be the same people? What miracle has wrought so great a change?

The Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is the only universal cure. Can we doubt the power of Christ to save to the uttermost, when we see the very Ethiopian change his skin—when we behold the vilest heathen washed in the blood of Jesus, clothed in His righteousness, and adorned with the graces of the Holy Spirit, sitting with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of God. And how sweetly does the family likeness shine forth in these dear children of God! As we trace His dealings with their hearts, we discover how “He giveth grace unto the lowly,” and we feel a deeper sympathy with these little ones of Christ than with His mighty men of valor.

In this Memoir, we have studied one short chapter from the endless history of Providence and Grace, yet how rich is the instruction it contains! If its effect were only to awaken love and admiration for the noble servant of God, whose life is here narrated, we should derive little benefit from the perusal. Its object is a higher one than this. These records of Christ’s faithfulness must surely lead us to a stronger, simpler trust in Him. These monuments of His tenderness and love must win us to a more active and constraining love for Him.

“My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth.” Let us mark

the example of Him who came to seek and to save the lost. His love is as richly displayed to the humble slave as to the saint of Cæsar's household. When shall we rise to the full conception of that holy joy with which He could exclaim: "I thank thee, O Father! Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them to babes." How constantly did Johnson testify that there was no happiness on earth like that of leading the dying heathen to behold the Lamb of God! What are we doing to make known the great salvation? How have we kept the Saviour's parting charge?

"And O atoning JESUS!  
Is Thine, of all below,  
The only name that frees us  
From everlasting wo?"

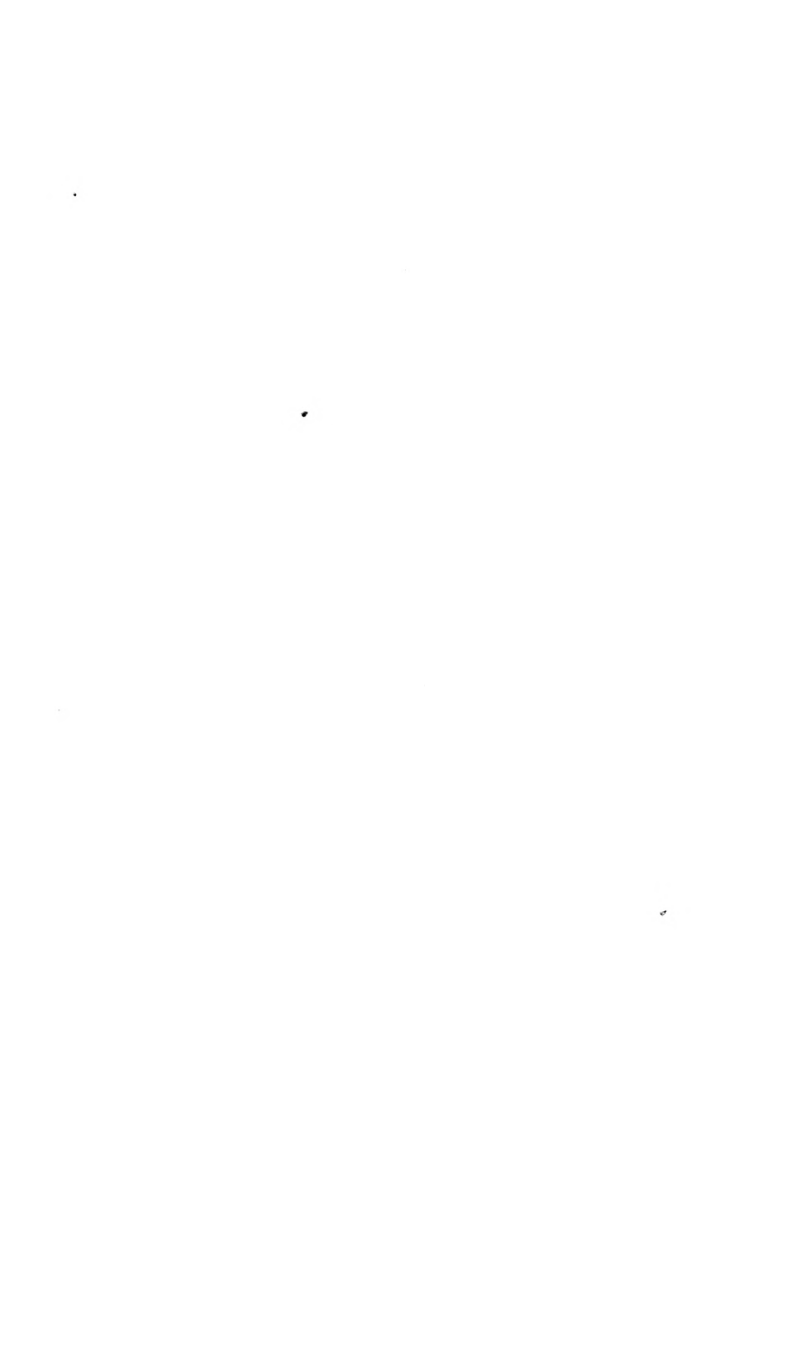
"Then why have we, directed  
To make Thy mercy known,  
Unfeelingly neglected  
A lost creation's groan?"

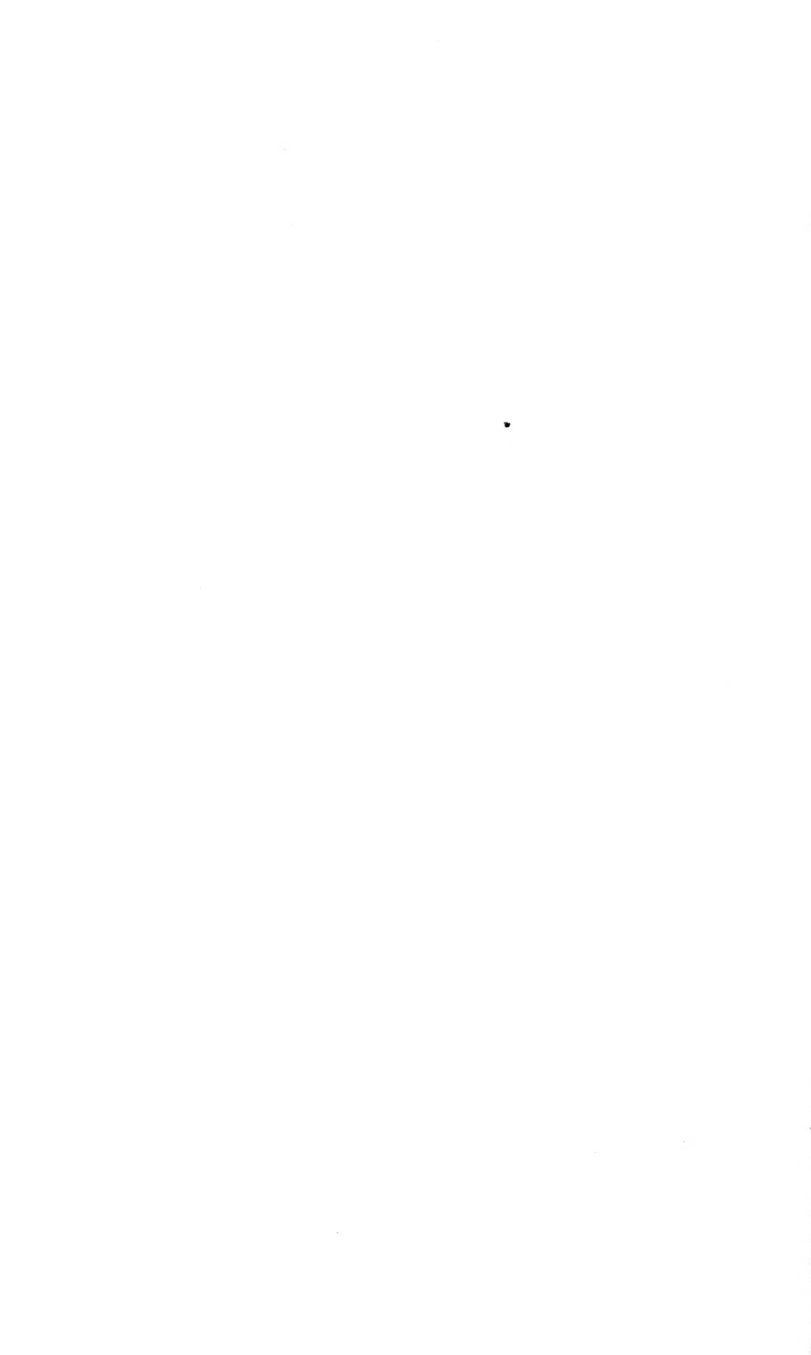
"Rise, Christians, from your slumbers!  
O'er many a pagan land,  
Disperse in thickening numbers  
The missionary band!"

"Lo! how the prospect brightens  
Beneath your blest employ;  
Each field, how soon it whitens,  
And yields the reaper joy!"

"Great Lord! till Thee it pleases,  
Naught sacred lives below:  
Oh! bid Thy Spirit's breezes,  
Reviving nature, blow!"

"Then, (haste the blissful vision!)  
To Thy MESSIAH given,  
All earth, with bright transition,  
Shall vanish into heaven!"



















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Johnson, William Augustine Bernard

AUTHOR

The Gospel in Africa...

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