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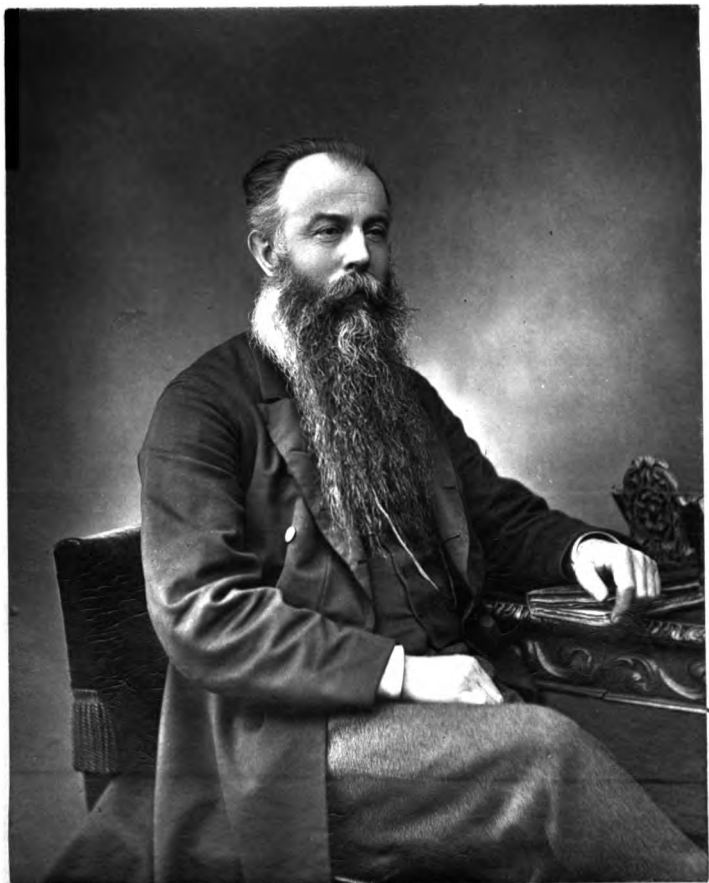
Life in England and Australia

John Bunyan McCure

KD55507

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*Yours for Christ's sake
John Bunyan McCune*

LIFE IN
ENGLAND AND AMERICA

REMINISCENCES

Of Labels and Voyages over the Atlantic
Thousand Miles;

OR,

FORTY YEARS IN THE WEST INDIES

Memorial of the *John Bull* and the *Lord*.

BY

JOHN BUNYAN McCURE,

of Cambridge, and of the Sea.

LONDON:

OF BANKS, RACQUET COURT, FLEET STREET

CAMBRIDGE: THE AUTHOR, CLARENDON ROAD.

1876.

LIFE IN
ENGLAND AND AUSTRALIA.

REMINISCENCES

OF

Travels and Voyages over One Hundred
Thousand Miles ;

OR,

FORTY YEARS IN THE WILDERNESS.

A Memorial of the Lovingkindness of the Lord.

BY

JOHN BUNYAN McCURE,

Of Cambridge; late of Australia.

LONDON :

ROBERT BANKS, RACQUET COURT, FLEET STREET.

CAMBRIDGE : THE AUTHOR, CLARENDON ROAD.

1876.

KD55607



Pick

P R E F A C E.

On the eve of my departure for Australia, I published a Small Edition of my Life and Travels; also my Log-Books of Voyages round the Globe. Those books have been out of print for a long while.

I have now complied with the importunate request of my many friends in presenting to the reader the present Volume, which contains only a brief summary of the way the Lord has led me in the wilderness during a period of forty years. What I have written God is my witness that I have only recorded those things which are true.

The wise and learned will not find in these pages rhetoric, only a plain unadorned statement of facts, written for the weak and tried Christian, with the humble hope the Lord will be pleased to strengthen the weak hands and confirm the feeble knees of His own dear people.

I am fully conscious of the fact that my insufficiency

for such a work, and the many imperfections that must necessarily belong to it, will expose me and my book to the unmerciful criticism of some. But if the Lord will be pleased to bless the reading of my reminiscences of the wonders of His providence and grace to others, I shall then have my reward. With this hope and with this object I now send forth this Memorial of the Lovingkindness of the Lord,

“Who near my soul has always stood,
His lovingkindness, O how good.”

*Clarendon Road, Avenue,
Cambridge, 1876.*

INTRODUCTION

BY

THE REV. DR. DOUDNEY.

MY friend and brother in the Lord, the writer of the following pages, has asked me to write an introduction to his volume.

I do so with a great deal of pleasure. First, because in the order of Divine Providence, our appointed spheres of labour in the Lord's vineyard are dissimilar, and yet (blessed be God!) we fight beneath the same banner, under the same great and gracious Captain, and with precisely the same end and object in view; namely, His glory, and the saving and eternal welfare of our poor, fallen, fellow-sinners. Hence I am glad with another opportunity for setting aside party names and petty distinctions, and recognizing both the person and work of one with whom I may not see eye to eye in some of the non-essential minutiae of denominational views or practices, but yet fully accord with in the grand fundamentals of our most holy Faith.

If, although a minister of the Church of England, it was once laid upon my heart to print and put into circulation 2,250 sets of the extensive Bible Commentary, as well as various other works, of the renowned Dr. Gill, and never had occasion to regret that arduous service for God and truth, I see no reason whatever why I should for one moment hesitate to lend a helping hand to one of Dr. Gill's humble followers.

I read the former edition of this work with the deepest possible interest. Although between seven and eight years have since passed away, the impression still abides with me; first, of

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the Author's call by grace; secondly, his call to the ministry; and thirdly, his call to go forth into far-distant lands, there to preach Christ and Him crucified. The dealings of God with His servant, in a providential way, were most marked, both at home and in the far-off Australia. His labours were abundant and most self-denying. The agonizing trials which awaited him upon his return to Sydney, after traversing two-and-thirty thousand miles by sea, and ten thousand by land, preaching and lecturing day by day through the length and breadth of England, were such as to touch the hearts of the coldest and most stoical. Indeed, when we consider what Mr. McCure had passed through in labours, and mental and bodily affliction, in Australia, even prior to his first visit to England, one's surprise is that his after sorrows did not utterly overwhelm and absolutely crush him. In that it was otherwise is alone attributable to the faithfulness and all-sufficiency of a covenant God.

In proof of that harmony of soul and identity of feeling in and for the truth which subsists between us, it affords me real pleasure to think that he delivered one of his deeply-interesting and God-glorifying lectures in our large schoolroom, to a numerous and most attentive audience. Our friend and fellow-labourer, the Rev. S. A. Walker, Rector of Maryleport, Bristol, hastened his journey home from Plymouth, on purpose to be present; and, at the close of the lecture, expressed in warmest terms his interest and approval.

It only remains for me to express my ardent wish and earnest prayer that the Lord, whose he is, and whom he serves, will continue to smile upon our dear brother, and bless him in his ministrations, until he shall have completed his destined course, then to hear the "Well done, good and faithful servant enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

DAVID A. DOUDNEY, D.D.

St. Luke's, Bedminster, Bristol.

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Life in England and Australia.

BY

JOHN BUNYAN McCURE.

CHAPTER I.

Birth: Mother's affliction: Seeking for employment: First situation: New engagement: New acquaintances: Sabbath breaking: Theatrical inclinations: Thunder storm: Convictions: First prayer: Ignorance of the Scriptures: Blind Mary's singing: Distress of mind: Light and comfort: Joy and peace: Believing: Dr. Campbell's preaching: Doctrinal difficulties: Searching "the Word."

I WAS born at Camberwell, August 5th, 1822; and from that time until I became thirteen years of age, I have nothing particular to relate, therefore I will commence at that age. My mother suffered, for a period of twelve years, from that most painful of maladies, the rheumatic gout: for four years she was completely bedridden, and I remember (although we were continually in expectation of her death), two years before her departure from this vale of tears, my brothers, sister, and myself, stood around her bed imagining that we were looking upon the face of the dead, but the King of Terrors had not yet come. In consequence of this protracted and distressing illness of my mother, I was most desirous of leaving my parental roof, for the purpose of obtaining my own living. After considerable difficulty my father gave his consent. I left home on a Monday morning and walked into the City of London, and applied at the different shops as I passed. I was not particular as to the character of the employment, all I wanted was a situation. And, oh, how anxious I was to obtain my wish. That day I persevered to the utmost of my power, but met with refusals wherever I applied. Late in the afternoon I received a lesson which ultimately materially

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tended to my benefit. I called upon a chemist, and inquired if he wanted an assistant, keeping my hands in my pockets at the time as it was very cold. "Take your hands out of your pockets, sir," angrily exclaimed the master in answer to my request, and I left the shop feeling the justice of the remark, and promised myself that my next application should be characterized with more becoming deportment.

The next place I called at was a saddler's, who very kindly received me, and told me that he did not require any one himself, but that his son did, to whom he gave me a note, and by whom I was engaged at a salary of five shillings per week. I returned home in perfect ecstasy at my success, and commenced my new and untried duties the next day. I remained in this vocation six months, and having acquired a knowledge of the business, I very properly came to the conclusion that as my services as a raw recruit were worth five shillings per week, now (having become more useful), I was deserving of higher wages, which my master had promised to give me at the expiration of six months, and having failed to redeem his promise, I left his employ on Saturday evening at six o'clock. Although I had worked hard during the six months, yet I felt that there was no time to be lost, I must obtain a situation as soon as possible. The same evening, walking in the direction of Shoreditch, I passed a large boot and shoe establishment; I went in, and inquired if an assistant was wanted (the guiding hand of God evidently directed me, for here they did require one for the following Monday morning), and I was engaged at a salary of seven shillings per week.

I here formed an acquaintance with other youths like myself, who very easily drew me away into that which was wrong, more especially in going about with them on the Sabbath day; thus I became a Sabbath breaker. I had at this time some slight convictions, but they soon wore off. By giving way to the advices and enunciations of my many advisers, I became infatuated with the stage and longed to be a performer. My spare time and money were devoted to theatrical books. Upon one occasion, on a Sunday evening, while delineating some Thespian character, in a room in a house, I had to place a sword to my breast and fall; while upon the floor a peal of thunder rent the air and a flash of lightning passed through the room; this had a great effect upon me, more especially

when I heard that two houses, within a few doors of where I was desecrating God's holy day, had been struck by the electric fluid. I felt thankful to God that He had spared my life, but this feeling was only momentary, and I proceeded with my part in the play. One night, while in the theatre, I felt as I had never felt before, I was most dreadfully uncomfortable; it appeared as though a voice said unto me—Is there satisfaction in these things? I would not listen to such an unwelcome interrogation, for I believed there was happiness to be found in that course and was determined to pursue it, but still the words sounded louder and louder—Is there any satisfaction in these things? The next day I united with my companions, but I could not pursue my studies with them as heretofore, for I was now convinced of my state as a sinner before God, and for the first time I kneeled down and prayed, and exclaimed, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Although I had not gone to the same length in outward sin as others, yet I felt I was in a lost and miserable condition, and for me there was nothing but a certain "fearful looking-for of judgment and fiery indignation which shall devour the adversary." I was now brought to decision to forsake my evil ways; the sight of my companions I could not endure, and was afraid to be found in their society, fearing that the Lord would visit us with vengeance. I committed my books to the flames, which my companions endeavoured to prevent, offering me money for them, which I refused. I likewise exhorted them to "flee from the wrath to come," but they only reproached me. My wretched state increased, for I was as one without hope. I obtained a Bible, which I read with great earnestness, but so ignorant was I, that when I read the four-fold account of the Lord Jesus Christ, in Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, I thought that *four different Lord Jesus's were testified of*. I felt how greatly I needed a Saviour, but then I knew not what to do, imagining that there was more than one.

About this time I was walking up Shoreditch, in the direction of Old Street Road, when I saw a crowd of persons. On going to see what attracted their notice, I found it was an old woman—she was called Blind Mary, and was a Christian woman—who attended the ministry of the late Mr. George Coomb. She used to sing the songs of Zion

in the streets of London, to obtain her living, and had just begun to sing,

“How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.”

When the hymn was concluded, she spoke of Jesus, the one and only Saviour; of His preciousness and ability to save to the uttermost “them that come unto God by Him.” She also stated, “I am naturally blind, but have spiritual eyes, and I have seen the Lord, and unto Him am I looking as to the rock of my salvation.” From these words I was greatly encouraged, and felt that there was some hope; and I said to myself, “who can tell but that I may yet be saved.” This was the first Gospel sermon I had ever heard, and to me it was indeed the Gospel—“Good news!” I now read the fourfold testimony of the evangelists as one united testimony of the one and only Saviour.

But still my sins appeared to stand against me like a mountain reaching to the heavens, over which I could not see how God could save a sinner like me. In great darkness and distress of mind I was walking up Union Street, Bishopsgate Street. Passing a book shop, outside of which were some old books, I took up one, Whitfield’s Hymns. Just as I was despairing and ready to give up all hope of being saved, feeling so wretched, I opened the book and read, to my great astonishment:—

“Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus in His love will save you,
Full of pity joined with power:
He is able!
He is willing; doubt no more.”

It was like calling me by my name. It spoke to me, “*Weak and wounded, sick and sore,*” just as I felt. I exclaimed, “O Lord, I am not fit!” for I could not see how the Lord could save and receive such a poor guilty sinner as I felt and saw myself to be. When I read:—

“Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
This He gives you:
’Tis the Spirit’s rising beam.”

Oh how precious and comforting were these words to my poor

burdened heart! I now believed in the Lord's almighty power to save. From my heart I cried unto Him, "Lord Jesus, save me. 'If Thou wilt Thou canst make me clean.'" I bought the book: pressed it to my heart: and read that blessed hymn again and again. Had those crowded streets been fields, I would have jumped and danced for joy. And so I did in my soul; for I now for the first time realised that "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I was chief," and rejoiced that Jesus Christ was able to save to the uttermost—even me.

My next step was to go to a place of worship, and I was directed to the Tabernacle where the late Dr. Campbell preached. I continued under his ministry for eighteen months, but to me it was the ministry of works and duties, and not the ministry of life, liberty, and Christ. I obtained the "Whole Duty of Man," and worked hard to obtain a righteousness which would justify me before God. Thus I thought to attain unto perfection, even the perfection of the flesh. At this time I knew but little of the corruption of my heart; I thought, so long as I abstained from outward sin, and conformed to duty, I was not far from the kingdom of heaven; but in this I was deceived, as I shall relate in a subsequent part of my history. The doctor's ministry I found at times to be most contradictory—free-grace in the morning, and free-will at night; still I believed the doctor to be right, more especially when he used to preach against the doctrine of election—which doctrine I could not endure, for I used to contend against it as cruel, unjust, and false; indeed, this was the teaching in the Bible class I attended. Our lesson one day was, even as John Wesley said, "that the doctrine of election represented God to be more false and cruel than the devil." However, these things caused me to search the Scriptures to see if it was so or not. Particularly upon one occasion—a New Year's Day—when the doctor had said, in the course of his sermon, "How many of my hearers am I now speaking to, and have been speaking to these years past, who are not saved? why, you might have been saved years ago if you had so wished, and you can be saved now, and it will be your own fault if you are not saved at the last." This had such an effect upon my mind as to cause me to search the Word, and to pray unto God to teach me, and open my eyes that I might behold the wondrous things out of His law. I now read the

Word with new eyes. I could see plainly that the doctrine of election was the doctrine of the Bible. I could read it in every part, "God's elect," "God's chosen." I now became distressed in mind, being convinced that I had been contending against God's Word, and speaking against the sovereign right of the Lord to do as He pleased. My trouble was now, whether I was one of the Lord's chosen. Oh, how I prayed that prayer, "Remember me, O Lord, with the favour that Thou bearest unto Thy people: O visit me with Thy salvation; that I may see the good of Thy chosen, that I may rejoice in the gladness of Thy nation, that I may glory with Thine inheritance" (Psa. cvi. 4, 5).

CHAPTER II.

Jewish employer: Preaching "Jesus" to the old lady: Praying for the dead child: The "black fast": Decision for the Bible: Loss of situation: New position: Attend Mr. Luckin's ministry: Gospel liberty found: Great peace of mind: Prejudice against believers' baptism: Search the Scriptures: Conversion and baptism.

THE owner of the establishment where I was now employed was a very orthodox Jew, and I had some insight into the manners and customs of that nation. This Jew professed to be extremely religious, but practically he knew not religion. Upon one occasion, having kept the shop open during the whole of his Sabbath day, until after twelve o'clock, he presumed to request his workmen to keep open even on the Lord's-day (Sunday), until eleven o'clock in the morning. This I indignantly objected to, and was told that I must leave, which I readily agreed to do rather than break *the* Sabbath. The others admired my proceeding, and the result was there was no shop open. There was also an old Jewish lady living in this family. I became deeply concerned for *her* salvation. Whenever the other members of the family went out I was left alone. This old lady used to send for me to keep her company; sometimes she came to my room and sometimes

I went go to hers, but I always made this stipulation with her, that she could only have my company upon the condition that she allowed me to speak to her of Jesus, which, rather than be alone she agreed to. What effect my teachings had I cannot tell, but I once asked her, "Is it unpleasant to you to hear me speak of Jesus?" She answered, "No, I like to hear you speak thus." Perhaps the seed did not fall on rocky ground. One of the children died whilst I was there, and I remember how my heart revolted at the hypocrisy practised upon that occasion. I was asked to sit up with the man who was employed to watch by the dead, and who was to pray all the night. I did so. The dead child lay upon the floor, with the sheet so pressed over it as to display the exact proportion; some oil in a saucer, with a wick burning, was placed at the head of the corpse; another saucer, full of salt, was placed upon the chest, with a flat-iron in it. The appearance of the corpse and the formality attending it affected me very much, and, in conjunction with the watcher's continual prayers for the dead, I experienced a peculiar sensation which deprived me of all inclination to sleep. Not so the man employed to pray, my companion of the night; about twelve or one o'clock sleep overpowered him, and he asked me not to say anything if he went to sleep. He then threw off his coat and laid himself alongside the dead body of the child, and immediately the monotonous sound of snoring disturbed the quiet and solitude of the room. I was glad when daylight came, that I might escape from the presence of a man who could deceive his fellow-man, though not his God.

Another circumstance relating to this family I must state. It was the Jews' black fast, or day of atonement; this is considered by the Jews to be the most particular and most solemn of their days throughout the year, in fact, there are ten days of penitence instituted before this day, during which they are supposed to prepare themselves for that day, and by fasting and prayer make atonement for the past year's sins. My master, upon this day, got up early, previous to his going to the synagogue: he called one of the men and desired him to go and fetch him a cup of coffee and a roll well buttered. Having partaken of this, he ejaculated, "I can fast as well as any of them now."

About this time my decision was put to a very severe test.

One evening my employer came in while we were at tea: seeing I was reading the Bible, he said, "What, reading the Bible again? I tell you what, I will not have that Book in my establishment; you must either give up that Book or your situation." I told him I had served him faithfully for three years, and that he had approved of my services, and asked why he should object to my serving God, and reading His Word during my own time? He would not listen to me; but said, "You must give up one or the other." I answered, "Sir, I will give up my situation, for you cannot stand in my stead before God." "Well, then," he replied, "you must leave at once," to which I consented. He paid me my salary, and I left that evening, with the Bible under my arm, rejoicing that I had not complied with his unreasonable request, but that the Lord had given me strength to be faithful and not violate my conscience. As I walked along the streets, with the large Bible under my arm, to find new lodgings, I felt very much distressed for the poor Jew, and prayed that the Lord would not lay the sin to his charge. And oh! how I did pray that the Lord would keep me and enable me to hold fast His Word, and never give it up. This occurred on the Friday night; next day I was very anxious to obtain another situation. My prayer was that I might obtain one that day. I walked over Blackfriars Bridge, thence to the Borough; as I went along, seeing a shop upon the opposite side of the road, I was in the act of crossing over to it, but, in consequence of so many conveyances, I was unable. However, about fifteen houses higher up, I crossed directly opposite a very large shop that I had not seen before. I went in, and made the usual inquiry, and was engaged immediately, subject to inquiries to be made of my late employer. The result being satisfactory, I entered upon my new situation at a salary of ten shillings and sixpence per week.

By a most gracious Providence I was directed to Wood-bridge Chapel, Clerkenwell, where I heard that good and honoured man, Mr. Richard Luckin. This minister, under the blessing of God, was the means of bringing my soul into Gospel liberty. For three months it was like heaven upon earth to me, for I could then read my title to mansions in the skies. I felt so happy that I could scarcely attend to my duties, for I had indeed found the Lord, and was now afraid lest I should

lose the joy of His presence. I could not endure that any one should speak against Him whom my soul loved. Such was the tenderness of conscience, that I could not endure the filthy conversation of the wicked. If a customer uttered an oath in the shop, I reprov'd him, and entreated him not to utter such language. My employer, beholding the change, reviled me, telling me he believed that I was going out of my mind; that he had then an uncle in the lunatic asylum, who had been out of his mind from religious madness for fourteen years. I replied, "That I believed no one ever went out of their mind in consequence of being religious, but for the want of it. For the Lord had blessed me with the knowledge of salvation through the forgiveness of sins; and instead of being *out* of my mind, why, sir," said I, "I am now for the first time in my *right mind*." I looked upon my fellow-creatures with pity and compassion. Oh, how I longed to speak to them respecting their souls. While out on business, I invariably made it a practice to address any one walking in the same direction as myself. I would make an allusion with reference to the weather, and, if the slightest chance was given, introduce the subject of religion. Sometimes I got ridiculed and laughed at, and was told to go about my business. I soon learnt, however, that this was casting pearls before swine. While under the ministry of Mr. Luckin, I was asked to go to Bethel Chapel, City Road, to witness the baptism of several persons who were to be baptized by Mr. Smith, of Penzance. I went, but full of prejudice against that ordinance, and more particularly when I saw the men dressed in white apparel, I was more determined than ever not to be converted to Christian immersion; indeed, I believed there was no foundation for it in the New Testament, and therefore I would not believe it. With these feelings I left the chapel, only sorry that I had been persuaded to witness what I did not believe, and I said, "It will be a long time before I shall be tempted to visit a Baptist chapel again." However, the effect of that service I could not dismiss from my mind; the argument of the preacher, the text of Scripture brought forward by him during the sermon in defence of believers' baptism, and his challenge that he would at once give up the subject if any one could produce from the New Testament **ONLY ONE** text of Scripture in support of infant sprinkling. With the fullest confidence that I was right, and the preacher

wrong, I commenced the search, when, to my surprise, I could not find *one text of Scripture* or *one instance of children being baptized*, but I found no less than eighty passages of Scripture testifying to the truth of believers' baptism. I was now fully convinced, my prejudices gave way, and I was obliged to surrender. I made known my convictions to my minister, who was a thorough Pædobaptist. He made use of the usual arguments. I told him that, however painful was the necessity of leaving his ministry, I must obey the dictates of my own conscience. On the following Sabbath morning he stated that two young men had left his ministry, believing in adult baptism, and he expressed himself in this most peculiar manner: "I compare myself to a hen which sat upon ducks' eggs; after incubation, I find that I have hatched ducks for the water." Truly, *I was hatched*. He had indeed preached the *Word* to me, which came like the refreshing spring to the thirsty traveller, but to the water to be baptized I was brought by the study of the Word of God, accelerated by being a witness of the ceremony performed in Bethel Chapel, City Road.

I then made application for baptism, and was received as a candidate by the Baptist Church, under the ministry of the late Mr. John Lucombe, and was baptized in the name of the Holy Trinity by that venerable man of God. I shall never forget the night of my baptism, while I testified before a congregation of six hundred persons my faith in Christ, and while they witnessed the obedience of love. I did indeed feel that I loved Jesus, therefore I was keeping His commandment. It was a sacred opportunity to me; the Divine Presence was most precious and overpowering. I felt that night that I could not only obey Christ, but that I could suffer for Him. I now went on my way rejoicing, and in my prosperity of soul I said, "I shall never be moved;" but, alas! I did not know that I was a poor, weak creature, and needed the power of God to keep me in all my ways. This important lesson I was soon brought to learn in the school of temptation.

CHAPTER III.

Strong temptations to give up my profession: Soul distress: Ignorance of the "two armies": Remarkable deliverance: Infidel tempters: "John, the preacher": Decision and gratitude: Useful lessons.

Now the enemy came in with peculiar temptations to try to drive me from my steadfastness. I was tempted in the most fearful manner to sin, and to give up a profession of Christian character, and, what was most astonishing, I desired it, and felt a growing desire for evil. I could not understand this, for I thought that all inclination to sin was taken away from me by regeneration, more especially as I felt the love of God in my soul when brought into Gospel liberty. I was a complete mystery to myself; I longed after what I hated. Vain and evil thoughts now entered my mind, and I was brought into great distress of soul; and was trembling upon the brink of a precipice, with only a step between me and a fall, and no disposition to resist. I had been the most uncharitable toward those who in any way showed their weakness and infirmities or had fallen into sin, immediately sitting in judgment on their case, and deciding that they were not Christians, or they would not do these things; for I then felt that it would be impossible for me thus to sin. I knew but little of myself, or my own wicked heart, only prone to evil; I knew nothing of the body of sin and death. I was still the subject of that as well as of a new nature. I had still to learn Erskine's paradox:

"To good and evil equal bent;
I'm both a devil and a saint."

However, not knowing that there are in the Christian two armies, the flesh and spirit—"For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh: and these are contrary the one to the other: so that ye cannot do the things that ye would" (Gal. v. 17)—I came to the conclusion that I was deceived, and had deceived those who had looked upon and received me as a Christian; for I had made a solemn profession at my baptism that I was dead unto sin, and now I felt *alive* indeed unto sin. Oh! how I wished I had not been baptized, that I was not a member of the Christian Church,

for I could not endure the thought of bringing disgrace upon the Church of Christ; and as the temptations of the enemy were upon me as strong as ever, and feeling that I should be carried away by them in the world, and thence to destruction, I determined to request the Church to dismember me as unworthy of their love and confidence, then I could sin consistently, which I could not do under the cloak of religion, for I hated hypocrisy. This state of things lasted for six months. Every day I expected to be led captive by Satan at his will.

My deliverance from this wretched state of things was accomplished in a most remarkable manner. On one occasion I had determined to give myself up to the desires of the flesh and mind, and thus yield to the temptings of my enemy, and was cogitating how to do so. I had a lad with me in the business who was exceedingly unruly. I threatened to chastise him, when he immediately replied, "Is that religion? is that religion?" The application came to me in time, for it struck me home at once in reference to my evil desires, and my cogitations received their death-blow, as I thought, in the reply of the boy, "Is that religion?" This spoke to my conscience like a trumpet, and left an indelible impression upon my heart, like letters of fire. That day I was thus delivered from the snares of the fowler, but afterwards the enemy again came in like a flood. Three or four young men in the establishment with me, who were infidels, and whom I had often reproved because of their wicked ways, considered me a thorn in their path. They knew nothing of the state of my mind, and agreed among themselves to ensnare me by inducing me to drink with them (which had never been my practice). At that moment I was most powerfully tempted to yield to the temptation, and give myself up to the sin which was so easily besetting me, and had come to the conclusion to do so at the very instant these young men requested me to drink, and, although my mind was in such a wretched state, I indignantly refused. Oh! had I complied with their request, what an easy tool I should have been in the hands of the enemy. My refusal elicited from one of them this remark, "OH, THAT'S JOHN, THE PREACHER."

This sentence was the means, under God, of delivering me from the machinations of the wicked one. I went to my lodgings and poured out my soul before the Lord, and thanked

Him for the deliverance He had given me that day. O! how vile I appeared in my own view, but how infinitely more so in the sight of God. I loathed and abhorred myself in the dust before the throne of mercy, and praised and adored my gracious Deliverer; and entreated Him never to leave me to myself, but to keep me as the apple of His eye, and under the shadow of His wings.

This six months' lesson in the school of temptation was most useful and profitable to me: by it I was taught my own weakness and the depravity of my heart, and that I required Divine keeping to sustain me in all my ways. The Lord having restored unto me the joys of His salvation, I again rejoiced in the ways of the Lord, and therein found them to be "ways of pleasantness and paths of peace."

I was now the subject of great emotion; my whole being was impelled with the desire to be in some way engaged in the extension of the kingdom of Jesus.

"I long'd to tell to sinners round
 What a dear Saviour I had found,
 To point to His redeeming blood,
 And say, 'Behold the way to God.'"

CHAPTER IV.

Desire for usefulness: The prayer meeting: A long and a short prayer: Opening of Scripture-preaching in the ladies' room: Anxiety about the ministry: First sermon: Open-air services: Threatened imprisonment: Preaching in the theatre: Mother's death.

ALTHOUGH so greatly impressed with the desire for usefulness in the cause of Christ, I experienced a great drawback in having to encounter the opinions of men; for I feared man. I regularly attended the prayer meetings, yet I dared not open my mouth in prayer, although repeatedly asked. Going one day to the prayer meeting, I felt the spirit of prayer upon me, and for a distance of one and a half miles prayed

fluently. I exclaimed to myself, "Surely, if I can pray for one mile and a half, I can pray a little while at the prayer meeting; therefore, if asked to-day I will do so." I was asked, and immediately complied. After saying but three words, my head became so dizzy that I could say no more, so sat down in shame and confusion. After this I went to see my cousin who was ill, and thought, surely I can pray with her; but in this I was also mistaken, for I was as much confused as when in the chapel.

The situation in which I was engaged afforded me ample opportunity for studying the Word of God. Sometimes portions of Scripture would be so opened up to me, which, in combination with the intense desire to speak from the abundance of my heart, would often have the effect of completely absorbing my mind. So much was this the case, that on one occasion a gentleman came into the shop and asked for a pair of slippers. I immediately brought him a pair of old boots. My master noticing this, called me "a religious maniac," and said that I was either going or gone out of my mind. The cause of this remark I will explain. Frequently, when *alone* in the ladies' room of the establishment, I have spoken with perfect freedom from some text, feeling very sorry that I was not speaking to a large concourse of persons. Little did I think that upon those occasions I had a company of some twenty or thirty young persons in the passage listening to me, and by them the report went forth that I had gone out of my mind. My mind continued to be so greatly exercised upon speaking God's Word in public, that one day I said to a friend, "I have made up my mind to give up all idea of becoming a minister; if God intended me for that work He would give me the necessary confidence." He replied that he had been in exactly the same position in his younger days, and that he was glad I had arrived at that conclusion, as I should now have peace of mind. I therefore gave up the idea.

Some time after I was in conversation with a Christian friend, whom I told that I had given up all idea of preaching. "Ah," she said, "if the Lord has called you to the work you will not find it so easy to give it up. I believe that God has a work for you to do."

From these words my desire for speaking in God's Name returned, and I made it a matter of earnest prayer to God that

I might know His will and do it, and left myself entirely in His hands to direct me.

I now felt my mind impressed to preach in the open air the next Lord's-day, and if the Lord gave me the necessary confidence, that, I felt, would be to me a token of His approbation and good will that I should be His servant. Accordingly, I requested a friend to accompany me, to whom I remarked, the object of my preaching this day is to know the Lord's will. In great fear and trembling, I stood up in the neighbourhood of Islington. Having engaged in prayer, I gave out my text: "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." From these words I preached for half-an-hour and ten minutes with perfect freedom. I was exceedingly encouraged, but wanted a further confirmation; therefore, with my friend and several others, I went to the Kingsland Road, and stood upon a heap of stones and preached with boldness to a congregation of about 300 persons. My friends were exceedingly pleased with the result of the trial, and from that day encouraged me. This, my first sermon, was preached on Lord's-day, March 1st, 1840.

The Church to which I belonged having heard of my proceedings, desired me to preach before them, which I did three times, and they unanimously gave their opinion that God had called me to the work of the ministry, and that it was their duty and privilege to encourage me; and by them I was sent forth to preach wherever doors were opened for me.

I acquired a liking for open-air services, and frequently preached four times on a Lord's-day: opposite the Eagle Tavern, City Road, at 7 o'clock a.m.; Mile End turnpike, 11 o'clock a.m.; Tabernacle Square, 3 o'clock p.m.; and Islington Green, 6 o'clock p.m. I shall never forget the opposition I met with while preaching out of doors. My youthful appearance was some protection to me from brutal violence (which was frequently offered me), in that it stirred up feelings of sympathy in the breasts of those that came to my help. While preaching in Tabernacle Square, one Sunday afternoon, three policemen came for the purpose of apprehending me for preaching, but two gentlemen who had been listening kept the policemen from their purpose, and thus gave me the opportunity of going away.

One Sunday night, at Mile End, when preaching to a large

congregation, the Lord was indeed with me. I neither feared men nor devils. When about half way through the sermon, two policemen came and ordered me away. I told them I would comply when I had delivered my Master's message. I was taken in charge, and hundreds of persons followed me. Four gentlemen, who had authorized my arrest, came up and stopped us, and asked me if I would promise to discontinue preaching.

"Never," I replied, "so long as I have a tongue to speak and necessity requires me."

"You shall go to prison, then," they said; "for we are determined to put a stop to this preaching nuisance."

Oh! how those words fired my soul. "What, gentlemen!" I exclaimed, "do you call preaching the Gospel a nuisance? I pray God not to lay this sin to your charge. If He does, I shall be a witness against you at the Judgment Day."

The police then ordered me to come on.

"Let him go this time," said one of the gentlemen; "but if ever he comes here again, then take him in charge."

"Directly you let me go," I replied, "I will, by the help of God, preach His Word again."

Being released, I returned to the place where I had been apprehended, followed by hundreds of persons, and there I stood up, and continued to preach until 11 o'clock that night. There could not have been less than one thousand persons present.

At this time I received a letter from a gentleman (a stranger to me), requesting me to preach on the following Sabbath evening at the Royal Standard Theatre, Shoreditch. I was surprised, for this was the very place I used to frequent, and where God delivered my soul. It appeared that the theatre had lost its license, and a committee of gentlemen was formed in order to have the Word of God preached there on Sundays. I complied with their invitation, and at the appointed time arrived and was introduced to the gentlemen composing the committee, who were all patriarchal-looking persons and strangers to me. When they saw my youthful appearance, they appeared disappointed, and looked upon me with disdain. One of them pointed me to a chair, and they began whispering to each other, tossing their heads and shaking

their shoulders. The interpretation of such conduct I was well able to discern. Thus I sat in silence until it was time to commence the service, when one of the gentlemen conducted me along a narrow passage leading to the stage; he opened the door, pointed to a chair and table, telling me that was my place, and then left me, evidently ashamed or afraid to be seen with me.

I took my seat, and having asked the Lord to be with me and open my mouth as His witness of sovereign grace, I looked up and took a general survey of the building, and found it presented the same appearance as when I was last in it. I had the impression it had been altered into the appearance of a place of worship. The building was crowded, nearly one thousand persons being present. I gave out a hymn, read, and prayed. The Lord was with me.

Before I gave out my text I said, "Often have I desired to appear in public upon this platform, and but for the grace of God I should have been a performer on the stage; but now, upon *this* very stage, I stand—not as I then wished, in the service of the devil, but in the service of the Lord. It was in *this* place I was convinced of sin. It was in this place the arrow of conviction entered my conscience. That was the spot (pointing to the exact place) I occupied when those words came to me like unto the voice of many waters, 'Is there any satisfaction in these things?' It was from this place I fled for the first time to the throne of grace and prayed, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'"

The effect produced upon the audience when I related this was remarkable; deep and profound silence reigned throughout the building. I then gave out the text, "What think ye of Christ?" From these words I spoke for more than one hour with great liberty. After the service I was treated with kindness and respect by those who had evidently thought me too young to preach. I left the theatre rejoicing that God had thus favoured me to bear my humble testimony, as His witness, in the place where "the lost was found and the rebel saved."

"Amazing grace (how sweet the sound!)
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see."

About this time, on a Saturday evening, having been unusually slack, the establishment was closed one hour earlier. Walking towards my lodgings, I overtook my father, who had been away from home the whole of that day. He asked me to accompany him, and we walked home together, and found my mother considerably worse in health. We drew towards her bedside.

My father asked, "Are you worse?" She replied, with such a smile upon her countenance I shall never forget, "Yes, but I shall soon be better," and instantly expired. She fell asleep in Jesus.

CHAPTER V.

Marriage: Mr. Lucombe's and my own sermon on our wedding day: Loss of situation: Journey to Northampton: Disappointment of work: Return to London: Prayer answered in my obtaining a new situation.

I WAS married about a week before the delivery of my sermon at the theatre, spoken of in the last chapter, to a member of the Church to which I belonged; and, singular to relate, we were both publicly baptized at the same time. I felt perfectly justified in marrying so young, being in a position to maintain a wife; for although I was young in years, I had the experience and had acquired the habits of my seniors. Previous to our marriage, we had determined that no one, with the exception of our own family, should know of our intention until it was solemnized. We were married at Islington Church, on the morning of Lord's-day, March 29th, 1840. After the ceremony I went to chapel alone, resolved not to reveal the secret. Judge of my surprise when my pastor, Mr. Lucombe, read for his text, "For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall be joined unto his wife, and they two shall be one flesh" (Ephes. v. 31).

I thought to myself, "whoever has informed Mr. Lucombe of

my marriage?" believing that the text and sermon were for me, and Mr. Lucombe appeared to look at me unusually during the sermon. I was convinced that my pastor knew all about it; that I had now no secret to keep. I therefore went to him after the service, and asked who told him that I was married that morning. He looked at me with astonishment, and replied, "YOU married? a boy like YOU married? then it is quite time for men to leave off."

"But who told you, sir?" I inquired.

"Why yourself," he replied.

"I thought," I answered, "that you had taken the sermon and text for me."

"No," he said, "I had no special object in preaching from that text."

After reprimanding me for taking such a responsibility upon myself so young, he spoke kindly to me and gave me good counsel, and told me I had chosen one who would be a good wife to me. On the evening of that day we invited many friends to tea. Directly after the repast, I arranged for a service in a large room in the house, when I preached from the words, "Because He hath set His love upon me," &c. (Psa. xci. 14). Thus closed our wedding day.

I rejoiced exceedingly in having a home of my own, and I thought, with Job, "I should die in my nest." Perhaps I thought too much of it, and therefore it was needful that the thorn should grow upon it, so that I might set my affections upon things above, and not on things upon the earth. And the thorn of great and sore trouble did indeed very soon appear, which I shall relate.

There was a missionary meeting to take place at our chapel. I was anxious to be present. The late Mr. Knibbs, from Jamaica, had just arrived in England. I asked my employer if he would allow me to leave earlier than usual that evening, to enable me to attend the meeting. He said he could not see why I wanted to trouble myself with meetings of that kind, and that I had better mind my own business, and leave other people to attend to theirs.

"It is very important," I replied, "that I should attend this meeting, and it will cause a disappointment if I am not present."

"Well, then," he answered, "you shall go altogether."

There and then my employer gave me notice to leave, and I left his employ.

I was now out of a situation; it was a very short time after my marriage; which was to me a great trial; I had nothing else to depend upon, and now my troubles commenced. I was offered employment at Northampton, and agreed to go there; but as there was an uncertainty as to its continuance, I arranged that my wife should go to Newcastle, on a visit to some friends. To her this was a merciful arrangement, because she was spared the sufferings and distress I was called to endure; but my wife was well cared for, and that was the only consolation I had of an earthly kind. Having seen her safely on board the vessel bound for Newcastle, I started, at four o'clock the next morning, for Northampton, a distance of sixty miles, on foot.

I arrived in Northampton, tired and footsore, and was doomed to a grievous disappointment, for I found that I had been deceived with reference to employment in that town: there was none, neither for me nor any one else then needing it. What I was to do I knew not; starvation stared me in the face, therefore I was obliged to retrace my steps to London. I left Northampton, with only three bad halfpennies, which, of course, no one would take. I had my watch, but did not wish to part with that until my arrival in London. I walked to Newport Pagnell that day, and was not able to break my long fast or obtain a lodging until I had received a loan upon my watch.

Early the next morning I started for London, hoping to reach that city by night. By the time I arrived at Barnet (ten miles from London), it was six o'clock; I was so tired I scarcely knew how to walk; however, I persevered on my way until the darkness of night encompassed me. I was quite exhausted; not a house was near, nor a light to be seen. There was no other prospect than, like the patriarch of old, to take the stones for my pillow and the ground for my bed. By strenuous exertion, I endeavoured to walk a little further, when I discovered a light in the distance. Cheered and encouraged, I pressed on to the house, which was a public one. Here I stood a while fearing to enter, for I was so footsore and exhausted. I was afraid to engage a bed, lest I should not be able to get up in the morning. However, I did so, and on

retiring to my room, oh! how I pleaded with God to be with me, to grant me a refreshing night's rest, and renew my exhausted strength for the journey of the morrow; which request the Lord most kindly granted, for upon awakening in the morning I experienced the feelings of a renewed man, all the effects of my journey having completely passed away.

After breakfast, I started for London, looking to the Lord to guide me and to appear on my behalf. Thus I walked on, not knowing which direction to take, and arrived in Cheapside just as the Lord Mayor's procession was passing. Moving along with the crowd, which led me to Ludgate Hill, I happened to turn my head, and noticed a very handsome-looking boot shop. I instantly felt impelled to inquire if an assistant was wanted. The *very moment* I entered, the master of the establishment was in the act of discharging one of his young men.

"What is your pleasure?" he inquired, walking towards me.

"Do you require an assistant, sir?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered, "you have just come in time; had you applied five minutes earlier I should have said No. I am in want of a confidential person, and if you are such an one I will engage you. I gave the necessary reference, he made inquires and engaged me.

Thus the Lord did indeed answer my prayers, for had He not guided my feet by the circumstance above related, I should *not* have gone to Ludgate Hill. And had I not turned my head at the moment I did I should not have seen the shop. He did fulfil these precious words: "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. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them" (Isa. xlii. 16).

"The fictitious power of *chance*
And *fortune* I defy;
My life's minutest circumstance
Is subject to His eye."

CHAPTER VI.

New lodgings: Loss of goods: Return of wife: Our first daughter: Immediate answer to prayer: Labours at Newport: Remarkable conversion of "Reprobate Harry": Doubts about "my call to the ministry": Remarkable application of "the Word": Preaching in the market place: Happy journey home in the rain.

IN consequence of my late trials, I felt it necessary to economise as much as possible, therefore engaged a room at two shillings and sixpence per week.

I went to the office of the Northampton waggon carrier, and inquired for my bedding, boxes, &c., which I had left in the charge of a *friend* at Northampton, who promised to give them to the carrier. He informed me that the things were not delivered to him, and that he knew nothing of them. That night, and during that week, my bed consisted of the bare boards. Thus I laid, in anxious expectation of the arrival of my things, but no tidings could I obtain; eventually, I heard that my friend, who was in debt to his landlord, had lost all his goods, *and mine likewise*, under a distress warrant for rent.

When I received my first week's salary, at eleven o'clock on the Saturday night, my first act was to buy a bed for which I gave ten shillings, and carried it upon my head to the empty room. I was, indeed, truly thankful for having a bed to lie upon. This was my first piece of furniture after my loss.

I was soon able to furnish my room; my wife returned, and we were once more settled in a comfortable home, and I was in the enjoyment of a good situation.

On Lord's-days I was preaching wherever doors were opened for me; and when not thus engaged I preached in the different workhouses in London. Many were the encouraging instances met with, proving to me that my labour was not in vain. My dear wife was now blessed with the birth of our first child, a daughter, Jane Elizabeth, born on May 14th, 1841, in the possession of which we greatly rejoiced.

When I preached my trial sermons before the Church, a Christian gentleman, a member of another Church and a friend of one of our members, was present, unknown to me. He was favourably impressed, from the sermon he heard, and wrote to some friends of his in Newport, Monmouthshire, South Wales (who were connected with the English Baptists in that town,

and who were worshipping in the large club-room of the "Salutation Tavern." They were in want of a minister), and he recommended them to send for me.

I was informed of what this gentleman had done, and was asked, "In the event of an invitation being sent, if I was willing to accept it?" My reply was, "I am willing to do the Lord's will." I made it a matter of earnest and continued prayer to God. Oh, how I pleaded that I might not take a step in that direction unless the Lord would be with me and bless me. I heard no more of it for some weeks, and concluded they had given it up.

One day, directly after dinner, I said to my wife, "Let us pray before I go to business." During my prayer, I was exceedingly importunate with the Lord in reference to Newport, and said, "If it is not Thy will that I should go there, may I never hear any more about it; but if it is Thy will I should go, I beseech Thee to favour me with an unmistakable answer. Oh! let me hear *now* that I may know Thy will and do it."

As I uttered these words there was a loud knock at the street door. I opened it, when the aforesaid gentleman stood there and informed me *he had that morning received a letter from Wales*. That letter contained an unanimous invitation for me to preach to them for three months, hoping I should be able to commence on the next Sabbath. After the prayer I had just uttered, and receiving this remarkable answer, I was bound to comply. Therefore made my arrangements accordingly.

I left London early on the Friday morning, arriving at Newport on Saturday evening. Commenced my ministerial labours by preaching three times the following day to crowded audiences. Thus I continued preaching three times every Lord's-day, and once in the week, to this people. They now unanimously requested I should permanently reside with them and should send for my wife and child. I acquiesced in their desires, and sent for my dear wife and child, whom I met at Bath, and from thence brought them to Newport.

I may state here that in London I was receiving a salary of twenty-five shillings per week, which I resigned to preach the Gospel at fifteen shillings per week. Thus it was not for a pecuniary advantage, I was actuated solely by the desire to promulgate that salvation by which I was saved.

My preaching engagements were very numerous, having other places to preach in besides my own. I have preached as many as seventeen sermons in fourteen days, and the Lord was pleased to bless my poor labours.

I will relate one instance which was indeed a miracle of grace. Whilst preaching one Sunday night, two young men (brothers) were on their way to the public house; they were both given up to the service of Satan, but more especially one of them: who was called "reprobate Harry," he was one of the worst of men; and in the opinion of those who knew him there was not a shadow of hope that this great sinner would ever be converted, for he had surely sinned to the uttermost and beyond the reach of mercy. Although he was a young man, he was old in sin. I will particularise some of the sins he was guilty of—viz., drunkenness, gambling, swearing, and defrauding the realm; for he used to counterfeit the coin of the realm and defraud all he could. In this state of fearful sin he entered the meeting for the purpose of having a "lark."

During the sermon, God, the Almighty Spirit, carried home the word to his heart, and fastened the arrow of conviction there. He could not sleep that night. "What think ye of Christ?" rang in his ears, for those were the reiterated words of appeal during that sermon. He was very miserable, and to drown these feelings he went to the ale-house. He drank, he gambled, he did all he could, but the words sounded louder, "What think ye of Christ?" He lost every game at the gambling-table; his companions could not understand him, for they had never seen him in such a state before. They inquired the cause; he said it was in consequence of attending the meeting, and he vowed that he would never go any more.

The good work of grace was now begun in his soul; he was indeed convinced of sin, and true repentance was wrought; he sorrowed after a "*godly sort*," and therefore he hated and departed from evil; and to the astonishment of every one, he came again to the meeting and to the house of God, and thus he continued for some time. One night the text was, "And when the Chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away" (1 Peter v. 4). The Chief Shepherd did indeed appear unto him, and preached deliverance to the captive, and set at liberty him that was bruised. After the service, he came to me and testified of what God had done

for his soul. Oh! how he did rejoice in the ability of Christ to save to the uttermost having saved him who had sinned to the uttermost. In his after life he gave full proof that this was the work of God, for (both in his life and conversation) he worked as becomes the Gospel of Christ.

This circumstance was the means of again confirming in my mind that God had called me to preach His Gospel, and that it was the Lord who directed me to Newport, having a work for me there, if it was only the conversion of this one man.

I thought it would be impossible for anything to create a doubt in my mind after such an unmistakeable proof of God's approbation of my ministry; but it was not long after this circumstance before the enemy was permitted to buffet me most sorely in respect to my ministry; *that I had run unsest of God.* I rose early one Lord's-day morning, having three sermons to preach, with a horror of great darkness on my mind, for the enemy came in like a flood. I felt it would be impossible for me to preach in that state of mind. I was shut up and could not come forth. I determined to run away from my work and not attempt to preach that day; and left my house (which was opposite the place of worship) for the contrary direction. I had walked about three miles, when I was stopped by the application of these words, "Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him" (Isa. iii. 10). Though not delivered by these words, I was constrained to return to the meeting, and arrived just in time to commence the service. On entering the pulpit, I felt worse than ever, for there was not a text I felt I could preach from. I read and prayed, but while the second hymn was being sung, oh! the conflict I had with the enemy; he seemed to triumph over me. "Now, what do you think of your call to the ministry?" "Do you think you will be able to preach?" "You had better tell the people you are ill." Such were the suggestions allowed to enter my mind. But conscience would not suffer me to tell a lie. I knew not what to do; but cried unto the Lord that He would appear for me, when these words came with power to my mind: "And in His name shall the Gentiles trust" (Matt. xii. 21).

I knew not where to find this text, and prayed to the Lord for this token: "That if he had given me these words He would direct me where to find them." I then promiscuously

opened the Bible at Matt. xii. 21, when I immediately saw the verse, as the last verse of the hymn was being sung. I was now a hind let loose; and stood up and preached with liberty from that text for one hour. I received the assistance of the Lord in the afternoon and evening also.

Notwithstanding the deliverance thus wrought, I was again, upon retiring for the night, assaulted by the enemy. I could not sleep, my great trouble being that God had not called me to the ministry. This the enemy always brought against me. I was engaged to preach at a place called C—— (I always preached in the open air there) the following evening. In the morning I walked into the field, my mind greatly troubled. Seeing a cow I wished within myself I possessed the happiness of that brute without knowledge, that I might live and not be a prey to the power of the evil one. As the clock struck five, the time that I should start for C——, I determined not to go; and made up my mind I would preach no more. In great trouble of soul, I went into my room and shut the door, and prayed to Almighty God. Oh! how I prayed that evening, "Yet once more, O Lord," I exclaimed, "give me a sign that Thou wiltest me to preach this night. If, O Lord, Thou hast ordained that I am not to preach, let something happen to prevent me; even, O Lord, some accident to myself; I care not what, and if not here, most gracious Father, cause something to happen either on the road or at C——." I started, and met the young man who was delivered from sin by the Lord, and who is spoken of in this chapter. Upon seeing me so troubled in mind, he accompanied me and offered me Christian consolation. The very moment we arrived at C——, dark heavy clouds gathered themselves together, and the rain poured down in torrents. The preaching was thus stopped (the only place fit for preaching having formerly been denied us by a man who was averse to the preaching of God's Word). Here was an answer to my prayer; now, indeed, the storm of all storms entered into my breast. I remained in the pouring rain and walked quickly towards the river. My Christian friend called after me, and asked me where I was going. I replied, "I know not, I think to destruction." Thus I was a prey to most painful thoughts, when the idea was impressed upon me,

“Could I not preach in the market-place?” although I had been refused this place over and over again.

“Go,” I exclaimed to my friend, “and get me the keys of the market-place.”

“It is no use,” he replied; “you know I cannot get them, and whenever I ask I am insulted as well as denied.”

“Go,” I again exclaimed, pushing him at the same time.

My friend looked at me very hard, and, turning round, ran as fast as he could to the man who kept the keys, and who had so often refused them.

“Mr. McCure has sent me, sir,” he said, “to ask you if you would be kind enough to lend him the keys of the market, as it is raining so fast to-night he will not be able to preach in the open air.”

“There they are hanging up,” replied the man, pointing to the spot, “take them.”

Having received the keys we opened and prepared the place. I sent for candles, and an old lady, who knew what I was doing, sent over candlesticks. We shifted baskets, boxes, &c., and placed the forms straight for the service. Whilst thus employed, God’s word in Zechariah came to my mind, which I used as my text, “Turn you to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope: even to-day do I declare that I will render double unto thee” (Zech. ix. 12). I preached from this with great liberty to a crowded audience, and after the service returned home in the drenching rain. Directly we got out of the town, I said to my friend, “Come, let us rejoice, for the Lord hath triumphed gloriously, for He has cast out the enemy and delivered His poor servant.” I was indeed full of joy, it was a “joy unspeakable and full of glory;” and I sang aloud, as I walked along, that blessed hymn,

“God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.”

Sometimes, I thought, I could see the enemy skulking in the distance, and said, “Oh, enemy, thou hast thrust sore at me that I might fall, but the Lord helped me.”

Thus I was delivered for a season, and went on my way rejoicing.

CHAPTER VII.

A thirty-six headed sermon: A dozen of "stolen heads": Pride mortified: Resignation at Newport: School keeping: Temporal difficulties: Trial of faith: Fed by our enemies: The provision basket with a half-crown in the bottom: Pressed to Llan-gibbie: Labours there: The Pontypool students: Charged with being an Antinomian: Betty Morgan and her new hat and boots: Scene at chapel.

I now had another lesson to learn, and a humbling one it was. A minister who was on a visit to Newport desired to preach part of one Lord's-day. It was arranged that he should preach twice, myself once. The choice of time was given to me. "Oh!" thought I, "I will preach at night, when I shall have the largest congregation;" so chose a grand text for the occasion: "And upon her head a crown of twelve stars" (Rev. xii. 1). From this text I determined to preach a great sermon, and therefore studied closely my subject, which I divided into thirty-six heads, twelve of which I stole from a Welsh book, published by a Welsh minister upon the same text. Such was the pride of my heart, I thought I would preach such a sermon as would astonish the people, *and astonished indeed they were with my thirty-six headed monster.*

In the evening I arrived at the meeting with my well-arranged and studied sermon which was to outshine the sermons of the morning and afternoon. I went through my subject in some way or other, but felt it was a guilty one, therefore it was bondage to me; but judge of my feelings when I heard the visiting minister say to some of my friends, after the service, "*Why, Mr. McCure stole twelve of his heads out of Mr. — book,*" and he endeavoured to make use of them to my hurt. Thus I was, for my pride, chastened sore; but was not given over unto death.

Soon after this circumstance I resigned my connection with this people, and preached in different places on the Lord's-days and week nights. For our temporal support, I kept a school during the day, getting little or nothing for preaching. I was quite dependent upon my school. When the fees were paid, we were merely able to pay for the necessaries of life; but when not paid, we were the subjects of great privation. I especially recollect one Saturday: we had neither money nor food, and no prospect of any money wherewith to buy bread until Monday. I was in great distress for my poor wife

and child, not caring for myself. I prayed most earnestly unto the Lord for deliverance, and believed He would deliver us, and thought it would not be later than the dinner hour, but no deliverance came. Surely, I thought, it will come by tea-time, yet no deliverance came. Six, seven, eight o'clock—no deliverance. Nine o'clock passed—still no deliverance! and my faith began to give way. I had said during the day I believed the Lord would deliver us, but now it appeared too late. "Let us go to bed," I said, "and pray for sleep; I have three sermons to preach to-morrow, and we have no prospect for food for that day unless the Lord appears for us." Feeling fully convinced it was now too late, we were retiring to bed, when there was a loud knock at the front door. On opening it, I saw two men standing there, who were my enemies. One gave me threepence, the other, sixpence, and wished me "good night." I went to my wife and said, "The Lord has delivered us; here is the price of a quartern loaf, ninepence; we have plenty of water. Thus the promise is fulfilled, 'Thy bread shall be given thee, thy water shall be sure.'"

Whilst we were thus rejoicing in having the means to buy bread, we heard another knock at the door. I opened it, when a man gave me a basketful of provisions, at the bottom of which was a half-crown. Thus we experienced that

"The promise may be long delayed,
But never comes too late."

I learned that day it was never too late for the Lord to deliver, whatever the hour of the day or night.

"His skill infallible,
His providential grace,
His power and truth that never fail,
Shall order all my ways.
Oh, might I doubt no more,
But in His pleasure rest,
Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power,
Engage to make me blest!"

The next day being the Sabbath, I went forth to my work, and preached three sermons, the subject being "Divine Faithfulness;" and I could from my heart say, with the Psalmist, "Trust in Him at all times, ye people: pour out your heart before Him: God is a refuge for us."

Many were the providential trials we experienced at this time, but the Lord delivered us out of them all. Often have I looked back upon those trials with thankfulness to the Lord for thus teaching me the signification of His own precious name, Jehovah-Jireh, *the Lord will provide*.

I was now engaged preaching in all directions, frequently every night in the week, at farm-houses and other places, on which occasions crowds flocked to hear the Word.

One night I was engaged to preach at Maindy Common. It rained very hard; and when within two miles of the place, I had a great mind to turn back, thinking it would be useless to go, as no doubt the rain would prevent the people attending; still I considered that I should set an example by going. Judge of my surprise when, upon reaching the Common, I perceived a number of lanterns shedding rays of light about, which was the people coming to the meeting.

"I did not expect to see any of you out such a night as this," I said.

"We go," was the answer I received, "to the markets in the rain; then why not come to the house of God?"

This reply was the means of actuating me in forming a determination to which I have since adhered—never to allow the rain or any other element to deter me from preaching when engaged to do so.

At one of these meetings I had been preaching upon "*The Tree of Life*." Some women who attended the Pontypool market, and who had heard this sermon, were talking together respecting it, when a farmer overheard the conversation and was deeply impressed. That night he could not sleep; and hearing I had to preach at a place about ten miles from his house, he started off and arrived in time for the service. During the sermon I observed the tears frequently ran down his face, he being powerfully wrought upon under the Word.

Directly the service was over he came to me, and said, "Can you not come and preach at our place next Sunday?"

"I don't know where 'our place' is," I replied; "besides, I am engaged to preach three sermons ten miles from here—at Mago."

"They have a minister," he said, looking very hard at me, "we have none; therefore you must come."

"I am under an engagement," I replied, "and therefore

cannot; besides, they will send a horse for me to-morrow, and they must not be disappointed."

"Well," he said, "you must come to Llangibbie, and I will not take 'no' for an answer. I will despatch a horseman directly I get home, and arrange for you to go to Mago another time. I will not leave you until you promise to comply."

Thinking the hand of God was in this, I consented, and preached there on the Lord's-day to a chapel full of persons, and was pressed to minister to them again the next Sabbath. Indeed, they would not let me leave them; and I preached several weeks to them, God blessing the Word.

I had one very pleasing and encouraging testimony from the person who was the means of my preaching in that place. He told me he had been a professor of religion for seventeen years, satisfied with the name and form, but he had never experienced the power of true religion till then; that my preaching had been the means of delivering his soul from death. "And I hope," he said, one day, "you will settle amongst us."

"That cannot be," I replied, "for there are only three persons with whom I can walk in the fellowship of the Gospel, and I am sure the people will not endure my preaching much longer, for many evil things are now being reported of me—I am an Antinomian, they say." This was told the people by the students of the Pontypool College, and also that I preached awful doctrines—viz., *the doctrine of Election, and, if elected, it don't matter how we live we are sure to be saved*; thus I was an Antinomian. The people answered I never did preach such doctrines, and that I did not believe in the awful doctrine of Election, as they represented that doctrine to be.

I was not aware of these slanderous reports until afterwards; but during that week these things were ding-dong'd into their ears, wherever they went, by those young gentlemen, who were being educated for ministers of Jesus Christ.

The next Lord's-day my text was, "Underneath are the everlasting arms." I spoke of the everlasting arms of electing love with which the Lord has embraced His people. Directly I mentioned the word "ELECTION" there was such a scene—such as I hope I may never witness again in a place of worship.

The Welsh people are in the habit of giving expression to their approbation by gesticulating, and by giving utterance to the word, "Amen, amen." I have met with many who have said it was impossible for them to hear with any feeling without thus expressing themselves. An instance of this is related of one "Betty Morgan," an old Welsh woman, who used when at chapel to give utterance to her feelings—for she did indeed feel the love of God within her—much to the discomfort of a gentleman who sat near her. He reprimanded her for her continual "amens," and other expressions of feeling whilst listening to the Word of God, but it was of no use. Betty could not restrain herself; the power of God's Word had too great an influence over her. The gentleman, finding words were of no avail, tried kindness. Betty was a very poor old woman, so he purchased for her a new hat (the Welsh women wear hats) and a pair of shoes. Betty was delighted, and thought she ought to please the gentleman who so kindly made her the present. Next Sabbath she attended chapel, and, by restraining her feelings—by not giving utterance to her "amens" and gesticulations,—she was really in a state of bondage; she was not the same old woman. A complete change was coming over the good old lady. Thus things went on until one Sunday Betty was listening to the Word of God, feeling very wretched, when presently she untied her hat, then the string of one shoe, then the string of the other, when her attention was again directed to the minister; but very soon, the tears rolling down her face, she took one shoe off, then the other, then her hat, and, taking them altogether, she threw them to the gentleman who had given them to her, exclaiming, "Take your shoes, and take your hat, but Jesus Christ for me. I have kept it in long enough, and I won't keep it in any longer."

But to return to the scene in the chapel. During the sermon, each time I gave utterance to the word "Election," they ceased giving their usual expressions of approbation, and looked at each other perfectly frightened, for they had now discovered I was the monster—the Antinomian—because I preached Election. I continued my sermon, but was to them all the while a scarecrow—an object at which they had taken fright. They did not know how to keep their seats. Directly the service was over the chapel became a Bedlam. It appeared as

though their senses had left them. Some said one thing, some another; some cried in English, some in Welsh, "O, you Antinomian!" "He preached Election!" "Now you may sin that grace may abound!" They were afraid to come near: so avoided me as though I had the plague. All this was the result of the calumniating spirit of those young gentlemen, who had thus prejudiced the minds of the people by false representations, causing them to believe that those who believed and preached the doctrine of Election were persons to be avoided.

CHAPTER VIII.

Return to London: More privations: Labours at Horsell and Sunningdale: The dream, and "the fulfilment thereof": High Church persecution: A baptizing scene: Its results: Another daughter.

AFTER the incidents related in the last chapter, I determined to return to London; so left by steamer for Bristol, and from thence by coach to London—on the outside of which we sat for seventeen hours and a quarter. This was in the month of January; the weather was exceedingly cold.

I received invitations from several parts of the country to supply on Lord's-days; but the money received on these occasions being only sufficient for travelling expenses, I was entirely without means to support my wife and child, and we were at times reduced to great privations. But this we often experienced, that when it was not the will of God to deliver, He *sustained* by taking from us the appetite, the felt want of food, and thus enabled us *to bear it*, agreeable to that promise (1 Cor. x. 13).

At this time I was engaged to preach at Horsell, in Surrey, once a month. While preaching there one Lord's-day, I heard part of a conversation respecting a new cause, where the people had united themselves together for the truth's sake. While travelling home next day in the train, I felt all at once an in-

describable affection for this people, and desired that I might know and preach to them; so made it a matter of prayer that the Lord would incline them to send for me, although I did not know who they were, having only heard part of the conversation respecting them; and feeling no particular interest in them at the time, I made no inquiry.

About a fortnight after this, I received a letter by post from Sunningdale, in Berkshire, inviting me to preach to the Baptist Church in that delightful spot. Being at liberty that day, I complied with their request, and it was not until after the morning sermon that I was made acquainted with the fact that I was preaching to the people before referred to, and for whom, although unknown to me, I had felt a Christian regard. They informed me that their minds had been very much exercised respecting me. Having heard of me, they loved me for my work's sake, and greatly desired I might become their minister. I shall never forget the Christian hospitality I received from Mr. and Mrs. Walker and their family; and, as I then found them, such they continued till the last. They were friends indeed—the same in adversity as prosperity. I continued to preach to this people for some time. The Lord was indeed with us, and many were the happy seasons we had. They desired me to settle amongst them; but the question arose respecting support, for by this time we were blessed with an increase in family—a second daughter Sarah, born June 30th, 1843. All the Church could give me was 8s. per week. With this salary it was impossible to support a wife and two children. Just at this time a person who kept a small shop desired to dispose of it, and offered it to me for £10. The proceeds of this little business, in combination with the salary, it was thought would be sufficient for a living; so the friends were anxious an arrangement should be made to enable me to take it, but there was one great difficulty in the way: I had not ten pounds, and knew not where to obtain it, therefore at once declined; but did not state my reasons; I told no one I had not the means. The people were exceedingly sorry, as that appeared the only way I could be supported among them.

After this I had a dream. It was this: that after I had been preaching at Sunningdale, Mr. Walker (one of the deacons) came to me and said, "I have a question to ask you, and I hope you will answer it. You have declined taking

the business offered to you, will you tell me the reason why you have done so?" I said, "I would rather not; the Lord knows the reason." He then said, "Is it for want of the money? if so, I will let you have it." I then said, "That is the reason." He replied, "I thought so; that being the case, I will let you have the ten pounds," and he gave it me. Although this was but a dream, it left a very strong impression upon my mind that I should hear from him. The next Lord's-day I went there to preach as usual. Directly after the morning service, Mr. Walker came to me, and said, "I want to speak to you."

All I had dreamed was now enacted; word for word was used, and he gave me the ten pounds. I felt satisfied the hand of God was in this; therefore bought the business with the money given me, and brought my wife and two daughters to settle at Sunningdale, and for eighteen months we lived together as pastor and people ought to live.

While residing in this beautiful spot—in the neighbourhood of the renowned Virginia Water—I was not without my thorn; as the late Arthur Triggs observed to me upon one occasion, "Although the spot where you are now residing has the appearance of an earthly paradise, nevertheless bonds and afflictions await you." The clergyman who then resided at Sunningdale belonged to the High Church, and directly he found I had come to reside in his parish, he expressed his regret, and said it must not be; and as there was only one way by which they could get rid of me, viz., to starve me out, they must do so; therefore, he gave instructions that no one was to deal with me; servants were informed that if they did so, or had anything to do with me, they would be discharged. In consequence of this persecution I was always in great trouble, and knew not what to do.

On one occasion I required the sum of fifteen shillings. Oh! how earnestly I prayed to the Lord that He would open up the way by which I might obtain that amount! I could not get it from the business, nor from my salary, therefore was *obliged* to go to the Lord. For three days I prayed—Monday Tuesday, and Wednesday—for the fifteen shillings. On Wednesday the postman brought me a letter; on opening it I found a post office order for fifteen shillings—the exact amount I required—from a dear friend at Staines, the deacon

of the Church where I had often supplied. He knew nothing of my circumstances, but felt it laid upon his mind to send me fifteen shillings. The order was made payable at Chertsey, a town seven miles from my house. I went at once, and although I had to walk fourteen miles, it was a blessed walk to me. Oh! how I blessed and praised the Lord for thus answering my prayers, and sending me the money that I could not do without. "O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and wonderful works to the children of men!"

These trials created in my heart a great compassion for others in the same position. I might record many instances, but shall only relate the following.

I was in the habit of preaching every Sunday evening at Chobham, on which occasions the chapel was very full. The minister of this place, like myself, was in much temporal embarrassment, for his people were not liberal—far from it. I never received a sixpence for preaching to them, but determined that my tried brother should. Knowing how very badly off he was, I told him, if he had no objection, I would have a collection made the following Sunday for him. He replied, the hand of God must have directed you, for that he was in sore distress, and had been disposing of his goods until he had not many left to part with. My poor brother advised me to postpone the collection until the following Sunday, as it would then be moonlight, and more persons would be in attendance. On the following Sabbath one of the deacons told me my brother Dodd was dead; that he had died quite suddenly while sitting in his chair the night previous.

I went to the chapel as usual. After the service I thus spoke to his people:—My brethren, you received notice that a collection was to be made this evening for your late minister; he is dead, he does not require it, but that will not relieve you from giving your money to his widow. You are not a liberal people (I said), or you would not have allowed your minister to want; the task now devolves upon you to remember his widow, and open your hearts, that she may receive the benefit of your Christian sympathy.

I am happy to record my appeal was not in vain; I do not recollect the amount that was given, but the people that night responded most liberally; and when I emptied the plates

into the poor widow's apron, she was too much overcome to give expression to her gratitude for the sympathy shown her. God only knows the sufferings and the privations of many of His servants in some of the country districts.

Although I had not much *money* given me for my labour, yet the Lord gave me *souls* for my hire, and seals for my ministry. I will relate one or two cases.

A Christian lady who was in very bad health was desirous of being baptized; she had been for a length of time unable on account of her very great indisposition, but by great perseverance, and, though suffering much bodily pain, she came. Her husband was determined she should not be baptized, and swore that he would shoot me if I attempted to baptize her. The week previous he was most unkind to her; took away her dress, and treated her shamefully, so exasperated was he at the idea of her being baptized. The day however arrived, there were fourteen others to be baptized the same time; the chapel was crowded to excess. The husband of this poor woman came and seated himself at the head of the pool of water, having come there with the intention of "punching my head and pushing me head-first into the water;" and then of taking his wife away in her baptizing dress and leading her about the town to make a spectacle of her. I preached: the application of the Word by the Spirit went to the husband's heart; he trembled; he tried to get away, but could not; so watched the ceremony with awe and trembling. After the service he kept near his wife, and walked home with her. It was some time before he spoke, when he ejaculated, "My wife, will God forgive me my sins?"

His wife replied, "the Lord is able and willing to forgive to the uttermost."

During the night he was in an awful state of mind; long before morning he asked his wife to read the Bible to him, to see if God ever saved such a sinner as he. She read the account of the thief on the cross, of Zacchæus, and of Mary Magdalene.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "but I have sinned much more than they."

In the morning he was very ill; his wife sent for a doctor.

"It is a pardoning physician I want," he cried; "one that can bring peace to my soul!"

After a season of deep trial, he was hearing me preach one night from the text, "If I wash thee not thou hast no part with Me" (John xiii. 8); he listened attentively to the sermon; God the Spirit applied to him the blood of sprinkling; he soon regained his health; and came to me to be baptized. I administered this sacred ordinance to him, and received him as a member of the Church; and those two, man and wife, did walk as Zechariah and Elizabeth in the ordinances and commandments of the Lord.

Directly the neighbours knew I was going to baptize the wife, she being so very ill, they cried out "Shame! shame!" "It will be the death of her!" "Cold water is sure to kill her!" Some said, "Let him do it!" "It will be a good thing if she does die!" "It will put an end to the Baptists!" "Let him do it!" but, instead of the cold water causing her death, it was the means of her being perfectly restored to health; from that time she regularly attended the chapel, walking a distance of three miles. I saw her some years afterwards when she was in the enjoyment of good health, and, above all, rejoicing in the Lord; her husband likewise holding fast the profession of his faith without wavering.

My father at this time had a very peculiar temptation; the name McCure was confined to our own family, and he was very desirous that one of his sons should have a boy, but as yet we had only daughters. He was continually ejaculating, "the name of the wicked shall be blotted out." He was much pleased when I married, but was disappointed when the birth of my first daughter was made known to him, but more especially so when the next, a girl, was born. My brother also was the father of two girls. Before the birth of our third daughter, Esther (April 24, 1845), I preached a sermon from the text—"Sit still, my daughter, until thou know how the matter will fall: for the man will not be in rest until he have finished the thing this day" (Ruth iii. 18). My father was present. When I wrote to him of the birth of our third child some time after, telling him that was also a daughter, he received the intelligence, for the first time, with a mind reconciled to the will of God, and wrote to me in reply these words:

"It being a girl is no question at all,
For that is the way the matter should fall."

Now that his heart had ceased to rebel, God blessed his children with sons; but of that we will speak in another place.

CHAPTER IX.

A "great sermon": My confusion and shame: The results: Further blessings on my labours: A testimony to the power of grace: Saved from the fowler's snare: A happy death bed: Funeral, &c.

ON Wednesday evenings I preached at my own chapel. On one of these occasions I was informed there would be several persons present who were on a visit from Richmond; persons of high Christian character and experience. I felt, therefore, exceedingly desirous that I might preach a good and acceptable sermon that night. My text was—"Come, for all things are now ready" (Luke xiv. 17). I felt very happy with this text, and thought I should be able to preach well; indeed, I was going to preach a great sermon. After reading and praying, I gave out the text; and soon felt I was alone: the Lord was not with me. Oh! how confused and shut up I was! scarcely knowing what I said. Directly the service was closed, I hastened home without speaking to any one.

Soon after a young man came to my house; when he entered I saw he was smiling.

"Why are you laughing?" I asked.

"Oh! I have cause to laugh," he replied.

"Yes; I know you have," I said; "but it does not become you to laugh at me."

"I am not laughing at you," he replied.

"Yes, you are," I said; "you seem quite pleased that I have been shut up to-night."

"You! shut up!" he exclaimed; "why, you *never* preached such a sermon as you did to-night! I never before heard the Word with such power; it has been the opening of the prison

doors to me, therefore I will rejoice; and I have come to tell you how God has blessed the Word to me, and set my soul at liberty."

Directly he left, a young woman came in with a present for my supper.

"I have had such a feast to-night," she said, "under the Word; I now want you to have a feast for your supper."

The next day I observed my sister was in great distress, weeping all the day. That sermon was the means of convincing her of her state as a sinner.

Some time after this a person applied for baptism; she stated that it was under that sermon she was called out of the kingdom of darkness. The Church being satisfied she was the subject of the grace of God, she was baptized on the profession of her faith in Christ, and repentance towards God.

Thus, while I was not suffered to preach the "great sermon" I intended, for my own glorification, the Lord, by withholding the light of His countenance, and humbling me for my pride, caused me to preach such a sermon (although despised by me) for the glorification of the Lord in the salvation of sinners.

From that time I have most earnestly desired not to speak my own words, or preach my own sermons; but to preach sermons given to me by God, well knowing that it is God's Word that goeth out of His mouth that shall not return unto Him void.

I will relate another instance of God honouring my poor labours; which is also a striking illustration of the truth of the words, "There are many devices in the heart of man, but the counsel of the Lord, that shall stand." I was requested to preach one Lord's-day at Staines. For my supply I engaged a brother minister living some few miles from my house, who promised to preach for me. During the night it had snowed heavily, and lay thick on the ground. One of my deacons called upon me just as I was setting off for Staines, and tried to persuade me not to go.

"It will be impossible," he said, "for you to go seven miles in the deep snow; and I am sure the minister you have engaged will not come."

Very reluctantly I yielded to his argument, with this understanding, that if the minister did not come I would not go, but if he came, I would. Up to the time of commencing the service

he had not arrived, therefore I was obliged to stay and commence the service; while I was in prayer he arrived. Directly the prayer was over I requested him to take the pulpit, but he refused, stating he was unable to preach.

"You must preach," I said; "I am going immediately to Staines."

"I won't let you go," he replied, and compelled me to return to the pulpit.

At that moment a man came into the chapel and sat down by the door; he looked like a wild man. I read my text—"Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ" (Titus ii. 13). From these words I preached. After the service I walked to Staines, and preached there that night. The man above referred to came again to chapel, and attended regularly, but with a very different appearance now from what he had when he first came. One day he called to tell me what God had done for his soul; his statement was as follows:—

"On the Sunday morning I first came to your chapel," he said, "I intended to have committed suicide; the Saturday night previous I took a rope into the stable, and made every preparation to hang myself the following morning. I went to bed; in the morning I arose intending to put an end to my existence. I gave one look at my sleeping wife and child, but did not speak, then hurried to the stable; the key was gone, I could not get in; I was afraid to break open the door, for fear of exciting suspicion by making a noise. I thought of some other means, and determined to drown myself in the Virginia Water. I went in that direction, and was passing your chapel, when I heard the singing.* This," continued the man, "made me pause. I did not know then there was a chapel there. I entered and listened to the sermon. Sir, I felt that I was a great sinner; but, thanks be to God, I escaped the fowler's snare, and returned to my wife and child, saved from the power of the enemy."

Thus there was a needs-be that I should tarry at home, seeing God had a special work for me to accomplish:

* It was the second hymn, and I was just returning to the pulpit as before stated.

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

I was now called to experience a very great trial in the death of one of our members, the wife of one of my deacons, Mrs. Walker; she was a Christian indeed, but one of the Lord's little ones; she was never brought into the liberty of the Gospel; she looked forward to the hour of death with fear and trembling, and would often say, “I wonder how it will be with me when I come to die?” Directly she was obliged to take to her bed—and when there was no hope of recovery—the Lord did most graciously deliver her who “all her lifetime had been subject to bondage through fear of death.” She was now blessed with the full assurance of the love of God; she who could *never* speak of her interest in electing love, redeeming blood, and quickening grace, could now say confidently—“Electing love has taken hold of me. Redeeming blood has claimed me. The Holy Ghost has sanctified me.” In this happy, triumphant state of soul she continued, until her ransomed spirit entered into the presence of God.

I witnessed her happy death, and shall never forget it. I committed her mortal remains to the grave, and although it was with “sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection,” yet it was a trial to me, for I had lost a friend—a sister—beloved in the Lord, and a consistent, honourable member of the Church.

On the Sunday after the funeral, I buried, by baptism, on a profession of their faith, three of her children, two daughters and one son, who were seals given of God to me for my ministry.

“ No gnawing grief, no sad heart-rending pain,
In that blest country can admission gain ;
No sorrow there, no soul-tormenting fear,
For God's own hand shall wipe the fallen tear :
Here my Redeemer lives all bright and glorious ;
O'er sin, and death, and hell, He reigns victorious.”

CHAPTER X.

Leave Sunningdale: Death of the clergyman: Journey to Hammersmith: A severe winter: Death from cold: Rousing a "sleepy" and chilly companion: Run for life: Death on a door-step: Hammersmith, and the sixty-pound bill: Opening services: The dream of the boy and the eyes: Visit to my late employer: "A cheap Gospel:" Hopes raised and disappointed: Interview with Mr. Wells and Mr. Lord: The twenty shillings provided by the Lord.

HAVING related some of the mercies and troubles, the joys and sorrows, I experienced at Sunningdale, and, notwithstanding the bonds and afflictions I experienced there, I could have lived and died with this people, if I had been able to support my increasing family; but the time came for me to leave them, and a heart-rending trial indeed it was. But before I left Sunningdale, I happened to meet the clergyman who, as previously stated, was determined to starve me out. I was walking to chapel when I met him; he looked at me most maliciously and vindictively, and passed on. The next day he went to London in the coach, caught a fever, and was a corpse three days afterwards.

I received an invitation from Hammersmith to preach, but not having the money to pay my fare, I had to walk a distance of eighteen miles: and a friend, a member of the Church, accompanied me.

It was upon this journey a circumstance occurred, one of the most remarkable in my life. I left my house at four o'clock in the morning, the weather being at the time most severe—it was the most severe winter that was ever known. Many poor creatures were frost-bitten, and others frozen to death; cabmen were found dead upon the boxes of their cabs; animals were discovered in a rigid posture without vitality; it was death to remain exposed to the cold. An unseen destroyer was in the atmosphere dealing destruction to the indiscreet. One man, I remember, was in the act of drawing a bucket of water, when paralyzation of his arms and hands took place; there he stood, holding on to the pole, quite immovable. It was on such a morning I started; the breath from my mouth and nostrils left icicles upon my woollen comforter, my eyelids were frozen, and my ears without feeling. My friend was the same. A feeling of drowsiness came over us; we wished to sleep; deep languor

and a wish for rest took possession of us. We could go no further. To give way to this was death. I struggled with my feelings, and fought with the monster "Cold." I would not yield; for the recollection of an incident in my boyhood's days (which I will relate) saved both our lives.

I remembered two men walking towards our house; when one of them sat down upon the door-step (he had given way to the cold), the other, his companion, tried all possible means to lead him on. "Come on," he shouted. "Directly," replied the half-unconscious victim. In ten minutes he was dead; the cold had stopped the circulation of his blood; if he had continued walking, he would, by that means, have kept up the circulation and might have lived. This instance flashed across my mind as my friend took a seat on the road-side. I knew that to give way to my feelings was death. My friend had given way. Cold had taken possession of his body; the warm blood of life was gradually getting colder, colder, colder.

"I want sleep! I want sleep!" he muttered. That sleep to him would have been the sleep of death. I felt the same desire.

"Up! up! up!" I cried; "you must not sleep. You must not sit down. You must walk."

"I can't; I am tired; I am sleepy," he whispered; "let me sleep."

"Up, I say!" I exclaimed, shaking him; "you will die if you remain standing here; up! come along! I knew a man who died upon a door-step, just as you are now; see, I do not give way; I am as bad as you; come! hit me! hit me! hit me hard! run after me! you can't catch me! let us run! run! run! or death will be the result." Thus I spoke; thus I fought against my feelings and inclinations; and not only saved my own, but my friend's life.

I here digress a little to relate under what circumstances I saw the man die upon our door-step, as previously mentioned. I, with some boys of my own age, was sliding on the ice, and we went with other lads to a larger pond, and there commenced sliding.

"You're not game to slide in the middle of the pond," said one of them.

As a boy I never could bear to be challenged to anything, no matter what it might be; if it was to be done, I would do it.

"Yes, I am." I replied, proudly.

I little dreamed that these boys had previously broken the ice in that place, and that the falling snow had treacherously covered the spot. I rushed towards the spot. The consequence may be imagined. For a considerable time I remained clinging by three fingers of my left hand to the edge of the ice. No one came to my assistance; and how I got out I know not. I had to walk home, about two miles, in my wet clothes, which became frozen as I proceeded. It was while confined to my room through this adventure that the man died upon our door-step from cold.

I arrived in Hammersmith with my friend (who had recovered), monuments of the Lord's preserving mercies, and on the Lord's-day I preached to the people. They had no minister, and were very desirous that I should come and reside among them.

The chapel in which they worshipped was in possession of a person against whom such a deep-rooted prejudice existed, that, whilst he had anything to do with it, the people would not come. He was willing to give up his right and interest in it for sixty pounds (there was a mortgage of three hundred pounds upon the building); they wanted me to purchase his interest in the property, and then preach in the chapel, and they would stand by me, and do what they could for my support. I at once informed them I was entirely without means, that I had not so much as sixty shillings — indeed, I had not sixty pence. They said the money was not the question, as that could be provided if I was willing; they wanted me to deal with the party in possession, and the transaction to be in my name. I requested time to consider their proposal, and went to London to consult with some of my friends. I saw Mr. James Wells, with whom I was acquainted, he having preached at my anniversary at Sunningdale; he encouraged me to comply with their request, if they would supply the means, and said he would come down and open the chapel, for he was very anxious that the cause of truth should be established in Hammersmith.

I returned to Hammersmith, and a meeting of the friends was called. One of them said he would lend the sixty pounds for the object above stated. The day was fixed

for the purchase, when all parties concerned were present. My friend counted over to me sixty pounds, I recounted it over to the person who owned the said chapel. The transaction being completed, I was put in possession and made responsible for the whole affair.

After the meeting, my friend asked me for an acknowledgment of the sixty pounds. Such was my confidence in him, and my ignorance of bill transactions, that I told him I would give him anything he desired. "I want you to copy this," he said, "in your own name." It was a bill on demand.

"What is the meaning of it?" I asked, not knowing its use.

"This person," he replied, pointing to a bill on demand that he held in his hand, "has had this money of me for some years, and may still retain it as long as he likes while he pays the interest." According to his direction I gave him a bill on demand for sixty pounds at five per cent. interest.

As the people were not in a position to guarantee me a salary, it was understood that I was not to remove my family to Hammersmith until there was some reasonable prospect of support, but, in the meanwhile, I agreed to walk half the distance every Sabbath, and a horse and cart was to be sent to meet me that I might ride the other half. April 14th, 1845, was the day fixed for opening the chapel, on which occasion the late Mr. J. A. Jones, Mr. Wells, and Mr. Fenton preached. The late Mr. Lord, of Birmingham, read and prayed for Mr. Wells. The following Lord's-day I commenced my labours. I cannot say that I was happy. I cannot say the Lord was with me, for I had not much to encourage me. I quite expected that the people would subscribe liberally towards my support. Boxes were placed at the doors to receive the contributions of those that attended, but oh! how disappointed I was from time to time in consequence of finding no more than one shilling and sixpence in the boxes, after I had preached two sermons and travelled thirty-six miles! A friend used to encourage me by wishing me not to take notice of the boxes, stating he was sure the people would subscribe liberally at the quarterly collection, as that would be the time when the interest and other expenses would fall due; therefore I continued hoping against hope.

I used to board at the house of the friend, on Sundays,

who advanced the sixty pounds. I had not observed any change in his manner, he appeared to me as usual. One Sunday night, whilst sleeping in his house, I dreamed a very remarkable dream, in which I saw a boy coming towards me, and when within speaking distance he cried out, "John Bunyan McCure, do you want to see sin? do you want to know what sin is?" When he came up to me I asked him what he meant? He had a large basket on his arm, I lifted up the cover, and discovered the basket to be full of human eyes. The boy took up two of the eyes and put them in the place of his own. Immediately I discovered in the boy my friend, who now looked cruel, vindictive, and full of anger. I trembled as I witnessed his altered appearance; then a great toad sprang upon the eyes and spit at me with vehemence several times. The boy then resumed his own appearance, placed his hand upon my arm, and smilingly said, "Never mind, he cannot hurt you."

When I awoke and found it was a dream I was exceedingly glad; at the same time I was troubled in spirit on account of it, it was like an incubus upon my mind all the week. On the following Lord's-day I could not during the sermon look in the direction of my friend, I was afraid I should see him as I saw him in my dream; but directly the service was over he met me at the foot of the pulpit stairs, and as I saw him in my dream so he then looked; he asked me, in an angry tone, "When are you going to bring your wife and children to Hammersmith?"

"The three months is not yet up," I replied, "and besides, there was only one and sixpence in the boxes on Lord's-day, and no visible means of support; it would be impossible to support a wife and three children upon such a sum."

"Well," he said, "you are not going to have my horse and cart to wear out every Sunday."

"Then," I replied, "I shall have occasion to walk all the way; however I shall be true to my engagement and you ought to be to yours."

He turned away very angrily. I now felt very anxious to know the meaning of the other parts of my dream, the toad spitting, and "Never mind, he cannot hurt you." For the interpretation of these parts I had to wait only a short time, as will be related in its proper place.

Soon after this the time arrived when the usual quarterly

collection would take place. I preached as usual, and after each sermon a collection was made. I could scarcely believe my senses when I saw the proceeds of the two collections amounted to only three pounds twelve shillings and sixpence, therefore there was not sufficient to pay the interest upon the mortgage and the sixty pounds, leaving out of the question other incidental expenses, and the payment for my services for the three months. It is true I received one shilling and sixpence a week out of the boxes, but it cost me that amount for the turnpikes through which I passed as I rode the nine miles in the conveyance sent for me. The next day I went to London to see some of my friends, and to consult them. When I arrived in the City I called upon my late employer, who was a Christian man, and who was present at the opening of the chapel.

Directly he saw me he said: "I am glad to see you; my mind has been greatly exercised respecting you, and I was only just now wishing I could get to see you."

We walked together down Ludgate Hill; as we entered Fleet Street a Hammersmith omnibus passed; my friend stopped it and we got in. Not having told me his intention, I wondered why he should thus act. In due time we arrived.

As we walked along he spoke to me as follows:—

"I know," he said, "that you are preaching to a very illiberal people, they like a cheap Gospel, with nothing to pay in a pecuniary point of view. I should like you to be able to stand your ground notwithstanding, for the truth's sake; as they are not disposed to contribute towards your support, I will make you this offer: I will take a house and shop, and will stock it with saleable goods, and give you the management, at a salary hereafter to be agreed upon. What is your mind? Would you object to such an arrangement?"

"My dear sir," I replied, "nothing could more correspond with my feelings; I should be delighted to be able to preach to them independent of their money."

"Then we will see," he said, "if we can find suitable premises."

We very shortly saw a house and shop to let; we examined it, and came to the conclusion that it would suit. My friend then requested me to go home, and be ready to move to Hammersmith on the Tuesday of the next week, and said he

would meet me on that day, when everything would be finally settled. I thanked him for his kindness, but more especially the Lord who put it into his mind, for I felt sure this was the Lord's doings. I arrived at home that day with a light heart and a joyful spirit, and told my wife how wonderfully the Lord had appeared for us, what a God-like deliverance it was, and how happy I should be in thus being able to preach the Gospel without fee or reward.

A friend who was present said, "Don't be too sure; there are many slips between the cup and the lip."

"What!" I asked, "do you doubt this is of God?"

"Time proves all things," he replied.

"Well," I said, "if you can't rejoice I can," and I did rejoice all that week.

I settled all my little affairs at Sunningdale, but oh, the dreadful parting it was! I could not have believed had I not experienced it; sobs choked all utterance, it was impossible to speak the words "Good-bye." I took my wife and children to Hampton, to my wife's mother, to remain there until the Tuesday; on that day we were to take possession of our new dwelling at Hammersmith. On Lord's-day morning I walked to Hammersmith, and preached that day with joy and peace in believing that the Lord had delivered me. I told the friends at the chapel; they were very pleased, they thought it would be a great blessing (yes, to their pockets, for they would have a cheap minister who would not require their money). The next day (Monday) I met my friend according to appointment; I thought he did not appear so cheerful as when I saw him the week previous; he told me he had been informed that Hammersmith was a bad place for business, and that he was afraid to go further in the matter.

"What am I to do?" I said; "I have carried out your instructions in reference to my wife and family; they are now waiting my return, expecting to be brought to Hammersmith."

"There are other places," he replied, "besides Hammersmith, where I can fulfil my promise; you go and search for such a place and inform me of it. For three weeks I did indeed search, and when I found what I believed to be a suitable place he raised objections. During that time I was frequently walking about penniless and hungry. One Friday evening I was journeying in the direction of Red Cross Street, when I came up

to the chapel where Mr. Wells was to preach that evening. During the day I had been greatly exercised, and was tempted to preach no more, and just then had come to the determination that I would give it up. I went into the chapel with these feelings. The hymn sung on that occasion was—

“Sovereign Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise;
All my times are in Thy hand,
All events at Thy command.”

It appeared as though the hymn had been composed on purpose for me, particularly the verse—

“Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth,
Times of trial and of grief,
Times of triumph and relief.”

Then these words came with power to my mind, “How shall I give thee up, Ephraim” (Hosea xi. 8). I immediately gave up the determination to forego preaching God’s Word. I exclaimed, “Lord! wilt Thou not give me up? neither will I give Thee up, and neither will I give up the work Thou hast called me to, notwithstanding the trials I may meet with in the way.” After the service, I went into the vestry to speak to Mr. Wells, when Mr. Lord, of Birmingham, came in. Directly he saw me he said, “I want you to preach for me at Birmingham for a month, while I am supplying at Eden Street. I will write to my deacons and tell them that I have engaged you. Call upon me in two days.”

“I will,” I replied, feeling very much pleased with the offer, and the confirmation which the Lord had brought about that evening.

Whilst we were talking together, two other gentlemen accosted me, saying, “We have been wanting you for some time to preach at our chapel; but, not knowing your address, we could not write to you, though we were desirous of effecting an engagement with you; we should like to do so now.”

“You are too late,” Mr. Lord replied; “Mr. McCure is going to preach for me at Birmingham.”

At the expiration of the two days I called upon Mr. Lord, when he informed me that he had just received a letter from his deacons, stating that just before his letter had arrived they had received one from Mr. Garrard, of Leicester, recommending

to them a minister to supply for the month, therefore they would not require me.

“Well,” I said, “had it been the Lord’s will that I should go to Birmingham, the way would be made plain, therefore we cannot do better than leave it in His hands.” I was still preaching at Hammersmith on Lord’s-days. One Lord’s-day evening I was in the vestry; I wanted twenty shillings on the morrow, and pleaded most earnestly with the Lord that He would put it into the heart of some one to give me that amount. I was favoured with nearness unto the throne of grace to such an extent that I believed the Lord would answer my prayer. I entered the pulpit and preached with great liberty; but felt disappointed when I found all the people had left the chapel, for I did think that some one would be constrained to give me the amount I so much needed on the morrow.

The next morning I asked a friend, a member of the Church and of independent means, to lend me the amount, but he refused. As I walked along in the direction of London, I met a gentleman who inquired very kindly how I was getting on at Hammersmith. When we parted we shook hands, and he left a sovereign in my hand. Thus the Lord delivered me in His own way and in His own time, and I went on my way rejoicing.

CHAPTER XI.

Perseverance, but not prosperity: Early breakfast: The advertismint: High Holborn: Interview at the hotel and with Mr. Lord: Remarkable instance of Providence: Birmingham engagement: The sixty-pound bill: Proceedings threatened: Learning the meaning of a bill: The London lawyer: A deacon’s advice: How to preach: Corruption preaching: Encouragement in the work: Fickle friends.

In consequence of the disappointment in reference to Birmingham, and my former employer being still anxious to place me in business, encouraged me to do all I could to obtain suitable premises. I therefore renewed my perseverance, but, alas! what is perseverance when God will not prosper it. This not

being the way in which the Lord designed me to walk, and Hammersmith not being the place where He had any work for me to do, all my endeavours to obtain a place of business to enable me to continue preaching there were in vain, the Lord having a work for me to do elsewhere.

Early one morning, when walking along the Hampstead Road, I went into a coffee-house to obtain my breakfast. The morning paper was on the table, and an advertisement caught my eye to this effect: "Wanted, a respectable person, to take the management of a large boot and shoe establishment in one of the midland counties. None need apply but those who can give unexceptionable references as to character and ability. Apply 49, High Holborn." When I read this advertisement, I said, "Where are the midland counties? I dare say it is some place where there are none of the Lord's people, and that being the case, it won't suit me; therefore I will take no further notice of it." This was about eight o'clock in the morning. At twelve o'clock, I was walking down High Holborn, when my mind all at once reverted to the advertisement. I stood still, lamenting that I had not taken the address. Suddenly I remembered No. 49, High Holborn, I looked up, and found I was standing exactly opposite the shop. I inquired if there was an advertisement in that morning's paper referring to that establishment.

"Yes" was the answer.

"Would you have the kindness," I said, "to inform me where it is?"

"I cannot give you any information," replied the gentleman, "respecting it to-day; you must apply at nine o'clock on Monday morning next, when the proprietor himself will be in town."

I could not obtain information from this person as to the locality, therefore felt no interest in the situation, and thought no more of it. On the following Sunday I preached at Hammersmith, and on the Monday morning walked to London. I took the direction of 49, High Holborn; but instead of arriving there at nine o'clock, it was three hours after that time (such was my indifference); and on entering, the gentleman whom I saw before said, "I thought you would have been here at the time appointed."

"I have no idea," I replied, "that it will suit me; not

knowing where it is, I feel no interest in it ; and suppose it is now too late ?”

“ No,” he said, “ they (the proprietors) have not engaged any one yet, although three hundred applications have been made: they are waiting at their hotel to see you. Directly I saw you last week, I felt impressed that you were the person who would suit, and having told them so, they are waiting to see you.”

I thought this was remarkably strange, as this gentleman had never seen me before.

“ Will you now inform me,” I said, “ where they are from ?”

“ Birmingham,” he replied.

“ What !” I exclaimed, with astonishment, “ if you had told me that before I would have been to the time this morning.”

I was now introduced to the proprietors (who were likewise strangers to me). They received me in a very kind manner ; and informed me they required a confidential person, to take the management of their business in Birmingham; and having given me a full description thereof, they asked me various questions respecting myself, and what references I could give them. Having answered their interrogations and having given my references, I inquired if they knew a Mr. Lord, a Baptist minister, residing at Birmingham, but now on a visit to London. They said they did not know him, but would like to have his London address, which I gave them, and was to see them again the following morning. Late in the afternoon I went to Mr. Lord, who was delighted to see me.

“ You are the very person,” he said, “ I have been wishing to see all day; you must go and preach for me next Sabbath at Birmingham. I received a letter this morning from my deacons saying the party they had engaged did not come, therefore engage Mr. McCure to supply while you are away.”

Before I had time to reply, he continued, “ By-the-bye, there were two gentlemen here just now inquiring about you ; they desired to know if I knew you. I told them I did. They then wanted to know if you were a moral man. I told them you were a spiritual man, therefore must be a moral man. ‘ Spiritual man ’! said one of them ; ‘ I could not see anything spiritual about him. What do you mean ?’ ‘ Why he is a Christian man,’ I replied, ‘ therefore he must be a good man.’”

"Why," I replied, "those gentlemen are from Birmingham; don't you know them?"

"No," he answered; "they did not tell me their names, nor did they tell me they were from Birmingham."

"They are," I said, "the Messrs. Lloyd, from Birmingham."

"Oh," he answered, "I know the name very well, and they are reputed as being very respectable and wealthy."

"They want," I said, "to enter into an arrangement with me to take the management of their business," and then gave him all the particulars.

"The hand of God," he replied, after I had related all the circumstances, "must be in this, therefore it will be for you to follow as God's wise Providence leads you."

I left my friend and brother Lord with the understanding that I was to leave London for Birmingham on Saturday, and preach for him until his return.

Next day I saw the Messrs. Lloyd, who told me that they were perfectly satisfied with the references I had given them, and were prepared to enter into a definite engagement with me, say for seven years. I suggested that the most prudent course for them and myself would be a trial of twelve months. They had no objection to this suggestion.

"Before we enter, gentlemen," I said, "into this engagement, I should like to inform you that I am a Baptist minister, and that I am now under an engagement to preach at Birmingham for the next month. You may object to me on account of my ministerial engagements, therefore it is my duty to make you acquainted with everything concerning myself, for I have no secrets."

"Would your engagements as a minister," they asked, "interfere with your duties in the business?"

"They would not interfere," I replied, "in any way, with this exception: that as I should preach every Wednesday evening, I should require to leave the business one hour earlier."

"Well," they answered, "we thank you for your candour; it has only increased our confidence in you, and we shall have no objection to what you may require." I was engaged by them.

I laid this matter before my friends at Hammersmith; they could not but acknowledge that it was the leading of Provi-

dence, and therefore could raise no opposition. I resigned then, and, as I supposed, left all my responsibilities with reference to the chapel in their hands. My family I removed to Birmingham, and entered upon my twofold duties. I was most kindly received by the members of the Church; and my situation was all my heart could wish for.

Mr. Lord having received and accepted an invitation to settle in London, the Church at Birmingham offered me the pastorate; I accepted an invitation for three months; my salary was to be one pound per week. The people were highly pleased that my mercantile situation enabled me to settle among them, and accept of the small remuneration, which, under other circumstances, would not have been sufficient; as living and house-rent in Birmingham were expensive compared with country towns. While the people cried Hosanna, and blessed God at their meetings for sending me amongst them, I did not imagine that their joy was changeable,—but, alas! it was, as hereafter related.

I had not been in Birmingham long before I received a letter from Hammersmith from the nephew of the person who had advanced the sixty pounds, and who was a party to the transaction, stating that it was quite time I paid the amount. Their object was gained by the arrangement they enabled me to effect, that is, by purchasing a party's interest, which became theirs. I wrote in reply, stating that I did not consider I owed him the money for the purchase of the share in the said party's interest, for sixty pounds, which enabled the people to carry out their idea, for they now enjoyed the occupation of the chapel. Instead of my being indebted to them, they were indebted to me, for I had preached to them for four months without any salary.

I little expected now to experience the fulfilment of the other part of my dream, viz., "the toad's spitting;" but by return of post I received a most abusive and threatening letter from the same person, informing me that, unless an immediate arrangement was made, he would take proceedings for the recovery of the amount. While I was reading this letter the Word of God came to my mind,—“No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of Me, saith

the Lord" (Isa. liv. 17). From these words I felt confident that the Lord would plead my cause; and the boy's hand I seemed to feel on my arm,—“Never mind, he cannot hurt you!” Therefore I committed my cause into the hands of the Lord, believing that He would, in this case, “bring my righteousness to the light, and my judgment as the noonday.”

I wrote to him to that effect, and informed him of my dream, and the application of the Scripture referred to, “No weapon,” &c., &c.; in answer to which I received one of the most abusive letters that could be penned, and which I should not like to transcribe. Thus my readers will perceive the remarkable fulfilment of my dream in the matter of the toad spitting. One part of his letter ran thus:—“Dreaming dreams and quoting Scripture is not the way to pay just debts, and therefore I shall place my claim against you in the hands of my solicitor, for I am determined to recover it.” My readers will remember, although I gave this person the bill on demand, I myself received no consideration for it whatever; I was merely the instrument in the hands of the people of Hammersmith; but for the advantage he took of me, by inducing me to give him a bill on demand for what I myself never received any valuable consideration, he would have had no claim upon me. The next act of my Hammersmith toad was to instruct a solicitor; and in a few days a gentleman called upon me and presented the bill on demand.

“I am instructed,” he said, “to recover the amount of this bill and interest.”

I now began to learn the use of a bill on demand.

“Will you allow me to state the case?” I said.

“Yes,” he replied.

I then related all the circumstances of the case to him.

“Are you stating the truth?” he asked, looking at me in great astonishment.

“Yes,” I replied, “and am prepared to state the same upon oath in a court of justice, corroborated by witnesses.”

“I never met with such a case before,” he said, “and I shall have nothing to do with it. And now, sir, as a friend I will advise you: I am sure from the nature of my instructions that they are determined to recover this money, fearless of consequences to you, and it may occasion you very much trouble. It is quite evident to me that you were an instrument in their

hands to accomplish that which they desired; you have left them in peaceable and quiet possession?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, "they are in possession, and have been worshipping there ever since; and this very person who holds this bill, and instructed you to recover of me the amount, often used to say to me after I had finished preaching,—

‘Tinker John, and cobbler Howe,
We haven’t many such preachers now.’

These words will prove that I held a position in his estimation; and I have only just heard that he has been publicly baptized in that very chapel."

"My advice to you," continued the lawyer, "in order to stay this malicious proceeding, is to file your schedule; this you can do without interfering with your situation, or your character as a minister; do you owe anything else?"

"No," I replied, "not one shilling to any one. I thank you for your advice, but I do not consider myself justified in adopting such a course; the Lord knows that it is an unrighteous demand made upon me."

I then related to him my dream, and the Word of God which gave me confidence that the Lord would maintain my right and my cause; "for He sitteth on the throne judging right," "therefore," I said, "I cannot use the means suggested by you."

"I am glad," he replied, "that you are enabled to leave it in the Lord's hands. I shall decline all further proceedings in the matter, so upon this subject you will hear of me no more."

That gentleman immediately gave notice of his unwillingness to act, for he saw at once that the demand upon me was not only an unjust, but cruel one. Finding he could do nothing through a Birmingham lawyer, he employed a London one, who wrote to me demanding immediate payment, or that I must abide the consequence. When this letter came I could see the toad spitting again, and the boy's hand on my arm,— "Never mind, he cannot hurt you." Answer him not a word, was the instruction I received from the Word of God; therefore I took no notice of the lawyer's letter, or other succeeding ones.

During these trials I was wonderfully sustained, and continued to discharge the duties of my twofold position with

satisfaction, except to some members of the Church, whom I could not please. They were the first to praise, and now the first to condemn me; they cried the loudest "Hosanna," but with equal vehemence, "Crucify him! crucify him!" After I had been preaching one Lord's-day, a young man came to me, and, in the presence of several persons, said, "The Lord has blessed the sermon to my soul this morning; it came with such power and unction that I feel if all the ministers in the world and all the devils in hell were to say that God had not called you to preach the Gospel, I could give them all the lie."

Upon another occasion, after I had spoken one Lord's-day evening with much liberty, one of my deacons spoke to me outside the chapel doors as follows:—

"I wish," he said, "you would preach differently from what you do. I know that you experience the corruption and plague of the heart the same as others; now if you would preach more upon the dark side, you would have one of the largest congregations in the town, and it would be more acceptable to the people."

"My dear friend," I answered, "I do indeed experience these things until I am sick at heart; this being the case I require the remedy, the glorious antidote, which I endeavour to set before the people."

Directly I left him a gentleman came to me, who had been listening to this conversation; he was a member of my congregation, and belonged to the branch Bank of England in Birmingham.

"I am grieved exceedingly," he said, "at hearing what my friend has just now said, advising you thus to preach. I entreat you, my dear sir, not to be influenced to adopt any course except that to which God the Spirit leads you; I take this opportunity of speaking a word of encouragement. I have heard you, now, regularly for three months, and to me you have been a minister of Jesus Christ,—not to such an extent as I could desire, but sufficiently to constrain me thus to speak to you, and for which I am truly thankful."

"My experience," he continued, "is very peculiar." Although I have heard a great many of the Lord's servants, yet I may say I have only heard three who have ministerially taken me by the hand in the path which I have been walking and

have kept up a companionship with me in the way; and as I can say in reference to *your* ministry, *you* have met me on the way, and we have had fellowship together; but you have soon left me to travel alone; thus we have met now and again, and I love you for your works' sake, believing that God's servants have their own work to do, and are qualified by the Lord for that work. Go on, my friend, and preach as the Lord may direct you; aim at that, and nothing else. Listen not to what one and another may please to dictate."

I was exceedingly pleased in making the acquaintance of this gentleman; and thought that in him I should have a true and faithful friend.

A week after this the young man before referred to, who had not the least shadow of a doubt as to my being a minister of Jesus Christ, and who was prepared to meet all the ministers on earth and devils in hell, to give them the lie if they testified against me, now said, in a grumbling tone, "Oh, I cannot hear him at all; I don't believe God has ever called *him* to the ministry."

Some person standing by who heard him thus speak, said, "What do you mean by such a remark? It is only a fortnight since we heard you speak most extravagantly to Mr. McCure, saying that the 'word came with such power and unction to your soul, that if all the ministers upon earth and devils in hell testified against him, you would give them the lie.'"

"Oh," he replied, "I discovered afterwards that I was deceived; that it was only natural feelings he wrought upon." Thus I was constrained to say,—

"How many things, alas, beguile!
 Sometimes a fascinating smile
 Will cheer the drooping heart:
 But what, alas! are creatures' smiles?
 They often prove but Satan's wiles,
 And prove a secret dart:
 The very man that smiles to-day
 Will turn his face another way
 And frown perhaps to-morrow."

CHAPTER XII.

Close of first Birmingham engagement: A second Birmingham appointment: Opening of Rehoboth: My Kentish friend: A night with a maniac: Prayer for his recovery: A second night with a mad man: Change and vibration power of prayer.

MY three months having expired, I informed the deacons of the Church I should not accept any further invitation, but should now leave them: I said, "there are many among you who are subjects of so much feeling, and who make their feelings and not their judgment the rule of their conduct. If they hear a minister with comfortable feeling, he is sent of God; if not, he is sent by the devil. With a people who are thus given to change, how is it possible to preach with acceptance?" Therefore I left them, with the determination not to settle over a Church so long as I remained in business, but to preach wherever doors might open. Directly it was known that I was at liberty, letters poured in from all directions: Wolverhampton, Dudley, Gornell, Broseley, and other places, inviting me to preach; and in these places I preached as often as it was practicable. Thus I found a large field for usefulness in supplying the different pulpits.

Whilst thus engaged, a division took place at the chapel where I had been preaching in Birmingham. Those who left (including two deacons) engaged a chapel; a deputation, consisting of the two deacons, the gentleman at the bank, and another friend, waited upon me with a unanimous invitation to become their minister. At first I declined, fearing they were no more to be depended upon than those I had left; and telling them I had already experienced the truth of what the late Henry Fowler remarked: "That a minister to settle at Birmingham must make up his mind to be a kind of lady's pincushion, to be pierced through and through." However, after much persuasion, I complied, and promised that so long as they treated me in a proper manner, I would minister unto them the Gospel of Christ.

The place they engaged was opened, but we soon found it to be too small. Rehoboth Chapel, in Thorpe Street, was then taken by us, and we arranged with Mr. John Foreman, of London, to preach the opening sermons; and a good day indeed it was for our new chapel. A gentleman from Kent was at

Birmingham furnishing a house for his daughter, recently married; he was exceedingly liberal on the occasion of the collection, and engaged a pew for his daughter and her husband, inviting Mr. Foreman and myself, with other friends, to tea and spend the evening, for the purpose of opening the house for his newly-married daughter; and a very pleasant evening was thus spent. This circumstance introduced me to a new circle of friends, who were exceedingly kind to me. This gentleman made arrangements to visit Birmingham every three months.

The attendance at the chapel was exceedingly good; and I preached with liberty: the Lord gave me encouraging signs of His having blessed the Word. My friend from Kent again visited us, and was the means of helping and encouraging me in my work.

One evening, Mrs. McCure and myself were invited to tea, and to spend the evening with our Kentish friend and his newly-married daughter. During the evening there appeared to be such a strangeness of manner in his conduct that I could not understand. I said to my wife as we were returning home, "I feel alarmed for our good friend; I am afraid he is going out of his mind." The next day being Wednesday, the late David Denham, of Unicorn Yard Chapel, London, had promised to preach for me. I was looking forward to a great treat in having this opportunity of hearing that good man. Just as I was going to chapel, a messenger came to hasten me to the house of my friend with whom I had passed the previous evening. When I arrived, I was informed by his daughter that he had gone quite out of his mind. He had been calling for me all day; and now, being worse, they could not pacify him, therefore sent for me. I went into his room, and found he was completely bereft of his senses. He knew me, and asked if I would stay with him, "for he did not believe in any one else." I at once complied with his request, and took the charge of him for the night. He would not suffer any one else to be in the room, therefore I was obliged to be alone with him. This was a fearful night; I stood over him for thirteen hours, during which time his language was such as *cannot* be described. He raved at times in the most awful manner, but I managed him as I should have done a child, and was astonished when I perceived the power I had over him, when no one

else could do anything with him. The next night I was relieved by two keepers of the asylum, but their presence made him worse, for in the night he suddenly sprang out of bed and overpowered both of them.

I now felt such a spirit of prayer on behalf of my afflicted friend. Now there was no human hope of recovery, I prayed at the throne of grace. Oh! how I did plead with the Lord that He would command the return of reason and a sound mind to His afflicted servant! Such was the liberty and power I had with the Lord, that I felt confident God would hear and answer me. After my prayer, I went up to the house, and found his daughter in great distress.

"Oh, Mr. McCure," she said, "father is worse. Oh! how dreadful it will be if he dies in this state! he is now raving mad, and his language is so bad, it is not fit for human ears. We are going to send him to the asylum, for he is quite unmanageable here."

"Be of good cheer," I replied; "your father will be delivered from this affliction, and he will yet be restored to his right mind."

"Don't say so," she answered, "it is impossible. You will think differently when you see him now; the doctor says there is not a shadow of a hope of his recovery."

"That which is impossible with man," I replied, "is possible with God. I have had power with God in prayer on your father's behalf, and believe I shall prevail. The Lord often cures hopeless cases. 'Is My hand shortened at all, that I cannot redeem; or have I no power to deliver?' and glorifies Himself who is almighty to save."

When I entered his room he presented a most frightful appearance. He was a raving madman. I will not describe his condition, it was too awful. However, it did not shake my faith in the power of God to deliver; and neither did it quench the spirit of prayer for his recovery. I remained with him the whole of that dreadful night, and pleaded with God most importunately that He would deliver him before morning, and thus glorify His own great name as that God with whom nothing is impossible; and the Lord did grant unto me my petition and my request.

At six o'clock I was watching him very closely, when all at once he recognised me for the first time, and called me by name.

"You are better," I said. He was now quiet.

"Let us pray," I continued, feeling joyful at the change. I knelt down at his side and prayed. He remained quiet all the time. From that hour he began to improve, and eventually recovered. He was fully restored, both in mind and body, to the astonishment of all who knew him. Many were constrained to say, "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

This was, indeed, a most useful and important lesson to me, for by it I learnt the blessedness of the power of prayer. Thus God fulfilled His promise in hearing and abundantly answering prayer,—“Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me” (Psa. i. 15.)

“Depend on Him, thou canst not fail ;
 Make all thy wants and wishes known :
 Fear not, His merits must prevail ;
 Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done.”

CHAPTER XIII.

Pleasant journey to Kent: First visit to Hadlow: Return to Birmingham: Success in business: Solemn death: Reflections on the scene: Orotahety hearers: Employer in lunatic asylum: Business sold: Situation given up: Farewell sermon, &c.

WHEN my friend had thoroughly recovered, previously to his leaving Birmingham, he made me promise not to make any engagement for Good Friday, that being the anniversary of the Baptist Church, Dunk's Green, four miles from Hadlow, in Kent. He wanted to arrange for me to preach the anniversary sermons, and he would pay all the expense. In due time he wrote to me from his residence at Tunbridge, to inform me the arrangements were completed, and I was advertised to preach three sermons at Dunk's Green on Friday; and three sermons at Matfield Green on the Sunday. My employers most kindly gave me leave of absence for a week.

After a most pleasant journey I arrived at the residence of

my friend at Tunbridge, by whom I was received in the kindest manner possible. The next day he drove me out in his carriage, when we visited different places in this most delightful county of Kent. Among the places was Hadlow, where I was introduced to the Baptist minister, Mr. Edward Crowhurst, and his good wife. How wonderful are the ways of God! I little expected then I should hereafter become his successor, as pastor of the Baptist Church at Hadlow. The sermons preached during my visit were blessed of God, and created a desire in the minds of the people to see and hear of me again. I returned to Birmingham in good health and spirits, having enjoyed my visit to my Kentish friends, and found all well at home.

In the business, which was a very prosperous one, I was exceedingly successful. Two large fortunes having been made out of it, and a third one commenced. My employer was so well satisfied with me, that he was anxious to complete a more definite and lengthened engagement than twelve months; but "man proposes, God disposes;" for just at that time he was taken ill, and continued so for some time; and when we were expecting his recovery he went out of his mind; this to me was a great trial, and to it I shall have to refer when I again come to this subject.

My friend referred to as having been engaged at the branch Bank of England, continued to attend my ministry until one Lord's day evening he took offence, or made an excuse to leave me. "Mr. McCure is not discriminating enough," he said, "for me; he uses the words 'we,' 'you,' and 'us,' and these words embrace all present to whom they are spoken." I felt very sorry, for I did hope I should have had in him a true and faithful friend. He was paying his addresses to a lady in London, who was a Baptist, but on finding he was only a Baptist in principle, and not in practice, she gave him to understand that she would not consent to become his wife unless he *became* a Baptist; he therefore arranged for some one to baptize him one night in the week; it was not known until afterwards. They were married, and lived happily together. Six months after his marriage he was taken ill. One of my deacons,—who was a personal friend of his,—was the only religious person who had access to him during his illness. His only desire was to recover; he did not wish to die; he was afraid of death.

He was in great distress, but it was not about his soul, or any of those things concerning the Lord Jesus Christ; for these he appeared to have no concern whatever. His wife could not understand it, for when in health the end of his conversation was Jesus Christ; but now in sickness, not one word of a spiritual character did he utter. My friend tried in every way to draw him out, or to get at his state of mind in reference to his prospect beyond the grave. Over his last interview with him I should like to draw a veil, but dare not, it must be recorded, and let it speak for itself. "Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves. Know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?" (2 Cor. xiii. 5). He was now sinking into the grave. His medical attendant had given him up, stating nothing more could be done for him.

"Shall I read the Word of God to you," said my deacon, "and pray?"

"No, no," he replied; "I don't want you to pray. Begone! leave my room!"

In this state he expired.

His poor wife was indescribably distressed, not so much because she was now a widow, but that her husband had died in such a state of mind.

This was one of the most mysterious cases I ever met with. As a man, he had few who were his equals. He was a gentleman in the strict sense of the word. In personal appearance, he was tall and handsome. In disposition, he was kind and benevolent. In temper, he was never known to grow angry, or bestow an unkind word upon his fellow-creatures, or in any way to speak unadvisedly with his lips. I have heard him spoken of as a man worthy to be imitated. In reference to religion, he appeared to adorn it by his upright walk and conversation. When listening to the preached Word, he was all attention, appearing as one who was looking for that blessed hope, and for the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ. I used to like him as a hearer, because I thought that he sucked at the breast of Zion's consolation; and I have often felt by him drawn out whilst preaching the Word of God. When in his company, I have often wished that I was possessed of the excellences that adorned his character, particularly the deep experimental knowledge he seemed to have of divine things.

He did indeed appear to live the life of the righteous: but, alas! alas! did he die "the death of the righteous, and was his last end like unto theirs" in thus dying, rejecting the Word of God and prayer, and expelling from his presence one who desired to pray with him? "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

It is evident that a man may go far in a profession of Christ, and yet not be *in* Christ. He may pass as a plant in the garden of the Lord, and yet not be one planted by the Lord; therefore the time must come when he shall be rooted up, for Jesus said, "Every plant that My heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up."

"Let us ask the important question—
Brethren, be not too secure,—
What it is to be a Christian,
How we may our hearts assure?"

There were several persons,—members of the Church,—who were very fickle, creatures of impulse, given to change; their feelings constituted their rule of action, and according to those feelings they would act. These parties occasioned me considerable trouble; frequently I have been so discouraged by them that I have scarcely known what to do. If they heard the Word of God with joy, then they praised me as a God-sent minister; but if not heard by them with *power* and *unction* from the Holy One, they condemned me, by grumbling and finding fault, and making others as discontented as themselves. At one of our prayer meetings, I called upon three to pray. They happened to be in a grumbling mood, and took care I should know that they had not heard the Word on the previous Sabbath with joy. I never heard such murmuring, whilst professing supplication to the Lord; indeed it was mockery, for there was not one word of real prayer or worship. During the twelve months I preached to them my services were without money and without price. Knowing they were not a liberal people, I felt certain my days amongst them were numbered, and told them so; adding, in the event of a change in my secular engagements, I shall be unable to continue my ministry amongst you. It was not long after this before such became the case. My employer getting worse, was confined in a Lunatic Asylum. I carried on the business until the twelve months had expired, when the brothers of my employer, believing

there was no hope of his recovery, thought it their most prudent course to dispose of it; and this decision was carried into effect. The party who purchased the business was desirous to secure my services; but we were unable to come to terms, therefore I left.

Having given up my situation, I informed the Church I was about leaving Birmingham, and that I should preach my farewell sermon in a short time. The day was named, and on that occasion our chapel was crowded: my old hearers were present to listen to me for the last time. My prayer to God was that He would bless the Word that night, that mine enemies might be at peace with me. In this the Lord granted me my request. It was one of the most solemn seasons I ever experienced at Birmingham; the word had free course, the grumblers heard with joy, and testified that the Lord was with me.

CHAPTER XIV.

Seek the Lord's guidance: The sign: Leave Birmingham: *Johannah Southcott's* followers: Petition for binding the devil: Open defence of truth in "the Row:" The "spotless" preacher in New Cut: Putting the "perfectionist" to the test, &c.

I WAS now dependent upon the Lord to guide me with His counsel, and to lead me in the way He would have me go. I received two letters, one from Preston, in Lancashire, offering me the management of a large business in that town; the other from my old employer on Ludgate Hill, in London, containing the proposition of giving me the entire management of his business. I was greatly perplexed as to which I should accept. Knowing I was a poor blind creature, and requiring the help of the Lord alone, I committed my way unto Him. This was to be the sign: I was waiting for letters (in reply to mine previously forwarded) from Preston and London. The first letter I received was to be the answer from the Lord, and to that place I would go. I was in a gig, just going off to the

"Coppices," near Dudley, to preach, when the postman came with letters. Perceiving he had several for me, I requested him to give them to me one at a time. The first letter he gave me was stamped "London;" the second "Preston." I therefore gave the preference to my old employer. After making all the necessary arrangements consequent upon a removal, I left Birmingham with my family, having preached the Word of God in that town for twelve months, during which time I had cause to bless the Lord for the many manifestations of His presence in answer to prayer, and for teaching me to profit in the school of tribulation.

I was received by my old employer with much kindness; he hoped I would remain with him as long as he lived, remarking, "I could preach on Lord's-days and yet engage in secular employment; and he would do all he could to promote my happiness." Thanks be to the Lord we were in comfortable circumstances, and all my family enjoying most excellent health. On the Lord's-days I preached in different places, and was very happy in my work.

At this time there were some of the followers of that infatuated woman known by the name of Johannah Southcot, going about in different parts of London, with leather girdles round their waists, with these words painted on them, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," carrying a roll of parchment in one hand, and a bottle of ink fastened to the button-hole of their coats. They were engaged in obtaining signatures to a petition, which, when ready, was to be presented by Johannah to the King of Heaven, for the purpose of obtaining the binding of Satan.

My attention was first called to these people by a lad twelve years of age: he was passing over Blackfriars Bridge, when two men asked him to sign his name to the petition. The boy replied he did not like to do so. They then told him he would go to hell, and that the devil would be sure to have him if he did not. The lad came to me, and appeared much frightened. About a week after, I was walking up Paternoster Row, when I saw the same two men coming towards me. I was informed they would not speak to any one walking, but to those who were standing about, or looking into shop windows; they would then ask them to sign their petition. Hoping they would speak to me, I turned and looked into a shop-window

on the side they were walking. They came to me and said:—
“Will you sign our petition?”

In order to draw them out, I appeared as if I had never heard of them. Directly I was seen talking to them, a large crowd of persons congregated around us. Perceiving this I spoke loud enough for all to hear.

“What is the nature,” I said, “of your petition?”

“To get the devil bound,” was the reply.

“Well,” I answered, “I should be delighted to get him bound, for he is no friend of mine; but tell me, how do you purpose effecting this?”

“By means of this petition,” was the answer. “Directly we obtain sufficient names, we shall send the petition to Johannah, who is in heaven, and she will present it to the King; then those whose names are written in the document will be written in heaven, and provision will be made for them in respect to Satan, who will have no power over them.”

“You say, then,” I replied (raising my voice), “that Johannah is in heaven, you are here on earth with the petition in your hand; as I do not wish to be deceived, tell me how, or by what means you will get this petition up into heaven? if you can satisfy me upon this point, I will then sign it.”

“This is not your business,” was the answer, “there is no difficulty in the matter; we have direct and constant communication with Johannah. When the petition is ready it will be forwarded without delay.”

“Suppose,” I said, “I do not sign it, what then?”

“Then the devil will devour you,” was the reply; “he ‘goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour;’ he will not devour those whose names are written upon this petition, but you will be one of those that he may have.”

“Can I not be saved,” I asked, “without signing this petition?”

“You cannot!” was the answer, “for ‘whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire.’”

“Then I am to understand,” I said, “that the name of your petition is the Book of Life, the Lord Jesus Christ—salvation, and that I cannot be saved unless I sign my name.”

I now felt I could not wait their reply, for here was an opportunity that might never present itself again, of publicly

exposing their wretched system, for there were not less than five or six hundred persons present: the thoroughfare was completely blocked up, not only by pedestrians, but by carriages, carts, and vehicles of every description. I challenged these poor fanatics to prove their blasphemous sentiments; when one produced a large volume that he was carrying under his arm. I appealed to the people to know which should be the standard of appeal,—“the works of Johannah or the Bible.” With one accord the populace, one and all, shouted out with a loud voice, “The Bible! The Bible!” Holding the Bible up before them, I said, “From this Book I condemn the fallacies of these men, and preach unto the people salvation alone through Jesus Christ. The police, who permitted me to speak as long as they could, now very respectfully solicited me to discontinue, as the whole of the thoroughfare was completely blocked up. I trust this was a word in season; it was what my hand found to do, and I did it with all my might, rejoicing that I had it in my power to bear testimony to the truth.

Another instance I will relate, which I think will interest my readers. I was proceeding along the New Cut, Blackfriars Road, on Lord’s day, about 10 o’clock a.m., when I perceived a large number of persons congregated together, who were listening to a man preaching. I stood and heard the preacher say: “The spouse of Christ is indeed without spot, hence it is said, ‘there is no spot in thee!’ In order that you may be the spouse of Christ, you must be in a state of spotlessness; you must be as free from spot and blemish as a sheet of white paper! you must attain to a state of sinlessness in the flesh or you can never be saved.” I turned to go away, when a person who stood by the side of the preacher, and acted in the capacity of leader of the singing, called out to me, “This won’t suit you.” I turned round much surprised at being addressed in such a peculiar manner (for the man was unknown to me), and replied, “I thank God that such a doctrine does *not* suit me.” His friends immediately crowded around me, and impatiently demanded of me what I meant.

“Have patience,” I replied, “and I will tell you what I mean.”

I then stood up and commenced preaching to them the doctrine of the fall, proving, by Scripture and experience, that the perfection recorded in the Scripture is a perfection only in

Christ. The people came and listened to me, leaving the other alone. The person who had accosted me in such an abrupt manner came over to the crowd, looking extremely sanctimonious: with hands clasped together, and eyes uplifted, he approached me, and said, "unless you repent of these awful doctrines, you will perish." A man standing by, with a paper cap on, without coat or vest, and shirt sleeves turned up to the elbows, walked up to my interruptor, and shutting his fist, put it very close to the man's nose, and said, "I have a great mind to put your perfection to the test by punching your head, and knocking your imperfections out of you, when you would be found to be a man of like passions with ourselves." Not wishing to be experimented upon, he made off. I was thus privileged to speak the word of truth with great liberty and power. I preached ruin by sin, redemption by the blood of Christ, and regeneration by the Holy Ghost! My audience—which numbered near four hundred—was very attentive to this word in season, unsought by me, but evidently decreed by the hand of God.

CHAPTER XV.

Engagement at Hadlow: Happiness in abundant labours: Preaching without breakfast: A fine house, but a poor table: The humble cot, but bountifully spread: Arise ye and depart: Death of Mr. Crowhurst: The Hadlow pastorate accepted, and removal there.

DIRECTLY the Church at Hadlow, in Kent, heard of my arrival in London, they sent me an invitation to preach to them, in consequence of their pastor being very ill. I complied with their request, and happy, happy seasons they were; they desired I would arrange to come as often as possible. For some time I preached to them two Lord's-days in each month. They then unanimously requested me to preach to them continually; this I refused, but arranged to do so three Sabbaths in the month, reserving the fourth for other places. During this time

I was hard-worked, being engaged all the week from seven o'clock in the morning until ten at night; and on Saturday evenings until twelve; then having to be off by train next morning to Hadlow, or other places, to preach three sermons, and return by train at eleven o'clock, this was the case every week, and every Lord's-day; for which strength was given me, and I was never happier, or more blessed in my work, than I was at this time.

I was invited to preach at Oxford; and in order to comply with the request, I was obliged to travel by the night mail, from Paddington to Didcot, and from Didcot to Oxford; then had to preach two and sometimes three sermons, and return to London by the early train in the morning. This was trying to the flesh (being seventeen hours on my feet during Saturday), nevertheless, it was profitable to the spirit.

Preaching about in so many different places, many strange things were to be seen and experienced. One Lord's-day I was invited to preach three sermons in Suffolk. In consequence of my business engagements, I could not leave London until the six o'clock train on the Sabbath morning. Having to leave home before five, I left without breakfast, and arrived at S—— by ten o'clock (eighty miles from London), where a person was waiting for me with a horse and cart. As he was about to drive off in a great hurry, I said, "I have not yet had my breakfast."

"Oh you shall have it, sir," he replied.

We had seven miles to go before we reached the chapel. On he drove; on, on, till we came to the chapel, the door of which was open, and they having commenced the service, I was obliged to walk up into the pulpit just as I was and preach. Directly after the sermon I was introduced to a gentleman farmer, at whose house I was to dine. I told him I hoped his house was not far off, as I had had nothing to eat that day, and was exceedingly faint.

"My house is close by," he said, "and we shall have dinner directly."

When I saw the respectable appearance of his house, I was led to anticipate good quarters. It was more than half an hour before dinner was ready. "O dear me," when it was ready, I said to myself, "I cannot eat this." During the half hour I was waiting they were employed cutting the meat off

the bone, the remains of a gammon of bacon, cooked the week before, and when now placed before me (after a journey of nearly ninety miles, and having taken nothing since the preceding evening) had the appearance of dried chips. However I was obliged to eat it, and be in the pulpit again at two o'clock. After service, I was introduced to a married couple in humble circumstances, and was by them invited to tea. I was most kindly received, and in a very short time the wife served up a beautiful tea which I really did enjoy, and was strengthened by it for my third sermon. I was in the pulpit again at six o'clock, and preached to a crowded congregation; after which I was introduced to a newly-married couple, at whose house I was to sleep. We started off together across the fields. Having walked some distance, and feeling exceedingly tired, I remarked, "I hope is not much farther we have to go."

"Oh no, sir," they replied, "it is not much farther."

"You said it was not far," I said, "before we started."

However, it was more than three miles to their house. At last we arrived, and when I saw the exterior of their domicile I shall never forget the striking contrast it presented to the fine stately-looking house, where I had received the dry hard bacon.

"Now, Mr. McCure," said the wife, directly we entered, "you want your supper, and you shall have a good one in a few minutes."

And in less than five minutes there was a beautiful spread, consisting of roast leg of mutton, fruit pie, and custard. I enjoyed it amazingly, and we sat talking together respecting the things of the kingdom of God until past eleven o'clock.

I have frequently found while thoughtlessness characterized many having the means, yet those in humbler life come forward like Christians, and give a hearty welcome, in the name of Christ, to those who are His servants. "There are many devices in the heart of man, but the counsel of the Lord that shall stand." My employer was very desirous to secure my services, and for that purpose made me the proposition of entering into partnership with him. He was now getting into years, and wished to retire from the active part of the business, therefore requested me to take stock, in order that I might become a partner with him in the business. When I com-

menced he was in the country, and having finished before he returned, all my stock-taking was useless, and I had to begin again; still he did not return, and the third time I had to go through the stock; when the words were continually sounding in my ears, "Arise ye, and depart, for this is not your rest: it is polluted; it will destroy you with a sore destruction." At first I could not understand how these words applied to the business, but the words were continually speaking to me, so much so, that I was unable to go on with the stock-taking. Something kept saying, "it will destroy you!" "it is polluted!" "this is not your rest!" At last these words came so powerfully to me that I gave it up. I told my employer it was not the will of God that I should enter into partnership with him in the business; that the Lord seemed to say to me, "it is not your rest," "it is polluted," "it will destroy you with a sore destruction." I was unable to explain myself. My employer consented to my wish, and said, "We will wait until we know what the will of God is." I then took up my pen, and wrote the following lines upon the text, "Arise ye, and depart, for this is not your rest, because it is polluted: it shall destroy you with a sore destruction" (Micah ii. 10).

Hark, hark, 'tis Jesus speaks, my soul,
 Arise, on Me thy burden roll,
 And rest in Mine embrace.
 Arise, arise! and come away;
 'Tis all pollution, here to stay,
 In Me ye shall find rest.

Tho' all below is dark and vain,
 Yet you the upper world shall gain,
 And rest before My throne.
 Yes, yes, dear Lord, it's true indeed,
 The thorns and briars make me bleed—
 I long to be at home.

No rest in creatures can I find,
 I tire, I faint, I hang behind,
 Oh come to my relief.
 I've tried to live upon my frame's,
 But hell, and sin, and Satan reigns,
 And fill my soul with grief.

My heart is like a little hell,
 Ten thousand evils in it dwell,
 Oh help me by Thy grace.

The snakes and adders round me hiss.
 Oh how I long Thy face to kiss,
 And in Thine arms to rest.

I see myself more black and vile,
 More weak and helpless, full of guile,
 Polluted by the fall.
 When I can on Thy promise rest,
 Am with Thy precious presence blest,
 I'll crown Thee Lord of all!

Thy blood's a balm for every sore,
 For Thou didst sweat in bloody gore
 To free my soul from hell.
 Thy glories great may I behold,
 Thy gracious presence makes me bold,
 Thy wondrous love to tell.

I look upon the deathly gloom,
 Then see Thee rising from the tomb,
 From sin I am set free.
 To Christ my Life, my Hope, my Head,
 Dear Holy Spirit come and lead,
 And make me dwell with Thee.

Thy sacred fire will raise me higher,
 Keep me, lest in Thy ways I tire,
 Oh waft my soul on high.
 With mighty grace and precious blood
 I'll safely pass through death's cold flood
 To Jesus Christ who died.

I'll then bow down before His throne,
 And praise free grace that's brought me home,
 In loud triumphant strains;
 And with Jehovah's blood-bought race,
 Who stand beholding His dear face,
 I'll sing, my Saviour reigns.

When I arrived at Hadlow, on the following Sunday, I found my dear Brother Crowhurst (the pastor of the Church), who had been ill for some time, was much worse, and during the week he fell asleep in Jesus. I never before, neither have I since, witnessed a more striking instance of the fulfilment of those words, "Strengthened with all might, according to His glorious power, unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness" (Col. i. 11). The account of his illness and death I published in *The Earthen Vessel*, for 1847, with outlines of two sermons preached by me on the occasion of his death; and likewise a letter written to me by his widow. I trust the Lord

blessed the reading of that most blessed instance of the triumph of grace over all the sufferings of our poor nature.

Dear reader! Grace still reigns through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord.

“Free grace can death itself outbrave,
And take its sting away;
Can souls unto the utmost save,
And them to heaven convey.”

After the death of their pastor, the Church at Hadlow forwarded me an unanimous invitation to accept the pastorate. This caused me great anxiety of mind, through my engagement with my employer, who was now advancing in life, and although the partnership was now uncertain, yet I knew he could not well dispense with my services in the management of his business; and also the Church at Hadlow could not support my family. I was convinced there was a good opening at Hadlow for business, but capital was needed to carry on the kind of business required there. I knew that the Lord was with me, and the people loved me for my work's sake. There was a Church at Oxford where I could have settled, which was in circumstances able to support me without attending to business; but for Hadlow I might have accepted that invitation, for they had unanimously invited me to the pastorate; I felt I must stand still and see the salvation of the Lord, therefore informed them I must take time to consider their invitation and the will of God concerning me. We were now blest with another daughter, Jemima, born August 30, 1847.

After the death of the Hadlow pastor, I supplied the pulpit every Lord's-day: the congregation increased, souls were born again, and the people renewed their solicitations for me to become their pastor. The application of those words before referred to, “Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest: it is polluted, it will destroy you with a sore destruction,” caused me to think that the Lord had a purpose to accomplish by them. I now spoke to my employer on the subject, and he being a Christian man could understand my position.

“To part with you,” he said, “will be to me a great loss, nevertheless, I will not stand in the way of the will of God.”

Thus my greatest obstacle in the way of accepting the Hadlow invitation was now removed.

"I will give you ten pounds," he continued, "as a donation, towards enabling you to go into business."

I was now able to accept the call to the pastorate of the Church at Hadlow, and removed there with my family. With the money raised by the friends I commenced a small business, and was well received: many were the promises of support I had from the gentry in and about Hadlow. The congregation increased. The chapel was now too small, and we found it necessary to enlarge it, which was done by making it sixteen feet longer. The re-opening of the chapel and my ordination was fixed for Monday, July 10th, 1848; on which occasion the late Mr. John Foreman, of London, delivered to me a most important charge, from Eph. iv. 12, "For the work of the ministry." That day was one of the most solemn days of my life.

● CHAPTER XVI.

The "sore destruction" made plain: A son born: Business trials: The Churchman making Dissenters: The Club sermon: An encouraging testimony: Baptizing a delicate young lady, &c.

SOON after my settlement at Hadlow I was brought to understand the meaning of that portion of the Word of God that was the means of preventing me from entering into partnership with my late employer:—"Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest: because it is polluted, it shall destroy you with a sore destruction." I could not understand in what way it was "polluted," and how it would destroy me with "a sore destruction." The business had been a prosperous one for many years; but as he kept the banking account himself, I had no means of knowing to the contrary; but this I did know, that whilst I was with him a most successful business was done. But all this time there was great extravagance at his country house. He was taken ill and died. After his death it was discovered, to the astonishment of every one, that he was much

embarrassed. Thus I could see in what way it was polluted, how it would have destroyed me with a sore destruction, and why it could not be my rest. I felt truly thankful to the Lord for delivering me from that which would have been to me a great and sore trouble; but although delivered from that trouble, yet bonds and afflictions awaited me.

We had now an increase in our family—a son, born May 5th, 1849, whom we named John Bunyan. My father was exceedingly pleased at this circumstance, for he now saw the hope of his name not being blotted out; a temptation which he laboured under for many years, and which caused him to rebel, as related in the preceding chapters.

In my business I was very much tried in consequence of the amount of credit I was obliged to give, viz., twelve months, at the expiration of which time I sent my bills for liquidation, and then had to wait another three months. Not having sufficient capital to enable me to carry on such a business, I was at times tried to the uttermost.

At the anniversary of the Hadlow Club, the clergyman of the parish used to preach a sermon, after which he presided at the public dinner. A week previous, the minister who always officiated for them refused to preach any more for the Club; they therefore applied to other ministers, but not one would accept the invitation. A meeting was called, when it was proposed that I should be asked to preach the sermon. This was objected to by a large and overwhelming majority, who belonged to the Church of England, and had never been in a Dissenting chapel in their lives, and of course objected to my preaching; they were sure they could obtain the services of a Church of England minister somewhere.

On Saturday my mind was impressed that I should be requested to preach for the Club, and the words came powerfully to my mind from which I preached to them.

"I am going to preach for the Club on Monday," I said to one of my friends.

"Impossible," he replied, "the members belong to the Church of England, and are extremely prejudiced against Dissenting ministers; the clergyman has always preached the annual sermon, therefore it is not at all likely they will want you."

"Well, you'll see," I replied; "for I feel confident I shall have to preach to them."

On the Saturday night another meeting was called by the Club, when they came to the decision to obtain a clergyman from another parish at any cost. One of my members, who was also a member of the Club, told me that they had determined not to invite me. Notwithstanding, I felt more confident than ever that I should preach.

Up to ten o'clock on Monday morning, they had failed to procure a minister. A deputation of the members of the Club now waited upon me at my house, and requested me to preach the sermon for them. I consented. At eleven o'clock the procession proceeded to the chapel, which was crowded to excess. After reading and prayer I gave out the text: "And what will ye do in the day of visitation, and in the desolation which shall come from afar? to whom will ye flee for help? and where will ye leave your glory?"—Isa. x. 3.

There were many present who for the first time heard a sermon preached by a Dissenting minister in a chapel, and some were powerfully wrought upon that day, for the Word of God was with the Holy Ghost and with power. A resolution was passed by the Club, at a meeting called for the purpose, when I was appointed minister to the Club.

The doctor of Hadlow, hearing all the circumstances of this affair, said, "The minister of the Church of England has been trying to keep his people from attending, and now he has acted in such a manner that they will go, and are sure to become Dissenters." The doctor's words were prophetic, for many were brought to decision that day. One wretched man, with darkened mind and full of sin, followed the procession, and came into the chapel, and paid great attention to the sermon. Whilst walking one day with the late Mr. Allen, of London, that man accosted me.

"Oh, that sermon, sir!" he exclaimed, taking off his hat. "Oh! that text! You were the means of making a different man of me, sir, when you preached from that text."

And to my very great astonishment, and that of my friend, he quoted every word of the text.

"Oh, sir," he continued, "it was the text you preached from when you preached to the Club: 'And what will ye do in the day of visitation, and in the desolation which shall come from afar? to whom will ye flee for help? and where will ye leave your glory?'" Many were the instances of the power of God

attending the Word, and many souls were added to the Church. Upon one occasion I baptized a husband and wife, mother and daughter, brother and sister, all of whom were fruits of my ministry.

I was exceedingly happy in my work, encouraged by my people, and being blessed with four good deacons who were loved by the people, and who worked together harmoniously for the good of the Church, and who delighted in holding up my hands, I was able to abound in my work, preaching four times a-week at home, and twice a-week elsewhere; in combination with the labour and anxiety of business.

At this time I met with a most remarkable instance of the truth of "Who teacheth like Him!"

A young woman, about twenty-two years of age, called upon me, when the following conversation took place.

"I want you to baptize me, sir," she said.

"You are a stranger to me," I replied; "I do not know that I ever saw you before."

"But you are not a stranger to me," she said; "I have heard you preach twice, and I know you to be a minister of Christ. I never before heard such a sermon as you preached last Sabbath. It took possession of my heart, and I thought I should be obliged to call out, whilst you were preaching, I have found the Lord! I have found Jesus! Oh! I did 'sit down under His shadow with great delight, and His fruit was sweet to my taste?'"

"By what means," I asked, "were you brought to see your state as a sinner?"

"I was reading the New Testament," she replied, "when I came to these words—'He that knoweth his Lord's will, and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes!' By these words I was convinced of sin, and was the subject of great distress; for I now expected to be 'beaten with many stripes.' This brought me to my knees, and I was obliged to pray unto the Lord for mercy. I had to pray for a long while, 'Mercy! mercy! mercy!' Oh! how miserable I was on account of my guilty state; and just when I feared there was no mercy for me, all at once I saw Jesus coming to me, and He said, 'Thy sins are all forgiven thee; the burthen of my guilt was gone. I felt that I was pardoned. I went to the Wesleyan chapel, Sunday after Sunday, but there was something wanting that I

could not understand. They did not preach as I felt, as I wanted, as I believed; and as I was taught out of the Word of God, it became a sore trouble to me, for I could not think the fault was in those who preached, but in myself; however, I was more determined than ever to take the Word of God for the Man of my counsel. I used to speak to the people attending the chapel, but I appeared unto them as a barbarian, they understood me not. During this state of things I called upon a person who attended your chapel, and was requested by that person to accompany her on the following Sabbath. I did so, when I heard that precious Gospel you preached; and I am now constrained to say—

‘In all my Lord’s appointed ways,
My journey I’ll pursue;
Hinder me not ye much loved saints,
For I must go with you.’”

I baptized her on her profession of faith in Christ and repentance towards God; and a blessing she was indeed to the Church.

Amongst some I had to baptize was a young woman in the last stage of consumption, exceedingly weak; she fainted away two or three times when before the Church, but she insisted upon being baptized. Her medical adviser wrote to me previously, requesting me to be very careful, as it was not safe for her to be immersed; but as she insisted upon it, she had better remain in the vestry until the moment I required to baptize her. All being ready, I said to her—

“I think, as I have several to baptize, you had better remain in the vestry until I require you.”

“For what reason?” she asked.

“You are so very weak,” I replied; “the excitement of the whole service will be too much for you.”

“The Lord will give me strength,” she said; “I have come up to worship, therefore *part* of the service will not satisfy me; I respectfully request I may be present during the whole of the service.”

“I cannot refuse you,” I said; “therefore remain.”

When I took her by the hand and looked round upon the people—for the chapel was crowded to excess; I could see that they were moved to tears as they gazed upon the death-like form before them.

Thus she stood beside me, dressed in pure white, and her complexion none the less so. Her face was very, very pale; and her large, black, lustrous eyes, now with disease sunken deep into her head, shone with wondrous purity and beauty, and gave to her beautiful countenance (now so very white) the very aspect of death. Many who came to witness her baptism firmly believed that she would not survive it. I led her down into the water. She followed with unflinching steps. I then immersed her in the name of the Holy Trinity. Directly I raised her upon her feet, and as she was coming up out of the water, she joined in the chorus which is always sung on the occasion of baptism, "Praise ye the Lord. Hallelujah!" As she passed through the crowd into the vestry her melodious voice sounded above all the others, and whilst in the vestry she was heard distinctly to repeat the chorus, "Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord." Many persons remained outside the chapel in earnest conversation respecting this wonderful instance of the sustaining power of the grace of God; and were exceedingly anxious to see how she looked when leaving the chapel. I shall never forget when she came out of the vestry.

"Oh! how well I do feel," she said, a smile radiating her face; "Oh! I do feel so well! this has been a precious season to my soul; and my poor afflicted body is quite revived through the water."

"My dear sister," I said, "God has signally honoured the faith He has given to you, and I am thankful you have not been left to yield to the fears expressed by those who said it was impossible for you to pass through the ordinance in your weak state; but through the strength of Christ you have been immersed in His name: and thus has His strength been made perfect in your weakness."

The people looked upon her with amazement as she walked away from the chapel. She enjoyed much of the Divine presence until the day of her death, which took place exactly six months after her baptism, when she fell asleep in Jesus.

"'Tis not as led by custom's voice
 We make these ways our favoured choice;
 And thus with zeal pursue:
 No; heaven's eternal sovereign Lord
 Has, in the precepts of His Word,
 Enjoined us thus to do."

CHAPTER XVII.

Resignation at Hadlow: Exercised about business: Notes from my diary: Gloomy prospects—fivepence to pay wages with: Another deliverance: A friend in need: Encouragement in labours: Addition to the Church.

I CONTINUED most successful in my business and in the Church until the last year of my pastorate in Hadlow; but greatly tried in consequence of the long credit I was obliged to give, and the want of a larger capital, referred to in the previous chapter. After much prayer unto the Lord for His counsel in a matter so important to myself and the Church, I decided to dispose of my business; and in consequence of the Church not being able to support me, I gave notice that I would resign my pastorate (having officiated there altogether for a period of about six years), and advertised my business for sale, and used every means in my power to find a purchaser, which, if I could have done, I should have had ample means to have paid my friends. I was now trying and continued to try; and, during this time, the reader may form some idea of the exercises of my mind from the following notes taken from my diary:—

“I trust it will please the Lord to send some one to purchase my business; then I shall be able to discharge all the claims that are upon me. I have ever been able to pay my way, and this is, above all things, my earnest desire. My poor mind is greatly oppressed, and my heart is full of sorrow. O Lord, I beseech Thee, deliver Thy servant; let not the world and professors triumph at my downfall, for Thy Church’s sake, Thy promise’s sake, but above all, Thy great name’s sake, interpose and deliver me.

“The clouds look portentous: I fear, I dread their contents. I have always valued my character, and my name as a man, as a Christian, and as a minister of the Gospel. I tremble, fearing I shall lose it. ‘O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me.’ I have found many friends who *feel* for me, they are sorry, and they pity me; but I have not found one to *help*. Therefore, ‘I will look unto the Lord, and I will wait for the God of my salvation.’

“I am advised to call my creditors together. I hope I shall never have to do that. I trust the Lord will prevent it. I am willing to make any sacrifice, and to endure any trouble, if I can only pay my creditors twenty shillings in the pound.

“To-day the third chapter of the Lamentations of Jeremiah described my case—‘The Lord hath hedged me about that I cannot get out: He hath made my chain heavy: He hath enclosed my ways with hewn stone, and made my path crooked.’

“I have three sermons to preach this day (Sunday), and to administer the ordinance. I have passed through a week of great trial, and have been much tried by those who ought to have comforted me. O Lord, help me to forget the things that are behind, and bring to my mind those portions of Thy holy Word to preach from unto Thy dear people. Thou knowest that I have no text. I am shut up, and cannot come forth.

“My day’s work is over. The Lord helped me, and it was a blessed time unto my soul whilst preaching the Word of Life. Oh! what a contrast between my feelings now and this morning.

“I have seven men to pay to-day (Saturday), and have only fivepence in the house; no prospect whatever of being able to get the amount of their wages, yet I feel quiet and hopeful that the Lord will appear. I have been pleading with Him to provide me with the means. O Lord, do appear for Thy poor servant; Thou hast all hearts in Thy hand, all circumstances under Thy control. Incline the hearts of those who are indebted to me, so shall I be able to pay my way, I entreat Thee, O Lord, for the honour of Thy great name. Well, it is a mercy, though painful, to be brought off from every one, and be obliged to fall down before the Lord. Just at this moment a person called to pay me six shillings. Bless the Lord! He has soon begun to deliver me; now my soul, stand still and see the salvation of the Lord. The Lord who hath begun to deliver, will deliver; for the Lord hath set the day of deliverance over against the day of trouble. Ebenezer! the Lord hath delivered me.”

A friend said to me, “I have five pounds I can let you have, if you need it.”

“Why do you think I need it?”

“It was upon my mind,” he replied; “and I felt sure such was the case, and that you were in trouble.”

He gave me ten pounds instead of five.

“I have a bill coming due for thirty pounds, and I have only nine pounds towards it. Oh! how I have been pleading with

the Lord this day to appear on my behalf. I feel sure God has a deliverance ready for me; I am encouraged thus to believe from the liberty which I have had whilst pleading with the Lord; and if I do not look higher than myself there is nothing to encourage the hope of deliverance. I had only just entered my bedroom, when I heard a knock at the street door; to my surprise I found a young woman there, a sister in the Lord, whom I baptized some time since."

"It has been laid so much on my mind," she said, "that you are in trouble. I could not rest."

At that late hour she had walked seven miles and a-half, and arrived at my house at half-past eleven.

"I have an aunt," she continued, "who is in possession of money; and I am going to her to obtain the loan of one hundred pounds for you."

I did hope, if it was the Lord's will, that her aunt would be constrained to comply with her request, and that I might be delivered.

But this was not the will of God. Just before the arrival of my friend at her aunt's, the latter had parted with all her money. Nevertheless, my sister endeared herself to me, for her sympathy, in the day of my trouble.

"I have only one clear day before the bill for thirty pounds falls due, and I still require twenty-one pounds. O Lord, help Thy poor servant to look to Thee, and trust in Thee; ah! whither shall I flee but to Thyself, the Almighty deliverer in the day of trouble? I have just opened my Bible upon these words:—'Stand still, and thou shalt see the salvation of the Lord;'—God is faithful; I will deliver thee, He has said to His troubled ones: 'call upon Me in the day of trouble.'"

"I have just received five pounds; being the proceeds of our anniversary. A worldly young man has most generously lent me five pounds, and a lady has just paid her account; I have sufficient to pay the bill, and sixpence over."

The next day being Lord's-day I preached with liberty and comfort from the text:—"Lord, Thou hast been favourable unto Thy land: Thou hast brought back the captivity of Jacob" (Psa. lxxxv. 1).

After which three persons came before the Church to tell what God had done for their souls; it was a refreshing season to hear them testify that the Lord had delivered their souls

from death. The Church meeting was not over until half-past one; and at two o'clock I had to be in the pulpit again, when I preached from the text—"And His disciples came to Him, and awoke Him, saying Lord save us, we perish" (Matt. viii. 25). After this service another Church meeting. A young woman came forward and declared what God had done for her soul. I had now to preach again in the evening. I was greatly exercised, having no text or subject for the evening; being weary and tired in body, I felt it would be impossible for me to preach, when these precious words came to my mind: "In all their affliction He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them: in His love and in His pity He redeemed them; and He bare them, and carried them all the days of old" (Isa. lxiii. 9). I preached my third sermon from that text; after which twenty-five persons met at my house for prayer and conversation. Thus closed one of those holy days, of which we had many at Hadlow.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Endeavouring to muzzle the preacher: "Wig"ing the parson: A conscience-stricken hearer: Labours at Tring: The Arminian deacons: Blind eyes opened.

MY dear readers will remember the gentleman who went mad at Birmingham, and through whose instrumentality I became a preacher of God's Word in Kent. He was a member of my congregation at Hadlow, but could not always endure experimental and discriminating preaching. Many times he has tried to place the golden muzzle upon my mouth, that I might keep back part of the truth. He would invite me to his house, and treat me in the kindest possible manner, and in every way he would try to gain an influence over me; but God most mercifully preserved me from trimming to the wishes of this man.

This reminds me of a circumstance deserving a place in this work. There was a very old minister, and a very old

gentleman, the latter exceedingly rich in this world's goods, but he objected to the discrimination and truth preached by the minister. He tried by every means in his power to induce his minister to preach differently, and actually presumed to tell his pastor how he ought to preach. His minister was one of those who are determined to preach the whole counsel of God, and he would not be influenced by this rich old gentleman. Now this old gentleman determined to adopt another course to bring the minister over to his opinion. They used wigs at this time which were very expensive, and the minister was in very straitened circumstances, and therefore he could not afford to purchase one. The rich old gentleman now made the minister a present of his left-off wig.

"You need not," he said, on presenting it, and in a coaxing manner, "be so particular in your preaching, I mean the doctrine of Election. I should like you to alter it, indeed I should."

The poor preacher began to waver—he answered not—although he was still determined to preach the truth. After every Sabbath service the old gentleman would go on the following Monday to the minister's house, and tell him what part of the sermon he objected to.

"My dear sir," he would say, dropping the golden guinea into the poor minister's hand, "pray do not preach that doctrine of Election; you ought not to do so, you can preach the Gospel without it." The guineas dropped into the minister's hand, and the wigs came also, and what with the guineas and the wigs the glorious truth was compromised. The poor old minister was in great bondage. One Lord's day, whilst in the pulpit, it pleased the Lord to deliver him from this carnal professor of religion, and from his bondage. He shouted out at the top of his voice, "I tell you what it is, my friend," addressing the rich old man, "I will no longer give way to your temptations. My brethren, I have been bribed to keep back part of the truth, but I now solemnly declare, 'wig or no wig,' 'gold or no gold,' salvation is of grace."

After this slight digression I will return to my tempter. I called upon him one morning upon a matter of business, and found him very much excited and very uncivil. He remained silent for some time, walking up and down the room.

"How dare you," he exclaimed, angrily, "expose me from the pulpit as you did last night?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"What I say," he replied.

"If you have any charge against me," I said, "I wish you would let me know what it is, for I know not what you mean."

"I mean what I say," he angrily retorted, still pacing the room with angry strides.

"You are very ungentlemanly, sir," I said, "in thus addressing me in this extraordinary manner."

He would not explain himself, and I was just in the act of leaving, when it came to my mind instantaneously.

"Sir," I said, returning again, "I think I know what you mean, but you have made a great mistake when you state that I exposed you from the pulpit last night, whilst I was preaching last evening upon the outward and visible fruits of the grace of God in the soul, as seen in the life, walk, and conversation of those who are the subjects of that grace. Can such find pleasure in the society of ungodly men? Will you find them in the ball-room, dancing in the giddy dance of sin? Will you find them at the card-table gambling away precious time? Will you find them with the wine-cup, drinking with those who sing,

'We won't go home till morning,
Till daylight does appear.'

Sir, whilst I was thus speaking, I did not know you were at Squire May's banquet on Friday night, and did not leave till four o'clock on Saturday morning. I was not present, sir, to see you, but your conscience was; and whilst I was preaching, your conscience was saying to you, 'thou art the man.' You have made a great mistake, sir; you have mistaken conscience's voice for mine."

"You are not going to get out of it like that," he replied, anger in every lineament of his face.

"My dear sir," I continued, "I am not in it, it is yourself. And now, sir, I must be faithful to you; I may not have another opportunity of reproving you. God has blessed you with the abundance of this world's goods, and the money influence that you possess you have endeavoured to bring upon the minds of some of God's servants who preach the truth, and many times

you have endeavoured to influence my mind and bridle my tongue, but not being able to accomplish your object, then you withheld your subscription of five shillings per week, which was to me a great loss. Nevertheless, a clear conscience is of more worth than thousands of gold and silver; I would rather glory in that than possess all the wealth of Golconda, or Australia, and the diamonds of Brazil. Sir," I continued, most seriously, "with reference to you, I have a presentiment that God will surely visit you, and that He will take away from you the means you now possess, and that you have used to try and seduce God's poor and needy servants from the truth."

Strange! strange! that in a few years after I should hear that God did indeed visit him, for, in consequence of heavy losses, he became a bankrupt and lost all the wealth he once possessed.

The notice I sent to the Church to resign my pastorate having now expired, I was at liberty to preach wherever I might be invited, at the same time carrying on my business until I could dispose of it.

I received an invitation to preach at Newmill, Tring, in Hertfordshire. I complied with the invitation, and preached three sermons; in the morning and afternoon from 2 Peter iii. 9, in the evening from John xiv. 26. It was very remarkable that I should have been invited to preach to that Church, on account of the three deacons who were Arminians, but God having a purpose to fulfil, and a work for me to do (notwithstanding their want of sympathy for the truth), they were constrained to invite me. I felt my mind powerfully impressed that they would again invite me. On the following morning I took a walk in Tring Park, and, whilst sitting on the stile, I said to myself, "I feel sure that I shall come here again, and that the Lord will give me souls in this place." I felt so certain, that I cut my initials on the cross-piece of the stile, and said, "This shall witness that these feelings are of the Lord, and if they are I shall be asked to preach again before I leave. Previous to my leaving by train I went to one of the deacons, where I lodged.

"We have had a meeting," he said, "and I am requested to ask you to preach next Lord's-day."

I consented, and preached for them on that day. After which a Church meeting was called, and it was decided to invite

me to preach for three months, with a view to the pastorate. I informed them I should not be able to accept the invitation with a view to the pastorate, but would preach for them for three months, and that I should be obliged to come every Saturday night and leave for my home every Monday morning. The deacons paid me every Monday morning thirty shillings.

I may here explain to my readers that I should not have resigned the pastorate at Hadlow, if my people could have supported me, or had I been possessed of sufficient capital to have carried on my business. During my three months' preaching the congregation greatly increased. The Lord blessed His Holy Word, and at the expiration of the three months it was intimated to me that I should be asked to accept the pastorate. A Church meeting was called for the specific purpose of requesting me, for the second time, to become the pastor of the Church. I refused, and for this reason: I could never agree with the Arminian principles of two of the deacons; but I accepted another invitation to preach three months more. I was continually interfered with by these two deacons, and on one occasion, after preaching to a very large audience, the senior deacon accosted me thus:—

“ Ah, sir, what did you mean by your statement this afternoon ?”

“ What did I say,” I asked, “ that you object to ?”

“ Why, you said,” he replied, “ God would do His own work.”

“ You don't mean to say I said that,” I answered, in a jocosé manner.

“ Oh yes, you did,” he replied, “ and I was sorry to hear you say such a thing; why, if God does His own work, we shall have nothing to do ourselves.”

“ Yes, my friend,” I said, “ I did say so, and I firmly believe it; and know that it is my salvation that God does His own work.”

“ We have not been used,” he replied, angrily, “ to this sort of preaching, and I am quite certain that you will empty the chapel. Mrs. — told me yesterday that she felt inclined last Sabbath to tear you out of the pulpit, and she would withdraw her subscription if that was to be the style of preaching.”

"My dear friend," I said, "that truth which you and Mrs. ——— despise, God has ever made the instrument of His grace to save; and I am confident of this, that the Lord will honour as He ever has done the testimony of truth, and, instead of the chapel becoming empty, it will be filled. As for Mrs. ——— tearing me out of the pulpit, she is in the hands of God, and whether the Lord will be pleased to give unto her a love for the truth or not, I shall not be intimidated, for 'As the Lord liveth, even what my God saith, that will I speak.'"

The chapel was well attended. I had a congregation of eight hundred persons listening from Sabbath to Sabbath to the preaching of the everlasting Gospel—the Gospel of Christ.

"The only Gospel I can own,
Sets Jesus Christ upon His throne;
Proclaims salvation, full and free,
Obtained on Calvary's rugged tree."

When the deacons saw that instead of the chapel being preached empty, it was full, and that sinners were converted, I heard no more of their discontent by finding fault with my preaching, especially when they witnessed the power of the truth upon the once truth-hating Mrs. ———, which circumstance I will relate.

One Saturday night, at my lodgings, there was a letter awaiting me from Mrs. ———, inviting me to dine with her on Monday. I complied with her request, and shall never forget my reception. She no longer felt that she could tear me to pieces, for she now loved me for the truth's sake. With tears in her eyes, she told me what God had done for her soul; how He had slain the enmity of her mind by the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. "That Gospel, sir," she said, "which you preached and I hated, and was determined I would not hear, God has made the means of opening my blind eyes, and breaking my hard heart, and constraining me to weep at His feet."

She gave me a most blessed account of the power of the truth, and further said she hoped I would become their minister, and that she would double her subscription, or more, if required.

After dinner I returned to my lodging, previously to my departure by train for home, to inform the deacon before referred to how the Lord had saved Mrs. ———, and that now, instead of withdrawing her subscription, she would double it.

"I never heard of such a wonderful thing," said the deacon, "in all my life."

"The wonders of grace," I replied, "are wonderful things, and I believe that you will yet behold many such wonders. And I still believe and am determined to preach that 'God will do His own work.'"

CHAPTER XIX.

Conviction, conversion, and death of "one deaf old lady": My last Sunday at Tring: The backslider reclaimed: Some plain words for truth-hating deacons.

ONE of the most solemn and wonderful instances of the love of God I ever experienced took place about this time; indeed, we may say—

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

There was a deaf, or partially deaf, woman living next door to one of the members of the Church. She did not attend the chapel or any place of worship, for this reason: she was too deaf to hear, the preachers did not speak loud enough for the poor old woman to hear, therefore she cared not about going. Mrs. ——— knowing this, called upon her.

"Come to chapel with me," said Mrs. ———, "our minister, Mr. McCure, preaches with a loud voice; you will be able to hear him."

"Ah, well," replied the old lady, "some day I will go, not this morning."

"Do come now," said Mrs. ———, "let me persuade you."

It was no use, she would not go that morning. Mrs. ——— called again in the evening.

"Will you come, my dear friend, this evening?" said Mrs. ———.

"No, not this evening," replied the old lady; "I will go next Sunday."

On the following Sabbath Mrs. ——— called again.

"I have come for you," said Mrs. —, "get your things on and come."

"I cannot hear if I go," replied the old lady, "it is no use, pray do not ask me; besides it would not be convenient for me to go."

"I think," said Mrs. —, "you will be able to hear Mr. McCure; pray do come."

"Oh, I know better. I am too deaf; I cannot go to-day."

Mrs. — persevered again and again, until one Sunday, being more importunate, the old lady promised to go in the afternoon.

"Come along," said Mrs. —, entering her house in the afternoon.

"I am so tired," replied the old lady, "so tired."

The fact was, the poor old woman was afraid she could not hear.

"Well, well," she said, smiling, "I promise you I will go to chapel this evening."

In the evening she came with Mrs. —. The text was: "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his" (Numb. xxiii. 10). I felt to have power at the throne of grace, and prayed to God to give me souls, but knew nothing of this poor old dame. All these circumstances were related to me after God had taken her home to glory. The deaf old lady heard every sentence of the sermon; and, more than that, the Lord blessed it to her soul. She became convinced of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, and now she was obliged to pray the prayer of the text, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." She was exercised and distressed in her soul to such an extent that she became ill in body. She cried, "The Lord will not have mercy on me." Monday she was confined to her bed; she thought there was no mercy for her soul. On the Wednesday the blessed Lord heard her supplications, and pardoned her iniquities, and gave her to realize the prayer of the text, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." On the Thursday she died.

The deacon informed me, after preaching the following Sabbath, that there was a person for me to bury. From the pulpit I went to the grave. I met the mourners with the dead. I inquired of the deacon who the party was that had died?

"I do not know anything about her," he said, "or who she is."

"What, you do not know who it is?" I amazingly inquired.

"I know nothing whatever," was the answer of the deacon.

I committed the poor old lady's mortal remains to the grave, and was leaving the graveyard when one of the mourners stopped me.

"Sir," he said, "have you not heard of the merciful deliverance the Lord vouchsafed to her you have just committed to the grave, and the seal that God has given to you for your ministry?"

"This, sir, is all new to me," I replied; "to what do you allude?"

"Did you not hear how the Lord appeared for the departed one, now being covered with the earth?"

"No, sir," I replied astonished, "not one sentence."

I was then informed of every circumstance as I have related it. My soul was deeply affected at the recital.

I returned to the grave; friends and mourners stood around it. To them I said, "I shall be in the pulpit at two o'clock, when I will make some remarks upon the death of our departed friend, whom the Lord delivered from the kingdom of darkness; which remarks I should have made over the grave had I known the affecting and yet glorions circumstances attending her death."

There were many other instances of the power of God attending the Word, which, if all were told, would swell the pages of this book beyond the limits of a work of this character.

Notwithstanding these many encouraging instances, I could not accept the pastorate of the Church. The deacons were in my way, and with them I could not work, and neither could they work with me. Hence I gave notice that as my second three months had just expired, I should not enter into any further engagement with them, and therefore would preach my farewell sermon to them on next Lord's-day fortnight. The day arrived, and that day I believe will never be forgotten by many; never, no, never can I forget it.

Had I known I was thus beloved by the people, and was living in their hearts, I should have accepted the call of the Church to become their pastor, notwithstanding the deacons.

On the morning of that memorable day, my last Sunday in Tring, I preached to a chapel full of people from Deut. xxxiii. 29; in the afternoon, from Titus ii. 13; on which occasion the chapel was not only full, but crowded. There were not less than nine hundred persons present, and many were the faces down which the tears of sorrow were coursing. The deacons, anticipating a large attendance, arranged to have the quarterly collection after the afternoon service. The people had found out by some means that I had only been paid thirty shillings per week (it used to cost me that amount for my travelling expenses), when I ought to have been paid forty shillings. They (the people) were determined not to give to the collections; they passed the plates, as the deacons stood at the doors, by hundreds, without giving anything, and came round to my vestry, at the back of the chapel, and gave it to me. I never witnessed such affection and grief upon the part of the people. In the evening I preached from Zech iv. 7. After which a woman came up to me and said: "Is this indeed the last sermon we shall hear you preach?"

"Yes," I said, "you will see my face no more at Tring."

"Then let me tell you," she replied, "what God has done for my soul. I had been a backslider for fourteen years, and during those years I had lived in sin, and in that state I was induced to come to hear you preach. The Lord blessed the Word, and made you the instrument of reclaiming a poor backslider from the power of sin. The Lord has indeed set His hand a second time to the work; oh! sir, it was like being born again. I came again and again, and that which was wrought under *'that'* sermon was confirmed under the others, and I can testify to the praise of sovereign grace that the Lord has pardoned my sins. Good-bye, we shall meet in heaven."

I lodged at the house of two of the deacons, who were brothers; they were completely dumbfounded; they said "they never before witnessed such a day." But the scene of the next day was equally as remarkable. Presents poured in from every quarter and of every description. The old deacon was engaged all the morning answering the door and receiving the presents for me. I will enumerate some of them: two very large home-made loaves, smoking hot; a bonnet for one of the children; some new butter; chimney ornaments; some pillow

lace, made by a lady between seventy and eighty years old; and a variety of other things too numerous to mention.

Before I left the deacons I spoke a word of warning to them. "You have suffered yourselves," I said, "to be hindrances to me in my work, and you have endeavoured by various means to intimidate my mind, that I should not preach the preaching that you object to, and that God has so signally blessed. And, in consequence of your spirit and conduct, I am now this day leaving Tring, whereas, but for you, I might have been the settled pastor of the Church. I feel sure that the Lord will visit you for these things; He will not bless you, and, if you continue this course, take heed, lest the Lord spue you out of His mouth."

And thus I left Tring, after having preached seventy-six sermons, and travelled a distance of three thousand seven hundred and fifty miles, besides attending to my business.

* CHAPTER XX.

Deacons worthy of imitation: Kent and Sussex Association Meeting: First indications of Australian labours: Deacons unworthy of imitation: "The way" made plainer: Appointed chaplain to the Hyderabad: A peculiar parson.

TIME flew by very quickly; I remained still at Hadlow, where we were blessed with another son, whom we named Joseph—born September 23rd, 1851.

I was asked to preach at East Lane, Walworth, London, for a month. During that time I preached with acceptance and profit to the people; which I was not aware of until afterwards. It is impossible to write too much of that Church and its four deacons; they were men worthy to be copied by all deacons; and, if Churches and ministers were blessed with such, then would those Churches be united together in love, and the ministers would be happy in their work. They always had a kind word and a smiling face for every one. I believe there was not one in the Church or congregation

who did not love them. To a minister they were the kindest, most thoughtful, and most encouraging I ever met with. Before I went into the pulpit they always shook hands with me, one after the other, speaking some kind word; particularly if I was cast down, thus was I addressed:—

First Deacon.—"The Lord be with thee, and bless thee."

Second Deacon.—"Cheer up, brother, we shall not cease to pray for you."

Third Deacon.—"Preach Christ, brother, and you will be sure to have the presence and power of the Spirit."

Fourth Deacon.—"He who has helped you, will now help; fear not, brother, be of good comfort."

I never went into that pulpit to preach without these good men speaking to me in the most encouraging way.

At the Church meeting, whereat they determined to ask me to preach for the month, they also came to the conclusion to invite another minister for the following month. I therefore, at the expiration of my month, returned again to Hadlow.

At the annual meeting of the Kent and Sussex Association of the Particular Baptist Churches, the ministers and messengers considered the claims of the colonies of Australia. Letters received from those who resided in Victoria, New South Wales, and South Australia, complaining of the want of ministers of our own denomination; and stating that, if such would come out, they would be well supported in a great work.

My mind had been long exercised upon this subject. I now felt constrained to offer to go to that far-off land with the Gospel of Christ—a minister of the Lord Jesus. The Association unanimously encouraged me, and was very glad to find I was willing to go to Australia, the pioneer minister of the Churches, and felt it was their duty to assist me in every way. The suggestion offered by me seemed to give great pleasure,—that a representative of the Particular Baptist Churches should settle in Australia. The following resolution was proposed, seconded, and carried unanimously:—

KENT AND SUSSEX ASSOCIATION OF BAPTIST CHURCHES,
Ramsgate, June 8th, 1852.

At our Association Meetings we have considered the case of our brother, John Bunyan McCure, late pastor of the Church at Hadlow, who is disposed to go to Australia, where zealous, truthful ministers are much needed. We affectionately recommend his case to the consideration of our Churches and

other Christian people, and hope he will be furnished with the means to carry himself and wife and their six little ones to that country, whither so many are emigrating, and where we trust our brother will be helped and owned of God in the ministry of the Word of Life. The fact that many of our Churches decline to assist in foreign missions, generally because of the low doctrine views of the agents of those missions, makes this call more imperative on them, while we have pleasure in testifying of our brother McCure that he will omit in his ministry no part of the divine counsel.

JOHN PENGELLY EDGCOMBE, *Moderator.*

WILLIAM FREMLIN, *Treasurer.*

CORNELIUS SLIM, Maidstone, *Secretary.*

I cordially add my approval of this object.

T. JONES, Chatham.

I now determined to make the best arrangement I could with regard to my business at Hadlow, and I am sorry to state that I was unable to dispose of it, which caused me great loss and much trouble. There was a balance due to some—my personal friends—to whom I was indebted; they ought to have helped and sympathised, for I had faithfully promised them the full amount of the balance due to them, whatever it might be. But no, they most cruelly persecuted me, and caused me trouble and sorrow, enough to crush any man. The Lord gave me that precious promise:—"For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee" (Isa. liv. 10).

The appeal drawn up by the Association was published in the "Association Letter," the Churches responded, and I was invited to preach sermons for the object named in the appeal. My prospect was exceedingly encouraging; there was no doubt whatever but that I should realize over and above my actual need. I was very desirous that it might be so, and determined to persevere to the utmost of my power, not only to obtain the necessary amount to take my family to Australia, but enough to pay whatever balance might be due before I left England; and with this twofold object I was about to commence. After I had preached at Meopham on the Lord's-day by arrangement, I called upon the late Mr. Thomas Shirley, of Sevenoaks, and thence upon the late Mr. Robinson, of Borough Green. By these two brethren I was informed that my friends had written letters to the Churches, wishing them not to give me collections to enable me to go to Australia, but to give the

collections to pay them; and they wrote in the most disparaging manner. The letter sent to the Borough Green Church I saw, and while reading it, the late Mr. Neville, of Sutton-at-Hone, came in. The ministers were grieved exceedingly that those friends should thus act, and as to the Churches giving collections to pay them, it was out of all character; they would do nothing of the kind. I wrote a letter immediately, requesting them to meet me at Tunbridge on the morrow. The ministers who were with me at that meeting urged them to recall those letters, for by such a course they would be doing themselves no good, but myself much injury, and taking out of my hands the only means by which I could fulfil my promise to them. However, it was all in vain, they would not recall them. I met them again about a week after, but they were unrelenting; and actuated by this proceeding, I came to the conclusion not to accept the invitation of the Churches. But here again I was in the hands of my God, who had determined otherwise, for He removed the mountains from my path, and means were provided; and I am truly thankful in being able to record, to the Lord's praise, that I have paid my friends with interest, and have also forgiven them.

I was to preach for the late Mr. Wall, at Rye, which was one of the Churches of the Association, he being engaged to preach at Tring on that day. I arrived at Rye on the Saturday evening, worn out, and dejected in spirit. Mrs. Wall, directly she saw me, said:—"I am so glad you have come among us; we will do all we can for you. We have heard how cruelly you have been treated; but your first collection shall be made in our chapel directly after the sermons."

"My dear friend," I replied, "I do not wish for any collection, for I am now of opinion that I shall not go to Australia."

"You must go," she answered. "God has a work for you to do there, and you must state the case fully after each sermon. My husband gave notice last Sabbath that such would be the case."

I went into the pulpit, one of the deacons came up to me and requested me to state the whole of my case, disguising nothing, for he was certain, in spite of the antagonistic letters that had been despatched to the Churches, the people's sympathies were with me.

"Oh, I cannot do so!" I said; "I feel too crushed in spirit."

"You must," replied the deacon. "I will not allow you to leave the pulpit until you have done so."

"I cannot," I answered.

After preaching I merely stated there would be a collection; I was too much depressed to say more. My dear, kind friend, Mrs. Wall, who felt sure I should have gone into particulars, when she found that I did not, she rose from her seat and went into the lobby, and as the people were leaving the chapel one by one, she told them I was going to Australia with my wife and six children to preach the Gospel, but that I was too much cast down to speak myself, therefore she did it for me. "I am asking for a collection," she continued, "to enable our dear brother to proceed with his family to Australia, and in the far-off land to preach the Gospel of Christ."

She then came into the vestry.

"See," she said, smiling, "ours is the first Church that has made a collection for you. You would not ask it yourself, therefore, my dear brother, I did it for you."

The proceeds of the collection amounted to six pounds fifteen shillings. Mr. Wall also made a collection at Tring for the same purpose, amounting to three pounds.

I now felt much relieved in spirit, for I knew by these instances that the Lord would cause the machinations of my enemies to be as nought, and that the Lord would work for me. From the Church at East Lane, Walworth, I received a cheque for nine pounds, and from one of the deacons of the same place one for two pounds; subscriptions were also sent in from other persons, and invitations for me to preach in different parts of England.

Beholding the hand of God so unmistakeably, I girded up the loins of my mind, and, staff in hand, addressed myself to the journey before me, believing that it was the will of God that I should go to Australia, and that all mountains of opposition and difficulty would be removed. In reference to those who opposed me, and the difficulties that presented themselves, I now received again the application of that most precious promise which wrought in my soul the confidence that supported my mind, and nerved my heart to persevere:—"For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed: but My kindness

shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee" (Isa. liv. 10).

I was walking along the City Road with my old friend Mr. Minton, we passed a house with large posters on the outside, with the words "Christian Emigration Society," advertising the ship *Hydrabad*, to sail for Port Philip, Australia. I inquired of the secretary the nature and object of the society. Having furnished me with the information, my friend informed him that I was a Baptist minister, and was going to Australia.

"Why don't you unite with us?" asked the secretary. "And, beside, we shall require a chaplain for the ship; if you make application you may get the appointment, which will secure for yourself a cabin passage."

"No, sir," I replied, "I could not think of making application when I know there will be two or three Independent ministers who have engaged to go out by the same ship, and as this is a Congregational movement, the chaplainship will doubtless be given to a minister of that denomination."

"We shall have a committee meeting," he replied, "this evening, and I shall propose you for the office of chaplain of the *Hydrabad*."

"How singular," I said to my friend, after we left the office, "that he should act thus to me, a stranger. If the appointment be given to me, seeing I have not applied for it, and not having yet engaged to go by that ship, I shall conclude that this is the Lord's doing."

On the morrow I called upon the secretary, who told me the committee had unanimously decided to give me the office of chaplain of the vessel. I was indeed astonished, and could not do otherwise than accept it, and admired the wondrous working hand of God, which was evidently working for me. I proceeded on board the vessel to select a cabin for my family, and paid the deposit money.

Having to preach at Barley, in Cambridgeshire, Mr. Dickerson, a Baptist minister in London, advised me to go into Huntingdonshire, and he would give me letters of introduction, recommending me to call upon his old friend, the late Mr. Sutton, at Cottenham, and at other places. Mr. Dickerson wrote letters apprising them of my intended visit.

Having preached at Barley on the Lord's-day, and having received a collection, as an expression of sympathy, to the amount of four pounds, on the Monday following I proceeded by train to Cambridge, from thence to Willingham. There I became acquainted with the Baptist minister, Mr. Alderson, who is now the pastor of the Baptist Church, East Street, Waltham, he received me with great kindness, and hoped I would stay over Lord's-day, when they would give me a collection. I could not comply with his request, being engaged elsewhere. I then went to Cottenham, and called upon Mr. Sutton, who had received Mr. Dickerson's letter.

It was well for me that my friend Mr. Dickerson, before I left London, informed me of the eccentricities of Mr. Sutton, and told me to be sure and let my yea be yea, and my nay nay. The first time I called at Mr. Sutton's residence he was away from home, and would not return for two hours. Having nowhere to go, and not having shaved that morning, I went to a barber, but he not being within, I obtained permission to shave myself. I had but just commenced operations, when a tall, venerable-looking old gentleman entered. Looking round the shop, he muttered something to himself, and walked out. The thought struck me in a moment that it was Mr. Sutton, although I had never seen that gentleman before. Just as I was, in my shirt sleeves, face lathered, razor in one hand, and brush in the other, I went to the door and called him.

"Is your name Sutton, sir?" I asked, when he came back.

"Yes, that's my name," he replied, sharply. "What's your name?"

"McCure," I replied.

He, looking at me from head to foot, said, yet more sharply, "Is that all?"

"John," I said.

"Is that all?" he again said, roughly.

"Bunyan," I replied.

"Hem! that makes John Bunyan McCure," he said, still more roughly. "Why did you not say that before?"

"Well, sir," I answered, "I hope it is not too late to say it now. Have you received a letter from Mr. Dickerson respecting me?"

"Yes, I have," he replied.

"Mr. Dickerson," I said, "requested me to call upon you. I called at your residence about an hour since."

"Well, was I at home?" he asked, in the same rough tone.

"No!" I replied, "and neither are you now; when will it be convenient for me to call upon you?"

"Two o'clock," he answered, in the same rough manner, and, without saying good morning, he walked away, leaving me standing at the door in mute astonishment.

At two o'clock I called at his house. Directly the door was opened, and the moment he saw me, he called out, "Come in, Mr. McCure, you've just come in time; these two women (pointing to two women in the room) were just going to blow me up; I caught them in the very act, here is the powder" (showing me a small quantity of powder in a piece of brown paper). One of them said to me:—"Why, sir, it's washing-day, and we were just about cleaning out the copper flue."

"Yes!" vociferated Mr. Sutton, "and would blow up this house, and everybody in it."

"My dear sir," I said, "there is not sufficient powder in that paper to do harm; I've frequently seen double that quantity used for cleaning copper flues."

"Well," he answered, speaking to the women, "go along with you; but if you blow me up, look out!"

"Take a seat, Mr. McCure," he continued, addressing me. "I'm glad to see you; Mr. Dickerson wrote and told me all about you; now what will you take to eat?"

"I do not need anything," I replied.

"Well, will you have a crust of bread-and-cheese?" he asked.

"No, sir," I answered.

"Will you have a glass of ale?"

"I thank you, but I would much rather not!"

"Well, you'll take something, won't you?"

"Nothing at this time, sir."

"Well, that's strange, you won't take anything to eat and drink at my house; here, I'll tell the servant to bring in some bread-and-cheese and a glass of ale."

"When I say no, sir," I sternly replied, "I mean no, and when I say yes, I mean yes; if I had needed refreshment, I should have said yes at once, but not requiring it I said no; and having said no, I don't mean yes."

"Ah! that's it, is it?" he answered, "then I suppose you

are a man of your word; you'll do, I don't like people to say one thing and mean another."

I knew the man so well, that if I had said yes, after saying no, he would have severely retorted, and said, "you call yourself a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, you that don't know your own mind!" or something to that effect. Having put my decision to the test, and being satisfied that my nay was nay, and my yea was yea, he appeared very pleased, and spoke to me with kindness and affection.

"You'll preach for me next Sunday," he said, "and we will give you a collection, and help you all we can."

"Would it be possible," I asked, "for me to preach during the week, as I'm engaged next Lord's day to preach in London?"

"It would be impossible," he replied, "to get the people together on an evening in the week, as it is harvest time; and I am sorry you cannot stay, for I am sure it would be worth your while."

I again told him I could not stop, and proceeded to Somersham. The next morning I called upon the late Mr. Orris, a Baptist minister, who in the kindest manner bid me welcome, and with whom we will commence the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXI.

Great sympathy and twelve-pennyworth of help: Another shilling with much love: Broad doctrines and half-a-crown: Preaching at Mile End: Another friend.

MR. ORRIS informed me they had made arrangements for me to preach on the following Sabbath, and was exceedingly sorry that I could not fall in with that arrangement, having to preach in London on that day; the same difficulty presented itself here as at Cottenham with reference to a week-night service.

"This you may do," he said, "I will give you the names of some persons whom God has blessed with much of this world's

goods, and that they may know I sympathise with you, I should just like to put my name in your book, as a small token of my Christian regard. He then gave me two shillings and sixpence, stating it was not the amount, but the recommendation it would be to my case.

After remaining a short time with him, I proceeded to call upon the persons whose names he gave me. The first was a gentleman of considerable means; not being at home, I next called upon Mr. —, a person likewise well-to-do; directly I introduced myself he gave me the most enthusiastic reception.

“Come in, Mr. McCure,” he exclaimed, “come in, I’m delighted to see you, we’ve heard about you, and all about your going to Australia, and we’re so glad; you’ll preach on Sunday, won’t you? we will give you a good collection.”

“I cannot,” I said, “I am engaged to preach elsewhere on that day; I have seen your minister, and have informed him to that effect, and he has given the names of a few persons full of sympathy, with ample means, to help.”

“Well! I’m so glad he sent you to me,” he answered, “I feel quite a love for you, because you are going to Australia; I’ve been saying for some time that ministers ought to go, and when I heard of your trouble, and that you had made up your mind to go to Australia, I said it was a good trouble after all. It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and now if this wind blows you to Australia, why, I believe it will be a good wind. Well, my dear friend, what an undertaking it is for the wife and six children to travel sixteen thousand miles. I’m sure everybody will be your friend, and will help you; I will, for there are so many of our people who have gone out to Australia: you a minister of the Gospel have, therefore, a claim upon us.”

He then put his hand into his pocket, drew out a long bag containing money, and gave me a *shilling*.

“Would you oblige me with your name?” I asked.

He gave it to me, and I entered it in my book as a memento of the practical sympathy of my wealthy friend! While I was standing at his door, a gentleman came up. Mr. — said, this is Mr. McCure. He gave me a very hearty shake of the hand.

“Ah! sir,” continued Mr. —, “I have just been telling Mr. McCure there is no one here but will bid him God speed,

and will help him, that he may go to that wonderful country, Australia, and preach the Gospel. I've just given him a shilling, and I know you will give him another, won't you?"

"Oh! yes," said the gentleman, "that I will," and, putting his hand in his pocket, he also gave me a shilling. My readers perhaps would be desirous of knowing why I did not call upon any other person in Somersham. I considered the liberality of these persons sufficient excuse.

I was particularly requested by Mr. Dickerson to call upon an old friend of his, a doctor, residing at St. Ives; he (Mr. Dickerson) having given me a letter of introduction to that person. I called at his house, and delivered the letter to a gentleman who answered the door; he opened it, and having made himself acquainted with its contents, said, "Oh, I see this is for my father, he is very ill in bed, you can't see him; I wouldn't give a shilling to a person of your sentiments."

"Yes, you will, sir," I replied, "when I ask you! and now, sir, what's the matter with my sentiments that you wouldn't give a shilling for?"

"Oh! I can see," he answered, "you are one of my father's sort; he holds doctrines I cannot endure. Away with your narrow Gospel, and preach a broad Gospel, that will take in all the world, and then I'll help you to go to Australia; for I contend that's the only Gospel they want out there."

"The Gospel that I preach, sir," I replied, "is the Gospel of the grace of God, and it does not appear to me that you are under the gracious influence of such a Gospel; if you were, you would not be forgetful to entertain strangers."

"I apologise for my rudeness," he said; "come in, sir, and I will give you welcome."

He called the servant and told her to bring some refreshment. Whilst I was partaking of it, he drew up to the table.

"I am very sorry," he said, "that my father is unable to see you, I am sure it would have afforded him great pleasure. Well, sir," he continued, "this is a wonderful undertaking on your part, and I do hope you will meet with not only sympathizing friends, but those who will be friends indeed. Have you been successful thus far? may I see your book?"

I handed him the book, and he looked over the names.

"Ah!" he ejaculated, "Mr. —, one shilling; Mr. —, one shilling; here's your narrow Gospel men, sir; why, Mr.

McCure, if I were you, I should be ashamed to be identified with such people."

"You have merely selected," I replied, "two names out of many; you don't remark upon the six pounds, the nine pounds, the four pounds, and the fives, and so on; surely you will not judge a large body of Christians by these two persons."

"Well," he said, "I'll beat them and give you half-a-crown, although I have no sympathy, which they profess to have. If you should be spared," he continued, putting the half-crown in my hand, "to reach Australia, and there not preach the whole Gospel, you'll deserve to be damned and double damned, and burned in hell fire for ever; and now, sir, go down on your knees and pray."

Feeling persuaded that he stood in need of prayer, I knelt down and prayed. Directly I concluded, he commenced, and prayed most earnestly "that the Lord would bless me, raising up for me friends; that he himself would be my friend, and that the Lord would conduct my family and myself to the land of Australia."

I was amazingly astonished at witnessing the proceedings of this extraordinary and eccentric young man, and more so at the earnestness and truthful manner in which he prayed. He shook hands with me in the warmest manner, and thus we parted. I returned to London on the Friday following, and, as I was proceeding down the Borough, I met the editor of the *Earthen Vessel*, Mr. Banks.

"Oh, Mr. McCure," he exclaimed, "I am delighted to see you; I am unwell, and am engaged to preach this evening at Mile End. Will you preach for me?"

I consented; and preached that evening. After the sermon a collection was made, amounting to one pound two shillings and ninepence. As I was leaving the pulpit a gentleman came to me.

"I had no idea," he said, "that I should see you here to-night; I have been wishing to see you for the last week. I want to give you this as a token of my Christian sympathy."

And he placed in my hand two pounds.

CHAPTER XXII.

Preaching at Mount Zion: Farewell meeting at Unicorn Yard: Valedictory meeting at the Moorfields Tabernacle: Sixteen pounds wanted: Sending the plates round: Eighteen pounds got: Lines on our departure from England: Children on the table: Resolution: On board the *Hydrabad*.

ON the Lord's-day I preached at Mount Zion Chapel, City Road, London. The Lord was very gracious to me while in His house; not only did He open my mouth to speak of the glorious honour of His majesty, and His wondrous works; but He filled my soul with the consolation and comfort of the Spirit. Whilst feasting on the feast of fat things, full of marrow, of wines on the lees well refined, I forgot my poverty, and ceased to remember my misery, so long as I remained in the banqueting house. A collection was made, which amounted to four pounds four shillings and fivepence.

While I was now preaching about in different places, my friends in London arranged to get up a farewell tea and public meeting, to be held in Unicorn Yard Chapel. The following poster was exhibited through the city:—

"Farewell! A public meeting will be held (D.V.) at Unicorn Yard Chapel, Tooley Street, Southwark, on Monday evening, Aug. 30, 1852, when Mr. John Bunyan McCure, the first Missionary from the Strict Baptist Churches to Australia will, with his wife and family, be solemnly committed to the care and blessing of the great Head of the Church. Mr. Thomas Jones will take the chair. The following ministers have kindly promised to take part in the services of the evening:—Messrs. Allen, Dickerson, Wyard, Banks, Robinson, Hazelton, Searle, and others. Tea will be provided at half-past five o'clock, at sixpence each."

On the same evening a valedictory meeting was to be held at the Tabernacle, of which the following is also a copy of the placards posted:—

"Christian emigration! The *Hydrabad*. Valedictory service for the emigrants will be held at the Tabernacle, Moorfields, on Monday evening, Aug. 30, 1852, when the Rev. Thomas James, Secretary to the Colonial Missionary Society; Rev. Dr. Lang, of Sydney, and the minister about to proceed in the above ship, will address the meeting. Dr. Campbell will take the chair at seven o'clock precisely. Members of Churches and others are particularly requested to visit and view this splendid ship, now lying in the East India Dock, Blackwall."

Directly tea was over at the farewell meeting I proceeded to the valedictory meeting at the Tabernacle. Soon after the commencement of the latter I begged to be excused, having to

address the farewell meeting, now being held on my behalf at Unicorn Yard Chapel. I hurried back, and arrived just as Mr. Dickerson was speaking. I shall never, as long as I live, forget that meeting. There were not less than eight hundred persons present, including twenty ministers of the Gospel. They each and all seemed to vie with each other in acts of love towards my wife, my children, and myself.

The ministers who spoke on that occasion did so like men, like Christians, like ministers of our God. The prayer of Mr. Banks, my old and long-trying friend, I shall ever remember. He prayed in the Spirit; he seemed to have power with God while he solemnly committed us to the care and guidance of the Lord. I heard many remark that they never heard such a prayer. There was one circumstance that I must record,—it was another instance of the wonders of Divine providence, and the truth of the words of Jesus—"Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things" (Luke xii. 30).

The Lord knew I needed sixteen pounds, and we were ordered to be on board ship on the morrow. I had not mentioned this to any one but to the Lord. Oh! how I had been pleading with Him to provide me the amount that night.

Directly after I had spoken, a gentleman, the late George Pallissier, came up to me whilst the hymn was being sung—

"God moves in a mysterious way."

"I want to ask you a question," he said, "and I hope you will answer it without any hesitation. Have you sufficient money to complete your arrangements?"

"The Lord knows," I answered, "what I have need of. I have not sufficient."

"How much do you require?" he asked.

"Sixteen pounds," I replied.

When the hymn was finished, the late Mr. George Wyard, of Soho, was called upon to speak.

"I respectfully ask permission," interrupted Mr. Pallissier, "to say a few words."

His request was granted.

"Mr. Chairman," he said, "I feel myself honoured in being present at this meeting, having for its object the sending forth of a Strict Baptist minister to Australia. Now we have met

here to-night not only to speak words of sympathy, but to practice sympathy. I felt exercised in my mind whilst sitting here, as to whether our brother had sufficient money to pay his expenses to Australia, and therefore I put the question plainly to him, and I find he has not sufficient. I therefore propose, Mr. Chairman, that the plates be sent round at once—do not leave it until the meeting is over, and then discover, when it is too late, there is not enough collected; if they are taken now, and there is not sufficient, we will send them round again.”

The proposition was agreed to, and the plates were taken round. The amount collected was eighteen pounds, being two pounds more than was required. While the collection was being made, the following lines were presented to me by a gentlemen who had composed them, and who had a number printed on cards, to be sold for my benefit at one penny each.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MR. J. B. McCURE,

On his departure from England to Australia, on Wednesday, Sept. 1, 1852.

Go, brother, go, and may the Lord
 Preserve thee on the briny deep;
 May He fulfil His gracious word—
 That Israel's Keeper cannot sleep.

He hath sustained thee hitherto,
 And proved Himself thy gracious Friend;
 All honour to His name is due,
 Then to His throne let praise ascend.

Thy native country called to leave,
 Australia's distant shores to tread,
 Protecting grace thou shalt receive
 From Christ thy ever-living Head.

Thy wife and children to His care,
 With supplication we commit;
 May they with thee His blessings share,
 And sit rejoicing at His feet.

Though winds may blow and billows rise,
 And lightnings flash and thunders roll—
 Yet to the Lord direct thine eyes,
 Whose power alone can storms control.

We hope to hear of thy success
 When landed on those distant shores;
 O may the Lord thine efforts bless—
 Enrich thee from His heavenly stores.

Blow loud the Gospel trumpet, blow!
 Salvation to the lost proclaim;
 And may the souls of thousands know
 Through thee the mighty Saviour's name.

May God thy labours richly crown;
 May sinners great be brought to bow
 Before His everlasting throne,
 From whence salvation's blessings flow.

And when thy Saviour calls thee home,
 No more on earth to spend thy days—
 We hope to share around the throne
 A long eternity of praise.—J. CLARK.

At the close of the meeting my wife and six children were called for, they came to the table pew; the younger children being placed upon the table. Hundreds of friends passed by the table-pew on their way out, that they might personally bid us farewell. It was, indeed, a most overwhelming demonstration of Christian love and earnest desire for our future welfare.

The following was the resolution proposed, and unanimously adopted at the meeting:—"That we deeply sympathise with our beloved brother, John Bunyan McCure, who, from a desire to serve the cause of Christ, is, with his dear wife and six little children, about to leave his native land for the distant shores of Australia; and we affectionately commend him to the Christian hospitality and consideration of the godly wherever providence may lead him; while we also bear testimony to his ministerial fidelity and blameless life.

"Signed, on behalf of the meeting, by
 "T. JONES, *Chairman.*"

The next day we all went on board the *Hydrabad*, and sailed for Gravesend. In the next chapter I will acquaint my readers with our departure from Gravesend, and with our voyage until our arrival in Melbourne.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MY FIRST LOG-BOOK ON BOARD THE SHIP "HYDRABAD."

SEPTEMBER 4th.—At a quarter past four o'clock in the afternoon, the steamer arrived to tow us from Gravesend out to sea. It is impossible to describe my feelings—I felt quite overcome when I thought of those whom I loved, thinking that we should never see each other in the flesh any more; a final farewell for time! We went to bed at ten o'clock, and slept well and comfortably that night.

5th.—On Lord's-day a great deal of noise and bustle on board during the early part of the morning. Several sick, but not violently. Passed the North Foreland, near Margate, at ten o'clock a.m. A boat came alongside from Ramsgate in which the pilot returned. We held a prayer meeting on the poop deck, and thus commenced our first Lord's-day, praying for a prosperous voyage. In the evening, half-past six o'clock, a public service on the same place; the principal part of the passengers were present. I preached to them the Lord Jesus. The Lord was with me; during the service we passed Dover.

6th.—We passed the Isle of Wight. In the night, or early in the morning, we were alarmed with tremendous peals of thunder, vivid lightnings, heavy rains—it was awfully grand. All, however, passed off well. Now began an increase of sea sickness, very few exempt. Afternoon, we entered the Bay of Biscay; the weather very favourable; the motion of the vessel is felt considerably more here, which undoubtedly contributed to the prevalence of sea sickness. Myself, wife, Jane, Sarah, Esther, and Jemima, all very ill; John and Joseph exempt.

9th.—The weather exceedingly fine; abatement of sea sickness; the decks crowded throughout the day with recovering patients. Our passage through the Channel and the Bay of Biscay very favourable. The captain says he has been through the Bay nineteen times, but never under circumstances so satisfactory.

10th.—Just leaving the proverbially troubled waters of the Bay—in our experience more like the passage of a river than

one of the most conflicting parts of the ocean; the day very auspicious; our entrance into the Atlantic distinguished by the abundant goodness of God, whose tender mercies have been so long and strikingly manifested. We have just spoken to vessels on their homeward route. Half-past six o'clock in the evening, a public prayer meeting, three brethren engaged.

11th.—We have just spoken to and passed the *Joshua Warrington* from Liverpool, bound to Valparaiso, sailed seven days before the *Hydrabad*. I feel that I have much to say, very much, in praise of the Lord our God, for the many favours bestowed upon us above other vessels we have passed, who left seven, ten, and twelve days before us, and in a few hours we have left them miles behind and out of sight; the fine weather and our being restored to health; this is, doubtless, in answer to the many prayers offered up on our behalf. Brethren, pray for us.

Whilst we are thus pleased and encouraged with the goodness of the Lord, we are disappointed and very much displeased with many of our fellow passengers. We consider we have been shamefully deceived; I am sorry to say this is anything but "Christian Emigration." There are many who are a disgrace to the Christian name—if ever they possessed the "one thing needful" in England, I should say they have left it behind, for I am sure they have not even moral religion on board the ship; for there are many who do not fear God at all. Whoever would have believed that our souls would have to be vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked on board the *Hydrabad*? There is a great deal of dissatisfaction expressed, for we are mixed up with all sorts. I am sorry to say we have but very, very few who love the truth as it is in Jesus, and the saving work of God the Holy Ghost; but I hear these words speaking to me,—“Who maketh thee to differ from another?”

How sovereign free is grace to me;
Just like the thief hung on the tree;
It reached my heart, and made me cry,
“Lord, save my soul, or I must die.”

16th and 17th.—The winds are contrary, and being exceedingly tossed, sea sickness has again returned; we are all worse than ever; if you could come and look at us you would never forget the sight—with a family of children there are troubles

and inconveniences not to be described; we are glad to get on deck, as we feel far better than when below. Friday night and Saturday morning there arose against us contrary and tempestuous winds; from two to four o'clock on Saturday morning we were exceedingly tossed with the tempest. At one time the ship was caught and could not bear up into the wind, at that moment we were in danger; the whole night the vessel rolled and pitched, we could scarcely endure it. All at once we heard a most dreadful crash—no pen can describe the scene: almost every thing on the shelves, from one end of the vessel to the other, was rolled off on to the floor, with a noise like the breaking of the ship to pieces; likewise, many things in our cabin were rolled off our shelves on to us in bed. My wife was frightened, fearing we were all about to be killed; the children were crying; tin pots, cans, plates, pails, baskets, flour, butter, treacle, &c., were pitched on to the floor, and were rolling about in all directions, which, in concert with the motion of the vessel, made a fearful noise. My attention was directed to my wife and children, to prevent them being pitched out of their beds. When I got up, I found that our troubles were increased by a pot of treacle from a cabin next to ours, which was placed on the shelf to catch the cockroaches, being pitched over into our cabin by the rolling of the ship; it took me nearly two hours to clean it off our clothes, and myself sick at the same time. At ten o'clock we were able to go on the upper deck; my wife and children, with myself, being better; the air was refreshing after the confinement below. The wind is in our favour, and we are sailing at the rate of ten miles per hour. The sea is very rough, and our great ship is like a cork in the midst of the sea. We have now come up to a vessel close enough to speak. Her name is *The Bular*; she left London a week before us. She is bound for Port Melbourne. It is quite cheering to see a vessel near, and especially to pass her.

What with sickness, the management of the children, and my ministerial engagements, my time is wholly taken up; but I do hope in a few days I shall be able to spend more time in reading and writing: this I feel to want, but am sure I shall not enjoy the retirement for study and communion I expected, there is so much bustle from morning till night: those who have never been to sea can form no idea of the inconveniences

of a sea voyage four months long, with a large family, and the responsibilities of a chaplain on board ship.

19th.—Lord's-day, no wind, and the sea, which on Friday and Saturday rose mountains high, is now to-day like a sea of glass, we are quite at a stand waiting the Lord to blow the auspicious gale. We have three Independent ministers in the vessel as passengers, and as the great majority of the people are Independents, they have requested me to allow each minister to preach in turn. I have arranged for two to do so. I am informed by a person on board that there is no Strict Baptist cause in Melbourne, but that there are a goodly number of truth-loving Baptists who have tried all the places of worship within reach, and their cry is, "They have taken away my Lord," &c.; and they have decided to meet together for prayer to God that they may be favoured with a true and faithful ministry. I hope to see them on my arrival. I feel myself to be in the Lord's hands, and I wish Him to send me where He has a work for me to do. I have abundant reason to trust in, and look to, the Lord; for our vessel cannot sail nearer than eight miles to Melbourne, and a steamer will take us on shore at our own expense; when that is paid I shall only have a few shillings left. Well, I believe the Lord who provided me with the means of leaving my native land will, in the land of my adoption, appear for me and mine in a way of supplying our need. Brethren, pray for us!

20th.—This day is all confusion in consequence of one of the passengers having lost a cheese, forty pounds weight. It was seen all safe at twelve o'clock on Sunday night. Myself and others were requested to search every cabin in the ship. We did so, but could not find it—we expect it was thrown overboard by the thieves when they found a search was about to be made. There are also other things that have been lost. It is now beyond a doubt we have dishonest persons on board among the passengers. A secret watch is appointed by night and day. I have no doubt but they will be soon found out.

21st.—This day it is very wet. You can form no idea of the unpleasantness of a wet day on board a ship—we are all obliged to continue below. I am happy to say we are all better—quite recovered from the sickness.

23rd.—Our eldest son John has taken the whooping cough

from a child who brought it on board at Gravesend; his cough is very bad, but as the weather is hot, and likely to continue, we hope he will soon recover.

24th and 25th.—We are now in the trade winds, and are sailing along most beautifully. The weather is very fine; expect it will continue for fourteen days.

26th.—Lord's-day—I commenced the service at ten minutes to eleven; the poop deck was crowded by the passengers. I preached with more liberty than I had done before, and was enabled to be faithful for the Lord my God. I feel that I am called to take the precious from the vile; but there appears to me to be very few I can call "precious." I have not found twelve persons who are really decided; the others cannot endure the whole crown being placed upon the head of Jesus. However, I am determined not to know anything among them save Jesus Christ and Him crucified, whether they like it or not; at the same time I will preach Him in love, and in the spirit of the Gospel; who can tell but it may please the Holy Ghost to open the eyes of some poor sinner to see Christ, and fall in love with Him? Christ and His cross have been my subject, and I trust He will be so as long as I have a tongue to speak of His endless glory displayed in the salvation of all the elect, the sheep by blood redeemed, and by invincible grace brought into life.

27th.—We have not seen a vessel for three days. The last three days we have been sailing eight or nine miles per hour, day and night.

28th, 29th, and 30th.—The weather is increasingly warm, we feel it more so because it is now quite a calm. This day we have eight vessels in sight, all calmed for want of wind. Nothing of interest has yet come under my notice.

On the 12th of October we could see a homeward-bound vessel approaching. About five o'clock, our tea time, she came alongside, and great confusion was the consequence. The between decks and tea-table were soon deserted for the poop deck. If there had been a cry of land, I do not think greater excitement could have prevailed. I saw my letters safely in the bag with between two or three hundred more. The vessel was a Swedish merchant, bound for London. Since she sailed the captain had been taken ill and died; and their doctor was ill from excessive drinking. They asked

our captain to send our surgeon to attend him. He found him almost raving mad.

October 14th.—We approached the Equator. Our captain informed us we should cross about ten o'clock at night. About seven o'clock in the evening we noticed the sailors to be in high spirits, and there were various whisperings among them. We had no idea they were preparing to carry out their barbarous custom of shaving; for we knew the vessel was so chartered that no such custom would be allowed. However, in this we were deceived. About half-past ten o'clock, when all the lights were out but one, we heard a loud ringing of a bell, followed by several voices crying out in a most frightful way from the fore hatchway. This was succeeded by a large hank of yarn, soaked in tar, being thrown down the hatchway; then a great fellow in disguise came walking along the between decks muttering something. At the sight of him many passengers fled to their cabins, others, whose cabins were not so near, grouped under the tables, upon which many had their bedding. Presently, those passengers who were walking upon deck, and those who had their bedding out of their cabins, had their faces, clothes, and bedding covered with tar, many suffered much, and made a very laughable appearance. I thought myself favoured in escaping, when I heard the doctor had been tarred. We had two deaths on board: one of a child two years old, from whooping cough; the other an old lady, aged sixty-two. She had a daughter in Australia, and had perilled her life by undertaking so long a passage; at the time of leaving England she was in a weak state of health. Her object in going was that she might see her child once more. She died at six o'clock in the afternoon, and was cast overboard at eight o'clock the same evening. This seems hasty, but is necessary. It was a sad and melancholy sight. After the usual service, the body, borne by the sailors, sewed up in a piece of canvas, with a quantity of lead or stones, was thrown overboard. These were the only deaths we had; I am sure we have reason for thankfulness.

Many vessels have had distressing cases of mortality. One large vessel which arrived before us, lost by death at sea one hundred and nine persons, and after she cast anchor in the quarantine ground sixty more died.

Several times I was exposed to great danger. I have abun-

dant reasons to record the preserving mercies of the Lord. One morning I was going down the steps of the fore hatchway with the hot water for breakfast, my foot slipped and I fell to the bottom, scalding my arm, and hurting my side very much. I, at first, thought my ribs were broken, but this was not the case; I soon recovered. A few days afterwards I fell down the same steps, in the same manner, but was not hurt. After this, one evening, I went on the main deck for a lamp for our service; seeing the quartermaster about going down the main hatchway I was hurrying towards him for the lamp. The ship was sailing ten knots; the deck being wet, my foot slipped, and I fell with great violence, striking my face against a large cask. I thought my jawbone was broken, the blood flowed out of my mouth very freely. In the course of the night my mouth and face swelled exceedingly, my jaw was fixed, I could not open my mouth, and my head was burning with fever. I was, indeed, to look at, an object for sympathy. However, the Lord was very gracious, for, after being confined in my cabin seven days, I was able to walk out on the poop deck, and soon recovered, to the astonishment of all on board.

I have spoken of the illness of my son John from whooping cough. For ten weeks we quite expected he would have died, and my son Joseph was taken ill with the same complaint. It is impossible to describe the trial and inconvenience of illness on board ship. Just before we arrived at our destination the Lord restored them.

December 19th, 1852, we came in sight of land. For some hours we could only see it as a cloud, but when we came near the moonlit heads the excitement was great and not in my power to describe. All eyes were fixed on the land. At six o'clock we were obliged, through contrary winds, to put back again to sea; we lost sight of the land. On the Sunday afternoon our eyes were favoured to behold it once more. We saw Cape Ottway; the wind again became adverse, and we had to tack about all night. At half-past three o'clock on Monday morning I was upon deck, but could not see land until six o'clock, when we saw the heads or entrance into Hobson's Bay. At nine o'clock we safely entered. The pilot then came on board, and I felt truly thankful to the Lord for His loving kindness. We cast anchor opposite William's Town, in the midst of a perfect forest of masts, for there were not less than

four or five hundred vessels at anchor in the bay. I went on board a steamer with some others from the ship, and we proceeded down the Yarra Yarra River to the city of Melbourne, a distance of eight miles. When we arrived there I was surprised to see the town so thickly populated, thousands and thousands arriving from all parts of the world. Thirteen vessels cast anchor the same day ours did. To rent a house, or even a room, was almost an impossibility, the charges for such being exorbitant: for instance, one empty room, of small dimensions, was worth one pound per week. I went to the post-office to see if there were any letters for me. Whilst there Mr. Charlewood, passing by, heard the name of the ship, *Hydrabad*, mentioned. He stopped and inquired of my friend where she was anchored. Having been informed, he asked if John Bunyan McCure was on board, as he had read in the "Earthen Vessel" of his intended voyage to Australia by that vessel. He was told I was then at the post-office. I did not know this person, but made myself known to him. He told me that he had lived in the colony for eleven years, and could not tell where a room was to be had except by paying a most exorbitant price for it.

While I was talking to him Mr. Mouritz came up, to whom I was introduced. He spoke very kindly to me and said,—

"If you will accompany me, I will introduce you to Mr. Kerr, the deacon of the Baptist Chapel, Collins Street. I think he will be able to direct you to obtain accommodation for yourself and family."

In twenty minutes I was in the presence of Mr. Kerr, who appeared glad to see me, and informed me that they had just completed seven rooms they had built at the back of the chapel for the use of Baptist families arriving in the colony, at a nominal charge of five shillings per week per room.

"You can have one of them," he said.

And one of the rooms I engaged.

"If there are other families," he continued, "in the same vessel, you had better let them know."

Knowing there were others, I engaged the remaining six rooms for six other families, and returned to the ship, praising the Lord for thus providing a place of shelter for my family.

On Thursday we all left the ship, went to Melbourne by the steamer, and took possession of the room, which was anything but comfortable, being constructed of weather boards, and the flooring was inches apart, through which the wind howled and blew. But we praised God for His goodness to us for providing even such a place. We obtained some provision, bread and meat; the children jumped for joy when they saw it, for they had been deprived of it for four months.

CHAPTER XXIV.

At Melbourne: Gloomy prospects: Seeking employment: A "brickfielder": Off to Geelong: Shown to "our quarters": My new position and "new chums": The drive to Barrabool hill: My first week's wages: First Sermon in Australia: Me and the merchant: The "two stools" won't do: Driving the hearse to a Roman Catholic funeral: The back fitted to the burden.

THE next day I discovered there was but a gloomy prospect for me. The gold mania was now raging, and everything yielded to its influence, therefore there was not the slightest prospect of my finding support for my family by the ministry of the Gospel. Being entirely without means and without friends, and having a wife and six children to support, I could clearly see that I must seek for employment of some kind as the means of supporting them, and preach wherever doors might be opened. I inquired, I sought, I tried to obtain employment, but all in vain. The streets were crowded with persons who, like myself, had just arrived in this land of gold and misery, and who likewise wanted employment. The most fertile imagination cannot form the slightest idea of the scenes presented to the eye of the newly-arrived in the streets of Melbourne and its environs. There were thousands without a covering, surrounded with their luggage, the greater part of which they were compelled to sell to provide themselves means to get food. Hundreds would stand along the streets, their boxes open with the various articles so carefully and thoughtfully provided by their parents and loved ones, and as night

came on they were obliged to sell at any price: the dealers reaped a golden harvest under these circumstances. Vessels were constantly arriving, and the above scene was witnessed for many months.

Some poor people, with the intention of going to the diggings, wished to store their goods, but found it impossible, on account of the fearful high charge; they therefore disposed of everything they possessed, except the clothing upon their backs.

Some wisely brought tents with them from England, and thus provided themselves with shelter. I have seen as many as five hundred tents upon one patch of ground, the Government charged 5s. per week ground rent for each tent. This place was called Canvas Town. Not being able to find employment, except stone breaking or entering the police force, I chose the former; there were hundreds applying for the same thing, including men of education and social position in England. It was a common occurrence to see white delicate hands breaking stones. At the time I applied they were refusing hundreds of applicants, equally as desirous as myself for the employment. My next course was to offer myself as a policeman, but finding I should have to do duty upon a Sunday I refused, stating that I feared God and therefore revered His day. I was told I should find it necessary in this country to put the screw a little upon my conscience. Alas! alas! how many indeed have put the screw upon their conscience until it has become quite benumbed. I returned to my family with a burthened mind. I was pleading with God to appear for me and to open up a way to provide for my family, when it came to my mind to find a gentleman who resided at Collingwood. After considerable difficulty I found his house.

"Have you been used to horses?" he asked, when I related my position to him.

"I used to keep my horse and gig," I replied, "when in England."

"I merely ask you," he answered, "because there was a friend of mine with me just now who lives in Geelong. He requires a working overseer, but it is too late, he has gone to get one that he may return by the next steamer to Geelong."

While we were talking the gentleman alluded to returned for something he had forgotten. I was introduced to him.

"I want a working overseer," he exclaimed, sharply; "have you been used to horses?"

I gave him the same reply I had given before.

"Oh you'll do," he answered; "but I can't give you more than four pounds per week."

He engaged me. Oh, I was so delighted, I hardly felt the reality.

"I have testimonials, sir," I said, "if you would like to see them."

"Oh, bother the testimonials," he replied; "one man is as good as another here."

We left Melbourne on the Friday, a week after our arrival, for Geelong, by steamer, a distance of fifty miles. As we were walking down Collins Street to the steamer that was to take us to Geelong, we experienced, for the first time, an Australian hot wind. It was like the blast of a furnace, the perspiration starting from every pore of our bodies. A cloud of dust, or clouds, that were being driven before the wind gave us the appearance of sweeps. The children screamed, and my wife exclaimed, "I shall be suffocated." It was one of those atmospheric phenomena so universally known in New South Wales as a "brickfielder."

We had a fearful passage to Geelong, having experienced contrary winds and head sea. The time occupied in going was eight hours. We arrived at eight o'clock, cold, wet, and hungry, and everything we had was soaked by the heavy waves which continually dashed over us.

My new employer met us at the wharf and conducted us to —. I cannot describe it, and yet for the benefit of my readers I must. If I called it a tent, that would be a libel; it was a long ridge pole with some old calico thrown over it.

"That is all I can do for you," said my employer, "you must do the best you can; make a fire outside and make yourselves as comfortable as you can."

We made a large fire and dried and warmed the children, and made some tea, the bread we brought with us was soaked with sea water, but we were obliged to eat it; all the money I had was eighteenpence. However, we found hunger a sweet sauce; we quite enjoyed our tea after the scorching hot winds and the continued baths from the furious waves of the sea. About nine o'clock that night my employer called me.

"I've got the contract for the mails," he said, quickly, "and am going to Buninyong to-morrow; shan't be back for a week, do the best you can. Oh (after a pause), there's a party wants a carriage to-morrow; you'll have to drive them out wherever they want to go—you'll find the horses in that stable over there. Good-night."

With considerable difficulty we made our tent tenantable for the night. Well for us we brought our bedding from the ship, or we should have had the hard ground to lie upon. Next morning, Saturday, Jan. 1, 1853, I rose early, for I was anxious to see where I was, it being dark when I arrived the previous evening. The first thing I saw was the house of my employer, which was stone built, containing all the comforts of life; the yard adjoining the stables presented quite a colonial appearance. I found that he was carrying on the business of a livery-stable keeper, in addition to which he had the contract for the mails. And instead of my being a working overseer, I was required to do all the duties of the yard and stables, crack maize, chop wood, cut chaff, draw water, clean the horses, wash the conveyances, and drive them out when required. I went into the stables to look at the horses I was to drive out in the carriage. One was a large, raw-boned horse, about sixteen hands high, and the other a small one, altogether out of proportion. I commenced to groom the horses, and having done so began to harness them to the carriage, but, in consequence of the disparity in the height of the animals, I found it a great difficulty. The harness got entangled; I looked round perfectly bewildered, and saw three men who were enjoying the sport. I went up to them.

"It is too bad of you to laugh at me," I said, "why don't you come and help me; I'm in a perfect mess."

"You are a new chum," one said.

"Yes," I replied; "if ever a man was a fool I am one."

"I didn't call you a fool," said the man, sharply.

"What then?" I asked.

"Why, a new chum," was the answer.

"Is not that a fool?" I inquired.

"No."

"What does it mean, then?"

"Why, a new arrival."

"Oh! yes, I am a new arrival. I only came last night."

The men then kindly helped me to harness the horses. It now commenced raining, but I was obliged to go, having first received instructions to drive *straight right across* (what was then bush) to Skeene Street. Instead of driving straight, I found I had to drive crooked, for I soon came to a gully, and had to turn back, and follow the winding tracks. I arrived at the house, when I learned I had to drive four ladies and one gentleman. I heard the ladies say they would not go in consequence of the rain. I did hope they would keep in that mind, for I had no confidence in my driving,—and the fearful state of the roads! The rain left off, and they got into the carriage.

“Drive to the Barrabool Hills,” said the gentleman, seating himself beside me on the box.

“Would you direct me, sir?” I asked, “as I am a stranger.”

We had to cross the Barwon River by means of a punt. If the horses were not frightened to get on to that punt I was. It was a dangerous looking place. We drove on until we came to some boggy ground, and bogged indeed we were, right up to the axletrees of the carriage and the knees of the horses. We got the ladies out of the carriage, and I thought I should never get the carriage out, for directly one horse was willing to pull, the other would not, and I was obliged to pray to the Lord that He would help me, and make the horses pull. All at once the horses pulled together, and we were delivered. I had now to drive to the Barrabool Hills, which were of immense height. I drove up, but with the greatest difficulty, on account of the slippery state of the roads. On reaching the top the ladies were petrified with fright, when they looked down the road we had come.

“As we are desirous of beholding the scenery,” the gentleman said, “and wish to walk, you had better take the carriage down.”

“It is impossible to drive down,” I said, feeling horrified at my position.

“You got up, so you must get down,” said the gentleman.

I got on to the box, trembling with fear. The horses were afraid to go down. It appeared to me as if horses and carriage would roll over and over, if I attempted it. At last I got off the box and went to the front of the horses, caught hold of the reins, and, walking backwards, commenced my descent, and

in that position I led the horses down. One false step and horses and carriage would have been on the top of me, for I had no power over them; I should have been much better on the box. My passengers rejoined me, and I drove them in safety to their home. Whilst driving them I was deeply exercised in reference to my family, for the eighteenth penny was gone, and I had no money for the morrow. When about driving from the door, the gentleman called after me and said, putting eight shillings into my hand, "That is for yourself."

This was exceedingly liberal, considering that the fare to be paid my master was £5. I drove in the direction of my home, praising the Lord that I was returning with the means to buy food, in answer to prayer. But we were obliged to economise for that week, until the return of my employer, who paid me my first week's wages, £4, which to me was a little fortune. The next day being Sunday, we all dressed for the Lord's-day, when we presented a very odd appearance, in contrast with our miserable-looking tent; people looked at us with astonishment.

However, I was anxious to enter on my Gospel work, and preached my first sermon from the words, "The Lord is not slack concerning His promise, as some men count slackness; but is longsuffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance" (2 Pet. iii. 9). There were several to whom that sermon was blessed, who from that day continued my dearest friends, for Christ's sake, and with whom I formed the first Strict Baptist Church in Geelong.

A merchant of great wealth, after the service, thus spoke to me:—"I am very pleased with the sermon; you appear to me to be the kind of minister we require out here: good voice, strong constitution, and great boldness, requisite to preach to all sorts of persons. Now we shall be pleased to make arrangements with you to become our minister. And that you may be able to devote yourself entirely to your great work, you shall be liberally supported. But, in order to secure success, you must not give too great a prominence to some of the doctrines you hold. When I was in England I believed as you do, but it will not do in such a country as this. You must leave a wider margin in this new colony. You will have all kind of prejudices about you. You really must try, in some way, to compromise. You can do so, and yet preach the truth."

A circumstance came to my mind connected with my boyish days, which I related to the merchant.

"Sir," I said, "I remember, when a boy, passing a picture shop. In the window was a caricature of Lord John Russell of those days. His lordship was represented sitting upon two stools, and between the two falling to the ground. I exclaimed, 'You great stupid; I would sit upon one or the other.' When I arrived at home I placed two stools side by side and tried the experiment of sitting upon them, when I also fell to the ground, saying, 'It must be one or the other; it cannot be both.' From that day I learned decision. Now, sir, I have tried the two stools. The first I tried was the duty-faith one, which I found would not do. Then, through the teaching of the Holy Ghost in my soul, I was brought on to the free-grace one, and have been established in the truth for many years. With Peter and John I can say to you—'Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard.' Although I have not a home for my wife and six children—that wretched place is the only shadow that we have from the sun smiting us by day, and the cold and wet chilling us by night, and myself obliged to engage in the most degrading employment, that these hands may minister to the necessities of my family—if you were to offer me your house full of gold, on the conditions of my keeping back and sacrificing any part of God's truth, both your house and your gold would be utterly contemned by me."

Thus we parted. With Bunyan I was enabled to say, "The Almighty being my Help and Shield, I will suffer until even the moss shall grow on my eyebrows, if frail life continue so long, rather than violate my faith and principles."

Various were my duties. I was now required to drive a hearse for a Roman Catholic funeral. It was a hearse without any springs, and I scarcely knew how to keep my seat. Soon after we started it commenced raining in torrents, and continued during the day. I cared not for myself, but for my wife and children, whom I had left in the tent, exposed to the heaviest rain I had ever witnessed. When we arrived at the cemetery the priest was not there. After waiting for a long time, I asked the people if they would allow me to perform the service, as the rain still continued, and I could not wait any longer.

"You can depend upon me," I continued, "doing it properly, as I have often officiated before."

"Who are you?" one of them asked, looking at me very hard.

"Friend," I replied, "I do not understand your question. Do you mean religiously?"

"Yes, that's just what I do mean," he replied.

"A Protestant and a Baptist," I answered.

"And so am I," he directly said.

"What doest thou here, then," I asked, "at a Roman Catholic funeral?"

"It is the custom," he answered.

"If you have any influence over these people," I said, "make use of it, that I may bury the corpse, and go home."

"Yes, I will directly," he replied. "Did you hear that minister preach yesterday?"

"Yes," I answered.

"What did you think of his preaching?"

"I didn't think much of him."

"Well, I am sorry for that. I should think you were no judge. I have not heard such a sermon for many a long day, and I should like to hear him again, and should like to know where I could find him."

Not wishing to be recognised, I turned the conversation. They now consented for me to perform the ceremony. We were in the act of taking the coffin out of the hearse, when up came the priest.

I was relieved, and returned home wet and cold, and found my wife and six children drenched to their skin, while my employer and his family were close by enjoying the comforts of a comfortable home; but he never offered to make the slightest provision for them. A person living not far off happened to pass, and seeing the wretched condition we were in, offered one of his rooms for the night. We all turned in and laid on the floor, and in the morning returned to our tent, which had dried during the day.

Notwithstanding the menial and laborious employment in which I was now engaged, I was exceedingly happy in my mind. I enjoyed much of the presence of the Lord; my wife, who had always been delicate in England and was frequently under medical treatment, was now strengthened to endure the

privations and sufferings attendant upon living in a miserable tent, not sufficient to shelter us from the dew of the night. We were all perfectly well in health. My wife used to remark, when perceiving me with my shirt-sleeves tucked up, working, "If our English friends could behold us in this state, and you at such work, what would they say?"

But how wonderfully the Lord fits the back for the burden, and reconciles the mind to the trials that His love has appointed.

I was now requested if any one required a conveyance on a Sunday, to let them have it. "I have," said my master, "a few good customers who like to drive out on that day."

"Sir," I replied, "I will serve you faithfully during the week, but I cannot serve you on the Lord's-day."

"You must not be so particular," he said, "out in this new country."

"I hope I shall be as particular in Australia," I answered, "as when I was in England; therefore I cannot and will not get the horses and carriages ready, and thus aid and assist persons to pursue their evil course of seeking pleasure on the Lord's-day."

"I suppose," he replied, "that you will next object to feed the horses on a Sunday?"

"Certainly not," I said, "for they require their food the same as we do, and in that respect they will have all necessary attention from me."

I heard no more about Sunday work.

CHAPTER XXV.

Narrow escape with a wild horse: Great suffering: The Barwon River: Obtain a shed to dwell in: Open room for preaching: Restoration to health: A more agreeable occupation: An accident with the tomahawk: Enter into partnership: Journey to the diggings: Arrival at Buninyong.

My employer received from Sydney a wild horse which had never been broken in and had never been inside a stable. I

was requested to assist in putting him into the break. With considerable difficulty it was accomplished, and then we drove this wild animal about the town. When brought back I was ordered to take him out and put him in the stable, where there was another horse. After I had taken the harness off I tied him up in the stable. I was then ordered to wash him with cold water. I had finished one side, and removed to the other, getting under the horse's neck, and now stood in the far corner of the stable, and was in the act of washing him, when he kicked me three times between the hip and the lower rib. He kicked just as a cow, sideways. (I had always said that any horse kicking as a cow ought to be killed.) I was very much hurt. He then tried to trample upon me with his fore feet, when I caught him by the head and held on to him. He raised me up quite easily off my feet, and shook me up and down, up and down several times. My only hope was to hold tight to his head; if I had let go I should have been killed. Thus I kept struggling; nearly exhausted, and feeling as if I had no life in me. With one fearful plunge into the air the horse managed to get his forelegs upon my shoulders, and brought me underneath him to the ground. I crawled under the manger. He now commenced plunging and kicking violently, until he had actually kicked the other horse out of the stable. I managed to crawl round the stable to the door, and had just reached it when the vicious animal turned his head round and looked at me, then instantly kicked out his two hind legs, grazing my mouth. I barely had time to throw back my head, to prevent my destruction, when I fainted away. Two men, seeing my perilous position, ran to me, picked me up, and carried me to their house and placed me upon a bed. My wife and children perceiving me being carried past the tent as one dead, became agonized with fear and dread. The doctor was sent for, who directly bled me. My senses returned, and I beheld my wife and children around me. All thought that death was near.

"Weep not," I said to my wife; "we have cause for thankfulness that I have not been killed on the spot, but am now spared that I might see you all before I die."

For two days and two nights I remained in insufferable agony. My injuries were internal; I had the greatest difficulty in drawing my breath; but those blessed words again

came to me with great power: "The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee" (Isa. liv. 10).

"This mountain will be removed," I said to my wife; "the hills shall depart; the Lord's kindness will not depart from us. I shall not die, but live and declare the glorious wonders of my God. I am confident I shall recover." I gradually began to mend, and in a few days was able to get up, although in a very weak state. The doctor gave me no hopes of ever being fully restored; said the effects of the accident I should carry to the grave. I had nothing to depend upon but my situation, therefore, although suffering much pain, and feeling very distressed in my breathing, I returned to my work. I repeatedly had to sit down, thoroughly prostrate; my employer had not the feelings of common humanity. Notwithstanding my state, he asked me to take the mail into the country, a distance of ninety miles; the roads were in a most awful state, and many of the creeks flooded, and obliged to be swam over.

"I am not sufficiently recovered," I said. "I am not strong enough. If I went I should never reach my destination."

"Then go and get the water," he angrily replied, "from the Barwon."

The Barwon River was one mile distant. I put the horse into the water cart, and started off, but the horse walked too fast for me. I was obliged to get on the top of the cask, but in consequence of the fearful state of the roads, and the cart having no springs, I was terribly shaken. After a while I caught sight of the river, and also an immense gully before me, which I had to go round before I could come to it; it was a deep ravine between the road and the river. It was a fearfully hot day, and directly the horse saw the water, he pricked up his ears and started off in a direct line for the river. I tried all I could to pull him into the road with one hand pressed against my aching side, and the other pulling at the reins, but I had not sufficient strength. With superhuman energy I managed to keep the cart up to the side, with one wheel crushing the edge of the ravine for over one hundred yards. I was mercifully delivered from being turned over with the horse and cart down the embankment. I drove to the water in a fainting

condition, and when somewhat recovered, commenced pumping the water into the cask, at intervals dashing it into my face to prevent me from fainting. At last I succeeded in filling the cart, and in great suffering and pain managed to reach home, and was put to bed, fully believing I should never rise again. But God was merciful to me, for in the morning I felt much better, and was enabled to resume my duties.

By a special favour I obtained a shed adjoining a stable, for which I had to pay eight shillings per week, and notwithstanding it was full of rats, which used to run over us as we lay upon the floor, we were thankful, because we were more protected from the weather. Houses were very scarce, and the rents of those which were to let were exceedingly dear. I have known an empty room to let for thirty and forty shillings per week, a weatherboard cottage of two rooms would let for three and four pounds per week. The diggers were very successful, and thousands were attracted to our shores daily, therefore the demand exceeded the supply. A party dug up one nugget of gold weighing one hundred and thirty-seven pounds; I lifted it with my own hands. Another party, consisting of three men, dug up two nuggets, one weighing eighty-three pounds nine ounces, the other ninety-three pounds five ounces. It caused great excitement, and almost every one caught the gold fever. I have often felt thankful that I was not of that number.

Through my preaching in Geelong I became acquainted with several persons who, when in England, were members of the Strict Baptist Churches. We took a room about a mile out of the town, at a place called Chillwell, for which we paid fifteen shillings per week, for the purpose of having Divine service. The opening was well attended, and indeed, at times, it was almost too much to witness the thankfulness of the people in being privileged to hear the sound of the everlasting Gospel, some for the first time since they had left their Fatherland.

I was now quite restored to health and felt remarkably well and happy in the great work of preaching Christ to the people. A gentleman who attended the chapel where I first preached, called upon me while I was engaged grooming the mail horses, and informed me that he had obtained a situation for me to manage a boot and shoe business, at a salary of four pounds per week. On the following Monday I entered upon my more

agreeable occupation, and was much surprised to see the way in which the business was carried on; there was no discipline whatever. The stock was not properly sorted, and there was no such thing as civility to the customers. One instance among many occurred which I will relate. A gentleman came in for a pair of boots, they were thrown to him to try on; no thanks for the payment, and no answer to his "Good morning" when he went out. I determined to reorganise this uncivilized establishment, which was quite colonial, and to institute a proper English business decorum, and soon became a favourite with the customers.

We had now a two-roomed cottage which I engaged at twenty-five shillings per week, and for the first time since we left England we were settled in our own hired house; we were all well, and as comfortable as we could be in a new country in its infancy. We had no particular thorn in our nest until one day, while busily engaged, my eldest daughter came running into the shop in a breathless and most excited state.

"My dear child," I exclaimed, "what is the matter?"

"Oh—father—John—has—chopped—Joe's—hand off," she gasped out.

I put on my hat, and ran off to my home as fast as I could, expecting to witness my infant child with his hand off. Feeling the truth of those words,—

"The Christian man is seldom long at ease;
When one trouble leaves, another does him seize."

When I entered the house I found my poor wife in great distress, the child screaming, and the blood flowing from his hand. I saw directly the nature of the accident, that one finger was off, and another nearly so.

"What," I ejaculated, "is not his hand off?" I thought to have seen the whole hand gone, and that not being the case it reconciled me to the loss of his finger. It appeared the children were playing in the yard, the eldest boy having a tomahawk in his hand, chopping wood. His brother, wanting the tomahawk, put out his hand at the moment his brother was making a hit, and it came down upon his fingers, severing one from the first joint, and injuring the next. We sent for the doctor, and the child recovered. The doctor sent in his bill, which amounted to twenty guineas.

Some time after this a Christian family arrived from England and attended our place of worship. This friend had a little capital, but not sufficient to engage in farming pursuits, for which purpose he came out: farming implements and everything connected with husbandry and labour being scarce and dear, there was nothing whatever to encourage or justify him in engaging in his own calling; he called upon me one day, and made this proposition,—

“I will enter into partnership with you,” he said, “and open a boot and shoe shop. I have a capital of eight hundred pounds, and will accept of your experience and knowledge of business in lieu of capital.” This offer I accepted, and a deed of partnership was drawn up. After considerable difficulty we obtained a shop at a rental of eleven pounds per week. My partner took a cottage at two pounds ten shillings per week, and I, being obliged to move, took one at the same rental, thus we had sixteen pounds a week to pay for rent alone. We purchased goods of the merchants to the amount of our capital, and in consequence of having to pay a very high percentage upon the English cost price, our stock was very limited, and not sufficient for the business. Having gained the confidence of the merchants while in my late situation, they offered me goods to any amount on credit, therefore we were able to stock our shop. I soon began to reap the reward of having conducted the business of my late employer so satisfactorily to his customers, for directly it was known that I had commenced business, many preferred dealing with us, and we carried it on successfully for some time; our only difficulty being the want of suitable stock, for we were obliged to purchase whatever was in the market, and at prices the most exorbitant: for instance, thigh boots, which cost in England 19s., were sold to us for £3 12s. 6d. Common watertight boots, cost 9s., we paid 30s. Women’s leather boots, cost 5s., we had to pay 20s. per pair by the case. We had purchased a thousand pounds’ worth of the above goods at these prices; and should have made a large profit upon our purchase, but for a fall in the market through the arrival of an immense quantity of new goods.

In consequence of there being no market for them in Geelong, I proposed to my partner to take them on to the diggings. He, being nervous, and no business man, was afraid to undertake such a journey, and positively refused to do so. I reasoned

the matter with him, and proved that unless the goods were sent where they would realise a good price, we should be ruined. I was certain they would sell well on the diggings, but could not prevail upon him to go, therefore I was obliged to do so myself.

I packed up about four hundred pounds' worth; and with our own horse, dray, and man, I started off at nine o'clock on Monday morning. We travelled until we came to Batesford Hill, which then was exceedingly steep. The horse trod on a stone and fell down. We had to unload, and with considerable trouble, we got the horse up, reloaded, and started off again. We reached a place fifteen miles from Geelong that day, and camped upon the open plain for the night. The only water we could find was in the wheel ruts and cattle prints on the ground, and though it did not appear fit to drink, we were thankful for it. We slept under the dray that night, started early next morning, and reached Meredith by sundown, twenty-five miles from Geelong, where we found good camping-ground, and plenty of water, for it now rained in torrents. We again started at sunrise. In consequence of the wet state of the ground we were constantly getting bogged, and were frequently forced to unload, to get the horse and dray out. I was now obliged to walk before the horse with a long stick to feel the way, as there were holes covered with water, and I was obliged to try their depth. I was frequently in water over the top of my thigh boots; that day we only made seven miles. The next morning we started off, it was still raining very fast; the creeks were swollen, and just as we were rushing the horse over one of them, the bellyband broke, and only by the interposition of Divine Providence was I saved from a watery grave. Two men came up just at that moment, and seeing our perilous position, saved us. When we got on the other side we came up to the gold escort, and six drays all bogged, could not move, neither vehicles nor horses, on account of the state of the road. We were soon in the same position, and mutually assisted each other, and were extricated from our boggy position by sundown. That was a fearful night; I was obliged to chop down branches from the trees to make my bed upon under the dray, so that the water might run underneath. Oh, what a night that was! it seemed as if morning would never come. I arose and began pulling at the trees in the dark, feeling for those parts which

were not exposed to the rain; and putting the pieces of bark in my pocket to dry. After considerable difficulty I succeeded in lighting a fire, which was a great comfort. At last day dawned, and we proceeded on our journey until we arrived at the foot of Buningyong Mount, at the sight of which I took courage, for it was four o'clock in the afternoon, and I now knew we should reach Buningyong before sundown. At this moment a dray, preceding us, loaded high up, with a woman seated on the top, ran against the stump of a tree, and was turned over with a fearful crash. The woman was not hurt, for she fell into the thick mud, which broke her fall; but she presented a pitiable appearance, covered from head to foot with slush and mud. We rendered every assistance, and directly the dray was able to start again, returned to our own, but had hardly moved before the horse fell down, I ran to its head and held it up, or it would have been smothered in the mud.

"Hi! Hi!" I shouted after the man we had just assisted, "come and help us, our horse is down."

"Can't do it," he holloed out, "I'm in a hurry; I've lost too much time already."

However, we got the horse up, but not until night came on. We did not know what to do, for we were out of provisions, and about four miles from the township. When it became dark, I saw a light in a valley some distance off, it was a sawyer's hut; I got some bread and meat there, for which they charged me ten shillings. I remained that night—not in the hut, that was full, there being three men and one woman in it. I slept in a shed *without a roof*, and took a sheet of stringy bark to cover me; many times I wished myself back again under the dray. I had got into the home of the opossums and native cats; I fancy I can see them now, perched upon the piece of bark I had for a covering, looking down upon me with their fiery eyes. Thus I remained watching these animals until the morning, when we proceeded on to Buningyong, and arrived there without any further mishaps. How I succeeded at my destination, and of my journey back, I will relate in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Business at the diggings: Returning home: Crossing the creek: My man in trouble: Lost our way: Throwing the bushrangers off their guard: Home again, and thankful: Second journey to the diggings: Eureka: Buninyong: A bad bargain: Exchange of goods.

I CALLED upon a storekeeper to whom I sold one case of my goods, to another I succeeded in disposing of the rest; but he bated me down until I was obliged to let him have them at cost price; that is, he bought the whole of the thigh boots at £3 12s. 6d. per pair, except two pairs which were damaged, and which I let him have at £3 per pair, selling them as damaged. While we were counting them out, a man came in, and on seeing the thigh boots, said, "these are just what I want."

"Here is a pair," offering a pair of the damaged ones I had sold to him for three pounds, "I think they will fit you."

He tried them on and said they would do. "What's the price?" he asked.

"Well, I'll only charge you seven pounds for these."

The man immediately gave him seven one-pound notes, and appeared perfectly satisfied with his bargain.

Having sold my goods, and received the money, I was now anxious to return, and made preparations for my homeward journey and started. We came to a camping-ground, and rested that night and all the next day, for it was the Sabbath. The next morning off we went until we reached the creek; and remembering my narrow escape from drowning when coming up from Geelong, I determined to be more careful. Seeing a track which I thought more desirable than the one we were on, I followed it, and we came to a part of the creek which I sounded with a long stick, to see if it had a sandy bottom, knowing we could not cross if it were mud. Having found a crossing-place we got into the dray, and rushed the horse across. *Down, down, down,* went horse and dray, ourselves too; the horse had to swim, we clung to the floating dray, and, thank the Lord, reached the opposite bank in safety. I then found we had lost the track; it was raining very hard, and I could not guide myself by the sun, for it was clouded; my man became terrified and excited.

"Oh, sir," he exclaimed, looking the picture of despair, "we are lost, lost in the bush, sir. Oh, sir, you do not know what it is to be lost in the bush; even now our backs may be turned upon our homes. Oh, my wife! Oh, my children, my children! We may be going into some wild part of the interior. Oh, my wife and children!"

"Calm yourself, my friend," I said; "trust in the Lord, He will put us right again."

But I could not calm him; he continued in a most excited state. After many hours' wandering I saw a shepherd's hut; we went up to it, when an old woman came out.

"Can you tell me, my good woman," I said, "where we are?"

"Bless you," she replied, "I can't! I don't know myself. I was brought here many years ago, and here I am now. I have never stirred; but if you will wait until my husband returns, which will be in the evening, he, I dare say, can tell you."

I would not do this; I was determined to go on. "Go in that direction," I said to the man; "I will find the road."

"Oh, sir," he timidly replied, "had we not better wait until this good woman's husband comes back?"

"No," I replied, almost sternly, "I will find the road."

I did not care about stopping there; I did not like the spot, more especially as the Australian brigands, or as they are most commonly called, "bushrangers," were about at that time, robbing in every direction. We had not tasted food that day, but on, on we went. Just about sundown I came upon the track. Oh! it was a welcome sight; I knew that it would lead to Meredith. As we went along I espied two men riding through the bush towards us; I guessed them to be bushrangers, for in the exact spot where I now was one of the managers of the bank was robbed of fifteen hundred pounds. I expected to be robbed; I had only time to ejaculate, "Lord, save me," and instinctively clutched at the four hundred pounds in my pocket. I determined by a manœuvre to throw them off their guard; the means came rapidly into my mind. I walked towards them to meet them as they came towards us; when I came up to them I said,—

"Friends, we have been lost all day, and have not tasted food."

They looked very hard at me, and one said, "We have no food."

"Did you hear of the robbery the other day?" I inquired, for I felt terribly alarmed at the way they were looking at me; one of the managers of the bank was robbed of fifteen hundred pounds; it served him right—it *would anybody else travelling with large sums of money about them*; they only encourage people to rob them; they ought to send it by the escort."

They looked at each other for some time, when the one that spoke first said, "Come on, Bill!" I felt truly thankful for being preserved from that most obnoxious of dilemmas which so often happened to the Australian bush traveller, namely, *being bailed up*.

We reached Meredith, and camped there for the night. The next day we travelled on for some time, when my horse began to knock up, and it was with great difficulty I could keep him upon his legs. When we arrived at Batesford he could not travel further; I was obliged to leave the horse and man for the night. I had now eight miles to walk in the mud and rain, and in the darkness of the night, so dark that I could not see one yard before me. Wet, muddy, and tired, I reached home in safety, and could truly say,—

"Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come."

The following week I started off again with more goods—seven hundred pounds' worth. I had greater difficulties and hardships to endure on this journey than the former one, in consequence of the roads being in a worse condition through the excess of traffic, which literally cut them up; besides, I had a much heavier load. I shall never forget a place called Scotesh-marsh, a very low valley, a quarter of a mile across, over which we were obliged to travel. In the wet season of the year it was completely covered with water: such was the case now. I wish I could draw a picture of the scene I witnessed in this place. When I arrived there were seven other drays, each with two horses—mine had only one; but to get over this marsh the whole of the fifteen horses were used to pull each dray, one at a time; if a dray arrived at the marsh and no others were present, they waited until a number congregated, and got over

as related. I only had eight hundredweight upon my dray. The man wearing thigh boots was whipping the horses in the midst of the marsh, when he gave too much pressure upon his right leg, and down it went over his boot, causing it to disappear; he was stuck fast, and had to pull his leg out of his boot: but the exertion caused a heavy pressure upon the left leg, and down that went; no sooner was that got out when down went the other: it was a most ludicrous sight. After all the drays had been got over, we camped, in order to give the horses rest. When I crossed I perceived an empty bullock dray returning with eight bullocks attached; they sank completely up to their bellies. What became of them I do not know, for I was obliged to push on, glad to leave such a dangerous locality behind me. In a week's time I reached Buningyong; there I was unable to find a market for my goods, therefore I went to Eureka, Ballarat: that town then was not like the Ballarat of the present day, for at that time there was not a house to be seen—it was like a sea of tents. I was also unable to dispose of them here, for news had arrived upon the diggings of the arrival of the shipments, and the fall in price in the market. I was informed there was another storekeeper at Buningyong, whom I had not seen, and who would purchase my goods. I knew there was no time to be lost, therefore walked to that place immediately, giving instructions for the dray to follow. I had been walking for two hours, and wondered I had not arrived at Buningyong, when I met a man with a dray, and inquired if I was near.

“You are seven miles from Buningyong,” replied the man, laughing, “and you are walking from it; you are just entering Eureka.”

It was true enough, for a little further on I saw the place I had started from two hours before; it was exceedingly trying for me, for I was tired, and had now seven miles to walk.

This may appear singular to the reader who is not acquainted with the locality; the whole of that country is comprised of hills, ranges, and gullies of every description. At that time there were bush tracks leading one into another; and as these tracks wind about, nothing is more common than to find one's self returning to the place he had started from. When I arrived at Buningyong I saw the storekeeper, who immediately purchased all my goods for seven hundred pounds; this was

a merciful deliverance, and I blessed the Lord for His goodness to me. I counted out the whole of the goods, and gave him the invoice; he looked over it, and said it is all right, "and I will now give you the money." He went into his counting-house at the back of the store for that purpose, but did not return, and I waited hour after hour; no one knew where he was or whither he had gone. Night came on, but there was no storekeeper and no money. His men declared they had not the slightest idea what had become of him. I waited the whole of the next day without any tidings whatever, and it was not until the third day that I ascertained his whereabouts. Observing several persons watching me very narrowly at the store, and which I thought very suspicious, I drew from one the intelligence that he was drinking at a public-house. I immediately took possession of the whole of my goods, and whilst engaged taking them out of the store, a man rode by on horseback, and who, on seeing I was packing boots accosted me.

"You've got boots, eh?" he said, "I wish they were mine."

"I wish the same, friend," I answered, "and that I had the money for them. Will you buy them?"

"I have no money," he replied, "I have flour and bran."

"That will do," I said overjoyed at the idea of getting flour for them; "where is your flour and bran?"

"At M'Kenzie's mill in Geelong," he answered, "therefore it will be worth your while to purchase my flour, as it is in Geelong; and it will be worth my while to buy your boots, as they are in Buningyong."

I found him a very difficult customer to deal with, for we were engaged the whole of the night bargaining over this barter. He wanted thirty pounds per ton for the flour, assuring me that that was the market price, and bran at four shillings and sixpence per bushel. I let him have the whole of my boots, amounting to seven hundred pounds, for his flour and bran, which amounted to six hundred pounds. I gave him delivery of the goods, and he gave me an order for the flour and bran. I was exceedingly thankful in being thus enabled to dispose of my goods, for by every mail I was informed that there was a decline in the boot and shoe trade.

I returned home, having been away fourteen days, camping out and sleeping under the dray fourteen nights, it was raining

terribly all the time; but notwithstanding I was preserved in health in every respect. I went immediately to the mill, for I was very anxious to know if the flour was as represented. It exceeded my expectations; being of the finest quality: but in price I was taken in. Flour was only worth twenty-five pounds per ton, and bran four shillings per bushel; there being no price current in those days, and no telegraph, I was ignorant of the price until I arrived in Geelong. I obtained delivery of the flour and bran, and feeling persuaded there would be a rise in the market, I had it stored on our premises. My partner was horrified, and quite sure that I had done wrong by making such a bargain. I explained to him that it was the only way by which I could dispose of the goods we had purchased at 300 per cent. upon the English cost. That thigh boots which cost us £3 12s. 6d. per pair, I could then purchase at £1 10s. per pair. He was now thoroughly convinced I had done right, and we were both thankful; for the flour market rose, and I got thirty pound per ton for the flour.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Colonial life; A bad woman; Strange company; The shepherd robbed of his cheque.
Reduced to poverty; Increase in family and basket; Our little Chapel at Chillwell

WHILE in Buningyong I experienced colonial life in almost all its phases. I called at the Buningyong Hotel, kept by a Mrs. —, or as she was commonly designated, "Old Mother —" I cannot use a term sufficiently explicit, characteristic of this woman; at any rate, I will call her a diabolical woman, one who indeed took delight in disposing of that "Enemy which stealeth away the brain;" and she would have recourse to any means, no matter how antagonistic to all social rule, to enable her to part with her slow poison for a worshipped mammon to the most depraved of mortals.

"Good morning, ma'am," I said, on entering her place;

"would you have the kindness to take care of this portmanteau for me? I shall return to dinner."

"Oh yes, you can leave it," she replied, in a saucy manner, "and we have dinner at one o'clock. We wait for nobody here; if you are not here you go without." When I returned my portmanteau was gone; it contained my sample boots; odd ones.

"Do you know anything about it?" I inquired.

"What do I know about it?" she angrily retorted. "Look after your own things."

"Yes, ma'am, but I left it in your possession," I replied, "considering it safe."

"Well, it's gone," she said, moving away; "and you had better look after it. I know nothing about it."

And nobody knew anything about it. I was on the look-out for it all day, but without avail.

"Found your portmanteau?" said a man, addressing me about eight o'clock that evening.

"No," I replied. "I wish I could; it is valueless to any one except myself, as it only contains samples of odd boots."

"Will you *shout*," he sneeringly inquired, "if I find it?"

To those of my readers who do not understand the word *shout*, I may state that it is a slang word, always used in the colonies for "paying for drink."

"To what extent do you wish me to shout?" I asked.

"Oh, three or four nobblers," replied the man.

Nobblers were one shilling each.

"I will not give you drink," I said, "but as I wish for my portmanteau, here is four shillings; you can do what you like with it."

In about half-an-hour he returned with it, with a peculiar smile upon him.

"Is this it, sir?" he asked. "I—thought—it—was—yours."

The things were all right in it, but, of course, had been all turned over.

A shepherd was on his way to Melbourne to meet his wife and children, who had arrived from England; as he passed by this den of wickedness, the hotel, he called in to get a little something to invigorate him for the journey. He had a cheque for ninety pounds, which he presented to old Mother

— in payment, requesting her to oblige him with the change; she, perceiving that the cheque was good, immediately gave the shepherd his nobbler, first being certain that it was drugged; she kept a bottle under the counter for that particular purpose. Seeing the drink had stupefied her victim, she immediately called in her satellites, or, as they were more commonly called, “old Mother ——’s bullies!” These worthies asked the shepherd to shout: he complied; for in those days he dared not refuse; after awhile they gave him another dose, and kept on repeating them until the poor shepherd lost all possession of his faculties; thus they continued for several days, the bullies, in the interim, using the shepherd’s money for Mrs. ——, and calling for the most expensive drinks. They now suffered their victim to come to, who, of course, knowing nothing of what had transpired, asked for his change of the ninety pound cheque.

“What change?” exclaimed Mrs. ——. “What are you talking about?”

“Change out of my ninety pounds,” answered the shepherd.

“You’ve spent it all,” replied Mrs. ——; “every farthing of it, and I have a bill against you.”

“Impossible!” gasped the poor shepherd. “Oh! it is impossible! I did not!”

“You shouted for all Buninyong!” smilingly said Mrs. ——.

“It is false!” exclaimed the shepherd. “I have been robbed, plundered, victimized in your house. O my poor wife and children! Not a farthing left; not a farthing!”

The bullies now came in at a sign from their mistress; they were not far off; this scene was anticipated, both by themselves and their mistress.

“You shouted for us,” said the tallest of the two; “you behaved like a prince.”

“I don’t believe it,” replied the shepherd. “I see it all; I would never have placed my foot in your place; one shilling I intended spending for one nobbler, and you tell me I have spent over ninety pounds. It’s false. I’ll go to a magistrate. I’ll tell him I’ve been robbed.”

Mrs. —— now flew upon him like a tigress; her passion made her distorted features still more hideous.

“You say I robbed you?” she vociferated; “come, out you

go of my house. Kick him out (to the bullies), break his neck, throw him in the street."

And so the poor shepherd was kicked out without a farthing in his pocket; he found his way to a magistrate, to whom he related his case; the magistrate said he would do the best he could for him, but in this he failed; for to the said Mrs.—he, the said magistrate, was indebted largely for board and lodging, which item in those days was very expensive. The victim was now without money or food, and as a last resource had to cringe to the woman who had robbed him.

"Go to the back," she said, "chop the wood, draw the water, clean the house out, attend to the stables, and make yourself useful; and in return you shall have your board and lodging."

Starvation compelled the poor man to accept of this offer until something might occur that would enable him to retrieve his position, and assist his poor wife and children. This is one sad case out of many of the depravity of the owners of public-houses in this colony; in those days ruin, desolation, and despair were meted out in drugged goblets, which paralyze the senses, destroy the activity, imperil the character, and impoverish the one whom the enemy, with a glorious smile of satisfaction, draws in to partake of such an accursed elixir.

* * * * *

At this time, April 21, 1854, we were blessed with another son Benjamin William; whilst our family was increasing other things were equally so, thus I have always believed, and likewise experienced, that when God sends mouths He sends provision for them, and maintains the meaning of His own name—Jehovah-jireh, the Lord will provide.

Our business having increased we found it necessary to engage larger premises, and took a large weatherboard shop in Moorobool Street for five years, at a rental of six hundred and twenty-four pounds a-year. All was in a prosperous condition with us, our principal drawback being our very heavy expenses, and the exorbitant price at which we purchased our invoices. As I shall have to return again to the business, and shall relate some very important incidents in connection therewith, I shall leave it for a short time, and will invite the reader to accompany me to the other department of my work.

Our little chapel at Chillwell was now too small for us, and

very much out of the way; therefore we engaged an old store, which was situated off Yarra Street. The owner of the building would not let it to us unless I engaged it for twelve months, and became responsible for the rent, namely, one hundred and four pounds; believing that the people would stand by me, I most cheerfully complied with the owner's request. We opened it as a chapel, and I continued preaching the Word of truth and ministering the ordinances instituted by the great Head of the Church. Apart from the testimony of a good conscience, and the divine approbation with which I was at that time greatly favoured, I had not much to encourage me; the people, as a whole, were exceedingly illiberal; there are persons I might mention who formed the exception, and who were true and faithful; but as I purpose in this instance not to mention names, I shall not even record those of my sincere and faithful friends—they will find the record in their own conscience. I have no occasion to publish the names of those who were my enemies, and caused me sorrow of heart; they are recorded in deep, indelible characters. I am quite certain they themselves will never forget what thorns they suffered themselves to be to me. As they reflect upon their conduct they must feel ashamed, and regret that they thus acted, for they must acknowledge I never injured them, but endeavoured to serve them, and I did serve them, not only by preaching without fee or reward, but with my means; for as the Lord blessed me, I only desired that I should be His instrument in blessing others, particularly those just arriving in the colony in needy circumstances, for whom I used to care and provide in the most liberal manner, but afterwards some lifted up the heel against me. I know that some, if not all, have since repented that they suffered themselves to be the tool in the hands of a crafty foe. In my next chapter I shall give particulars of great and sore troubles which I experienced in the Church, and at a time when I more than ever needed the kindness and sympathy of those whom I had served.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Ministerial discouragements peculiar to a migratory people: The gold fever: Unfaithful professors: Dissolution of partnership: John Albert Victor *alias* Dr. John Tedeor: Victor in prison: Signor A— in the hospital: Jesuit power: Commercial panic: Difficulties with the bank.

ONE discouraging circumstance, common to all ministers, occasioned very great trouble to those who were dependent upon the free-will offering of the people—the thirst for gold! For this they would deny themselves the comforts of life, and withheld their support from the cause of God. I have known many such when they first arrived in the colony from the Fatherland, and who promised great things if God would bless them—like the man who used to say, “I have got a guinea heart, but only a shilling pocket; if God would give me a guinea pocket I would then help to support His cause and encourage His ministers.” God did give him a guinea pocket; but, strange to say, the guinea pocket stole away the guinea heart, for he had now only a shilling heart. Many I have known, whom the Lord blessed with riches, have become most illiberal.

Another discouraging circumstance was, a minister was never sure of a permanent congregation. A number of new arrivals would come into the town and fill the chapel, everything would look cheering, and the rent of the chapel would be subscribed. Perhaps the next Lord’s-day nearly empty seats would be seen. Naturally the inquiry was made, “Where have the people gone to?” The answer would be, “Oh, they have caught the gold fever, and are gone to the diggings.” For weeks there would only be a few persons attending, and but a few shillings in the box to pay the rent of the chapel. Then, again, another vessel would arrive and swell the congregation; and by these means the chapel would have a fluctuating attendance, many of whom would express their thankfulness at finding the truth preached in Geelong, and they *would promise* to support and encourage the same to the utmost of their power, saying they were ashamed of those who cared so little for the things of God, and who gave the preference to the perishable things of time. Surely they have never experienced the value and the preciousness of the Gospel, or they would never thus act. Alas! what is man? Those very per-

sons after a while would *become sick*, they would lose their appetite for the precious things of Zion, in consequence of having caught the gold fever—an infatuation takes possession of them, to the gold-fields they must go for their recovery. Thus acted many whom I knew in England as members of Churches, and who then ran well; but mammon in Australia caused them to stumble and fall.

This is the country to try a man whether he is in the faith or not. If the root of the matter is not in him, he will soon be driven away from the profession he has made of seeking “first the kingdom of God and His righteousness,” and will give the preference to the things of the world—reversing the grand decision of the grace of God in the soul, choosing rather to suffer affliction, sorrow, and dishonour with those who after earth aspire, than to suffer affliction with the people of God in a faithful and practical profession of the Gospel of Christ. Thus I have often been constrained to say, with Paul, “Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world, and is departed” (2 Tim. iv. 10).

My partner, who was not a man of business, and not liking it, desired to retire. Arrangements were made accordingly. I was to pay him one thousand pounds, and he would retire: five hundred pounds cash, and the balance at twelve months. I went to the Bank of New South Wales to know what accommodation they would grant me, as I could not take the money out of the business. The bank offered me a cash credit of five hundred pounds, two bondsmen to join me in security to the bank. I got them, and was enabled to pay the five hundred pounds down.

Being prosperous in my business, I was able to pay my partner the other five hundred pounds long before it became due. Having a balance to my credit at the bank, over and above the amount of the cash credit, I called upon the manager for the purpose of paying it, and releasing my bondsmen.

“You had better let it remain,” he said, “it will make no difference to your bondsmen, and it may be of great assistance to you in your business.” I yielded to the advice of the manager, although by doing so I caused myself much regret, anxiety, and trouble. I felt extremely sorry that I had permitted myself to be persuaded; yet at these times stagnation to trade, want of money, and confidence among people were

not known. A complete harmony existed in the commercial world; clouds ultimately arose on the horizon, and spreading their influence, made stupendous effects upon commerce. A crisis came which thoroughly metamorphosed trade, destroyed confidence, and alarmed the community, which will be related in its proper place.

I have now to introduce to my readers a person whom I had known in England as a Baptist minister, and one who most strongly exposed the works of the Jesuits, namely, the Rev. John Tedeor, D.D. Among some Christian friends who came to Melbourne about three years after my arrival in Geelong, was a person of the name of John Albert Victor. He made himself known to Mr. —, of Collingwood, who most cordially received him, and was by him admitted a member of the Church. From information I received I came to the conclusion that John Albert Victor was a fictitious name, but in reality no other than the Rev. John Tedeor, D.D. He came to Geelong, but did not call upon me. *He preached* at the house of Mr. —, who now had become very antagonistic to me. I was thoroughly convinced of the man's identity. He desired to publish a book, and not being possessed of the means, Mr. — became responsible to the printer. The work contained most glaring falsehoods and prevarications, completely at variance with his statements and publications in England. He caused by his nefarious proceedings a division among the people, and occasioned great trouble to Mr. —; for he, the Rev. Mr. Tedeor, D.D., absconded, leaving Mr. — all his liabilities, for which he had become personally responsible. For a long time I heard nothing further of Mr. Tedeor, until I traced him to Ballarat, where he was known as a blackguard and a drunkard, his filthy conversation being unparalleled. I heard no more of him until some years after in New South Wales, he was apprehended for stealing a watch, and was sentenced to three years' penal servitude in Parramatta Gaol. I embraced the opportunity of calling at the gaol; he had just left. I asked to see the Governor.

"Would you favour me," I inquired, "by permitting me to see the gaol book? I desire information of one John Albert Victor, recently in this prison on a charge of theft, and sentenced to three years' servitude."

"Certainly," replied the Governor, handing me the book.

I found the following entry:—

| Name. | Profession. | Religion. |
|---------------------|-------------|-----------------|
| John Albert Victor. | Soldier. | Roman Catholic. |

“Are you certain, sir,” I said, addressing the Governor, “that he was a Roman Catholic? I knew him to be a Protestant. I should like to know for certainty whether he was such.”

One person confirmed the statement in reference to his being a Roman Catholic—a fellow-prisoner.

“Did you know one John Albert Victor?” I inquired of him.

“Oh yes,” answered the prisoner, “quite intimately.”

“Do you know what religion he professed?” I asked.

“Roman Catholic,” he replied.

“How do you know?” I inquired.

“Why,” continued the prisoner, “he used regularly to attend the Roman Catholic worship here; and when the priest was away and could not attend, Victor, being a very learned man, always performed the mass.”

The Governor then gave me the names of two persons who left the gaol at the same time as Victor, and who were supposed to have gone into the country together; one an Italian, and one a Pole, both Roman Catholics. I never expected to find these persons, but, most strange to say, some time after, I was walking down Cumberland Street, Sydney, New South Wales, when I saw an Italian name over a door.

“Would you inform me,” I inquired of the lady of the house, “where I could find a Signor A——?”

“Directly I asked the question a person in the doorway smiled.

“What do you smile for, my friend?” I asked.

“Why,” he replied, “at the singularity of the circumstance. I have just arrived from the country, and have brought with me to the hospital the very man you are inquiring for; he is very ill.”

I went to the hospital, walked from bed to bed until I came to the object of my search.

“Is your name Signor A——?” I asked.

“It is,” he replied, weakly.

“Do you remember one John Albert Victor?” I continued.

“Yes, I remember him,” he answered, looking surprised.

"Was he a Roman Catholic?"

"He was, sir."

"Do you know where I could find him?"

"No."

"What became of him?"

"I have never seen him since I went to the diggings."

"Where and how did you leave him?"

"Oh, sir," exclaimed the sick man, leaning upon his elbow and looking up into my face, "he is a very wicked man; I can speak to you, for you are a minister. Victor was very unkind to me; we kept company together in prison, and travelled together after we got our liberty. He then, sir, turned upon me, his mate, and robbed me; yes, sir, he robbed me of everything I possessed in the world. It was, sir, a thief robbing a thief. Since he robbed me I have heard nothing further of him, and don't wish to, for he is a wicked man."

Since then I have travelled eight thousand miles over Australia, but never heard anything further of the Rev. Dr. Tedeor, *alias* John Albert Victor,—only this information I got on excellent authority, that he was, and had been throughout the whole of his life, a confirmed Jesuit; yet every opportunity he had of exposing the Jesuits, and holding them up to ridicule, he did so, and designated them, both publicly and privately, a class to be despised and ignored, and abused them fearfully.

While walking with him one day in England, down Regent Street, we met two gentlemen (Jesuits).

"I am the Rev. Dr. Tedeor," he said, revealing himself to them.

They both took off their hats and made a low obeisance.

"What order?" he asked authoritatively.

"Society of Jesus," was the answer.

"Which society?" he angrily exclaimed; "do you mean at the birth or the death? at the birth the Society of Jesus was beasts, at the death it was thieves; be off! ye are both thieves and beasts!"

The two Jesuits immediately went on their way, appearing terrified at the rebuke.

My consternation was great at seeing the power he seemed to have, but by way of parenthesis I may inform my dear reader that the disciples of Ignatius Loyola always work in

an imperceptible manner. At one time their power on the earth was immense; kings were created and dethroned by them, society bowed under the oppression of their iron will, and institutions were alone organised for the advancement of a sect appalling to man and sinful before God. The Christian never knows at the present day where to find the Jesuit; he may be in your family, he may sit at your table, he may pray with you in your Church, no matter what creed you believe in, the Jesuit, robed in the garb of hypocrisy, is near you, to further ends antagonistic to the rules of civilized society and religion.

At this time a great commercial crisis took place, from which emanated a complete revolution in all the departments of commerce; large and important houses became insolvent, bills were dishonoured in all quarters, the banks put on the screw, and refused any accommodation, no matter who the applicant; and thus drove many to sequestrate their liabilities who could have retrieved themselves but for the sudden withdrawal of bank assistance. Every one was talked about and suspected; confidence was entirely suspended. In consequence of this new state of things I experienced very heavy losses. Just before this came on, I forwarded to my Hadlow friends the money I had promised them in liquidation of the remainder of their claims. I am quite certain I felt a greater pleasure in the act than they did in receiving it; for legally I was *not* indebted to them, morally I was.

The failures now came one upon the other, long-established houses began to totter, then followed ruin. This caused the two friends to call upon me in reference to the cash credit at the bank for which they were sureties; they expressed themselves in very strong terms because I had not paid it before, and I must confess I was deservedly to blame in having taken the advice of the manager of the bank, for *now* I could not pay it. I assured them that they had nothing to fear, and that I would pay off the cash credit at the close of the year. Finding they were fearful on account of the times, I gave them a conditional bill of sale on my stock. I left it with my solicitor for them, and gave bills divided into equal parts for the liquidation of the amounts as they each fell due, to be forwarded to the bank for payment, and placed to the credit of the cash credit. I was exceedingly pleased with this arrangement, well knowing

I should be able to carry it out. I had just paid some money into the bank for the purpose of retiring some other bills coming due. The next day I received a note from the manager informing me that my two friends had called and given notice of the withdrawal of their responsibilities; such being the case, he would have to appropriate the money now in the bank towards the liquidation of the cash credit.

I was horrified at this announcement, more especially as I had made arrangements with my friends and secured them only a few days previously. I immediately called upon the manager in great astonishment. "Sir," I exclaimed, what am I to understand by this communication? The money that you tell me you have appropriated I have just placed to my account to meet a bill due to-morrow; to take that money would be unjust, sir."

"I am really very sorry, Mr. McCure," he replied, "but I must carry out my instructions."

"They are arbitrary, sir," I said, "for I have ample funds to meet my business engagements, but by this act you cripple my intentions."

My argument was of no avail; I therefore left the bank with feelings indescribable.

I called upon my two friends who had deceived me. It was no use. I reasoned with them, showed them the impropriety of their step, and my position, brought about through their proceeding. I had now no other alternative but to dishonour the bill I had prepared to meet. I knew that I was in a perfectly solvent position, but the times made such an impression upon the people, that it was confidently believed that I was not so; and the merchants to whom I was indebted told me if I would compromise, they would take ten shillings in the pound.

"Never!" I exclaimed, indignantly, "I will never pay ten shillings in the pound when I know I can pay twenty."

I immediately took stock, and in a few days produced a balance-sheet, showing a balance over and above all my liabilities of £388 16s. 5d., although I had lost in bad debts, &c., &c., £1,700. My creditors were astonished, they would scarcely believe their eyes. I took it, with my books, to the manager of the bank; he was delighted. "You perceive, sir," I said, "I did not overrate my position, I am perfectly solvent. I

only require time, and in six months I will undertake to pay everybody every farthing, although I have been treated so unkindly by my *friends* who were my sureties."

"Well, Mr. McCure," replied the manager, "I'll tell you what I will do—I will take of you a bill at six months, endorsed by your bondsmen for the amount of your cash credit, to be divided into six equal parts of one month each, and will thus relieve you of your bondsmen. I will discount the bills and pay the cash credit, which will be cancelled."

I felt truly thankful for this, and it was carried out. I now proceeded to one of my largest creditors, whose bill had been dishonoured, and asked them if they would accept of my bill at six months for the amount. "Yes," was the answer, "it will afford us great pleasure to assist you in any way we possibly can; and instead of taking your bill at six months, you can make it twelve if you wish it."

I gave them an acceptance at six months for their claim in monthly parts. I then called upon Mr. Douglas, a very large merchant, and asked him if he would come to the same arrangement.

"Since I saw you last, Mr. McCure," he said, "I have made some inquiries respecting your character, and find it without a stain, therefore I shall be most happy to comply with your request, and it affords me great pleasure in thus having the opportunity of assisting you to re-establish yourself, for your professing friends, I find, have endeavoured to injure you; let me know at any time in what way I may serve you, and I hope to prove myself to be your friend."

My arrangements were now settled; all my creditors, consisting of the merchants, treated me most kindly, and gave me their sympathy; they told me they had the fullest confidence in me, and were exceedingly pleased that everything had been settled among themselves so quietly; for after all it was only an extension of time, that no one was injured, and nobody need know anything about it.

But my friends (Church friends) to whom I owed nothing, (but many of them were in *my* debt) thought otherwise, and determined that everything should be known, both to the world and the Church; therefore by them it was proclaimed from the mountain top. Those who busied themselves most I had taken into my bosom; they had eaten bread

at my table, and were at that time under great obligations to me. They reported, and would have it, that I was not in a solvent position, they were sure of it; and had now got an extension of time to put off the evil day until it would be more convenient for me to file my schedule. Such was the subject of conversation carried on outside the chapel by those who had come to hear me preach. However, I need not particularize upon these things, they had better be buried in the waters of forgetfulness. Alas! I could fill pages and pages upon this unhappy fault of those whose tongues were slander, and whose lips were a lying reproach. Much sorrow did their slander occasion me, but God brought my righteousness to the light, and my judgment as noonday.

From the very day I had made my arrangements, the Lord began to deliver me; my business increased, and the amount of all the acceptances I had given at six months were paid before the time expired, amounting to seventeen hundred and twenty-three pounds sixteen shilling and fivepence (£1,723 16s. 5d.). I paid every farthing of that amount.

Thus the Lord appeared for me, blessed be His name! Not by borrowing, nor by making any sacrifice, was I enabled to retrieve myself, but with much ease and pleasure. This was indeed one of my great trials, when I could see no way to escape, and my enemies were ready to triumph and exclaim, "Ha! ha! so we would have it," for they were speaking all manner of evil against me. I was walking along, and had come to that spot whereon now stands the National School of Geelong, and at that time the clouds appeared more portentous than ever, and were threatening me with the loss of all things. The Lord made application of these words of Job,— "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him," which wrought in my soul reconciliation to the will of God. I exclaimed as I stood, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." I could now say,—

"Whate'er Thou deniest,
O give me Thy grace!
The Spirit's true witness,
And smiles of Thy face;
Indulge me with patience
To wait at Thy throne,
And find, even now,
A sweet foretaste of home."

Directly I was enabled to surrender all unto the Lord, these words,—“Thou which has showed me great and sore trouble shalt quicken me again, and shalt bring me up again from the depths of the earth” (Psa. lxxi. 20), came with power to my mind; confidence sprang up in my soul that the Lord would quicken me again, and bring me up again from the depths of the earth, increase my greatness, and comfort me on every side. I am a witness of the divine faithfulness, “that not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord my God spake unto me out of His holy Word, all came to pass unto me, and not one thing hath failed thereof,” for from that moment the Lord began to deliver me, and He did deliver me as above related: and my enemies were obliged to be at peace with me, and I was at peace with the Lord.

X CHAPTER XXIX.

Family increase: Purchase land for a chapel: Opening of Mount Zion at Geelong: A poetical expression of soul feeling: Illustrations of the power of prayer: Extracts from my diary: Bills! bills! bills! Proofs of the hearts of all men being in the Lord's hands: Give up business.

WE now engaged the old Independent chapel, at a rental of one pound per week, which I had considerable difficulty in obtaining, as the owner required two pounds per week, but I succeeded in getting it at my own price.

At this time, May 18th, 1856, we were favoured with an extraordinary and unexpected increase in our family, of twin sons; my dear wife was wonderfully sustained, for she nursed both of them for eight months, when one died in laughing convulsions; the other, of whose death I shall have to speak, lived to reach the age of two years and three months.

I found it necessary to adopt means to obtain a building of our own for the Church, for in hired places we were uncertain and uncomfortable, and at a great expense for rent. I had

ascertained that it was the intention of our landlord at the end of the year to double the rent. I called the Church together, and found it was as desirous as myself to build a chapel wherein we could worship God, none daring to make us afraid. The great question was, how could it be accomplished? Land was very dear, and everything in connection with the building trade was exorbitantly high. We made application to the Government to withdraw from the Government Land Sale a piece of land which was desirable for our purpose, and to sell it to us at the up-set price. In reply, the Minister of Lands informed us they had no power to do so; if sold, it must be by public auction, but if we applied for it for church purposes for the Baptist denomination, it would be given to us as a grant from the Crown. This we could not consent to, because we objected to State aid in any form.

A piece of land was offered to me by a gentleman who was aware that we refused the Crown land as a gift; the value of the land was three hundred pounds, and this gentleman very magnanimously offered it to us for one hundred and fifty pounds. I immediately accepted his offer and purchased it, giving him my acceptance at three months for the amount. During the three months I collected the amount and paid the acceptance, and took possession of the land. We at once commenced building, and obtained a mortgage of five hundred pounds; the rest was collected during the completion of the building. The chapel was opened, on which occasion I was particularly favoured with the Divine presence whilst unfurling the banner of the cross in Mount Zion Chapel, Geelong.

I promised that I would not take any salary for preaching so long as I continued in business, and that all monies collected should be handed over to the building fund, therefore, our circumstances were easy, and our prospect cheering. I had now many souls given to me, for God blessed the Word, but I found it exceedingly hard work to attend to my ministry and business: the latter at this time was very trying, for we had competition in trade, which was increasing every day; but the Lord was my Refuge and my Strength in the day of my trouble. Many remarkable interpositions I will relate illustrating the beneficence of the Lord in answer to prayer. How our gracious Lord listens to the words of supplication, and looks toward His tried one who appears before Him with secret aspirations of

a burthened heart! and though the Lord tarry awhile, yet will He deliver in His own good time. The Lord will be supplicated, He takes delight in the cries of His children; for it is recorded, "The righteous cry: the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles" (Psa. xxxiv. 17). The prayer of Psalm lxi. 2 was the prayer of my heart,—“From the end of the earth will I cry unto Thee; when my heart is overwhelmed lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.”

The following lines were the spontaneous feelings and cry of my soul unto God:—

For shelter to the Rock I fly,
 O lead me to the Rock most high;
 Where waves of sorrow must not rise,
 Although they seem to reach the skies.

O'erwhelmed I come, and in distress,
 Dear Jesus! take me to Thy breast;
 My Rock of Ages, smote for me,
 O let my soul rejoice in Thee.

O lead and guide my soul, I pray,
 And turn my thoughts and eyes away
 Beyond the reach of Satan's power,
 Sheltered in Christ, my glorious Tower.

O glorious Leader! Holy Ghost!
 Lead on Thy saints through all the host
 Of men and devils in the way
 To Christ; "O lead my soul," they say.

With heart o'erwhelmed, to Thee I cry,
 Lord Jesus! save me, or I die!
 Let Thy salvation cheer my heart,
 From Christ the Rock I'll ne'er depart.

Sheltered within Thy saving arms,
 I've nought to fear from sin's alarms;
 O! speak the word, Lord, say to me,
 "Thy Rock and Shelter I will be."

The following instances of the wonders of Divine Providence, illustrating "The Power of Prayer," are taken from my diary, written when they occurred.

This has been a day of many trials to me. To-morrow I have bills to meet to the amount of two hundred and fifty pounds. I have just paid into the bank eighty-four pounds, with a request to the manager for continued accommodation: he has refused me, and not only done so, but has applied the money I now paid in against my overdrawn account, which

was about sixty pounds, stating that he was very sorry, he couldn't help it; he had received instructions to put the screw on every one, as they were expecting another commercial crisis. . . . I am exceedingly disappointed. I did not expect the refusal of the manager.

Oh! how uncertain is man! and alas! how weak is my faith! I need pray that prayer,—“Lord, increase my faith.” That confidence with which I believed in that great promise, “I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me,” I am now questioning, and feel that I cannot believe it.

The bank manager says he cannot pay my bills, neither will he let me have the eighty-four pounds I have just paid in. Oh! what a dreadful thing it would be to me to have four dishonoured bills; three on Saturday and one on Monday, and to preach two sermons on Lord's-day! I can from my heart pray, “O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me;” having experienced those words, vain is the help of man, I will therefore look unto the Lord. . . . Just received by post a cheque for £55 15s., and an acceptance for £125, also the promise of another acceptance to be forwarded to me in the morning for another £125. I paid the acceptances into the bank; they were discounted and my bills paid.

What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me? for this is indeed a great deliverance. God has wrought it, and I will praise Him.

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These bills! When will they come to an end? No sooner is one paid than there are others. On the 14th, £100; 16th, £101 4s.; 17th, £333 10s. 6d.; on the 18th, £234. Plenty of work for faith and prayer now, but I can command neither. Lord, help me! Help me to rest upon Thy faithful Word. During this month I had bills to the amount of £2,119 4s. 10d. Oh! how oppressed I do feel! While conducting the Wednesday evening service I could think of nothing but bills; when giving out that verse—

“There's not an ‘if’ to foul the stream,
Or peradventure there”—

I thought of my bills, and said, “There's not a *bill* to foul the stream, nor peradventure there.” The “enemy” would often thus come upon me while in the pulpit; he would say to me

just as I was about to commence prayer or preaching, "Ah! you've got a bill to meet to-morrow!" I would wish at these times to go to my books to see if such were the case, but I dare not do so on the Lord's-day. At last I wrote out all my engagements and placed the paper in my pocket; when the enemy came again, and said, "Ah! you've got a bill to meet to-morrow!" I would then immediately refer to my paper, and finding such not to be the case, would exclaim, "Ah, devil, you're wrong!" . . .

Another day of anxiety, but the Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble to those who put their trust in Him. Business has considerably revived, and I shall be able to meet all the bills now falling due. "Trust in Him at all times, ye people. Pour out your hearts before Him: God is a refuge for us." I spoke from these words on Lord's-day morning, and in the evening from "I am a wonder unto many, but Thou art my strong refuge." I was greatly helped throughout the day, and I feel I am indeed a wonder unto myself in being thus able to preach with these mountain bills upon me.

Oh! when will the day come when I shall be entirely free from them? . . . Two bills to meet in favour of Mr. M., of Melbourne; the amount is £200. I have had large transactions with this house.

I have paid four hundred pounds, and Mr. M. has promised to assist me if I require it when the other bills fall due. . . . I shall not be able to meet the other bill of Mr. M. for £400. I require two hundred pounds. I have written to Mr. M. requesting the fulfilment of his promise in assisting me. I wrote for £200.

I have got a reply: he states that he has sent all his cash home by the mail. I have written again, telling him that I am dependent upon it. How I long for the answer!

The reply has come: Mr. M. is very sorry that he has despatched all his available capital, or Mr. McCure should have had it with pleasure. I must go to the Lord. He will deliver me. Oh! how I pleaded with the Lord at the throne of grace that the Lord would incline and enable Mr. M. to comply with my request! I placed myself entirely in God's hands, beseeching Him to guide me according to His will. I am going by the first train to-morrow to see Mr. M. personally;

as yet I have never seen him, all our transactions have been by letter; we are perfect strangers to each other.

I arrived at the warehouse in Melbourne, and was astonished to find that Mr. M. is a Jew. I introduced myself, and was received most kindly. I expressed the object of my visit. Mr. M. asked me if I could not possibly do without the two hundred pounds. I told him I could not; that it was imperative.

"Then you must have it," he said.

He called the clerk and gave him a cheque for the two hundred pounds, and told him to go to the bank and get the money for it: "you have only a few moments to spare before the bank closes."

The clerk returned, stating that he was too late. Mr. M. then put on his hat, and asked me to accompany him. He went to the bank and saw the manager. Mr. M. asked him to oblige him with the money. He said, "I require it for this gentleman (alluding to me), my friend, who is going to Geelong by the next train." The manager gave the money, and I returned home rejoicing. I gave my post-dated cheque to Mr. M. for the two hundred pounds. I have now ample means to meet my engagements.

Another bill due for £266. I called upon my banker and asked him to accommodate me by allowing me to overdraw my account for the purpose of meeting the above bill due tomorrow. He refused. This was a wonderful instance of God answering prayer. While I was reasoning with the manager to accommodate me, and he positively refusing, I was secretly pleading with God: "Lord, help me! constrain him! he is in Thy hands! I beseech Thee incline him!" All at once he said, "How much do you want?" I told him £150, and said the accommodation I require is only temporary, that my bill may be met on the morrow. The manager said "If you pay fifty pounds into the bank now before it closes you shall have it. I scarcely knew what answer to give him, but feeling my mind directed, I promised to do so. I hurried to my shop, when I found I had but five minutes before the bank closed: all the money I could find was thirty pounds. I now wanted twenty more; what to do I did not know; there was no time to go out and get it, therefore I could do nothing but cry unto the Lord. A young man came into the shop with an order for

goods; it was not his intention to give me that order, as he always dealt at another shop, but passing the door at that moment he felt constrained to come in. He gave me the order, stating that he was in a great hurry, and could not stop to look them out, and asked me to write out the invoice at once. I did so; it amounted to nineteen pounds fifteen shillings. He gave me a cheque for twenty pounds; I gave him the change. I now had exactly fifty pounds, which I immediately sent to the bank. Five minutes after the postman came in with a registered letter which contained a cheque for one hundred pounds; thus was I delivered that day by the good hand of my God.

The promise by which I besieged the throne was fulfilled: "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me."

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The following instances from my diary are most remarkable. How true the heart of man is in the hands of the Lord; "as the rivers of water, He turneth it whithersoever He will."

I require one hundred pounds to meet an engagement tomorrow. I called upon several persons who were indebted to me over and above the amount required, not one of whom would settle their accounts. I called upon one debtor, a solicitor, a man of the world, and almost destitute of the sympathy of our common humanity, and asked him if he would pay me his account, as it was overdue. He replied, "I suppose it would be an accommodation to you if I were to do so." I said it would, and I should feel obliged to him. "Well, then," he answered, "seeing that it will be an accommodation to you, I will not settle it, therefore I desire that you will not come bothering me with your accounts." . . . Whilst I was in my counting-house, sorely oppressed, I was pouring out my soul before God to undertake for me and provide the means before the bank closed, that I might pay it in to meet my engagement of the morning.

It is now two o'clock, the bank closes at three.

I have again prayed to the Lord to direct me where to go and what to do. I felt my mind directed to go to the solicitor again; and went. As I was walking up the stairs of his office I met him coming down.

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"Well, Mr. McCure," he said, "what do you want? Money?"

"Yes, sir," I replied; "that is just what I do want."

"How much do you want?" he asked; "one hundred pounds?"

"That is exactly the amount I require," I said.

"How long do you want it for?"

"For one week, sir."

"Very well; give me your post-dated cheque, and I will let you have it."

In less than five minutes he gave me that amount, and I was that day delivered by the interposition of the Lord on my behalf. . . . Another bill due for £600 in a week's time. . . . Nothing but disappointments all this week; taken only sufficient to pay my current expenses.

Saturday night.—Nothing towards the £600 due next Tuesday.

I was greatly oppressed to-day (Sunday); this bill is like a viper upon my mind. I wish I could shake the beast off into the fire, as Paul did, and feel no harm. I could not shake it off, therefore I was obliged to take it with me to chapel. While in the vestry I said to it, as Abraham did to his young men, "Abide ye here!" the monster would not heed me, but accompanied me into the pulpit. Several times in prayer I thought the bill would have stopped my mouth. During the singing of the second hymn the enemy came in like a flood: "You'll never be able to meet the bill! Now what will become of your character? You'll be obliged to go into the Insolvent Court!" The thought of the Insolvent Court caused me to cry unto God to make a way of escape, when, as though a voice spake to me, saying, "Go to the London Chartered Bank!" which was repeated with emphasis. Immediately I felt that I was delivered, and at that moment the last verse of the hymn was sung; I stood up and preached, the Lord being with me. Thus I was sustained throughout that day.

Monday morning has come. To-morrow I must have six hundred pounds, but how?

Whatever is meant by those words, "Go to the London Chartered Bank"? I have never done any business there.

About two o'clock I was walking down Moorabool Street, when, opposite the Bank of New South Wales, I met Mr.

Douglas, a merchant before referred to, who came up to me and shook hands.

“How are you getting on, Mr. McCure?”

Before I had time to reply he said, “Oh! by-the-bye, you bank here, don’t you? Why don’t you go to the London Chartered Bank? I am one of the directors. If you want accommodation at any time you can have it. Do you want any now?”

“I do,” I replied.

“To what amount?”

“Six hundred pounds. For one week.”

“Well, come with me, and I will introduce you to the manager; he will be glad to get you as a customer.”

I was introduced by him to the manager.

The manager said, “I’m very glad to see you, Mr. McCure.”

Mr. Douglas wrote out a cheque for six hundred pounds, and said, “Now give me your acceptance at three months for the amount.”

I opened an account at the London Chartered Bank, and I met my bill due on the morrow. Thus, “Go to the London Chartered Bank” was evidently of the Lord, and it was the Lord who thus ordered that I should meet with that gentleman and inclined his mind to reiterate what the Lord had said to me while in His house and in the pulpit, by which I was delivered in the feelings of my own mind from the crushing burthen that was upon my spirit.

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What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits unto me? I have this day paid my last acceptance. A little while since the mountain appeared insurmountable; over five thousand pounds’ worth of acceptances coming due! By the wonder-working hand of my God this mountain has become a plain. My Jehovah-jireh has brought me through all my troubles and enabled me to honour all my engagements, so that my name, character, and credit have been preserved in the world. Oh! what a mercy all those with whom I have done business for the last seven years respect me! and I have now arranged to give up my business, and devote the whole of my time to the cause of God.

Having disposed of my business to my brothers, and the

Church having arranged that the proceeds of the collections shall be handed over to me, I have now given up all secular engagements to devote the whole of my time to the ministry.

CHAPTER XXX.

Australian bushrangers: Close quarters with the robbers: Another birth: Illness, sufferings, and death of little Henry: Family sorrow: Poetry, "The cup which my Father," &c.

I HAVE had many narrow escapes from bushrangers and Australian desperadoes. There was, at this time, scarcely a day without some poor victim being robbed and nearly killed. I might record a number of instances which came under my personal knowledge, but as this book is devoted to my own experiences, I will relate a few of my escapes and collisions with those ruffians.

I was coming home one night, with one hundred pounds in my pocket, when, within a mile of the township, I perceived through the darkness of the night three men lurking against a fence in a crouching position. My knowledge of the times and the country convinced me these people were there for no good purpose. I was totally unarmed, therefore bethought me that discretion was the best part of valour. When I got within a few yards of the men (for I purposely walked towards them, as I had to pass them to get home)—letting them perceive that I had no fear; I used this stratagem to get close upon them, to prevent them springing out upon me,—directly I came within arm's length, and when they were about to rise, I dashed off at the top of my speed; the three men immediately started in pursuit, but I was too swift for them, and coming up to some houses, I escaped.

Having had many narrow escapes, and being constantly exposed, I purchased a revolver, which I used to carry concealed about my waist. It was often the means of deliver-

ance. Another night, on my way home, having to pass through a number of trees, I perceived two men in the distance. They parted company; this was the usual plan of waylaying the traveller: one would accost you, while the other stealthily approached you from behind. I could clearly see that they had marked me for their prey; however, nothing daunted, I pursued my course, when one of them came up to me and said:—

“This is a lonely place, sir,” at the same time looking round, I supposed, for his companion.

I immediately drew my revolver.

“Be off!” I exclaimed, pointing the revolver at his head.

“Oh! that is it,” he replied.

“Yes! off you go!” I continued, still pointing the pistol; “for if you molest me you must abide the consequence.”

He immediately skulked away, and I passed on.

Again: the night was fearfully dark, not a star could be seen in the heavens; suddenly a horseman came right upon me and stopped me. The thing was so sudden, I mechanically drew the pistol and presented it toward the man.

“Stop! he shouted out, on perceiving the revolver, “don’t fire! What are you about?”

“I will fire,” I exclaimed, “if you are not off. Move on quick, or I will fire.”

The man hesitated for a moment, and then, muttering something, galloped off; and I went on my way rejoicing in the Lord, who was a shield for me, my glory, and the lifter up of my head.

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Lydia Mary, my youngest daughter, was born this day, June 28th, 1858. Six weeks after this we had to endure a sore trial.

On the Friday the doctor came to see one of the children. The surviving twin son was a favourite of the doctor’s, and on this occasion came running up to him, who remarked to me, “What a healthy child he is; he has a fine constitution, I should say the best of all your children.”

That night he was taken ill. During Saturday he continued to get worse, and at night I determined to sit up with him.

About one o’clock I observed a deep crimson flush spread over his cheeks; he started in his sleep; I saw he was con-

vulsed; he screamed out. I despatched one for the doctor, and ran myself to a Christian friend to act as nurse; whilst I was waiting for her, with a broken, bursting heart, these words came with power to my mind, "The cup which My Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?" "Lord," I exclaimed, "is the death of my child the cup which Thou hast given me to drink? Help me, then, to drink it resignedly." I returned home and found the child was getting worse, the convulsions stronger, his little hand beating down heavily upon the bedclothes. The doctor appeared powerless in affording relief; he was much affected, for he loved the child as his own. We stood around the little sufferer's bed hour after hour till it was now half-past ten, time to go to chapel.

"What am I to do?" I exclaimed. "How can I leave my child?" I tore myself away, went to the chapel, and preached. Directly I descended from the pulpit a messenger was waiting to hurry me home, for the child was dying. I had now the Lord's Supper to celebrate, and could not leave until I had attended to that solemn service. Immediately it was over I ran in the direction of my home as fast as I could, fearing that I should not see my child alive. My poor child! He was still alive, but unconscious. Brain fever had set in. I took his little thin hand in mine, watching him until six o'clock, when I was obliged again to leave him for the evening service. I hurried home directly afterwards, and sat up with my suffering boy all that night. We did not expect that he would live through the night.

The whole of Monday I continued with him, and only left him to attend service at the chapel. Monday night, Tuesday, Wednesday, I still kept with him. Wednesday evening I went to the chapel, worn out in body, but wonderfully sustained in mind. All Wednesday night I sat by the bedside. On Thursday I was lying down, when the nurse awoke me and said, "I think he is going now, sir."

We continued watching him, with our eyes fixed upon his little thin and worn face, expecting death every hour. Saturday night was one of indescribable anxiety; we expected every moment the last pulse would beat. Thus I watched him until half-past ten on Sunday morning, and felt that I could not leave him, neither was I physically able for the service of the day. I was mercifully preserved from giving way to my feelings,

therefore I again left him and took my farewell of him, never expecting to see him alive again. Oh! how hard it was, after having watched him so long, to be now obliged to leave him! The service being over, I returned home, and was astonished to find my suffering child alive.

My poor wife said, "He is now dying fast." Dinner was ready. None of us attempted to go to the table. Wait a moment, he will be gone directly. Stop! don't go yet. Poor Henry, we cannot leave him now he is so near death. Wait—wait—see, alas! it will soon be over.

Two o'clock.—Poor little sufferer, you will not suffer much longer. Children, let the dinner wait. See! he is dying fast now. Look! he will soon be at rest. Not yet! Not yet! He is dead! No, no! Not yet; but soon.

Three o'clock.—Poor little child! Momentarily we have been expecting thy death. We have no thought of dinner now, it would be tasteless. Not dead yet! Oh, how long it tarries. Shorter—yet shorter come his breathings. Poor Henry! it will soon be over: Behold death now stronger in his little suffering face! The eyes, they open—they close—open—close—

Four o'clock.—Dead! Yes, dead at last! Yes, dead after one hundred and eighty-six hours' suffering in screaming convulsions.

My poor wife, only six weeks since her confinement, her heart broken with grief; she was worn out by continual watching. I quite thought she would have sunk under the great trial, but the Lord is merciful as well as faithful, and fits the back for the burthen: "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength." The Lord most graciously gave unto His handmaiden shoes of iron and brass, strength in proportion to the trial, and likewise unto His poor servant; for at six o'clock I was enabled to go up to His house, and mention the lovingkindness of the Lord from the text given to me when my child was first taken ill:—

"THE CUP WHICH MY FATHER HATH GIVEN ME,
SHALL I NOT DRINK IT?"—John xviii. 11.

Musing of all my Father's love,

(How sweet it is!)

Methought I heard a gentle voice—

"Child, here's a cup—

I've mixed it—drink it up."

My heart did sink—I could no more rejoice.

O Father, dost Thou love Thy child?
 Then why this cup?
 "One day, My child, I said to thee,
 'Here is a flower
 Plucked from a beauteous bower:'
 Did you complain? or take it thankfully?
 "One day I gave thee pleasant fruit
 From a choice tree:
 How pleased, how grateful you did seem!
 You said, 'I love
 Thee; faithful may I prove!'
 Your heart was full, with joy your eyes did beam.
 "That flower was Mine—that fruit was Mine—
 This cup is Mine,
 And all that's in it comes from Me."
 Father, I'm still;
 Forgive my naughty will.
 But what's the cup? may I look in and see?
 "You see, my child! you must not see;
 Christ only saw
 His destined cup of bitter gall.
 No, child, believe,
 Meekly the cup receive,
 And know that love and wisdom mixed it all."
 O Father, must it be?
 "Yes, child, it must."
 Then give the needed medicine,
 Be by my side,
 Only Thy face don't hide:
 I'll drink it all—it must be good—'tis THINE.

On the following Tuesday I committed the mortal remains of my dear son Harry to the grave, in sure and certain hope of a resurrection to eternal life:—

"For babes, thither caught from womb and breast,
 Claim right to sing above the rest;
 Because they've reached that happy shore
 They never sought or saw before."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Application for Church membership: Baptism, the way to the Lord's table: Decision for New Testament Church order: Its result: A snare and a deliverance: Preaching at the diggings: Down the gold mines: Death from delirium tremens: Backslider restored: A "jewel" in the bush.

THERE were two aged persons, a man and his wife, who attended my ministry. I knew them to be Christian people, and by them was often encouraged in my work. Their testimony was, that I was not labouring in vain or spending my strength for nought. They waited upon me one day, and requested that they might become members of the Church. I was very pleased, for I often wished they would come in amongst us. I informed them of our Church order, that they would have to be baptized. They told me they had been baptized once. I inquired by whom, and when.

"Oh," they replied, "when we were babes."

I told them that we did not consider infant sprinkling to be baptism at all, and that they would have to submit to the command of Christ, and the order of the New Testament Church, or we could not receive them. They became very angry, and declared that it was worse than Popery to make baptism a term of communion into the Church; and that I was keeping away from the Lord's table the Lord's people.

It being dinner-time, I said, "I am about to call my boys to dinner. Let us suppose that they are now seeking to enter by the window. "You boys, come to dinner; it is ready."

"Yes, father," they each reply, "we are coming."

"But you must not come in by the window."

"O, father, it is more convenient to come in by the window; pray let us in."

"No, I cannot suffer you to come in such a way; it is an illegal entrance; come in by the door, and take your dinner." They will not come in by the door, and take their dinner in a proper manner; and because I will not suffer them to come in by the window, they go to school, and tell their master their father would not let them have any dinner. Would those boys speak the truth by such a statement? And neither do you, my dear friends, speak the truth by saying I keep the Lord's people from the Lord's table. I wish you to come to the Lord's table, but I cannot suffer you to come in an unscriptural

way; therefore it is your own disobedience, your own act, and not mine, that keeps you from the Lord's table. However, they were not convinced, and left my ministry, declaring they would never hear me again.

They absented themselves from our place of worship for some time; but I was surprised and exceedingly pleased at beholding them one Lord's-day in chapel again. They again attended regularly. One day the wife called upon me, stating she was now convinced that she had never been baptized, that she had only been sprinkled. The husband likewise made the same confession, and desired to be baptized. I baptized them both. When the service was over they spoke to me in the most affecting manner, thanking me that I did not yield to their unscriptural request, when they desired to enter into the Church contrary to the practice of the New Testament Churches. It was my firmness and determination in reference to baptism that caused them to search the Word of God, when they were convinced of their error.

"We thank you," they said, "that you did not give way to our prejudices, and we beseech you, never to do so to others; for your decision in the way of truth will make others decided also."

A very remarkable instance of God blessing His Word I will relate. My mind during the week had been very much exercised, and I preached from those words, "Concerning the unclean spirit, or man's last state worse than the first." I preached from that text morning and evening. I went home after the delivery of the sermons, and thought I had preached in a most remarkable manner. Afterwards I felt disturbed; and could not sleep. I could not see how my preaching of that day could apply to my hearers. I was indeed distressed in my mind, and wished I had not preached those sermons.

Early the following morning a lady called upon me.

"Can I speak with you, sir?" she inquired.

"Certainly."

"Then I wish to ask you a question."

"What is it?"

"While you were preaching yesterday, were you aware that Mr. and Mrs.—, members of your congregation, had just purchased a public-house?"

"What! You astonish me! Taken a public-house! Why,

they are the last persons I should have thought would have done so; and in every respect are unsuitable for such a calling."

"It is a fact, sir."

"I did not know this when I preached those sermons. I had not the slightest idea of it."

"It is quite true, and therefore, after hearing your sermon, and knowing such to be the case, I thought I would mention it to you."

I could see the hand of God in this, and immediately put on my hat and ran off to their house. When I entered the house I saw the wife.

"Oh, Mr. McCure," she exclaimed, "I am so glad to see you; my husband is in such a state of mind."

"Explain to me," I said.

"Well, sir," she continued, "my husband purchased a public-house last Thursday, and has paid three hundred pounds deposit upon it. Oh, sir! if you had only preached those sermons last Sabbath week, you could have saved us. My husband has not the slightest wish for it now; he has been so influenced by your sermons."

"I have only this last half-hour been informed of the circumstance," I said.

She sobbed aloud, and said, "My husband was very much exercised with those words, and hoped you would preach from them on Lord's-day; when you read the words for your text, and preached the sermons, my husband was delivered from the snare of the devil, and has come to the conclusion rather to sacrifice the whole deposit of three hundred pounds than take the public-house; and I rejoice that such is the case, and trust the Lord will open up a way for us to escape."

"God will do so," I said; "God will make a way of escape for you."

A party, hearing that they were not going to take possession of the hotel, took it off their hands, and paid them the three hundred pounds. Thus were they delivered from the snare of the fowler. A great many found fault with my preaching that day, but I could not help it; I felt constrained to preach as I did, and God blessed His Word.

The next day I had another visit from a lady upon the same subject.

"I come to thank you, Mr. McCure, for your sermons last Sabbath; they have been the means of saving my husband. He has friends who keep an hotel. They requested my husband to spend the evening there once a week, and to be sure and bring me with him. I wished to be excused, but I had not firmness enough positively to say No. Having heard your sermons, it brought my mind to decision, and I objected to go, telling my husband my reason, and also relating as much of the sermons as I could, which had a great effect upon him, and he not only permitted me to remain at home, but stayed at home himself; and will, I am certain, visit there no more."

I received an invitation to preach at Ballarat and Sandhurst, on the gold-fields: one Lord's-day at each place. I am happy in being able to record that the Lord blessed the preaching of His own Word during my visit to these places. I shall only relate one very remarkable instance.

Directly the coach arrived at Ballarat, a gentleman, expecting me, was waiting for me at the coach office; he invited me to lodge at his house during my stay. I accepted his invitation; and was most kindly received by his wife, who desired I would take something to drink while tea was being got ready. Most respectfully I declined her kind offer; again and again she pressed me to take something to drink; as she was sure I needed something after such a long journey. After tea she renewed her solicitations, and I felt constrained to speak to her upon the impropriety of pressing persons to drink against their will, and said I did hope if she had acquired a liking for intoxicating drinks she would give them up before they became a snare to her.

I preached at the chapel on Lord's-day; my host, hostess, and their friends were among the congregation. Some of the members of the Church, on hearing where I was lodging, expressed their surprise, and requested that I would at once leave: for they were worldly people, and given up to the pleasures of sin.

"The hand of God must be in this," I replied. "I did not seek to go there; they are strangers to me, therefore I shall lodge at their house so long as I remain at Ballarat."

The next day I was taken by my host to inspect the gold mines. We visited one of the deep sinkings, known as the

"Hand in Hand." The shaft was 300 feet deep, and from the bottom of the shaft there were two drives or tunnels, one 1,750 feet, the other 1,500 feet. I descended the shaft, which was worked by a steam engine, and I wished myself up before I got half-way down. I walked to the end of the tunnel, 1,750 feet, and when I arrived at the end of the other drive or tunnel, where the men were working, a most exciting scene I witnessed, for they had just struck gold in large quantities, and the earth could be seen completely bespattered with the bright and shining metal. The men were overjoyed; they had been working for a long time without seeing the colour of gold, but now they were well rewarded for their perseverance; but I fear, like hundreds of others, with the loss of constitution and health.

When I returned to my lodging I was informed that there was a person in dying circumstances; I was requested to visit him. This party, when in England, was a member of a Baptist Church, but at Ballarat he had ceased to run in the ways of the Lord. He had become prosperous in business, and had obtained an independency; he then gave himself up to the pleasures of the world, and became a confirmed drunkard; had drunk away all his property, and his family were reduced to want. He would not see me. The next day he died in delirium tremens. This gave me a text and subject for my friends at whose house I was staying. They appeared deeply affected through this man's death. That night my host, for the first time, asked if I would read the Word of God, and pray. I complied.

While I was praying, I could hear the pent-up feelings that would now and again break out into sobs; but when I finished, oh, what a scene I witnessed! The husband and wife wept aloud. When the husband recovered his feelings he told me "that it was the first time the voice of prayer had been heard in his house for fourteen years; that he had been a backslider ever since he left England. God had blessed him in Australia; he had waxed fat, like Jeshurun of old, and had forsaken the Lord.

Thus the hand of God evidently directed me to that house, and was with me during my journey of four hundred miles which I travelled over the gold-fields of Victoria, preaching among the people the unsearchable riches of Christ. Many of

the Lord's dear children I found whom God had sown among the people to bring forth the fruits of righteousness.

I found in the bush, a woman living in a hut, far away from the habitation of man, one of the Lord's jewels. Formerly she had been in the habit of hearing those good and great ministers in London, Foreman, Wells, Banks, and others; but since she had been settled in the Australian bush, she had not heard or seen a minister of the Gospel. After I had been speaking to her respecting the things of the kingdom of the Lord Jesus, she said, "This is the first time for four years I have ever heard any one speak of the Lord Jesus." She did not know who I was, and asked me, "Did you ever hear of John Bunyan McCure, Baptist minister? I wish to see him, but do not know how, as it is a distance of fifty miles across the bush to Geelong."

"The person you are wishing to see," I said, "is now speaking to you."

I shall never forget how she rejoiced when I told her this. The short time I was able to remain with her was a season of refreshing to her soul. In the Australian bush many of the Lord's children are to be found, scattered about as sheep without a shepherd. I could relate many deeply-interesting incidents, but I should swell the pages of my history beyond the limits of a book; therefore I must pass them by.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Reflections after twenty years in the ministry: Visit Sydney: Reception and labours in Sydney: Return to Geelong: Invitation and acceptance of the call from the Sydney Church: Farewell sermon, and meeting at Geelong.

MARCH 5, 1860.—It is now twenty years since I commenced my ministry. The words I spoke from this morning I found to be truly applicable, and very descriptive:—"He that is mighty has done to me great things; and holy is His Name" (Luke i. 49).

He hath indeed done great things to me, in that He hath called me by His grace and put me into the ministry. I can say "necessity was laid upon me," or I should never have taken upon myself a work so sacred, and for which I am in every respect so insufficient. How true it is, when the great Lord of the harvest—God the Holy Ghost—calls His servants to work in His vineyard, He will anoint them for the work, by which they shall be strengthened and qualified "with all might by His Spirit in the inner man!" In this I can say "He hath done great things to me;" for He has strengthened me to hold on my way; I have never been left to preach any other Gospel, or to compromise any part of truth to the prejudices of men. Many, many have been the trials I have been called to experience from that day until now, but I will testify to this great truth, "He hath done great things to me, and holy is His Name."

"O! most precious Lord, I beseech Thee, still remember Thy poor servant. I feel more than ever I am nothing; that I am not sufficient of myself to think anything as of myself; but this is my salvation: my sufficiency, most gracious Lord, is of Thyself! O! help me to pray unto Thee, Thou Almighty glorifier of Jesus, God the Holy Ghost, that I may preach under the rich anointings of Thy grace, that it may be in all my ministrations CHRIST ALONE EXALTED. Thou hast helped me these many years, and kept me in the faith, and to this day I can say, Thou hast done great things to me; and holy is Thy Name."

Yes, He has done great things to me, this I am able to say; and there are many witnesses who can say that I have never preached any other Gospel, any other salvation from sin, death, and hell, to a life of sinlessness before the throne of His glory; the same Jesus, the same Gospel, and the same salvation; grace, free grace, has been, and now is, my only theme. This subject is more precious than ever; I want no other; this is enough for every want, for every sermon. Often I have felt and feared lest I should not have anything to say; that my lips would be closed: but oh, bless the Lord, it is

"A deep that knows no sounding,"

a fulness that cannot be exhausted. As the old Welsh woman used to say, when persons came to her fire for a light, "You

may come as often as you please, for my fire will be none the worse, however many lights you may take from it. I can light all the fires in the town from my fire, and it will not be any the worse for it." Thus I have found the more I preach Christ, the more precious He is to preach; and the more I draw from His fulness, the greater fulness there appears to be in Him: "such is my Beloved."

I have been preaching in Geelong more than seven years. I have had a schooling indeed since I have been in Australia. I have seen and learnt what would almost take a lifetime to learn in dear old England, and therefore I rejoice that I was brought to this land that I might see and learn what I could not anywhere else. I do think that if a minister can preach acceptably in Australia, and to the same people for seven years, he can preach anywhere. We have in our Churches the representatives of all the Churches in England and other parts of the world.

My dear wife was now once more, and for the last time, sustained in the hour of nature's sorrow; our youngest son, Arthur Stephens, was born September 3rd, 1860.

January, 1861.—For eight years I have been labouring in Geelong, and during that time I have not had one day's rest. Being unwell I was recommended to take a sea voyage to Adelaide, and determined to do so. I was walking down Moorabool Street, when I met Mr. —, to whom I said, "I am going to Adelaide for a few weeks."

"Don't go to Adelaide," he said, "go to Sydney. Let me persuade you."

I objected to Sydney on account of the expense: the passage money being double.

The following day I met Mr. —, and told him I was going to Adelaide.

"Now let me advise you," he said, "if you want a change that will do you good, go to Sydney."

This caused me to feel unsettled in my mind, and I thought the matter over, and eventually came to the conclusion that I would go to Sydney. I thought in going there I should be able to accomplish the object of my visit, namely, rest. I should be a perfect stranger there. I knew no one, and no one knew me.

I left Melbourne by steamer for Sydney on the 10th January,

1861. We arrived at, and passed the Sydney heads, running into the enchanting bay at sunrise on the 13th, the sun shedding a flood of golden radiance upon the magnificent scenery of the harbour and city. I never in my life witnessed a scene more glorious than on the occasion of my first visit to Port Jackson.

Having breakfasted, my first act was to seek out the Baptist Chapel; and, after some difficulty, I found Bathurst Street Chapel, and was received kindly by the minister of that Church. Next day, Monday, I was walking up George Street, when I met the late Mr. Hunt. I had no idea that he was in Sydney; he was deacon of the Baptist Church, Hayes, England, where I had preached, many years since. He was delighted at seeing me, and said that he and a few others had often talked together about inviting me to Sydney. He took me to his home, and I was kindly received by his dear wife, and requested by them to stay there as long as I remained in Sydney. It was soon known that I was there, and that night I was requested to preach, which I did, in Goulburn Street Chapel. Tuesday I preached at the Baptist Chapel, Newtown. Wednesday at the Independent Chapel, Mr. Humphreys', Riley Street.

On Lord's-day, morning and evening, I preached at Goulburn Street Chapel, and in the afternoon, at Newtown; on Tuesday, at Kissing Point; Wednesday, again at Mr. Humphreys'; Friday, at Waverly; on Lord's-day, in the morning, at Goulburn Street; in the evening, at Mr. Humphreys'; Tuesday, at Goulburn Street; Wednesday, at Mr. Humphreys'; Thursday, at Botany Bay.

Thus I found, that instead of coming to Sydney for rest I came for hard labour; for during the fortnight I remained there I preached fourteen times. On each occasion the different places were full of attentive hearers. The Word of God had free course. God was glorified, because the Word preached was in power, and "in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance" (1 Thess. i. 5).

Many expressed their desire and hope that the Lord would send me to Sydney. In this I did not encourage them, for I was determined that I would not so much as touch a latch, in a way of opening the door for my settlement in Sydney. As an instance of how the hearts of the people were opened toward me, of their own free will they subscribed and gave me £15 to

pay my expenses to and from Sydney. I returned home, and found all well, both in the Church and my family; and my health fully restored.

Being now quite well, I put on the harness again, as I thought, for another eight years' servitude in Geelong, when I received a letter from Sydney, inviting me to settle there as a minister of the Gospel. This occasioned deep anxiety of mind and importunate prayer for direction in this very important matter. I knew, from what I saw and heard while in Sydney during my late visit, that the lovers of truth were scattered as sheep without a shepherd; and that there was an absolute need for the establishment of a Particular and Strict Baptist Church in Sydney. I therefore consulted with my friends upon the subject. I laid before them all the particulars connected with my late visit to Sydney; the spiritual destitution in that city respecting our own denomination, and how the hearts of the people had been opened by the preaching of the Word of God.

It appeared to my friends the hand of God was in it; and that the call now sent from Sydney was brought about by the providential government and direction of the Lord, who had evidently directed me to Sydney, in the first instance, whilst my mind was inclined to go to Adelaide. That the Lord had opened an effectual door in Sydney for the preaching of the Gospel whilst I was there, and that that door was still opened; for the Lord had opened the door of the hearts of His people to invite me to Sydney as a minister of the Gospel. They said, under these circumstances, however painful it would be for them to part with me, if I was willing to go, they must give me up; and they would continue together, and brother Friend would minister to them till such time as it should please the Lord to send them another pastor.

I now felt this was a call from the Lord, and that He had a work for me to do in Sydney. After earnest prayer to the Lord, and being fully persuaded in my own mind, I resigned my pastorate of the Church in Geelong.

On Lord's-day, May 13th, 1861, I preached

MY FAREWELL SERMONS TO THE CHURCH AT GEELONG;
the following account of that sermon and meeting was written by Mr. Stephens, an old friend of many years' standing, and published in the *Earthen Vessel*.

The text chosen was Acts xx. 32:—

“And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the Word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified.”

The divisions of the text were as follows—First, *the persons adressed*, “And now, brethren;” Secondly, *the commendation*, “I commend you to God, and the word of His grace;” Thirdly, *the ability to accomplish the great end of the commendation*, “which is able to build you up;” Fourthly, *the gift bestowed*, “and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified.” After the sermon, the Lord’s Supper was administered. The attendance was very good; the chapel full; the preacher was blessed with the presence of His Master; and the people felt it to be a solemn service, indeed, to listen to the farewell sermon of one who had preached the Word of Life to them for more than eight years, without fee or reward; who had been the means of gathering and building them up as a Church and people.

On the following Monday a public tea meeting took place, after which, a meeting was held, when Mr. Friend, a deacon of the Church, took the chair, gave out a hymn, and called upon Mr. Ward, of Collingwood, to implore God’s blessing on the meeting; then Mr. Matthews, of Melbourne, delivered an address: a solemnity pervaded his mind; he spoke under great feeling, exhorting the Church to keep together; and also to brother McCure and family his remarks were most suitable. Mr. Cakebread, of Geelong, whose mind was led in the same strain, next spoke to us with great freedom. Mr. Day, of Preston, followed, with the like freedom and liberty on this solemn occasion; for I believe all present felt it to be such. A collection was made, the proceeds being handed to our brother, as a token of regard and love for his work’s sake. Mr. McCure then stated the leadings of Divine providence in his removal to Sydney, which address occupied about half an hour. From the account he gave, there can be no doubt but that it is the Lord’s doings, and that our brother will be happy and useful to many of the Lord’s people where he is going, for there is no Particular Baptist Church in all that great city; the small cause that met under the ministry of Mr. Emery I hear is broken up, therefore there is a large field open for him to labour. In the knowledge of this and the finger of God so

evidently pointing to our brother to accept the call, led the Church to give him up.

The chairman then presented the amount collected to Mr. McCure, and the farewell address delivered in the name of the meeting, which was to him a great task, as he said it was severing a union between him and his brother, which was like that of David and Jonathan, as there was none other he could so walk with. The delivering of this address drew many tears from the friends, which to them was like the saints and brethren with Paul: "They sorrowed most of all because he said, you will see my face no more," to which our brother McCure replied in a most affectionate and feeling manner.

A hymn having been sung, brother Stephens, of Melbourne, closed the meeting by prayer.

I can truly say it was a time to me never to be forgotten. May the dear Lord in His great mercy send the Church another faithful pastor, that the sheep may not be scattered, is the prayer of one of the Lord's little ones.

Melbourne.

W. S.

But for one circumstance I could not have resigned my pastorate of the Geelong Church. My long-trying and faithful brother Friend, one of the deacons, was in every way qualified to take charge of the Church, and that Church was placed under a great obligation to him for his care of it, and for his very acceptable ministrations of the Word of Life.

It was a trial to us both in thus being called upon to say farewell, after nearly nine years' unbroken friendship.

CHAPTER XXXIII. 1

Commencement of labours at Sydney: Rise and progress of the cause at Sydney: Extracts from diary: Presentation of pulpit Bible: Letter from Mr. Friend: Decision to form a Church: Adoption of articles of faith and rules: Public welcome meeting: The Church formed.

THROUGH the Lord's great mercies, myself, wife, and nine children arrived safely in Sydney, after a passage of fifty-four hours, on Saturday, May 18th, 1861, clearing the Sydney heads by eight o'clock p.m.

On Lord's-day, May 19th, I preached from the words, "But I will sing of Thy power; yea, I will sing aloud of Thy mercy in the morning; for Thou hast been my defence and refuge in the day of my trouble" (Psa. lix. 16). I was favoured with the Divine presence and great liberty while speaking from these precious words, which the Lord gave me when out at sea, and which words, whilst we were being tossed about upon the waves of the mighty waters, wrought confidence in my soul that the Lord was our refuge when on the waters of the great deep, and that He would be our power, our mercy, and our refuge on land in the day of our trouble. That confidence I have never lost, but I have often been obliged in the day of my trouble to plead for the fulfilment of these words before the throne of grace, "Remember the word unto Thy servant, upon which Thou hast caused me to hope" (Psa. cxix. 49).

I shall make a few extracts from my diary descriptive of the rise and progress of the cause of truth in Sydney.

"We have engaged the Odd Fellows' Hall, in Sussex Street, for twelve months, at thirty-five shillings per week, that being the only building we can rent in Sydney.

"Lord's-Day, May 26th, the opening day of our new place of worship. We commenced with a prayer meeting at ten o'clock; a good number present; five brethren prayed; it was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Eleven o'clock, the more public service commenced; about 350 persons were present. I preached from 'I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ' (Rom. i. 16). I was favoured with the help and with the presence of my dear and good Master, who stood by me during the day. The people appeared truly thankful that I was brought into their midst to preach Christ's Gospel. They thus expressed themselves. The Lord grant that it may

continue. But in this I will not look to man, but I will look unto and trust in the Lord, who alone is faithful and of one mind.

“Monday night.—Prayer meeting; a good number present; quite encouraging; the brethren prayed like men of God. We are now altogether in our new home.

‘Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I’m come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.’

“May 29th, Wednesday evening.—I preached from ‘But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city’ (Heb. xi. 16). About seventy present, very good for a week-night service. I hope it will continue. I was speaking of the ‘thorn in the nest,’ by which we are stirred up to desire a better country.

“Lord’s-day, June 2nd.—This has been a ‘day of days’ to me: strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man that I should ‘preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ.’ I preached morning and evening from Deut. xxxiii. 29. I was favoured with the Divine presence, and the Word was blessed. Just before the commencement of the morning service a large pulpit Bible was presented to me by the ladies of the congregation as a token of their Christian regard.

“The following letter I received from Mr. Friend, my faithful and long-trying brother, deacon of the Church in Geelong, in answer to one I had written to him respecting a slanderous letter which was sent to Sydney. I will copy his letter that it may speak for itself as to the spirit of the writer. I have often wished that every minister of the Gospel was blessed with a deacon, or deacons, of the same noble and Christian spirit as that of brother Friend: ‘A true friend to rally round thee; an honest one to chide; a faithful one to cling to thee, whatever may betide.’

“Geelong, Saturday Evening, June 8th, 1861.

“MY DEAR BROTHER,—Your letter of the 5th instant came to hand this afternoon. Its contents gave me more grief than surprise, for I am pretty well prepared for what envy will do,

and therefore am ready to hear, almost as a matter of course, all manner of accusations against you. But what a mercy that those accusations, let them be uttered by whom and when they may, are uttered in agreement with the declaration of our once suffering Lord—'falsely.' How much thanksgiving is due on your part to the God of all grace for His keeping mercy to you, so that you have not been permitted to fall into the places where your enemies would have been glad to have found you. 'So would we have it' has for several years been the spirit of many who have shewn you a fair face. They have been waiting for your halting, and in their wisdom predicted what, during your stay in Geelong, never came to pass; no thanks to them. If your credit and good name had not stood higher than the reach of such persons, you would indeed have been where they would have had the cruel gratification of saying, 'I always said so; I always said he'd be insolvent.' But in this respect, as in many others,—many! all others!—the Lord is to be praised who gave you favour with the Egyptians.

"Your letter was not without its pleasurable contents, for I do assure you I felt very glad to find you had fallen among honourable men, who would not suffer your character to be attacked in the dark without shewing to you the attempts which were made to steal away your good name. Your vindication is with the Lord, for He hath said: 'I will fight for you, and you shall hold your peace,' and you surely cannot think that this promise was to cease, as being no longer needed, when you left Geelong. Therefore do not be cast down, dear brother, but trust in the Lord at all times—and particularly at this time—seeing that in the insinuations which have reached Sydney you have a conscience void of offence, and can say with noble Paul, 'I have wronged no man; I have defrauded no man.'

"And with regard to Mr. —, let him alone. All that he knows about you he knows by hearsay. He cannot be heard in court. His testimony is worth nothing.

"And as to Mrs. —'s remark, I am almost inclined to think you should take that as a compliment. She must give you credit for being remarkably sharp, clear-headed, well-taught, and sagacious, for that's what a lawyer should be, at any rate. However, who that knows the poor gossiping creature will regard what she says? I was never in her com-

pany but once, and then only for a short time, but that was long enough to justify me in concluding her to be one of the foolish women who, instead of building her house, 'plucketh it down with her hands.' I have little doubt in my own mind that she is, to use a colonial phrase, 'a shingle short.' You are not the only one whose heart has been wounded by her tattling tongue.

"And lastly, as to —. He says that you are 'a great deal too fast.' I think so too. I have often thought and said that you have been too fast, even in preaching the Gospel—for nothing; in running hither and thither to proclaim the glad tidings of everlasting peace—for nothing; a great deal too fast in opening your heart and hand to people before you knew them well; a great deal too fast in believing that others were as sincere, as generous, as truthful as yourself; a great deal too fast in warming the frozen snake which has bitten you many a time for your mistaken kindness, *i.e.*, for being too fast. But let me put the best construction I can on his remark, and it comes to this:—that you are of a quick, sanguine temperament, which puts the best face upon things, in fact, a better face than shows itself in the great majority of human affairs. You hope and believe, and build your prospects upon that which rarely comes to pass. Your experience has taught you this, and suffering to you and yours—but not to others—has been the consequence. Be slower for the future, and especially in making your acquaintances. Try to read men; look at their faces, look at their heads, look at their actions—all marks and signs which our Father has set upon them for us to read.

"And now, dear brother, although I thus write, I am fully satisfied that the insinuations contained in the several letters to which you refer were written with a wicked intent, but my heart's desire and prayer to God is, that He will give you to say as Joseph said: 'Ye meant it for evil, but God meant it for good,' so that your heart may be full of forgiveness to those who have sought to do you wrong, and your mouth full of praise to our God, who shall work these things together for good; for 'all things shall work together for good to them that love God, and are the called according to His purpose,' therefore cheer up. He is faithful that hath promised 'no weapon formed against Thee shall prosper, and every tongue that ariseth against Thee in judgment Thou shall condemn.'

“9th June, Sunday evening.—I find I was right in saying that the communications sent to Sydney were sent with a wicked intent, for I have learnt to-day that Mrs. — threatened to let the people in Sydney know about you, and that she was advised to mind her own business, and cease to interfere with you; but no! she thought you were about to have a little rest, and the idea was more than she could bear. The Lord will recompense these people, and thou shalt have to say as David did, ‘It is God that avengeth me.’ Let me entreat of you not to be cast down, but consider Him who endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself.

“How strange it is that I was not made acquainted with what had taken place until I received your letter, although several of our friends were aware of the communication sent from Geelong long before it reached its destination. I say ‘how strange,’ but really it is not strange, for when I consider that I will not have anything like tittle tattle about me, there is no need to wonder that I am so ignorant of what is going on around me, and that I am blessed with quiet whilst others are in a ferment.

“Say to your dear wife from me that it is all right, and that this matter shall no more make against you than did the loss of Joseph and the absence of Benjamin make against Jacob. There must be no weeping, because, ‘as for God, His way is perfect.’

“I must tell you about Mount Zion the next time I write.

“Will you favour me with the name of the Church over which you now are, and whereabouts you meet, that the letters of dismission may be properly headed and sent.

“Accept my sincere regards to you and yours, and believe me,

“Yours faithfully in Jesus,

“CHRIS. S. FRIEND.

“Bro. J. B. McCure.”

“This most kind and faithful letter was a word in season, and good to me. I do greatly rejoice that we never caused sorrow to each other through that cursed jealousy and the green-eyed monster envy, which are cruel as the grave, for it supplies the tongue of slander with the most deadly poison,—for ‘The poison of asps is under their lips, whose mouths are full of cursing and bitterness.’ Thus it has been from the beginning.

David said, 'False witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.' Christ was slandered, misrepresented, and evil spoken of, for they said that He was a drunkard, and one who sympathised with iniquity, and made Himself one with the ungodly in their sins, and was in collusion with the devil. Shall we, in common with all God's faithful servants, be without the blessing of the Saviour—when He said, 'Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely [lying], for My sake' ?—with the promise of the Lord our God, 'No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper; and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of Me, saith the Lord.'

"Then, let men and devils do what they may; let the slanderous tongue speak falsely,—but in this let God's people be careful, and not give place to, and please the devil. For the slanderer is an assassin, at the midnight hour. The worm that crawls on beauty's cheek. The enemy that steals on the slumbers of secret innocence. A coward in a coat of mail, who wages war against the brave and wise; and, like the long lean lizard that would mar the lion's sleep, it wounds the noblest breast. It may be done by insinuations. This, in some respects, may be worse than open slander. Its workings are noiseless, but sure and astonishing. If thou art addicted to this sin, blush! if of honest blood one drop remains to steal its lonely way along thy veins. Blush! to be branded with the insinuator's name. My heart has often been made to bleed, from the cruel tongues of some of God's children. I will not speak of them here, but will leave them with the Judge of all the earth.

"Manton used to say, 'It is better to have the praise of evil men's hatred than the scandal of their love and approbation.'

"June 5th, Tuesday Evening.—A meeting at brother Clark's, when it was decided that a Particular and Strict Baptist Church should be formed. I read the Articles of Faith and the Rules of the Church at Geelong, which were adopted. The meeting was adjourned, to be held at the house of brother Hunt on Thursday evening, and all those brethren and sisters of the same faith and order were invited to attend.

“6th.—I have just been preaching from ‘Thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee.’ What a mercy it is when they speak evil of you if it is not the truth. I do feel that I can lay claim to these words of Jesus,—‘Blessed are ye, when *men* shall revile you, and persecute *you*, and shall say all manner of evil against you *falsely*, for My sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad; for great is your reward in heaven, for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you’ (Matt. v. 11, 12).

“9th, Lord’s-day.—I preached in the morning from 1 Cor. xii. 22, and in the evening from Luke xxiv. 29. I was very much helped all day, and felt that the Word had free course, and that souls were blest. I trust that it was so. Oh, how I want some token that the Lord is with me! I want souls for my ministry. Without such signs of the Spirit being with me I cannot be happy.

“Tuesday.—I spoke at a public meeting at Newtown. Although I was helped to say some solemn things, yet I felt very much shut up.

“Wednesday.—I am very much cast down. ‘A sparrow alone, and shut up, and cannot come forth.’ I have to preach to-night, but I have no preaching in me. ‘O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me.’

“Notwithstanding my feelings, I had great liberty whilst speaking from Gen. xxxii. 9. Oh, what a mercy to have a faithful covenant God to go to in the day of trouble! ‘Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good, and I will deal well with thee.’

“Thursday Evening.—This will be a night long to be remembered. Twenty-four brethren and sisters met together at the house of Mr. Hunt, when each held up his and her hand, declaring that the Articles of Faith and the Rules now read shall be the Articles of Faith and the Rules of the Church now about to be formed. I was very much pleased in beholding the unity of faith in the great doctrines of the Gospel. It was decided to form ourselves into a Church with others who are of the same faith and order, and who have been baptized. This meeting was therefore adjourned to July 4th.”

The following appeared in the *Empire*:—

“June 24th.—A public tea meeting was held in the Odd Fellows’ Hall, Sussex Street, for the purpose of giving a wel-

come to J. B. McCure, who recently arrived from Victoria to assume the pastorate of the Particular Baptist congregation at this place. The hall could not contain at one sitting the numbers that attended, which could not be less than five hundred persons. After tea, which was gratuitously provided by the ladies, and the removal of the tables, the chair was taken by the Rev. S. Humphreys (Ebenezer Chapel); the 199th hymn (Gadsby's Collection) was sung by the excellent choir which was in attendance. Mr. Rollin having prayed for the Divine presence, the Chairman, in a few appropriate remarks, expressed his great pleasure at seeing their minister among them, and then shook hands with Mr. McCure, who, on rising, said that he was now called on to give some account of himself and the Lord's dealing with him. Mr. McCure then spoke for one hour and twenty minutes. At the conclusion of the address the Chairman announced that although admission was by ticket, no charge was made for them, and he hoped that, as it cost £60 to defray the expense of Mr. McCure and his family's removal hither, they would respond liberally to the collection. While the collection was being made, the choir sang, 'God moves in a mysterious way.' The meeting was afterwards addressed by R. Ronald, Esq., and by the Rev. Dr. Hobbs, who expressed their great pleasure at seeing Mr. McCure among them, and cordially gave him their hands. Mr. Hicks, Mr. T. Griffiths, and Mr. Mills followed, and the meeting broke up a little after ten with the Doxology."

"July 4th.—Meeting at the house of brother Hunt; forty-nine persons present: twenty-four brethren, twenty-five sisters. Agreed to unite themselves together and form a Particular and Strict Baptist Church. The Rules and Articles of Faith were again read, and entered in what was to be the Church Book, each brother and sister then came forward and signed their names, and thus subscribed to the Articles of Faith and Rules. It was then determined that the formation of the Church should take place publicly on Lord's-day, during the morning service.

"Lord's-day, July 7th, 1861.—The formation of the Particular and Strict Baptist Church, Sydney—a day I trust that will never be forgotten."

CHAPTER XXXIV. †

Felt inability for the great work before me: Services on board the *White Star*: Reports from the morning paper: Acceptance of the pastorate: Preaching in the theatre: The sailor that hung himself: The Coroner's inquest: Two sermons in the inquest room: Letter of dismissal from the Geelong to the Sydney Church.

“JULY 13TH.—This week I have been very unwell in body, and very low in mind. I feel that I am engaged in a great work, for which I am not sufficient, but this I know that my sufficiency is of God. Therefore, poor as I am, and weak as I am, I need not fear. But I do fear, I want the Lord's presence. Oh, what a poor helpless thing I feel myself to be. O Lord Jesus come quickly and grant unto Thy poor servant the light of Thy countenance, and lift up my soul that is bowed down, that I may, and that Thy Church may, have a good day in Thy house to-morrow. Oh may it be a day of days, and I pray Thee that it may be a day of life to some who are dead in sin.

“Monday, July 15.—‘Bless the Lord, O my soul,’ yesterday was indeed a day of days. I think I may say it was one of my best days; the Word had free course, and many heard it gladly; the people listened with marked attention during both sermons. The congregations were good, and the weekly collection at the door £5 9s. The Sunday School was increased to sixty-four. And now, O Lord, glorify Thyself, and do with Thy poor servant as Thou pleasest; only ‘strengthen me with all might, according to Thy glorious power unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness’ (Col. i. 11).

“Lord's-day, July 21st.—‘What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?’ I have been helped to preach three times, and will now record the loving-kindness of the Lord. In the afternoon I held a very extraordinary service on board the ship *White Star*. Surely the hand of God must be in this. I had just returned from Manly Beach; as I was leaving the steamer I saw for the first time that leviathan vessel; during the night I could not sleep. It was the *White Star* that was upon my mind. Oh, how I desired that I might preach on board that ship on the following Sunday. I tried to dismiss the thought from my mind, but it was impossible; the desire increased until I felt that I must do so. I sent my compliments to the captain and asked him if he would allow

me to preach on board his vessel on Lord's-day afternoon. He replied that he should only be too glad to comply with my request. The service was advertised, the Lord was with me, and the Word of God that I was enabled to preach on that ship was blessed, and will never be forgotten by many."

The following account of the service and description of the vessel appeared in the *Sydney Morning Empire*, Monday, July 22nd, 1861:—

"'WHITE STAR.'—We are informed that this magnificent ship, one of the largest mercantile vessels in the world, is chartered to take sheep to New Zealand. She is to remain here till the 15th of November, in the meantime will discharge most of her crew; she is then to take 50,000 sheep to Middle Island, of which 30,000 have been guaranteed by Messrs. Wentworth and Tooth, at an agreed price per head. An interesting religious service took place yesterday afternoon on board this beautiful ship, lying at the Circular Quay; Captain Kerr having placed the vessel at the disposal of John Bunyan McCure, Baptist minister of this city, to preach, and which having been duly advertised, about 600 persons attended and listened with great attention. The text was taken from John vii. 37, 'If any man thirst let him come unto Me and drink.' Mr. McCure has promised to preach on board again next Sunday afternoon, and Captain Kerr has intimated his intention of placing the vessel in a more fitting state for parties coming to and leaving the vessel."

"Lord's-day, July 28th.—In the morning I preached from 2 Sam. xxiii. 5. I had no particular comfort while speaking from these very comforting words, nevertheless the covenant is the same; though we change, the Lord changeth not, therefore we are not consumed. In the evening I preached from Psalm cxl. 2. I was very happy, being blessed with the comforting presence of the Lord.

"In the afternoon I again preached on board the *White Star*. It was, indeed, a very solemn service, and the attention was very remarkable; there were not less than from ten to twelve hundred persons present. There were some of all sorts, several *Jews*, and many who never go to a place of worship. Well, for once they have heard Christ preached. My prayer is that the Lord will glorify Himself by these special services."

The following report appeared in the *Sydney Morning Empire*, Tuesday, July 30th.

"THE 'WHITE STAR' SHIP.—Divine service was again held on Sunday afternoon last, on board the *White Star*, Circular Quay, John Bunyan McCure officiating, from the text, 'And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani? that is to say, My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?' (Matt. xxvii. 46). The attendance was greater than on the preceding Sunday. We noticed several ministers in attendance, Rev. Mr. Voller, and the Rev. Mr. Wilson, of Brisbane. At the close of the service Mr. McCure announced his intention of preaching in the Royal Lyceum Theatre, next Sunday afternoon, that place having been engaged for Sunday afternoon services; and at the same time thanked Captain Kerr for having thus generously placed the vessel at his service for such a purpose."

"July 30th, Monday.—A sailor called upon me this morning; directly he saw me he burst into a flood of tears, and said, 'Oh, that sermon you preached on board the ship yesterday. If Christ was thus forsaken so must I be; I am lost, I am lost; there is no hope for me.' He was in great distress. I thought that it was the sorrow of a broken-hearted sinner, therefore I spoke to him of the ability of Christ to save to the uttermost. I gave him a Bible, and requested that he would call again. I do trust that he is a brand plucked out of the fire, and a seal and soul for my ministry and for my hire.

"Wednesday evening.—The Church met after the evening service, when it was determined that they should proceed in the usual way to make choice of (myself) as pastor of the Church. It was then put to the show of hands, when all hands were held up. Each brother and each sister, by that act, declared that it was their mind and will that I should become their pastor. The same being made known to me, I then came before the Church, when they gave themselves to me as their pastor, by one, in the name of the Church, giving me the right hand of fellowship. I then signified my willingness to accept the call now made, and to receive the Church as the people of my charge. This was indeed a very solemn meeting; I think I may safely say, from the manner and appearance of the people, that they felt it to be so. I can speak for myself, that I entered upon the relation of

pastor and flock with fear and trembling—fear, lest they should prove unfaithful to me, and trembling, because of the responsibility I had now taken upon myself, well knowing my own weakness and my many infirmities. O Lord, unto Thee do I lift up my soul, that Thou wilt bless Thy poor servant, and that Thou wilt bless the union between pastor and people, that it may be a happy, peaceful, and fruitful one, and that Thy Church may become the joyful mother of children.

“Lord’s-day, August 4th.—This afternoon I preached in the Royal Lyceum Theatre. The weather was unfavourable, it being very wet; notwithstanding, there were nearly seven hundred persons present, who paid the greatest possible attention, many of them were of the lowest of the low. It was a solemn service. Just as I came up to the theatre, there was standing by the door a sailor, a mate of the one who called upon me on Monday. I inquired if his mate was present; the sailor looked at me, but could not speak. I again asked him, ‘Where is your mate?’ He promised me that he would be present at this service.’ I saw the tears start in his eyes, but he could not speak. I again inquired, ‘Where is your mate? What is the matter?’

“At length he sobbed out—‘He—hung—himself—this—morning.’

“Oh! dear me, I felt overwhelmed, and with all these dreadful feelings I walked on to the stage to preach to seven hundred persons. The Lord came to my help, and I was enabled to preach in the most solemn manner. During the sermon I was speaking of the difference between natural and spiritual conviction; I then spoke as follows:—‘Last Monday a sailor called upon me, who appeared to be the subject of sorrow. I thought that it was godly sorrow, that he was convicted of sin by the Holy Ghost. I desired that I might be able to say of him, ‘is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?’ I am just informed that he has hung himself this morning. The excitement produced when I had made this statement I shall never forget, hundreds were deeply affected. Two persons rushed out of the theatre, exclaiming, ‘Oh! I cannot stand this!’ I do believe that there will be some fruit to the glory of God from these services.

“Monday, August 5th.—One of the most remarkable circumstances I ever met with has taken place this day. Surely the

hand of God must be in it. We are commanded to sow beside all waters, but I never expected to have been allowed to have sown the Word of God beside such waters as I have been permitted to do this day.

"I was requested to attend a Coroner's inquest, held at a public house, to inquire into the cause of the death of the poor sailor who hung himself on Sunday morning. When I entered the room, the captain of the *White Star* was under examination. The following questions were put to him by the coroner:—

"You are captain of the *White Star*?"

"I am."

"A religious service was held on board your ship, Sunday, July 28th?"

"Yes."

"Who was the gentleman that preached on the occasion?"

"John Bunyan McCure."

"Did you hear the sermon that the reverend gentleman preached?"

"I did."

"What kind of sermon was it?"

"I decline to answer that question."

"What were the doctrines advanced—Calvinist or Arminian?"

"Calvinist."

"Do you think that the sermon was calculated to induce a person to commit suicide?"

"Most certainly not; the sermon was most encouraging to those who feel their need of Christ. During that sermon the Gospel was faithfully preached."

Coroner—"Thank you, that will do."

The coroner then called for me.

"What is your name, sir?"

"John Bunyan McCure."

"You are a minister of the Gospel?"

"I am."

"Did you preach on board the *White Star*?"

"I did."

"Did you know the deceased?"

"I did not."

"Were you aware that he was present when you preached on board the ship?"

"I was not."

"Did you ever see the deceased?"

"I did."

"When?"

"This day week."

"Under what circumstances? Will you have the goodness to state them?"

"Last Monday morning the deceased called at my house, directly he saw me he burst into a flood of tears,—he then spoke of the sermon he heard me preach on board the *White Star* ship."

"What did you say to him?"

"Believing that he was weeping from a broken heart, and a contrite spirit, and that he felt his need of salvation, I spoke to him of the ability of Christ to save even those who had sinned to the uttermost. I gave him a Bible, and requested him to come and see me again."

"Then you spoke kindly and encouragingly to him?"

I replied, "I endeavoured to do so."

"Then it is not true that you drove him from your door, telling him he was not one of God's elect?"

"Most certainly I did not."

The coroner then said:—"The reason why I have asked you this question is in consequence of the report throughout the city that you expelled him from your presence, telling him there was no hope for him, that he was not one of the elect, therefore he could not be saved. It is further reported that the sermon you preached was of that fearful and exciting character, that it drove the deceased out of his mind."

I replied, "Sir, would you like me to give you the outlines of that sermon?"

The coroner said that if it would not be too much to ask of me he should be very glad for me to do so. The room was crowded. I felt that the Lord was with me, I therefore at once seized the opportunity, and for more than half-an-hour I spoke, and gave them nearly the whole of the sermon from that great and solemn text, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" The crowd listened with breathless silence, and many appeared to be greatly moved.

The coroner then said, "I am informed that yesterday you preached in the Royal Lyceum Theatre, and that you made

some remarks in reference to the deceased." To which I replied that it was true.

"Will you have the kindness to state what it was you then said?"

"Sir," I replied, "in order that you may understand the remarks I then made, it will be necessary for me to give you the outlines of that sermon."

He requested me to do so, and for some time I was permitted again to speak of those things I had preached in the theatre. During my examination I preached two sermons.

Other witnesses were then examined, and likewise the doctor, when it came out in evidence that the deceased had just been wrecked, that he fell on the deck of the vessel, and his head was injured and his brain affected, and in consequence thereof he was of unsound mind before he heard the sermon. And such was the verdict of the Jury. My enemies once more were found liars unto me; and "my righteousness was brought forth as the light, and my judgment as the noon-day."

"Lord's-day.—I again preached in the theatre. There was a large attendance, not less than nine hundred persons present; and, above all, the Lord of Hosts was present, and blessed the word preached from Matt. xxv. 32."

The following report appeared in the *Sydney Morning Empire*, Tuesday, August 13.

"Special Religious Service.—Divine service was again held on Sunday afternoon last, at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, when between 800 and 900 persons were present. J. B. McCure took for his text, 'And before Him shall be gathered all nations,' &c. (Matt. xxv. 32), which was listened to with the most profound attention. At the close of the service it was announced by a gentleman in connection with these services, that this was the second one held at that place on the Sunday afternoon, that another would be held there next Sunday at the same hour, three o'clock. Afterwards a collection would be made towards defraying the expenses incident to the services, for Gas, Printing, and Advertisements, which amounted to £3 each service; and that the theatre had been generously placed at their disposal by the proprietors for Sunday afternoon services."

"Lord's day, 18th August.—This afternoon my good Master again helped me to preach in the theatre from 1 Cor. vi. 11.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul! that I was enabled to be faithful, and that I am clear of the blood both of the professor and the profane." The following account appeared in the *Empire*:

"Divine service was again held on Sunday afternoon at the Royal Lyceum Theatre, York Street, on which occasion John Bunyan McCure delivered a most solemn and impressive discourse from 1 Cor. vi. 11, which was listened to with the greatest attention by the large congregation present, who were affected with the earnest and impressive manner in which the discourse was delivered. At the close of the service Mr. McCure said he wished to know if it was their desire that he should preach to them again next Lord's-day afternoon, if so, would they hold up the right hand. Immediately a forest of hands were held up. On the contrary, not one hand appeared. Mr. McCure then promised to preach again next Sunday afternoon, at the same time requesting those present to endeavour to bring those with them who do not attend any place of worship."

"Bless the Lord, I have not laboured in vain. I am just informed that a lady, the wife of a banker in Victoria, was present at the service in the theatre. The Word was blessed to her soul. I remember seeing her weeping under the Word. She said she had come to Sydney for the health of her body, and to the theatre for the salvation of her soul. I thank Thee, Thou gracious Lord, for this instance that Thou hast given unto me, that Thou art with me in the matter of these special services. This has been a week of soul darkness, no bright shining. I have felt as if I could never preach again, and I have now three sermons to preach to-morrow. All that I can do is to cry, 'Lord help me.' More than ever do I feel my insufficiency, but at the same time I want to feel that my sufficiency is of the Lord.

"Lord's-day, August 25th.—Notwithstanding my fears and my low estate, I have had a good day, and the Word has been blessed to many. In the afternoon I preached in the theatre; there was the largest attendance I have had, not less than one thousand persons being present. I spoke with great liberty, and there was the greatest attention to the solemn things uttered. I do believe I shall have many souls given to me from these services; the Lord grant it, I pray. We have several for baptism, and some to whom the Word has been blessed. Oh,

what a mercy to be the means of saving souls. Thus it is evident that my coming to Sydney is of the Lord, or He would not bless me and make me a blessing in His cause. I do pray that it may be only the earnest of a bright future.

“October 3rd.—This has been a day of days. This evening I baptized eight believers in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, some of whom are seals the Lord has given me.”

The following letter is from the Church in Geelong, of their own will, writing an honourable dismissal of my wife, daughter, and myself. Oh! what a mercy that they can thus write of us; the letter will speak for itself:—

“*The Particular Baptized Church of Christ meeting for the worship of God in Mount Zion Chapel, Little Ryrie Street, Geelong, to the Particular Baptized Church of Christ meeting for the worship of God in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Sussex Street, Sydney.*”

“DEARLY BELOVED IN CHRIST JESUS,—Grace be unto you and peace from God our Father and from the Lord Jesus Christ, by the effectual working of the Spirit, the Holy Ghost the Comforter.

“Our object in writing to you is to commend unto you our beloved brother, J. B. McCure, and our dear sisters, Jane his wife, and Jane his daughter, lately in full communion with us, and now, in the wisdom of our God, united with you.

“We should have written before, but at the holding of our last Church meeting you were not in being as a duly constituted Church, but now that you are so, we seek the first opportunity of fulfilling our duty to you and of giving to our brother and sisters this letter of commendation; and we do this, not because we deem it in the present case absolutely necessary, but because we desire to keep up that order in the Church which shall stand as an example to those who shall come after.

“We, therefore, commend unto you our brother and late pastor as a faithful witness for Christ Jesus, and one to be beloved for His sake. We rejoice that we are able to bear testimony to his good moral as well as to his Christian character; and further, and above all, that our gracious Lord was pleased to make use of him in this place to the ingathering of sinners and the comforting of saints.

“Our earnest desire is that our brother may be thus and more abundantly made a blessing to you, so that you and he may rejoice together in the hope of your calling of God in Christ Jesus.

“We also commend unto you our sisters, whom we love in the Lord, and for whom we now solicit your Christian care. Our elder sister, while with us, deservedly obtained the best wishes of all; our younger sister, inexperienced in the trials of the way, was, as many young Christians are, the subject of earnest desires that God would deepen the work of grace in her heart, and enlarge her knowledge in those things which make to her eternal peace.

“That you and our brother and sisters may be blessed with all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus is our sincere prayer before God, to whom be glory now and for ever, Amen.

“Signed for the Church,
 “CHRISTR. S. FRIEND,
 “WILLIAM MATTHEWS, }
 “JOHN B. EVANS, } Deacons.

“Geelong, 21st October, 1861.”

CHAPTER XXXV. •

A review of a year's mercies: A meditation and prayer for increased devotion to the work: Removal for worship to Old Sugar Works: Baptismal service: The ordinance again blessed: Visit to Brisbane: An Australian sermon for British Christians.

“JANUARY, 1862.—What a year the past has been. I may well say, What has God wrought? He has indeed wrought wonders of providence, wonders of grace. A cup full of mercies I have had, and the bitter portion of my cup has been for my good. Hallelujah.

‘My soul, now arise, my passions take wing;
 Look up to the skies, and cheerfully sing;
 Let God be the object in praises addressed,
 And this be my subject, ’tis all for the best.’

“My soul, praise thou the Lord, whose Name is Jehovah-jireh, Ebenezer. Hither by Thy help I am come, through temptations, fiery darts, sharp conflicts, and great and sore troubles. But the Lord is sufficient. In myself, I am weaker than the weakest, unable to stand against the traitorous foes of my heart, and Satan, who seeketh to devour whom he may; blessed be God, not whom he will, having no might whatever to contend with these enemies. I flee unto my Conqueror, the Captain of my salvation; and I will hide behind His shield; there my enemies are powerless, and then—

‘I can smile at Satan’s rage,
And face a frowning world.’

“Most precious Lord, Thou hast brought Thy poor servant to see another New Year’s Day. I desire most humbly and unreservedly in Thine own almighty strength, to yield myself, all I have and am, to Thy disposal; to lose my will in Thine; and embrace Thyself, my Jesus, my portion, my happiness, my wisdom, my strength, my beloved and my unchangeable Friend. Oh, lead me, Thou Almighty God the Holy Ghost, more and more into Christ and out of self, ‘that I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable unto His death.’

“Teach me, I pray, to honour Thee by committing myself wholly to Thee for carrying on, perfecting, and crowning with glory Thine own work. Oh, Thou Christ glorifying Spirit, I beseech Thee to instruct Thy poor servant ‘Unto all riches of the full assurance of understanding, to the acknowledgment of the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ.’ I ask it for the glory of Christ, for the honour of Thy name, and for the praise of the eternal Father, as co-equal and co-eternal with the Father and the Son in one Jehovah, to whom I will ascribe equal praise for ever and ever. Amen.

“April.—We have now met together for nearly twelve months in the Odd Fellows’ Hall; the Lord has been with us, and that place has been made the birthplace of many souls. We are now about to leave it for the Old Sugar Works in Liverpool Street. The company have very kindly granted to us the use of a portion of that building, which we have fitted up as a place of worship, at a cost of £109.

“April 20th, 1862, Lord’s-day.—This day we have opened

our new place of worship. In the morning I preached from Psa. cxxxii. 8, 9; in the evening from Psa. xxvii. 4. The Lord consecrated the place with His presence; the provision of His house was indeed blessed, and the Lord's poor were satisfied with bread, and we all shouted aloud for joy, for the Lord was in the midst of us; He did enter with all His glorious train, and with His Spirit and His Word; and for a long while we were favoured to sing, 'The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge' (Psa. xli. 7).

'Eternal Spirit! heavenly Dove!
Enter and fill this place;
Reveal Immanuel's matchless love,
And open all His grace.'

"October.—Eleven believers in Jesus I have immersed in the name of the Holy Trinity. Some have attained to a good old age, and are now convinced that baptism is not sprinkling, but immersion. It was a trial to the flesh after so many years to come forward and publicly declare that they had been wrong all the years they had made a profession. I rejoice in their decision, and trust that many will be constrained to do likewise.

'His institutions would I prize;
Take up my cross, the shame despise;
Dare to defend His noble cause,
And yield obedience to His laws.'

"One person, at the age of sixty, whom I baptized, had known the Lord for many years; she had never been inside a Baptist chapel till she came to ours; the Word was blessed to her soul, and she continued to attend my ministry. Having several persons to baptize she came to witness the ordinance. I did not know she had any objection whatever to baptism. While she was in the chapel, and just before the service commenced, she said to a Christian friend who was by her side, 'I am come to see the ordinance, but there is no necessity for me to be baptized; Paul was not baptized, and therefore there is no necessity for me to be baptized.' I knew nothing of this conversation. During the sermon I paused and looked her full in the face, and said, 'What, do you say that Paul was not baptized, and thus you seek to justify yourself in disobedience to the command of Christ. Paul was baptized' (see Acts ix. 18); Jesus Christ was baptized; the apostles were baptized; and all

the Churches in the New Testament were baptized Churches; and you cannot walk in the footsteps of those who have gone before you, you cannot follow Jesus 'whithersoever He goeth,' unless you likewise go down into the water to be buried with Christ by baptism. She was convinced of her error, and desired that I should baptize her. She said, 'Oh! I will be baptized a *thousand times* if Jesus has commanded it. I do love Him, and I will keep His commandments.'"

Many have been the instances I have had of the Lord blessing that precious ordinance, making it a *means* of life to the dead in sin, and decision to those who were wavering, constraining them to say, "Thou hast commanded this. I will do it in obedience to Thee."

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Friendless, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my All shalt be."

"December.—I have just returned from Brisbane, where I have been engaged the last two weeks, preaching the Word of God. I am very much pleased in having made the acquaintance of my good brother Kingsford and his loving and faithful wife. We had many happy meetings together. I am sure the Lord was with us, and for that reason the devil made a great noise. On the Friday that I arrived in Brisbane, there was a tea meeting at the Baptist Chapel, when Mr. W., the minister, who is a *general* Baptist, informed the people of my arrival and that I preached '*Awful doctrines.*' This soon ran like wild-fire through the city. I was not sorry so far as I was concerned, as I felt sure that he was only advertising me, which was indeed the case, for on the Lord's-day many came to the chapel only that they might hear the '*Awful doctrines.*' One person was so blessed under the Word, that he gave £5. He came again and gave another £5, stating that he came to hear '*Awful doctrines,*' but that he had heard the glorious Gospel of Christ preached with power to his soul. On the following Lord's-day a person came only because of the evil reports. I saw the tears in his eyes during the sermon, which was blessed to his soul; he also gave £5. These two persons came in consequence of Mr. W.'s advertisement; for which we paid nothing, and through which we realized *fifteen pounds* (£15).

“As another instance of the feeling of *hatred* against the truth, I record the following which appeared in the newspaper: ‘We have had a Baptist minister, Mr. J. Bunyan McCure, opening a Particular Baptist Chapel here; he has been like Rebecca’s twins before they were born. During his visit he has not done any good or evil that we have heard of. He is getting a parting cup of tea at Mr. Kingsford’s to-night, preparatory to his leaving us. Peace be with him. Such predestinarians have little footing in Brisbane.’

“December 31st.—‘Not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord my God spake, all have come to pass.’ In looking back on the past year, I can set my seal to this truth, God is faithful. There has not been a promise which God has not fulfilled: give then the honour due unto His name. If not one thing hath failed, give Him glory, and again repeat His praise, and say, Amen. There has not been an instance in which God has forfeited His word; who can point to the time or place in any one temptation, trial, or affliction, in which God has been found unfaithful?

‘Bless Him, my soul, from day to day,
Trust Him to bring thee on thy way:
Give Him thy poor, weak, sinful heart;
With Him, O never, never part.’

“Once more, ‘Ebenezer, hitherto the Lord hath helped me.’ Amen! hallelujah! amen!”

I find it is impossible for me to write out even a brief history of four years—viz., to the commencement of 1867—without swelling the pages of this book beyond the reach of those for whom it is more particularly designed. I shall, therefore, only give a summary of some things through which the Lord has led me, in order that I may close the history of the Lord’s goodness toward his poor servant to that date.

The following is an outline of two sermons preached by me on the occasion of my twenty-third year in the ministry, and published in London:—

AN AUSTRALIAN SERMON FOR BRITISH CHRISTIANS.

I was called to the work of the ministry on Lord’s-day, March 1st, 1840. Twenty-three years this Lord’s-day (1st of March, 1863), I have been kept and sustained in the public ministry of the Gospel of Christ.

“O to grace how great a debtor!”

Grace, indeed, it is, and has been; for I am truly "less than the least of all saints;" yet my gracious Lord is pleased in *con-*
descension to give me this grace, which I have found to be sufficient for me, notwithstanding the thorns in the flesh and the messenger of Satan. My infirmities and weaknesses are many, and my power being gone, and none shut up or left, I am constrained to declare myself a poor insolvent, and with Paul to say, "Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me." And to Him, my most precious Lord Jesus, shall my prayer be, "I beseech Thee still remember thy poor servant for good, even with the rich anointings of Thy grace:" for I feel more than ever that I am poor and needy; yea, that I am nothing; therefore, not sufficient of myself to think anything as of myself; but O bless the Lord, my soul; my sufficiency is of the Lord, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

I preached my twenty-third anniversary sermons from Rom. xv. 30, morning and evening, and was very much favoured. The Lord blessed the sermons to many of His dear people. I have been requested to publish them, but that I cannot do. I will give the divisions of the subject; more I cannot do now.

"Now I beseech you, brethren, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and for the love of the Spirit, that ye strive together with me in your prayers to God for me."

I. THE APOSTLE'S SOLICITUDE.—"Now I beseech you, brethren, that ye strive together with me in your prayers to God for me."

1. He calls them *brethren* from the regeneration of God the Holy Ghost, the outward and visible fruits of which declared them to be brethren—"By their fruits ye shall know them."

2. He beseeches them *to be united*—to strive together to have peace among themselves. In order to have this peace, (1) You must speak well of all your brethren: "Speak evil of no man." (2) Avoid all secret whisperings and backbitings. "A froward man soweth strife, and a whisperer separateth chief friends." (3) All backbiting must be discountenanced. "The north wind driveth away rain, so doth an angry countenance a backbiting tongue." (4) If your brother has offended you, "Tell him of his faults between him and thee alone." (5) Never receive or believe a report against a brother until you know it

to be true. I beseech you, brethren, for these things strive together.

3. To be *united with himself*; strive together with me, that I may build up the Church of Christ. I showed what it was *not* to strive together with one another, and with the Lord's servant, by the following:—

II. HOW TO BREAK A CHURCH DOWN. To do this effectually, you must discourage the pastor, discourage your fellow-members, and destroy the confidence of the community.

1. To discourage the pastor. (1) Absent yourself from one service every Sabbath, or miss at least one in three; if he is not very strong, once in four times may answer. (2) Neglect the prayer meetings. (3) Criticise your minister freely—pray for him little or not at all. (4) Give yourself no concern whether his stipend is paid or not. (5) Never allow him to think that his comfort, or that of his family, is a matter of any importance in your eyes.

2. To discourage your fellow members. (1) Observe the directions given above. (2) Complain about everything they do and don't do. (3) Contrive to make yourself the head of a clique, and by their assistance and your own industry keep the Church in hot water generally. (4) While doing this, lose no opportunity to complain of the bad treatment you are receiving. (5) Be as much like Diotrephes, and as little like Paul as you can. (6) Discard charity and candour, take distrust to your bosom, and make scheming your specialty.

3. To destroy the confidence of the community. (1) Observe the foregoing directions. (2) Tell the people that you are in the Church by force of circumstances, but have no respect for the way in which business is conducted. (3) Publish it on all occasions that you have no confidence in the concern; predict that it must fail, go down, never can succeed, and then move off.

By observing these directions faithfully, you may have the satisfaction, if the Church is not unusually vigorous, of witnessing the fulfilment of your predictions.

4. Strive together with me in your prayers to God for me; then consider, in the second place, the blessings that he desired in anticipation of trouble, for troubles he expected, bonds and afflictions awaited him, &c. (1) That I may be delivered from them that do not believe. (2) That my service that I have

may be accepted of the saints, that I may come unto you in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ. (3) That I may come unto you with joy by the will of God, and may with you be refreshed.

III. And in the last place, the argument that he employed why the brethren should strive together with one another, and with himself, and with God for him. (1) For the Lord Jesus Christ's sake. (2) For the love of the Spirit, which love is seen in His office, character, and work; and making the Gospel preached power and life—the power and efficacy of the Gospel preached is alone from the Holy Ghost. For neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase. Ministers are nothing to the accomplishment of the conversion of the soul to God without the Holy Ghost; therefore, for the love of the Spirit, strive together with me: then you will not discourage the Lord's servants who ought to be "esteemed very highly in love for their work's sake." Neither will you discourage your brethren, who are adopted by the same Father, related to the same elder Brother, and born again by the same Spirit, and the confidence of those that are without you will not destroy; but you will then prove to them that there is a truth and reality in your profession, and in the religion of Jesus. That it may be so with us—"Now I beseech you, brethren, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and for the love of the Spirit, that ye strive together with me in your prayers to God for me."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Labours in exposing Popery: Specimens of the abuse of the Roman Catholic press: The Cure, the Perfect Cure: Extract from the *Freeman's Journal*: Opening of new chapel in Castlereagh Street: Outline of first sermon.

FOR thirteen months I have been engaged exposing the abominations of Popery, and the proselytising of the priests and sisters of the Romish Church, which has been carried on in

Sydney for a long time. My *exposé* of the iniquities of "Auricular Confession," which has been published in the "Christian Pleader" for thirteen consecutive months, has exposed me to great persecution and danger; my life was threatened on the right hand and on the left. I appeared to be in "deaths, oft," but the Lord was my "shield and my buckler," therefore no evil could befall me, neither could any plague come nigh my dwelling. No wonder Satan made the stir he did, for the Lord blessed my humble endeavours to open the eyes of those who were in bondage to Popery, many being delivered from the trammels of Roman Catholic priests, and the delusions of that soul-enslaving system, and have thanked me—the instrument in the hands of the Lord—in "turning them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God." I have therefore abundant cause to rejoice that my labour was not in vain.

The Roman Catholic press poured forth the most libellous and scurrilous abuse, exciting their people almost to madness, by whom I was looked upon with indignation and contempt. The following are a few specimens:—

"We trust this simple statement of the facts of Manns' conversion will be a sufficient antidote to the 'beastly bellowings' of a raving bigot like McCure. His appeal to the Protestants of Sydney, and his denunciations of Popery, being the usual staple of all the knaves and maniacs of the same school, we leave to find their own level; but as it is unpleasant to have such characters annoying society by their pranks, we would suggest his removal to Tarban Creek at the earliest opportunity. He might there indulge his hatred of Popery and Antichrist to the full extent of his own gratification without endeavouring to set other people by the ears.

"Mr. McCure has taken on himself the cure of souls; and in order to do so most effectually, he deems it his duty to preach thunder and lightning sermons, which we don't quarrel with, and to publish pamphlets and advertisements—which we do quarrel with—containing the most startling and antichristian expressions. The sanguinary priesthood, the blasphemous adorers, the children of hell being some of the mild and compassionate expressions which adorn the compositions of the gentle lamb whose bleat is now heard in our city. These productions we—even at the risk of filling the creature's sugar-bag—recommend both Catholics and

Protestants to peruse. The former will be astonished at his singular ignorance, and the latter at his singular audacity. We venture to say that the respectable Protestants of this colony condemn this wretched Baptist's attempt to kindle a torch of discord, as much, nay more than we do ourselves. We presume he is adult enough to have gone through the cold water process which they denominate baptism. If it be not so, we exhort his friends to have it performed at once, under the largest and most copious pump in the city. A plentiful application of this kind would, there's no doubt, cool his disturbed system, tone down his disordered fancy, and chase away the brimstone effusions which the sight of a Catholic priest must naturally produce on the saintly pastor of the Sugar Mills.

“But the truth of the matter is, we hardly blame the poor creature. He keeps a religious shop. The commodities he has had on hand he has found not to answer. He still remained in obscurity. These common-place things, such as teaching people to be honest, upright, moral, and sober, were too trivial, and unworthy the attention of the lofty spirit which animates McCure. ‘His sound must go forth over all the land.’ ‘He must blow the trumpet’ in the Sugar Works, and rouse up a valiant host to combat the uncircumcised Philistines of this benighted city. Even his present exertions may not, after a time, procure for the worthy soul the consideration and awe which he feels to be his due. He may, on account of circumstances over which he has no control, be forced—as nothing will turn up—to enliven us with something which shall really produce that most desired of all desirable things—a sensation. The end of the world is rather worn out. Sydney to be destroyed in 1870 by an invasion of jackasses might cause a stir—application to be made, by those who desired to avoid the coming wrath—to the head jackass, John—or let us say Jack—Bunyan McCure. Persons—he might add in a postscript—persons applying to the aforesaid ‘booked right through for the Elysian Fields—per Sugar Works—for a consideration!’ We advise him immediately to have painted in large sulphury letters, over the door of his Conventicle—‘Step in, step in, ye children of Satan: here, for all your ills is the

Perfect (Mc) Cure.’

"HE-HAW! HE-HAW!! HE-HAW!!!—Once upon a time a Southern preacher, one McCure, said to his slave, 'Peter, how did you like my sermon this morning?' 'Ah, Massa, berry much, you look jes' like a lion.' 'A lion, Peter? why, you never saw a lion, sir.' 'Oh, yes, Massa, I seed him. Tom ride him by here ebery day.' 'Why, Peter, that is not a lion; it is a jackass.' 'Well, Massa, I can't help it; dat's just the way you look.'

"'THE CURE! THE CURE!! THE PERFECT CURE!!!'—A latter-day saint, enveloped in the sanctified nomenclature of John Bunyan McCure, has been holding forth, through the daily press, upon the enormity committed by the gaol authorities in having permitted the unhappy man recently executed, Henry Manns, to die in the profession of the Roman Catholic faith. John Bunyan evidently religiously believes that such a proceeding was the reverse of a 'perfect (spiritual) cure,' and that the last state of the unfortunate deceased was worse than the first. Gentlemen who may hereafter have the misfortune to be condemned to be hanged, are respectfully invited to apply for a passport to heaven to John Bunyan McCure, who will be happy to exchange references.

"'The Revered' foreman of the Sugar Works has published a sweet Epistle to the Romans, and has since been appointed Bishop of Tarban."*

May 12th.—This has been a great day; the foundation stone of our future house for prayer has been laid; yes, it was laid with *fear* and *trembling*—with fear, lest the people who have now for two years been crying "*Hosanna*," should after a while cry "*Crucify, Crucify*" Him—and with trembling, because I feel more than ever that I am not sufficient of myself for this great work. But in this will I still rejoice—"Our *sufficiency is of God*."

The following I have copied from the Roman Catholic *Freeman's Journal*—their report of our meeting.

"ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.—On Monday last (May 12) took place the imposing ceremony of laying the precious stone of a new conventicle, somewhere in the neighbourhood of the 'Sugar Works,' for the recently-appointed Bishop of Tarban.

* Tarban Creek Lunatic Asylum Sugar Works was then our temporary place of worship.

Under the stone was laid, with the usual ceremonies, an illuminated copy of *Bell's Life* of the 11th April.

"In the evening a select party improved the occasion by holding a convivial meeting in the Temperance Hall, when the chair was taken by John Bunyan, Esq., first cousin to the author of Mrs. Gamp's favourite novel, 'The Pilgrim's Progress.'

"The proceedings were very interesting throughout, as several 'sable minstrels' kindly volunteered their services on the occasion. Decanters were on the table at half-past six sharp, and spiritual comforts abounded. The company dispersed before cock-crow, overflowing with edification."

July 2nd.—Yesterday we held our second anniversary. "Goodness and mercy hath followed us." "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory for Thy mercy, and for Thy truth's sake."

I have been specially favoured this day while preaching from those precious words, Isa. xxv. 9.

The following are the spontaneous aspirations of my soul unto Him who is the "Chiefest among ten thousand."

And in that day it shall be said,
For me, my glorious Christ, He bled;
He died to set His people free,
Rejoice, my soul, He died for thee!

And in that glorious day of grace
Jehovah's love my soul will trace
Regenerating grace within;
Destroying there the power of sin.

Oh! day of power, come along,
Thy saints will sing the glorious song,—
"Lo! here's our God! He's come for thee;"
Come, come, Lord Jesus, come for me!

His saints with Him He then will bring,
Raise up the dead and they will sing
Salvation from the pains of hell;
With all His saints it shall be well.

"We've waited at Thy footstool, Lord,
Encouraged by Thy precious Word.
And in Thy Word it's there we see,
'Blessed are they who wait for Thee.'"

Then wait, my soul, and wait again,
Jehovah will thy soul sustain

Through life, and death, and all the way
To heaven, thy home; oh, glorious day!

No sorrow there to make us sad,
The saints will now be ever glad;
In Thy salvation they'll rejoice,
With heart, and soul, and heavenly voice.

Salvation through electing love!
Salvation through redeeming blood!
Salvation through the Holy Ghost!
To glorify the Lord of Host!

Lord's-day, December 20th, was a day of days; a day that ought never to be forgotten. Our new chapel, which is situated in Castlefeagh Street, Sydney, is now opened.

We have held several special and highly-interesting services. It was a successful demonstration on behalf of the Strict Baptist Church in Sydney. We continued our opening services until Tuesday, December 29th. The Lord was in our midst, and we kept holy day. I was glad when they said unto me, "Let us go into the house of the Lord, our feet shall stand within Thy walls."

"Arise, O King of Grace, arise,
And enter to Thy rest;
Lo! Thy Church waits, with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blessed.

Enter with all Thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and Thy Word;
All that the Ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford."

The opening sermon was from the words, "And I saw, and behold a white horse; and he that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto him; and he went forth conquering and to conquer" (Rev. vi. 2).

I spoke from the text in the following order:—

I. *Christ's purchase of His kingdom and subjects*—"A lamb as it had been slain."

2. *Christ's conquest, and sure and certain possession of all His people for whom He was slain*—A conqueror riding upon "a white horse." Satan exercises an illegal authority over Christ's right and purchase; they must therefore be delivered, Satan destroyed. To accomplish this Christ appears upon a white horse, with a bow and a crown, going forth conquering and to conquer.

We shall consider:

1. *The white horse*—"And I saw, and behold a white horse."
2. *The triumphant and victorious rider*—"And he that sat on him had a bow, and a crown was given unto Him, and He went forth conquering and to conquer."

The white horse, the glorious and noble Gospel of Christ; representing the majesty, the purity, and the energy of the Gospel, Christ riding on the white horse. It also denotes that the glorious Gospel is subservient to serve instrumentally under the reign of Christ. He will direct its course, and having directed its course into this neighbourhood, we have erected this chapel for the white horse of the Gospel; from this place it will from time to time go forth, with Christ alone exalted.

II. "And He that sat on him had a bow," which is an instrument of war, and may represent the Holy Ghost, the bow being the cause of the arrows going forth with power, &c.

III. "He went forth conquering and to conquer." First, all His purchased ones who are in a state of hostility against Him; and, second, all His enemies.

IV. "And a crown was given unto Him." In chapter xix. He is thus represented: "And on His head were many crowns."

1. All the glorious persons in the Godhead crown Him.
2. All the angels crown Him.
3. All the saints in heaven crown Him.
4. All the saints on earth crown Him.
5. All the lost in hell shall crown Him.
6. All the devils have, and they shall crown Him.

For this object this chapel is built and now opened, that Christ may be glorified, and crowned King of kings, and Lord of all.

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

"Ye souls redeemed of Gentile race;
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all."

On the Lord's-day following the opening of our new place

of worship, I was honoured to baptize eleven believers in the name of the Lord Jesus; one of that number was a widow, who was suffering great affliction of body. The authentic account of the Lord's marvellous dealings with this "Australian Widow" are, I think, of such an interesting and profitable character that I propose devoting the whole of the next chapter in recording the same.

CHAPTER XXXVII. ♡

THE AUSTRALIAN WIDOW.

THERE was a poor afflicted widow, residing in Woolloomooloo, Sydney, a member of the Ritualist Church; she was looked upon by all who knew her as having attained to human perfection, and was called that "*Holy woman*." She trusted in herself she was righteous, and knew not that she was wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked (Rev. iii. 17). She knew nothing of the new birth "and her need of the '*balm of Gilead*,' the Lord Jesus Christ, the only Physician of souls" (Matt. ix. 12). She was bowed down under the burden of affliction for *thirteen years*. For THREE years she had not been able to leave her bed. She is suffering from internal cancers. A tumour has grown out on her left side as large as a baby's head, both feet paralysed, and likewise one hand; she is always in a high state of fever, and altogether in a weak and helpless condition.

One day I was requested by a friend to see her; on that occasion I spoke to her, supposing that she was a Christian; being informed that such was the case—for at that time I knew nothing whatever respecting her.

The day after my first visit I sent her a tract I had just published, a lecture I had delivered upon "DOMINANT POPEBY always the same, WHETHER ROME PAPAL OR ROME PROTESTANT."

She read the first part without objection, but when she commenced the second part, "ROME PROTESTANT," she was angry, and said, "It is like his impudence thus to write of *our* Church. I hope that he will not come and see me again; if he does, I will point him to the door." After awhile, she again took up the book, but was unable to read it because of the enmity of her heart that was now stirred up against the truth. Later in the day, and for a third time she took it up, and said, "Well, I will read it, and see what he has said about *our* Church!"

While she was reading it, God the Holy Ghost made it the instrument of His power to her soul; her blind eyes were opened, and her hard heart was broken. Not only was she convinced that her Church was not the Church of Christ, but that she was a *SINNER* before God. During the week I called to see her, when, to my surprise, I found the self-righteous Pharisee weeping and praying "*God be merciful unto me a sinner.*" Her sorrow and trouble respecting her soul was great. Her prayers were not the book prayers that she had learned, but the prayers of her heart, "*Pardon my iniquity, for it is great.*"

In due time the Lord was pleased to say unto His hand-maiden, "Thy sins are forgiven thee," "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Her joy was now great, unspeakable, and full of glory; the glory of "redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins."

One day when I called I found her the subject of a new trouble respecting baptism. (Now I had never spoken to her upon that subject.) She said to me when I came to her bedside, "I have been reading Matt. iii.; Acts viii. 36 to 39. By God's Word I am convinced that I have never been baptized. Jesus and all whose baptism are recorded in the New Testament *went down into the water*, and men and women were baptized on a profession of faith in Christ and repentance towards God. I read that the believing Christians were commanded to be baptized (Acts x. 47, 48), and they were baptized in the name of Jesus (Acts viii. 12). In the 14th and 15th of John I read the words of Jesus, '*If ye love Me keep My commandments.*' I am convinced that I have not kept the Lord's commands, and I am in trouble because I have not

obeyed; I have not yielded the obediences of love." The next day a lady called to see her, and, finding her weeping, inquired the cause. Oh! I have never been baptized," was the answer, "Nonsense," said the lady, "I am sure you have the same as I and others, when we were infants. But where is the case recorded in the New Testament of infants believing, repenting, and being baptized?"

Two other ladies entered at this moment and listened to the conversation. The three ladies, under the direction of the poor widow, searched the Scriptures, as did the noble Bereans, "who received the Word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so" (Acts xvii. 11), and were convinced that baptism, derived from the Greek verb *baptizo*, signifies to dip, plunge, immerse; this is the primary meaning of the term.

When I called again to see my afflicted friend, she said, "I want you to baptize me; Jesus; whom I love, *commands it*, therefore I *will* obey. I have been sprinkled, but that is not baptism, you must *immerse* me in the name of Jesus."

I then inquired of her, "Is it with you a matter of faith? Do you believe that the Lord will give you strength in your afflicted condition of body to go through the ordinance?"

She replied, "Yes, I do believe, and am sure that God, who is faithful, and who has called me by His grace to walk in the footsteps of those who were followers of Christ, will give me strength to do His will. I believe that baptism by immersion is from heaven, and that it is the will of God that all His believing children should be baptized. My affliction is by the will of God, and I believe that the Lord can either remove my affliction, or give me strength to obey His command in my helpless condition."

I said, "My dear sister, I will baptize you, for I feel confident that the Lord, who has given you faith to obey His word, will honour that faith, and will sustain you in your obedience to His command, and that you will by well-doing put to silence the ignorance of foolish men."

By her request I called the Church together. Messengers were appointed to see her; their report being favourable, it was decided that she come before the Church; but in consequence of her affliction the Church met at her house, and received her experience from her own mouth of the great things

the Lord had done for her soul. Although she was received by the Church for baptism, none believed she could possibly be baptized. She then desired that a meeting be held once a-week at her house for prayer, that the Lord would grant unto her strength that she might stand complete in all the will of God. Many times after those meetings she would look up with a smile, "Yes, I am *sure* the Lord will help me, and strengthen me that I may do His will.

A Ritualistic clergyman called upon her, when the following conversation took place:—

Clergyman.—What new-fangled notions are these that you have got into your head?

Widow.—They are not new-fangled notions, sir; they are as old as Jesus Christ.

Clergyman.—This is some of McCure's doing.

Widow.—No, sir; you are misinformed, it is Jesus Christ's doing. Mr. McCure has been the instrument employed, pointing to the printed lecture on the table: that was the means of opening my blind eyes.

Clergyman.—That's a diabolical work and ought to be burned.

Widow.—Do you believe, sir, that the author is a man of the devil?

Clergyman.—No; I think that Mr. McCure is a good man and desires to do good.

Widow.—Then how can his work be diabolical, if he is a good man?

Clergyman.—How dare you thus talk to me, who am your spiritual adviser?

Widow.—Sir, you have never been a spiritual adviser to me; you have never *once* spoken to me about my soul; and the Name of Jesus and salvation through His blood has never once passed your lips to me.

The clergyman was very angry and left.

Directly it was known that the poor afflicted widow was going to be baptized, of course every one had something to say. It will be impossible; why she cannot stand. She has never been out of her bed for *three years*. How can she be taken to the chapel; and in her afflicted condition for her to be immersed in cold water will be sure to kill her, &c., &c.

I did not wonder that they should thus reason, for she was

in a fearful condition of sufferings. I have seen twenty running sores on her breast, the large swelling on her side like a ball of fire, and her body constantly in a high state of fever. The application of anything cold to her would bring on an ague fit. Once when I shook hands with her, my hand being cold, brought on a shivering fit, in which she continued for some time, after that I always warmed my hand before I took hers.

Now was the time for the enemy to work, and most vigilantly did he endeavour to frustrate the council and will of God.

Three ladies called upon her, and having expressed their sympathy, said they were very desirous that she should have a change; and they would arrange for her to be taken to "Northshore," and stay with them at their house.

The widow replied, "I am very thankful to you for your kindness, but I cannot comply with your request. You know that I am going to be baptized; if I suffer myself to be taken to your home, I shall not only be prevented from being baptized, but shall be separated from those Christian people who now visit me for Christ's sake. How strange that you should only think of this change just now that I am going to declare my love to Christ, for you have seen me as I am now for more than three years; and now to take me away to prevent my obedience to Christ and conscience. *I shall go nowhere until I have been baptized*, and then I should like to go home to glory."

During the week two other ladies called upon her. We are informed, said the ladies, that you are going to be baptized. The widow replied in the affirmative.

Ladies.—Have you counted the cost of such an act?

Widow.—No, I have no cost to count; the cost and consequence of my obedience to the Lord's commands I have nothing to do with—the Lord will see to that. What God in His wisdom commands, it is quite safe for me to obey.

Ladies.—But it will be impossible for you, in your weak state, to be immersed in cold water.

Widow.—Yes; it is quite impossible for me to do so; but that which is impossible with man is possible with the Lord

Ladies.—Is this your kindness to the Rev. John Bunyan McCure, who has been the means of so much good to you; you

may cause him great trouble by wishing him to baptize you; we are quite sure it will cause your death, and then Mr. McCure will be responsible, and will be imprisoned from his wife and children, and the cause of religion reproached, all to gratify this unreasonable desire of yours to be baptized!

Widow.—What a cunning foe the devil is.

She then asked for writing materials, requesting a friend present to steady her hand, while she wrote the following indemnity for me, and then said, "There, devil, I have done with you!"

"This is to certify that Mr. John Bunyan McCure, and all parties connected with my baptism, are to be held harmless from any consequences, if any, that may happen to me during the time or after my baptism; and I declare, that in my being baptized, that it is by my own will, uninfluenced by any one, except the love of Christ, which constrains me."

Another clergyman visited her who had for several years paid her £10 10s. out of the widows' fund; but previously to her receiving the money, he gave her the "Sacrament." On this occasion she told him that she could not receive it.

Clergyman.—For what reason?

Widow.—Because I believe that the Lord's Supper is a Church ordinance, and that no unbaptized person can, by the authority of the New Testament, partake of it.

Clergyman.—But you have been baptized.

Widow.—No, sir; I have been sprinkled, but I have never been baptized according to the Scriptures. I am going to be baptized, then I shall be received into the Church, the same as those we read of in Acts ii. 41, 42, who gladly received the Word, were baptized, and added to the Church.

Clergyman.—Then I cannot pay you the £10 10s.

Widow.—I am very sorry for that, sir; but, poor as I am, I dare not violate my conscience. No; not if you were to offer me so many thousands.

Clergyman.—Then are you going to turn your back upon your friends, who have been so kind to you?

Widow.—No, sir; I shall ever gratefully remember the kindness of my friends during the many years of my afflictions; but I hope, sir, that my friends will not turn their backs upon me, because I am going to obey the command of Christ.

He was very angry and left her, but did not leave the poor widow the £10 10s.

A gentleman called upon her who was a member of an Open Communion Baptist Church, when the following conversation took place:—

Gentleman.—I understand that you are thinking about being baptized?

Widow.—Yes, I am not only thinking about it, but I am going to be baptized!

Gentleman.—But I fear that you will not be able to endure the exertion consequent on such an undertaking in your weak state.

Widow.—I can do all things through Christ who will strengthen me, weak as I am—and His strength shall be made perfect in my weakness.

Gentleman.—But it is quite unnecessary for you to be baptized; the Lord who has afflicted you will accept the will for the deed.

Widow.—Where is the Scripture that the Lord will take the will for the deed? Is it not recorded in Matt. vii. 21, "Not every one that saith unto Me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in heaven"?

Gentleman.—I only wish to inform you that our Church, of which I am a member, is a Baptist Church, and we will admit you without your being baptized.

[Now I had never spoken to her upon the subject of Strict Communion.]

Widow.—By whose authority will you admit me, an unbaptized person, a member of your Church? Not one uncircumcised person was ever admitted into the communion of the children of Israel; and not one unbaptized person was admitted into membership in the days of the apostles' superintendence over the Churches, they were received on a profession of faith and repentance; after that they were baptized, then added to the Church, continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayer (Acts ii. 41, 42). And I find that all the Churches, except *Open Communion* Baptist Churches, contend for a practical Strict Communion; that is, they make baptism a term of admission into their Churches.

The gentleman was silent.

The widow continued:—You know, sir, that you have no authority from the Lord and King of His Church, nor yet from the practice of the Churches of Christ in those days. Your Church is very accommodating; if a person is not willing to enter by the door then you will let him in by some other way, and thus help him to reject the counsel of God against himself not being baptized, the same as did the Pharisees of old (Luke vii. 30).

Gentleman.—But the object of my speaking thus to you is in consideration of your affliction, and the sufferings that it must cause you in your being carried from your bed, and then to be immersed in cold water.

Widow.—I cannot thank you for your consideration of my affliction, because it tempts me to sacrifice principle and conscience on the ground of self-pity. If in the way of obedience I am to suffer in my poor body more than I have, let it be so, it will be in the cause of Him who suffered for me.

The clergyman who first called upon her called again:—

Clergyman.—I understand that you are going to be baptized?

Widow.—Yes, sir.

Clergyman.—Then it is my duty to inform you, that if you leave the Church of your fathers, and join the *Baptists*, I shall see those ladies who have been supporting you by their charities that they may do so no longer, for we will not support you in such a course!

Widow.—I hope, sir, that you will not seek to injure me, and try and take away my bread, because I am about to follow the dictates of my conscience in obedience to God's Word.

Clergyman.—I am going to Botany Bay for a week, if, on my return, I find you are of the same mind I shall certainly do so.

Widow.—Sir, I have been reading the 18th chapter of St. Luke, respecting the Widow and the Unjust Judge, who came unto him, saying, "Avenge me of mine adversary." Now, sir, if you become an adversary to me, I shall be obliged to cry unto the Lord, who has promised to "maintain the cause of the afflicted and the right of the poor;" for Jesus said, "And shall not God avenge His own elect, which cry day and night unto Him? I tell you He will avenge them speedily."

Clergyman.—How dare you talk to me in this manner?

Widow.—Because you threaten me with persecution and starvation for no other crime than obedience to the command of Christ.

Clergyman.—You have been baptized once, and that is quite sufficient.

Widow.—But my having been sprinkled when a baby was not Christian baptism according to the New Testament, how can I become a follower of Christ and of those who through faith and patience have inherited the promises, unless I am baptized as they were *in water, immersed, buried*, as Paul said that he and the Christian Romans were: “*We are buried with Him (Christ) by baptism into His death.*” To walk in their steps I must be baptized as they were.

Clergyman.—I will not hold an argument with you upon the subject, only to inform you what I intend to do in the event of your leaving our Church and going with the Baptists.

Widow.—Sir, I entreat you to take heed what you do against the poor widow; your breath is in your nostrils, God can take it away, and make your wife a widow.

Clergyman.—I shall return from Botany Bay in a week, and then I'll let you know what I will do.

The next day he went to the Bay which is only about five miles from my house. He went boating with some friends, the boat was upset, and *he was drowned*, and brought back to Sydney a lifeless corpse. Thus the Lord did avenge the poor afflicted widow of her adversary.

A week before her baptism a lady called to see her, and said, “As you have made up your mind to be baptized, I will send you my carriage that you may be taken to the chapel more easily than you can by a cab, and thus it was arranged.

Lord's-day evening, December 27, 1863.—The chapel was crowded with all kinds of persons, anxious to witness the baptism of the widow. The other-candidates, ten in number, had arrived and were ready, but not so the afflicted one. I stood watching in the direction that the carriage should come from, but no carriage could be seen. It was a time of dreadful suspense to me. Presently I saw a cab coming, it drove up with our dear sister. She was carried out, and placed in a large American rocking-chair, and carried into the vestry, and when ready, into the chapel, and placed beside the water. The lady who had promised to send the carriage did not do

so, and by that means tried to prevent the will of the Lord being done.

Not having witnessed the ordinance of baptism she desired that she might for once witness the obedience of faith and love to Jesus by those who were about to put on Christ. There she sat reclining in the chair during the service; all eyes were upon her; many believed that she could not survive it, but that she would surely die.

Before I went into the water (Acts viii. 38) I addressed the immense crowd of persons present, and said:—"Many of you are here, expecting to witness the death of this dear disciple of Christ, in the act of obedience to Christ her redeeming Lord. Behold her death. She is already dead; dead indeed unto sin. 'Therefore we are buried with Him by baptism into death, that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life' (Rom. vi. 4; Col. ii. 12). But you expect to witness the death of her poor body; in that you will be disappointed; *no harm whatever will befall her*; she will be none the worse for honouring the Lord than if she had never left her bed. This night you shall be witnesses of the power of God sustaining, and the grace of God triumphing over all the impossibilities of the creature. 'MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR THEE' is the promise of God WHO CANNOT LIE. To-night you will see that Jehovah is a God of truth. It may be that there are protestors here, employed on purpose to oppose the counsel and will of God; I warn you to take heed, lest ye be found fighting against God." (I had no idea that there were two gentlemen standing close by me who intended publicly to protest and object to my baptizing the poor widow, and to hold me alone responsible for any consequences of injury or death that might happen to her. While they were listening they trembled and were afraid, and remained silent spectators of the faithfulness of God.) I then walked down into the water, and having baptized ten believers in Jesus—two were my own daughters—our afflicted sister was let down into the water as she reclined in the chair; her weight of course sunk the chair; I then held it back until the water covered her head and body, and thus I immersed her in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Then she was carried into the vestry. The attention and breathless silence of the people was most solemn. I never witnessed anything

like it in my life, and I never baptized any one before nor since with greater pleasure and confidence than I did our God-honoured sister.

The next day there was a general inquiry as to the state of her health. To all inquirers she said, "I am none the worse for obeying the Lord;" glory be to His holy name, He did honour His own faith, and His own ordinance, and our afflicted sister experienced that she could do all things through Christ strengthening her. To all who came to see her she spoke of the preciousness of Christ to her soul:—"I was full of Christ. I was in Christ, and Christ was in me. Oh, I was so happy, I could have shouted aloud for joy: whilst I was in the water I felt nothing but the love of Christ in my soul."

When I called upon her thus I found her rejoicing with a joy unspeakable and full of glory. She said to me, "There is one request more that I have to make of the Lord, and that is, that I may go up to His house on Lord's-day next, that I may be received into the Church, and then eat the Lord's Supper with His baptized disciples, at the Lord's table."

On Lord's-day, January 3, 1864, notwithstanding her great suffering of body, she was brought up again to the Lord's house, as before, and was publicly added to the Church according to Acts ii. 41, 42. Many, when they saw it, said, "It is a miracle," and were convinced that she had not suffered any harm whatever from her baptism, and were constrained to say, "This is the Lord's doings, and it is marvellous in our eyes." Thus this noble witness of the Lord's faithfulness, by obedience to the Lord's command, was enabled to "put to silence the ignorance of foolish men."

The following week a gentleman called upon her, when the following conversation took place:—

Mr. —.—I understand you have been dipped?

Widow.—Oh, sir, I entreat you not to speak disrespectfully of that very solemn ordinance which sets forth the sufferings of Christ.

Mr. —.—I do not use that word as a term of reproach.

Widow.—Yes, I have been dipped, immersed, buried with Christ by baptism.

Mr. —.—Did Mr. McCure put you into the water all over?

Widow.—Yes, I tell you that I was buried beneath the water.

Mr. —.— Was the water warm?

Widow.—No, sir; the water was in its natural state, the same as the water in Jordan, in which Christ was baptized.

Mr. —.— Baptized in cold water, and has not killed you! I never heard of such a thing. What did you do with the large swelling on your side? *Mrs.* — told me this morning she was quite sure if the cold water touched it that it would produce sudden death!

Widow.—Tell the lady what I did with it: she knows that I have an elastic covering for it, to keep off the pressure of the clothes; when I was in the vestry I said to the attendant, “take away the covering from my afflicted parts, they shall also be baptized with water, the same as those parts of my body that are not. I then committed it into the hands of Jesus, and said, ‘Lord, be Thou its covering, its shield; into Thy hands I commit it, and all my afflictions.’ Although the suffering parts of my body were covered with cold water, I can assure you that I felt nothing whatever but the love of Christ warming my soul.”

Mr. —.— There must be something Divine in this baptism, it is truly wonderful, and where it will end I know not. At our house it is continually the subject of conversation: at the breakfast table, it is baptism; dinner, tea—the same. The Bible is produced, but instead of disproving it, there it is—immersion! and not one instance can they find of infants and sprinkling. I very much fear that many of our people will become Baptists.

The next day, the lady herself drove up in her carriage. When she stood by the bedside of our dear sister, she said:—

Lady.—Is it really true that you have been baptized?

Widow.—Yes, I am thankful to say that it is quite true. I am now like Christ, who was baptized, and also John, who was called the Baptist.

Lady.—Had you not been baptized before you died, you would have been saved.

Widow.—I have not been baptized that I might be saved, but because I am saved.

“No trust in water do I place,
Tis but an outward sign;
The great reality is grace,
The fountain, blood divine.”

Lady.—If you had died when you were so very ill two years ago, then you would have gone to heaven, for you know that you were very good; we have always spoken of you as such.

Widow.—Had I have died then in the self-righteous spirit I was then of, I should have gone to hell; for while you and others looked upon me as being holy and righteous, I was in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity. The Lord, in saving me, has saved one of the worst of rebels, a rebel against the imputed righteousness of Christ; of all rebels, a self-righteous one is the most dangerous.

The lady burst into tears and said, "O, may the Lord spare your life, that you may teach us the right way."

From my own knowledge I can say that to very many our afflicted sister was the means of teaching those things concerning the Lord Jesus with all confidence.

Three months after this our dear sister became very much worse; her death was expected hourly. I have stood by her bedside for the hour together for three months, expecting every visit would be the last. During the three months she was unable to eat or take anything whatever. How nature was sustained without food appeared to many a doubtful mystery! It was well known that during the day she took nothing, for she was unable to swallow, on account of bronchial affection. There were some base enough to insinuate that she was fed during the night. During her trying afflictions I have never seen that Scripture so fully fulfilled as in her case (Col. i. 11), "Strengthened with all might, according to His glorious power, unto all patience and longsuffering, with joyfulness." Oh, how she would speak to those who visited her of the preciousness of Christ; *Christ was all in all to her*. Now, the *once* self-righteous Pharisee could say—

Some call Him a Saviour in word;
But mix their own work with His plan,
And He, His help will afford,
When they have done all that they can.

If doing prove rather too light,
A little they own they may fail;
They purpose to make up full weight,
By casting His name in the scale.

One day she said to me, Why you have not told me *one thousandth part* of the preciousness and glory of Jesus. He

is more precious and glorious to me than ever; I can from my heart say of *Him*—"My Beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand; His mouth is most sweet; yea, He is altogether lovely. This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend, O daughter of Jerusalem" (Song v. 10—16).

A carriage lady drove up one day, wishing to see her. Our afflicted sister, although very weak, motioned to the lady to listen to her. She could only speak in a whisper. The lady was in full dress and could not go near enough to hear what she had to say. The lady, therefore, requested me to listen and tell her what she said. I put my ear to her lips, and found that I was to be the mouth for the widow, who desired to speak to the lady concerning her soul, which she did in the most kind, yet faithful manner. "I fear that you are more anxious for your poor dying body than for your never-dying soul." She was a very handsome woman, and listened with great attention, and sometimes with tearful eyes, for about half-an-hour. The lady shook hands with me, and said, "I thank you very much; I shall never forget what I have seen and heard."

The doctor who attended her said it was impossible for her to live much longer. He told me she could not live another twenty-four hours, &c.

To the astonishment of every one who saw her she recovered from the bronchial affection in the throat, and was able to take food, but still suffering as heretofore. It appeared to me, while visiting her every day, and witnessing the burden of afflictions upon her, that another burden would crush her—another wave and she must become a *total wreck*. While alone one day, trying to reach something that was on the chair, she lost her balance, and fell from her bed. She was very much hurt, besides being much bruised, her right instep and ankle were broken. When I saw her she was in great agony; but I never heard her once complain, but, on the contrary, would justify the Lord, and say, "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" She said to me, "Oh, how kind and gracious is the Lord! He never lays more upon His children than He gives them strength to bear: shoes of iron and brass, and as thy day, such will be His sufficient grace. With Paul I can say, 'Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me; therefore will I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities,

in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ's sake; for when I am weak, then am I strong.' ”

I read to her the above narrative, that she might correct any error. Directly I had finished reading it, she said, “What a memory you must have—*every one is true.* If it should be published, my prayer will be, that the Lord will be pleased to bless it, and bring some of His dear children into the valley of decision.”

This dear afflicted friend is still living in the furnace of affliction, a monument of Divine faithfulness, and a witness of the power of God, that with our God there is nothing impossible: “**TRUST IN HIM AT ALL TIMES, YE PEOPLE; POUR OUT YOUR HEART BEFORE HIM: GOD IS A REFUGE FOR US.**”

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Exposure of the “Holy Fathers” of the Sydney convents: Story of a young nun: Plea for inspection of convents: Threatened action for libel: Visit to Subiaco: Lectures on Bunyan and Beaumont: Lecturing tour: Melbourne: Disappointment and loss: Home again.

MAY, 1863.—I have just published in the *Christian Pleader* an exposure of the conduct of the “Holy Fathers” in one of the Sydney convents, known by the name of “Subiaco,” on the Paramatta River. I am informed by a person, well acquainted with the facts of the case, that, some year or two ago, a young lady entered “Subiaco” and passed through all the grades in that convent. Her friends, and particularly her sister, who is a Protestant lady, and most respectably connected, with whom she lived, until she was induced, through a Jesuit housemaid, to enter the convent; and for that purpose she left her sister secretly, her sister and friends not having the least idea what had become of her. Supposing she had gone to England, they wrote to their friends there, but no intelligence whatever could they obtain as to where she had gone until she made her escape from “Subiaco” in the middle

of the night, and went to the family of a respectable Protestant in the city, Mr. —, when they and her sister were made acquainted with the distressing fact that she had become a Roman Catholic, and had been prevailed upon to enter "Subiaco." She had remained long enough to go through all the grades in that convent. When she made her escape, only in time to save herself from ruin, she came to her friends in Sydney greatly excited, and expressed strong indignation and disgust at the liberties which had been attempted to be taken with her, and at what she had witnessed at "Subiaco." However, she escaped from the libidinous priest and went to her friends, whose joy was unbounded on seeing her once more. She repeatedly expressed her indignation at what she had experienced and witnessed, and declared that no one belonging to her should ever enter a nunnery if she could help it. My object in publishing this extraordinary and highly-suspicious affair is, that I may prove to the public that all nunneries ought to be made subject to Government inspection.

There may be truth in all that is reported of those places, and of the nunnery on the river not far from Sydney. I must not say there is. There may possibly be the most frightful vice—there may be the most ruffianly violence—there may be infants sometimes born and immediately strangled, and nuns may sometimes die. There may possibly be all this, and the public never know it, because these institutions are above all law, and carry on their deeds under an impenetrable veil of secrecy—a thing in itself suspicious.

I ask, then, in the name of justice, why are not nuns, priests, and nunneries amenable to the law? Surely they can have nothing to fear; the priests are holy, and the nuns likewise are elevated above the world; they have laid aside flesh and blood, "having put off concerning the former conversation the old man, which is corrupt, according to the deceitful lusts." From what we are told, it is impossible for them to sin; they are so innocent and holy, that Satan has no power over them whatever; the bachelor priests and the spinster nuns have no evil passions; perpetual celibacy and chastity are nothing to them; they can have no difficulty in keeping their virginity for ever. Their hearts deceitful above all things! Impossible; it must be a mistake; it cannot be true of priests and nuns; concupiscence or libidinousness they can know nothing about like

other men and women of flesh and blood. Then why will they not come to the light? It cannot be because their deeds are evil. The words of the Lord Jesus cannot apply to them: "For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reprov'd." If these words are not applicable to holy nunneries, perhaps the next verse is: "But he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God." That being the case, they need not be angry with me for endeavouring to draw the veil aside, that their works wrought in God may be seen of men; but if, by drawing aside the veil, the light of truth should make manifest that their works are wrought in the devil, let me not be considered the enemy of Roman Catholics for speaking the truth. It is against their system, not themselves, that I wage war.

Directly after the publication of the above, the Attorney-General of Sydney was instructed to take proceedings against me for libel. In order that I might provide myself with all the information necessary for my trial, I had recourse to means which I will not attempt to justify, particularly at a time when my life was threatened on the right hand and on the left; but I required information respecting the convent, its dimensions, out-buildings, boarding school for young ladies, &c.

I therefore determined that I would visit "Subiaco," that I might see for myself: so being disguised and accompanied by a friend, who was in the secret, we started off on our somewhat novel and dangerous expedition. When we arrived at the Salt Pans, a Chinaman rowed us across the river. We then made our way over the Bishop's Farm, to the house of the bailiff, of whom we inquired the way to Parramatta. With considerable suspicion he looked at us and said, "You must keep the road to the right." We thanked him, and walked on, when he called after us, saying, "Be sure you don't turn to the left; that road leads to the convent." This was just the information we required. We arrived at the convent garden. Through the palings I saw two lay brothers walking about in their gowns. I knew that my only hope of success would be to throw them off their guard by assuming an air of authority. I therefore opened the gate, walked up to them, and said, "Good morning. Where is brother —, who has charge of the boat?"

"We will go for him," they replied.

"Thank you, I will not trouble you; I will find him."

With that I walked away from them in the direction of the convent, and was soon out of their sight. As I walked through the beautiful orangery, I came up to the convent, and in a few minutes obtained all the information I required. Oh, how I desired that I might go inside, and open those prison doors, that our misguided and imprisoned sisters might go free! but that was impracticable. My next business was to get across the river. There was a boat belonging to the convent in charge of brother —. I knew that was the only means by which I could get across the river. But where was brother — to be found? I stood behind an orange tree, and coo—ed. I coo—ed louder, but there was no answer. I then drew nearer to the convent, and coo—ed yet louder still. Brother — heard me, and was walking towards me. I hurried up to him, and authoritatively said, "Why, I have coo—ed for you three times; make haste. I want you to take us across the river. You must be quick or we shall be too late for the steamer."

He apologised for not having heard me before. He had seen me looking about, but did not know that I was looking for him. When we got into the boat I inquired, "Are they all well indoors?"

"They are, sir, I thank you."

"And how is the school getting on? are the young ladies all well?"

"Quite well, sir,"

"Let me see, how many are there now in the school?"

"Forty," was the reply.

By this time we were across the river. I thanked him, and we walked in the direction of Parramatta. By the Sydney steamer we returned. When opposite Subiaco, the convent bell rang, the steamer stopped, the boat came alongside with the Bishop's Secretary and Dean, who were inside the convent whilst I was walking around it. I saw directly the narrow escape I had had, and the dangerous and imprudent character of my mission. Nevertheless I obtained the information needed, and was now ready to stand my trial for the aforesaid "libel." However, the authorities of Subiaco withdrew their action, for which I was really sorry, because I was prepared to prove all that I had written.

About this time I had delivered two lectures, one upon the "Life of John Bunyan," the other, "Agnes Beaumont, Bunyan's calumniators, or the wonders of Divine Providence." One of the lectures I was requested to publish. I wrote it out for the press, and was arranging with the printer for its publication, when it occurred to me that if I could obtain original dissolving views which would illustrate the most prominent incidents in the life of Bunyan, his wife, and children, it might render the lectures more attractive, and might enable me by that means to obtain the money due upon our place of worship. At the same time it would give me an opportunity to preach the Gospel in places where I otherwise could not go.

I then made it a matter of earnest prayer unto the Lord that He would direct me to do His will, that the way might be opened for me to obtain the "views and apparatus." I was speaking to a gentleman, a merchant in Sydney, upon the subject. He said, "I very much approve of the idea, and will get them out for you from London, and you can pay for them three or four months after arrival."

In due time they arrived, and when I saw the complicated character of the apparatus, the gases I should have to make—oxyhydrogen and oxycalcium, &c.,—and having no one to instruct me, I was obliged to pray unto the Lord to teach me. "O Lord, Thou who art the God of wisdom, and who gave wisdom to those who made these instruments, I beseech Thee to grant unto Thy servant the wisdom that I need, that I may know how to work them, and that Thy blessing may rest upon the means I am about to use for the redemption of Thy House out of the hands of those who have a money claim upon it," &c.

While I was on my knees thus pleading with God, these words came to my mind with great power, "They that trust in the Lord *shall be as* Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever" (Psa. cxxv. 18). This most precious promise strengthened my confidence in the Lord. I believed that the Lord would enable me to accomplish the object in view. It appeared to me that night that some one was standing by me instructing me, while I was trying experiments. All my difficulties vanished; all that before was complicated and mysterious simplified itself in my hands, and by twelve o'clock that night

I was able to make the gases and work the apparatus perfectly. This answer to prayer was a token for good, and I could say, "I will trust, and not be afraid." A Church meeting was held, when it was proposed, seconded, and carried that I should leave Sydney for Victoria with my lectures and views, on behalf of our chapel debt (after paying for the cost of the views and apparatus).

I left Sydney in the month of August, 1864, with great expectations of success. Arriving in Melbourne, I engaged St. George's Hall for three nights (£8 per night), and advertised in the papers and by posters that three lectures would be delivered, with original dissolving views, illustrating the Life of John Bunyan, his Wife and Family," &c. Directly I had got everything ready the weather changed, and the rain came on and continued for two consecutive months. What I passed through during those two months, travelling, preaching, lecturing every night in the principal towns in Victoria, experiencing disappointment wherever I went, and incurring a considerable loss to myself, I cannot describe. My want of success was in consequence of four things—first, the continual wet weather; second, the general election throughout the colony; third, the dispute that was then going on between the New South Wales Government and Victoria respecting the Border Customs question, which caused a strong and unkind feeling towards Sydney; and fourth, the prejudice in Victoria against the Particular and Strict Baptist. Wherever I went it appeared to me that the people had agreed that they would help to carry out the determination of one of the leading ministers in Melbourne, Mr. —, who had said "*that he should feel it to be his duty to root up and exterminate the principles of the Particular Baptists wherever he found them.*"

I will not make a record here of the unkindness and the opposition that I met with from those who profess to love and honour the same Master whom I serve; but will give an extract from the *Geelong Chronicle* of October 5, 1864, in reference to my lectures:—

"LECTURES IN THE MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—Last evening the first of the two lectures on the 'Life and Sufferings of John Bunyan and his Family' was delivered in the hall of the above institution, by the Rev. J. B. McCure, of Sydney. The lecture was illustrated by dissolving views of entirely original and

superior character, illuminated by the oxyhydrogen lime light. This light is produced by the union of oxygen and hydrogen gases reflected from a cylinder made of lime, which stands in a verticle position behind the flare, and has the effect of condensing it into a most brilliant electric light. By this means the clearest and most perfect pictures are produced. The views exhibited last evening were first-class, and for the most part of that kind which speak to the heart. We need not expatiate upon the *voice* of pictures, the power of which, for good or evil, is, we opine, indisputable. In the present instance the pictures themselves narrate a story full of suffering—*Glorious with Heroism*—two things which always go hand in hand. But of the lecture itself we are glad to be able to speak in the best of terms. It opened with a brief account of the early years of the notorious ‘ringleader of all vice,’ and proceeded to the time when he became ‘preacher Bunyan,’ and here the first illustration is thrown on ‘a low thatched cottage, the dwelling of a Christian husbandman,’ to which Bunyan has come to preach, but the inmates are filled with alarm because they fear he will be apprehended for so doing; they entreat him not to hold the meeting, but his noble spirit is proof against their entreaty and their apprehensions, and thus the champion speaks:—‘What will my weak and newly-converted brethren think if I now run away? Will they not say, “He is not so strong in *deed* as in *word*”? and will not the world take occasion at my cowardliness to blaspheme the Gospel? I will see the utmost they can say and do unto me. I will not flinch, if God will stand by me.’ We should like to give this lecture at more length, because of its truly heroic and high tone; but our space forbids. We do not hesitate to say that it must do good—religiously and morally it is fraught with weighty matter—golden grains which are never sown in vain. The audience were not so numerous as the merit of the lecture demanded, but this doubtless was owing to the boisterous and wet state of the weather. The second lecture will be delivered to-night. The subject is ‘Agnes Beaumont, and Bunyan’s Calumniators’—one, we understand, of great interest. It is evident to us that in the choice of these lectures the lecturer has had regard to the use of his sacred office, and does not stand upon questionable ground.”

In the midst of great and sore trouble I experienced the Lord stood by me and strengthened me, and these precious words never left me,—“They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever.” Oh, how they encouraged and sustained my faith in the Lord! I could say, “I will trust, though He slay.” I felt confident that the Lord would not leave me to the will of mine enemies, but would stand by me, and enable me to accomplish the object of my mission.

During my journeys through Victoria I had many opportunities of preaching the Word of Life in theatres, assembly rooms, halls, schools of art, churches and chapels, &c. And many encouraging instances I have had that the power of God attended the preaching of the glorious Gospel in places where the joyful sound of “Salvation is of the Lord” had never before been heard.

I left Melbourne for Tasmania, on my way to Sydney, and was most kindly received and welcomed by my dear brother, the Venerable “Father” Dowling, of Launceston, for whom I preached whilst I remained in that town, and was very much more successful with my lectures than I had been in Victoria. I then left Launceston for Hobart Town, a distance of 120 miles, and preached in the Baptist Chapel in Harrington Street, and lectured successfully during the week, and then returned to Sydney, but not with the money to pay off our chapel debt, but with another debt upon me in consequence of the loss I met with during my long journey, amounting to £150.

I arrived in Sydney and found all well. Many, when they found that I had not succeeded, instead of encouraging me, spoke against me. But the Lord was very gracious to me, for, notwithstanding this disappointment, my soul was joyful in the Lord, and could say, “I will trust, and not be afraid. Therefore my face was not ashamed.” But in consequence of being obliged to leave my flock so frequently, many strayed away from the fold, and those who remained became discouraged; they could not see how it was possible to obtain the money, and came to the conclusion that the chapel must be sold; and some tried to prevail on me to give my consent, to which I replied, “I would rather walk through the Australian colonies from one end to the other, preach and lecture every day, and if

I fail to obtain the money in the colonies would then go to England and beg there, rather than such a calamity should befall the only Strict Baptist Church in Sydney. To particularise the discouragements and trials I have been called to pass through in relation to the cause and kingdom of Christ, and from those who ought to have been my right-hand friends, would be impossible; and it would likewise be imprudent of me to expose the faithlessness of those whom I believe are the Lord's children.

This I will record,—“ But God is faithful.”

“ He near my soul has always stood,
His lovingkindness, oh, how good ! ”

During my journey, in consequence of the reasons above-named, and the heavy expenses consequent on travelling in Australia, instead of getting the chapel out of debt I have got myself into debt, and my salary not being paid up, I have no means of rendering it unnecessary that I should again leave my home and my people; and those to whom we are indebted as a Church require their money, therefore there is no alternative, but I must go. How mysterious, and yet how wise are all the ways of God! “As for God, His way is perfect.”

The lectures and dissolving views obtained for the purpose of getting our chapel out of debt, have been the means of my travelling through the colonies of the “Southern Hemisphere,” preaching the Gospel in places where I never could have gone.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Journey to Tasmania: Encouragement in the work: Letter from the Hobart Town deacons: Mount Wellington: New Norfolk: Lecturing in a lunatic asylum: Visit to brother Dowling: My wants supplied: A rough passage: Arrival at Adelaide.

My next journey was from Sydney to the beautiful Island of Tasmania, and *via* Melbourne to South Australia.

Through the watchful eye and preserving hand of the Lord,

I arrived in the city of Hobart. After a very stormy passage of eight hundred miles, we entered the Bay about four o'clock on Lord's-day morning; but I did not leave the steamer until nine o'clock, and then proceeded to the Baptist Chapel where I preached morning and evening.

I was informed that during a former visit to that city, a very wicked woman was induced, through a friend, to come and hear a sermon I preached. On that occasion God the Almighty Spirit was graciously pleased to quicken her soul from death to life. For a long while her prayer was:—"God be merciful to me a sinner." Thus she continued until a few days before my arrival.

A lady, while visiting the hospital, found her in a dying condition; when she told her how and when the Lord convinced her of sin, and requested her, saying, "if you should see Mr. McCure, tell him what the Lord has done for my soul. I am dying in the faith of the precious blood of Jesus," and thus she departed rejoicing in the Lord.

The following letter was addressed to me by the deacons:—

"Harrington Street, Baptist Church,
"Hobart Town, May 26th, 1866.

"DEAR SIR,—Having heard your testimony in the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ with much profit and edification, we are thankful to bear testimony that your ministrations have been blest here to immortal souls, one of whom died happy in the Lord a short time previous to your arrival.

"It is our hope and prayer that the aid and protecting care of the Almighty will be with you in your journeyings through the colonies, and through life, and that the Holy Ghost will continue to give you many seals to your ministry wherever you may be.

"With every Christian regard to yourself and the friends at Sydney, We remain, dear Sir,

"Yours very truly in the bonds of the Gospel,

"T. S. EDGAR, }
"HENRY HINSBY, } Deacons."

Before leaving the city of Hobart I visited Mount Wellington, and ascended the summit, 4,500 feet above the sea. There is one part of the mountain that has excited much wonder among excursionists,—I allude to the "Ploughed Field," as it

is called. That immense pile of rounded stones has been, by some persons, looked upon as evidences of a terrible convulsion having taken place at a remote period. This immense heap of stones, piled one upon another, is made up of shattered columns of stone, which have been split off the side of the mountain by the action of the frost. The presence of frost, as a geological agent, is almost marvellous; and in this case we have a remarkable example of it. These stones, as is well known, present a very rough, rasp-like surface, thereby affording a very secure footing to the mountain climbers. Having passed over this vast accumulation of shattered columns, and having gained the summit of the mountain, we found ourselves, as it were, spell-bound by the magnificence of the panorama beneath—one indeed that might well defy the most graphic pen to do it justice. The effect upon the mind of the spectator is doubtlessly enhanced by contrast. All beneath him, so far as the eye can reach, typical of luxuriant life and repose. The dark green waving woods, the verdant fields, the gently undulating hills through which the noble "Derwent" flows in its fantastic course, with the city spreading upwards from its base, makes up a picture that contrasts strongly with the air of desolation and death which everywhere appears on the mountain brow. The "Rocking-stone," as it is called, is a well-known object of interest, and has given rise to much speculation on the part of visitors as to how it came to occupy such a position. As it is well known, this immense stone is poised upon another stone and can be made to oscillate by the ordinary strength of a man without being overturned. The belief entertained by geologists is, that it is a part of another column which, while falling, came in contact with the one that serves as a pedestal for it, and, obtaining its equilibrium thereon, has retained it ever since, although exposed at times to the most terrific gales of wind.

I left Hobart Town by steamer for New Norfolk. We steamed our way up the beautiful Derwent in the pouring rain, a distance by water of about fifty miles. The scenery from this river is most magnificent.

While at New Norfolk I was requested by the Government to lecture to the inmates of the lunatic asylum; there were about 300 present; the proceedings passed off in a highly satisfactory manner; the lecture was much appreciated by

those present, and was concluded by a warm expression of thanks. Many of the poor creatures came and shook hands with me, and declared that it was the happiest time they had spent since they had been in the asylum.

But I must proceed. I left the rural district of New Norfolk, for Hamilton, Bothwell, Green Ponds, Oatlands, Ross, Campbell Town, Perth, Longford, Westbury, Deloraine, and Launceston. I must not attempt to give any particulars of these towns wherein I lectured and preached the Gospel of Christ. After having travelled many hundreds of miles through the beautiful Island of Tasmania, I arrived in Launceston, and was received with great kindness by my venerable brother Dowling and his good wife. He is now in his eighty-seventh year, and is still preaching the same Gospel he used to preach when in old England. If it was not for loss of memory and voice, he could preach as well as ever, for in bodily health he is quite well, but of course at eighty-seven, he is now the old man. As we were walking upon one of the streets in the town one day, we passed some children, who remarked one to the other, "That's old Mr. Dowling." After awhile he said to me, "I can remember the time, as though it was but yesterday, when they used to say of me, 'That boy's going to preach,' after awhile, it was, 'young Dowling' then it was, 'Mr. Dowling,' and now it is 'Old Dowling.'" During my stay in Launceston I preached and baptized.

My arrangements were made to go to South Australia by way of Melbourne, and was most anxious to enter upon my work in that colony. But I was in want of £20, and could not see how it was to be obtained. The Lord knew all about me, what I needed, and also the work He had appointed for me to do. I therefore cast the burden of my want upon the Lord, who in His own way granted me my request. I was requested to preach in one of the inland towns on a Tuesday evening. I had preached there three times one Lord's-day on my way to Launceston. On this occasion there were seventy-two persons present, which was a good number for a week night. The people listened to the Word preached with great attention, and hoped that I would come again. I was to lodge at the very hospitable house of a rich squatter; the wife is a Christian indeed, and was formerly a member of the late

Joseph Irons. She rejoiced with great joy in that the truth was preached as she loved to hear it. Her husband has not made a public profession, but is looked upon hopefully. He has built the chapel and schools at his own expense. This lady put five sovereigns into my hand, saying, "This is for yourself." As we were driving home in the carriage, the gentleman looked at me and said, "If what you have preached to-night is truth, that which was preached last Sunday are lies."

I replied, "Sir, I am confident of this, that what I have preached I know is the truth."

"Yes! yes," he said, "I am sure that it is. I wish you would come and preach for us next Lord's-day."

I told him that I could not, as I expected to be 300 miles away by that time.

After a while he looked at me very earnestly and said, "Mr. McCure, do come." Oh! that "do come" took hold of my mind in such a way that I could not shake it off.

Next day I had to preach at Launceston. "Do come" went with me all the way, and would not leave me when I arrived; but at length compelled me to write back and say that I would come and preach on Lord's-day. I therefore made my arrangements accordingly. On Lord's-day I again preached to them the Gospel of Christ. I felt that the Lord was with me and that the Word had free course.

When we arrived home from the evening service, the gentleman said to me that he had never before heard a sermon that had taken hold of his mind as the one I preached in the morning; he wished me good night, for he could say no more. I was warming myself by the fire, when the only son of this gentleman, who is about twenty-two, said to me, "I am truly thankful you have been here to-day; oh, what a contrast between the preaching of to-day and what was preached in the chapel last Lord's-day! Will you accept this five pound as a small token of my thankfulness to you?"

In the morning we were having an early breakfast, for I had an engagement at Launceston for that night. While at breakfast the gentleman gave me five pound. While we were taking our first cup of coffee, all of a sudden he said to me, "Mr. McCure, I wish that you would read and pray, you have only just time to do so; the coach will be up directly." I imme-

diately read the 46th Psalm and prayed, and was then obliged to hurry off without my breakfast. As I was leaving he said to me, "When you arrive in Sydney, if you find that the door is shut against you there, remember there is one opened for you here. If you cannot come yourself, do try and send us someone who will preach the whole counsel of God; I will gladly pay all expenses myself," &c.

I left by the coach with thankful feelings, in that the Lord had directed me to preach in that town, and had made use of me in blessing the Word, and that I had reaped some fruit, to the amount of fifteen pound; and secondly, I felt that I should like to comply with their request to settle among them if the Lord would send me; for unless the Lord did send me, I dare not go. I arrived in Launceston, where I was to deliver two lectures for the Benevolent Asylum and the Town Mission. I now wanted five pound to make up the twenty pound that I required; and the steamer was to leave at midnight on Tuesday.

Just as I was about to commence my second lecture, a gentleman came up to me and gave me a letter, which I put into my pocket. I had no personal knowledge of this person, but had seen him in the chapel where I had preached, and had heard that he said, in reference to my preaching, that the Lord had blest it to his soul; that to him it was like a resurrection. The lecture being over, I hurried off to the steamer, and then opened the letter, which contained blank verse, addressed to me for my encouragement, and a five-pound note, signed LAZARUS.

Thus my glorious and always faithfully Jehovah-Jireh provided for His poor and needy servant the full amount I required; and not only did He thus provide, but, as the God of all grace, did He give unto me souls for my ministry and seals for my hire.

I took my farewell of that honoured and faithful servant of Christ, the venerable pastor Dowling, never to see each other in this world again.

By the steamer *Black Swan* I arrived in Melbourne. The next day I left Melbourne by the steamer *Coorong* for Adelaide. After a fearful passage of five days and five nights—sometimes accomplished in forty-eight hours—we arrived in Adelaide; because "The Lord holds the wind in His fist, and

the waters in the hollow of His hand." Our steamer behaved most admirably during the gale, which appears to have been very equally distributed all along the coast; for many lost their lives during that fearful night. The captain's fault was, that he called at "Warnambool" to take in potatoes; and, notwithstanding we were overladen, he took on board fifty-two tons of potatoes, which were packed up on the deck from one end to the other. While this was going on there was the falling glass indicating a change, though it was not until she sailed that it was down to 28·96, with every appearance of a severe gale. The steamer was kept on her course for some time, till the storm raged with such fury that the helm was put hard up, with an intention to run back to Portland; but the thick weather prevented the land from being seen, and to heave to was out of the question, as the sea at that period had risen to a fearful height; so she scudded before it, and thus we were driven back 150 miles before the storm; and by the good hand of God we came to a place of refuge in "Apollo Bay," where the gale was ridden out in safety.

On Sunday morning the weather became more moderate, and the steamer was under way at eight a.m.; but during the conclusion of the voyage strong south-west and westerly winds prevailed. She would have reached the anchorage at about midnight under a full head of steam; but after passing Cape Willoughby the engines were slowed as we entered the gulf, so as to take the bar at daylight; and by six o'clock we safely arrived at the wharf, with the experience of the 107th Psalm, "For He commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof." "He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet; so He bringeth them unto their desired haven. Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men."

Whilst I was in Adelaide my soul was stirred up within me when I beheld the encroachments of Popery throughout the South Australian colony. The Governor, Sir Dominic Daly, is a Roman Catholic, and likewise his son, Mr. Dominic Gore Daly, who acts as private secretary to his Excellency.

What are they about in England to send out, as a representative of our beloved Queen, those who are sworn to

exterminate, to root out, the Protestant religion whenever opportunity may offer ! Rome's sworn motto is,

“ WITH HERETICS KEEP NO FAITH.”

Dr. Shiel, the new Roman Catholic Bishop for South Australia, arrived in Adelaide whilst I was there, who proclaimed himself

“ LORD BISHOP OF ADELAIDE.”

The following appeared in one of the daily papers:—“ The Governor and Lady Daly were present at the installation of the Rev. Dr. Shiel, Roman Catholic Bishop of Adelaide !” When I saw this state of things, I made up my mind to deliver a lecture upon *Dominant Popery always the Same*, in the Town Hall. But I could not prevail upon any one to take the chair ! At the same time they hoped I would give the lecture; for there was an absolute needs-be for it. Not being able to find a chairman, I was, therefore, obliged to lecture on Sunday evening. During the week I advertised in the daily papers, and posted the city from one end to the other with large posters, which caused considerable excitement and astonishment that I should dare to take up such a subject, and in such a public manner. The following is a copy of the bills:—

“ DOMINANT POPERY ALWAYS THE SAME, whether Rome-Papal or Rome-Protestant. A glance at the Ecclesiastical history relating to POPISH CRUELTY and PROTESTANT INTOLERANCE. The Rev. John Bunyan McCure, of Sydney, will deliver a lecture upon the above subject, on Sunday evening, Nov. 11th, in the Town Hall, Adelaide. Doors open at six, to commence at half-past six o'clock.”

The Lord was very gracious to me, while I stood forth for two hours and ten minutes before more than one thousand persons, exposing the iniquities of Popery, *Popery always the Same*. What it was on Black Bartholomew day, such it is now, only waiting once more to become dominant. Popery is thought by some to be a harmless system of exploded error, and that it is not now what it was in the days of Smithfield ! Then it was the Black Devil. Now it is the same devil, only in white; but more treacherous than a serpent in the grass.

CHAPTER XL.

Review of a journey of three thousand miles: A scorpion on my leg: A snake in my path: Death of a family for want of water: Fever and exhaustion: A large sheep station: Laying down to die: Revival: Flocks passing under hands of the teller: Encounter a bushranger: Meeting with a seal to my ministry: A bush-horse: Exploring the coal-fields: Return to Sydney: Alarming floods: Decided to visit England.

HAVING preached in Adelaide and all the principal towns in the colony of South Australia — viz., Gawler, Kupaunda, Wollaroo, Kadina, Moonta, Strathalbyn, &c.—I once more visited Melbourne and Geelong, and then returned to Sydney, having travelled over five thousand miles. The trials and mercies experienced I must not relate; but the following instances of the lovingkindness of the Lord during a long journey of over three thousand miles in different parts of Queensland, preaching and lecturing, week after week, at the rate of twelve times in eight days, I will record; for I experienced the sustaining and delivering hand of God in no ordinary manner. A few instances I will here give, that I may speak of His wondrous faithfulness, and sound His power abroad.

While I was in Maryborough, the Lord wrought a most wonderful deliverance. While I was in conversation with several friends, something crawled up inside my trowsers and fastened on my leg just below the knee. I put my hand up, and to my surprise, and the horror of my friends, I knocked off a large SCORPION, one of the largest ever seen in Maryborough.

The scorpion has two claws like those of a lobster, eight legs proceeding from its breast, a long tail, at the end of which proceeds one or two hollow stings, and a bag full of deadly poison. With its feet and claws it fixeth on its victim, and then squirts its venom into the part stung, which must produce death unless the antidote is at once applied. The best remedy I know is—Take the scorpion, cut off its tail, where only the deathly poison is, and throw it away. Then open the body and apply the fat of the scorpion to the part stung, which will prove an infallible cure. A woman at Brisbane was stung by one and died a most awful death in twenty-four hours, no antidote then being known. I did rejoice that

"My life's minutest circumstance
Is subject to His eye."

Walking one day upon the Woolongong mountains, admiring the enchanting scenery around me, I looked down, when I saw a snake in the narrow path before me. The monster was not less than fourteen feet long, and was coiled up asleep across my path. In another moment I should have walked upon it, for I was only two steps from that frightful creature. It awoke and fixed its eye upon me, ready to sting me to death. I fixed my eyes upon mine enemy, and, by the mesmeric power of the eye, he was unable to move. There I stood for more than five minutes, face-to-face with one of the most dangerous and powerful snakes I ever saw in Australia. The Lord delivered me that day, and I went on my way rejoicing. "*I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.*"

While on that terrible journey in Queensland, I was delivered from another form of death—viz., from being famished to death. It had not rained for more than twelve months. I was in the saddle all day, riding under a burning sun—the glass 148°; creeks dried up, all nature prostrate; cattle dying for the want of water. A family, consisting of a father, mother, and six children, were travelling not far from where I was. Not being able to find water, they sunk down from exhaustion. When they were found the six children were dead; the father and mother were dying in a most awful state. I rode twenty-five miles with my tongue failing for thirst, seeking water, but there was none. At last I found some stagnant water with dead cattle in it. I drank the poisoned water to cool my parched tongue. It saved me from one death by famishing; but it was almost the cause of death in another way. Dysentery and typhoid fever, in its most dangerous form, now came on. I must have died had I given way to the indescribable feeling I now had. On, on I rode till I reached "Jorsdaryan Sheep Station," one of the largest in Queensland. Whilst I was there they had 214,000 sheep to shear. Some of the flocks in the lambing season have produced as high as 103 per cent. of lambs, and 46,000 sheep produced 40,000 lambs.

I rode twenty-five miles to this place under a burning sun: there I lectured for two hours in the Iron Church that night and also the following evening. Then I rode to Toowoomba—twenty-five miles; fever raging upon me; stronger men than

myself were dying daily. I arrived on Saturday night: no sleep in consequence of the fever and exhausting dysentery. I preached three sermons next day; lectured Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday for two hours each night. Friday I had nothing to do only to pity myself. A hot wind was now blowing like the blast from a furnace. Under the influence of self-pity I was ready to give up and sink into the arms of death.

I left my hotel and walked to the other side of the township, that I might die where I was known. I laid down on the shady side of a weather-board cottage, having committed my dear wife and children into the hands of the Lord. I then resigned my soul into the care of my ever-gracious God, when, all at once, it occurred to me that I had several sermons to preach at Ipswich, fifty miles from Toowoomba. The remembrance of that, and the earnest desire I had in my heart to preach there—in a place where the *Person* and *Godhead* of God the Holy Ghost had been denied—produced a reaction in my entire system. I got up, and said, "My work is not done; I must not give up: I will try and walk it off." The sun was fast reaching the horizon—in Australia there is no twilight—I was therefore obliged to quicken my pace. By the time I reached the English Church it was dark. There was a post outside, which I could not see, and walked against it. I was just in the act of falling back from the force of the blow, when I caught hold of it, and there I held on for some time. When I opened my eyes, there stood a policeman. I exclaimed, "Oh, don't leave me; I am very much hurt."

The man said, "Yes, it was enough to burst you: I thought you were drunk."

When I recovered, I walked to the hotel, went to bed, and slept well all night; travelled fifty miles the next day, and preached nine sermons during the week. Some of those sermons were the means of life to several who were dead in sin.

My perseverance and running against that post were the means of saving my life. The shock to the system was like an electric one, which at once arrested both the dysentery and typhoid fever. I was soon restored to perfect health, and could sing—

"Plagues and death around me fly,
Till He bids, I cannot die;

Not a single shaft can hit
Until the God of love sees fit."

While I was on the beautiful Darling Downs, I witnessed a most remarkable literal fulfilment of Jer. xxxiii. 13, "Shall the flocks pass again under the hand of Him that telleth them, saith the Lord." A flock of sheep came up from the washing to the head station, when they arrived, the master said to the shepherd, "This is the three thousand flock, are they all here?" The chief shepherd replied in the affirmative. The order was given to put up the wicket, a small gate, only wide enough for one sheep to pass at a time. The master stood by while the sheep passed under his hand, counting the sheep, until the three thousand flock had passed under the hand of him that telleth them; when the last sheep had passed, he said to the shepherd, "All right, John!"

"His Honour is engaged to save
The weakest of His sheep;
All that His heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep."

Many have also been the deliverances I have experienced from bushrangers. Some instances are related elsewhere.

I was travelling from Warwick to Dalrymple, when I was stopped by one of those blood-thirsty men. He tried to unhorse me, but finding he could not, he then threatened to shoot me if I did not at once surrender myself to him, but the opportunity offered, I rode amongst the gum trees, and thus escaped out of the hands of that wicked man.

I had heard that a Christian man lived somewhere in the locality of Dalrymple; on my arrival I immediately went in search of him. I was an entire stranger to every one there. After some time I found the object of my search. While I was speaking to him, and before I had time to give him my name, a man who was sitting in the room, of whom I had taken no notice, came up to me and asked, "Is your name John Bunyan McCure?"

I replied in the affirmative. He took hold of my hand with tears in his eyes, and said, "I never expected this great pleasure of seeing you, whom I have never seen before. I heard you once, but did not see you; however, directly I heard you speak to my friend, I said to myself, I have heard that voice before. Yes, yes; that's the voice that preached that ser-

mon one Monday night in Shoreditch, eighteen years ago, which was the means of saving my soul. I was then living without God and without hope in the world. I was passing the chapel; your voice attracted me; I drew up to the door, and there I heard you preach, but did not enter the chapel; the word from your mouth was not in word only, but in power. My heart was broken under a sense of sin, that was the means of bringing me to repentance and faith in Jesus Christ. After that I left England for Australia, and now after so many years I see you for the first time, 16,000 miles from the place where I heard the same voice I hear now, which preached into my heart a conviction of sin and a need of Jesus Christ; and I am thankful to God that I am able to declare to you, that that grace the Lord bestowed upon me then, has not been in vain, for out here, in the back bush of Australia, where the Gospel has never been preached, I can sing—

“ Grace taught my soul to pray,
 And pardoning love to know ;
 ’Twas grace that kept me to this day,
 And will not let me go.”

The following remarkable instance of the preserving hand of God I will relate :—

A “black fellow” called upon me and shewed me something he had found in the Wormbette Forest, which I discovered to be coal. I communicated to the Government that a fine sample of coal had been brought to me by one of the Aborigines of the Cape Ottway district. I was requested to conduct some of the officials to the place where the coal had been found. I consented to do so. They met me at Geelong; we started for the ranges. Having ridden twenty-five miles we came up to the hut of an American negro, who, on seeing that my horse was nearly knocked up, kindly offered me the loan of his, with a promise he would take care of mine until our return. This I accepted. As we were starting he told me I had not anything to fear with his horse, saying, it was a thorough bush one; I need not round the gullies, but cross them. On we rode, until we came up to an immense one, I said, “Gentlemen, shall we cross this?” not for a moment thinking my horse would face it. They were horrified at the suggestion, when he squatted down on his haunches, thus went down the almost perpendicular embankment, and then, at a fearful speed, he crossed to the

other side, and safely brought me up on to the table land. There I waited until the others arrived who had three miles to go in rounding the gully. Immediately we started, a kangaroo crossed our path; my horse saw it, pricked his ears and rushed off at the top of his speed, caring not for me, either in going between the trees or under the branches, for whenever he saw an opening on he went; I scarcely had time to draw up my legs or lie on his neck to prevent a collision with the trees among which we passed. After riding thus for several miles, he gave up the chase when he found he could not catch the kangaroo. After some difficulty, and by means of the Australian coo-ee, I found my companions, and conducted them to the ranges, at the base of which we saw the coal cropping out in great abundance. A large marque was provided for our accommodation. I shall never forget a bird called the laughing jackass, of which there are an immense number in the forest, who commence their remarkable laughing note at break of day, arousing all nature; these birds are very valuable in this, they prey upon the snakes and adders and destroy them; directly they see a snake in the grass they pounce upon it, seize it, fly up to a great height, drop it down, and thus break its back.

We returned from our exploring expedition, and delivered up my horse to its owner, when I learned that it had not only been well trained for the bush, but also for hunting the kangaroo.

In consequence of the illness and expected death of one of my daughters I proceeded to Brisbane; whilst there I preached in the Baptist chapel, Fortitude Valley, where Mr. John Kingsford is now preaching the Gospel of Christ, and then by steamer returned to Sydney, where I arrived in perfect health and found my dear child better.

I have now travelled through Victoria, Tasmania, many parts of New South Wales, Queensland, and South Australia, over twenty thousand miles, preaching and lecturing frequently at the rate of twelve times in eight days. I have been exposed to great dangers and privations; but out of them all the Lord hath delivered me, and in a most wonderful and truthful manner; He hath given me strength according to my day. I have been in perils in journeyings by sea and by land, in perils of robbers, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in weariness and painfulness, in hunger

and thirst, and worse than all, in perils amongst false *brethren* ! “Notwithstanding the Lord stood with me, and strengthened me, that by me the preaching might be fully known, and that all the Gentiles might hear; and I was delivered out of the mouth of lion,” to sing the old song—“The Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock; and let the God of my salvation be exalted.”

I had made arrangements for another journey in the country, but am truly thankful I had not left home, for we have been taught by “terrible things in righteousness,” the uncertainty of all earthy possessions. We have been visited with one of the most deplorable and disastrous floods ever known in this colony, causing loss of life and destruction of property in the finest districts of New South Wales. The calamity which has befallen the settlers of nearly all of the most fertile agricultural districts of our colony is truly appalling and heart-rending to witness. Thousands who, a week before the flood, were in circumstances of comfort, and many of affluence, are now reduced to utter destitution, and are wholly dependent on the kindness of those who have not, like them, suffered the loss of all things, and on the aid of Government, for means of subsistence. The people in Sydney are subscribing large sums of money, food, and clothing, for the poor sufferers.

In consequence of this very solemn visitation it was useless for me take another journey in the country for the purpose of raising money on behalf of our chapel debt. The money that we owe is due, and must be paid, or the chapel will be sold; it must be one or the other. I have now no prospect of getting the money in the colony. I cannot stand still and see six years' hard labour swept away at the fall of the auctioneer's hammer; that would indeed be a calamity I could not endure. Rather than the chapel should be sold, and the cause of Christ reproached I am willing to visit England, feeling persuaded that the English Churches would not for a moment suffer our place of worship to be sold over our heads, but would help us in this a time of great need. We therefore held a meeting, and it was arranged for me to do so, that I might personally lay before the Churches our position. And the Lord having assured me that He would perfect the thing that concerneth me, I believed that He would deliver and provide me with the means to redeem out of the hands of men the house that we have built for His name and worship. Through floods and flame I'll follow where He leads—

" 'Tis the right way, though dark and rough,—
 Mysterious, yet 'tis plain enough;
 And we, when faith is changed to sight,
 Shall know the ways of God were right."

7 My voyage from Sydney to London—written daily on the journey in the form of a diary—will furnish the reader with some insight into life on board ship. It will be found in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XLI. \

"MY LOG BOOK," ETC.; OR, A VOYAGE FROM AUSTRALIA TO ENGLAND IN THE "GREAT BRITAIN" STEAMSHIP.

[From my Diary, written on Board.]

SATURDAY, Aug. 17th, 1867.—I have again taken my farewell of my wife and children, and am now on board the steamer "City of Adelaide," for Melbourne; and by the "Great Britain" I have arranged to leave Melbourne for England. Many times I have been called to say farewell in relation to our chapel debt, I do trust this will be the last time that I shall have to do so. These words are very comforting that have just come to my mind while steaming out of the magnificent bay of Port Jackson.

"I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress."

God only knows the deep distress and sorrow of heart I have endured now for some time past, consequent on building up a new cause, and contending against the trials and evil influences of chapel debts in a new colony. But for the hope of success in England, I would not again endure the grief and sorrow on parting with my wife, children, and friends, perhaps never to see each other again in this world; the Lord only knows.

Lord's-day, 18th.—The weather is fine, and, wonderful to record, I have not been sea-sick. But oh, dear me, what an

uncomfortable and unprofitable life ship-board life is for a Christian, being surrounded by ungodly men.

Monday, 16th.—Head wind and heavy sea. A man in the steerage, who is going to England by the "Great Britain" has had his pocket picked of £24. An old man came to me this morning, and said, "Some one has put £4 into my pocket;" he believed that the thief had done it to fix the guilt of the theft on him. There was a detective officer on board, who, after some conversation with the old man, said, "I think that it would be as well for me to search you, and see if I can find any more money;" he searched him, and found all the money. The old man turned out to be the thief, and was taken in charge.

Tuesday, 20th.—Only just time to pay a hurried visit to Geelong; found Mr. Friend very ill. I very much fear that I shall not see him again in this world. Mr. Martindale (who was a fellow passenger with me from England fifteen years ago, and who is a member of Zoar chapel, Chillwell), is likewise fast sinking into the grave. But they can both say, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me (Psa. xxiii. 4).

Wednesday, 21st.—I am now on board the "Great Britain" steam ship, 3,500 tons, 500 horse power. The "Great Britain" is celebrated for her regular and rapid passages. I trust that she will sustain her good character on this occasion. The confusion and noise of so many (470 passengers) and their luggage, being brought on to the ship at one time, I can't describe.

Thursday, 22nd.—At day-break we weighed anchor, and steamed our way out of Hobson's Bay. Soon after we cleared the heads, sea-sickness commenced; but as for myself, I have, indeed, just cause to be thankful that I have escaped, and am quite well.

Friday, 23rd.—The weather is fine, and we are both sailing and steaming our way with good speed. I am in the 2nd cabin; I am very much disappointed, for it is not what I expected. The accommodation is very indifferent; and many of the passengers are not what they profess to be. I am sure that I shall be very uncomfortable. At present my mind is as barren as a stone, and my heart equally as hard.

“Of feeling all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.”

Saturday, 24th.—There has been a very heavy swell all night, and our great ship has rolled fearfully; we want more wind. How dependent we are upon the Lord for all things, not only for the spiritual wind, but likewise for the natural; and oh, how I do need the life-reviving influence of the Holy Ghost, for He only can blow the gale of grace that will take the vessel of mercy into the haven of rest.

“At anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, Sweet Spirit, come!
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails and speed my way.
Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below;
But I can only spread my sail—
Thou must breathe the auspicious gale.”

A passenger reading the Bible on deck. A pleasing sight, thus to behold a man not ashamed to read God's Word. I have just encouraged and commended him for doing so; there is nothing like decision.

Lord's-day, 25th.—Captain Grey has asked me to conduct the services during the voyage for the 2nd cabin and other class passengers. The Church of England service will be read by the doctor of the ship to the saloon passengers. Thus, a door of opportunity will be opened for me to preach the Gospel to all kinds of people, for we have on board men of all *nations* and *creeds*.

Monday, 26th.—The wind is favourable; in four days we have sailed 995 knots.

Tuesday, 27th.—We have had an *awful night*. Our great ship rolled about from side to side in a most frightful manner; it was with great difficulty that I could keep in my berth; boxes, and everything not fastened in the cabin, rolled about in concert with the ship. One of the 2nd cabin passengers, a respectable-looking man, about thirty-six, is out of his mind, and is likewise suffering from fits. He is now in the ship's hospital. I have been with him three times to-day.

Wednesday, 28th.—Oh, how lifeless I do feel; I want quickening grace. “Thou shalt quicken me again.” What a merciful, suitable, and gracious provision of our Covenant God, thus

to treasure up in the everlasting Covenant "grace to help in every time of need." I have been several times to-day to the hospital. The young man, whose name is Leake, is no better; I cannot get any communication from him. It appears that his brother brought him on board, and left him, a stranger among strangers, for no one knows him, or anything about him.

Thursday, 29th.—I have been through the ship, and have obtained the names of forty children to commence the Sunday-school with; the people are pleased and thankful that a Sunday-school is to be established during the voyage. There are not less than 100 boys and girls on board.

Friday, 30th.—I have had a very much more comfortable night. What a mercy to be in the Lord's hands, who holds the winds in His fists, and the waters in the hollow of His hands.

"Trust Him, my soul, from day to day,
Trust Him to bring thee on thy way."

Poor Mr. Leake has been calling out all night, "Black's the colour for me—white's the colour for me." His poor mind is quite gone.

It is pouring of rain. Ship-board is a wretched place in wet weather. But not so to be in the place of the rain of heaven. Oh! how I do want to be there, for my soul is in a dry and thirsty land where no water is. Come down, oh, thou glorious rain, and "refresh my soul, for it is weary."

"Upon my leaf, when parched with heat
Refreshing dew shall drop,"

Saturday, 31st.—A solemn circumstance has just occurred. A girl ten years of age died during the night. It is a merciful deliverance for the poor child, who was afflicted with water on the brain. But the poor mother's grief is great; she cannot endure the idea of the body of her dear child being cast into the sea. I endeavoured to comfort her distressed mind upon that point—that the sea and land are both alike with the Lord, for the sea will give up its dead on the morning of the resurrection. They informed me they were Roman Catholics, nevertheless, they would be thankful to me if I would bury their child. I conducted the service in the female hospital. The corpse was then taken upon deck, and committed to the

deep—a very sad sight, indeed, to witness; many sighed, how sad! But alas! how soon they forget the warning—“Be ye also ready, for at such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh.”—For they are now at their *songs, cards, and drink*, as though no such scene had been witnessed. How true it is that neither judgment nor mercies of themselves can bring sinners to repentance.

Lord's-day, Sept. 1st.—The weather is remarkably fine, and not so cold as we expected, considering that we are now approaching the fearfully cold Cape Horn. This morning I preached in the 2nd cabin, which was quite full of attentive hearers. At half-past two o'clock I was about to commence the Sunday school in the 3rd cabin, when some ladies came forward, and said that they objected, and would not allow the children of the steerage to mix up with *their* children! and so said some of the passengers of the 2nd cabin! I was therefore obliged to abandon the school. I am very sorry.

This evening, at 7 o'clock, I preached in the steerage to a crowded congregation of all creeds and nations from, “I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.” I never preached to a more attentive people in my life. There were present many Roman Catholics who listened with great attention. O Lord, bless Thy precious Gospel, and make it the instrument of Thy power unto the salvation of souls.

Monday, 2nd.—Some foolish people have told the steerage passengers that the reason the 2nd and 3rd cabin passengers would not allow their children to meet in Sunday school is, because they are the children of steerage passengers, and are not clean. The consequence is, the steerage passengers are very angry, and are determined to hold an indignation meeting; so sure that they do, they will make their voice to be heard, for they number over 300. Captain Grey requested me to go down at once and use my influence to prevent the said indignation meeting being held. I am thankful in that I have succeeded.

The measles have broken out among the children; not of the steerage passengers, but in the saloon.

Mr. Leake is sinking; I believe that he will die; I am visiting him constantly, but cannot obtain any communication from him.

Tuesday, 3rd.—During the voyage we shall lose one day,

therefore it is necessary to date back one day from now. This day must be dated—

Monday, 2nd.—This is our 11th day out from Melbourne, and we have made 2,880 knots. I have had a most pleasing and unexpected interview with the poor dying man. I told him that it was my duty to inform him that the doctor could do no more for him; that he was in a dying condition. He understood me, and appeared to be quite conscious. I asked him if he was afraid to die? He replied,

“No, I don't fear death.”

“Tell me,” I asked, “why you do not fear death? What is your hope?” He replied,

“Jesus died, and in Him I trust; He is my Brother.”

I then directed his attention to several portions of Scripture. He smiled and said:

“Yes, I have often read them; they are my comfort now.”

While repeating Psa. xxiii. 1, “The Lord is my Shepherd,” before that I could repeat the next clause, he, with a strong expression of feeling, took it up—

“I shall not want.”

Having satisfied myself as to his state of mind, and the nature of his hope of a glorious inheritance, I then told him that it was very important that he should give all necessary information respecting his friends, and likewise if he had any communication he would like to make. He attempted to do so, when his consciousness ceased, and his power of memory failed him.

“I have,” he said, “three brothers, Charles, Thomas, and Alfred.”

“Where do they live?” I inquired. Immediately he replied:

“Charles lives with the dead, Thomas lives with the beer, and Alfred lives with the books.”

Tuesday, 3rd.—Another night's mercies; what a mercy to be thus preserved from day to day and from night to night. During the night, when the ship's bell rings the half hour, the sailor on watch calls out, “All's well.” It is a joyful sound to hear during the night, especially when the night is stormy, every half hour, “All's well—All's well.”

Wednesday, 4th.—The Lord has evidently given the winds and the waves charge concerning us, for both have worked most favourably.

Thursday, 5th.—Until past midnight I have been waiting upon our poor dying fellow passenger, who is fast sinking into the hands of death. He is now unable to speak, but appears to be resting upon the Lord; he is conscious, but cannot speak; he is in a fearfully weak and suffering condition of body. The weather is cold and stormy, and our great ship is sailing along in her glory.

Friday, 6th.—The sea may now be seen in its majesty and glory. It is a grand sight to behold the mountainous waves upon which we are tossed from one to the other. Mr. Leake is still alive, and that is all. I have been standing by his bedside for many hours, expecting every moment would be his last. Death has at last triumphed; he is dead. But I have reason to believe that he sleeps in Jesus. He died at half-past 11 a.m., and was buried at half-past 3 o'clock. The Captain requested me to perform the last act in relation to his mortal remains. There was a great crowd present to witness the solemn ceremony of committing the body to the deep. The Captain, doctor, officers, and many of the crew were present. It was a solemn scene; the corpse was sewn up in canvas, placed on a board covered by the Union Jack. Directly the service was concluded, the body was then let down into the deep, deep sea, there to remain until the morning of the resurrection.

I trust that I shall not have to witness another case so distressing: to see a fellow creature, a stranger among strangers, in less than two weeks cut down like a flower, and then cast into the sea, just 4,000 miles from Melbourne.

Saturday, 7th.—By the request of the Captain, I have, with the Purser of the ship, taken an inventory of the effects of the late Mr. Leake. We have had a splendid run the last twenty-four hours; we have made 327 knots.

Lord's-day, 8th.—Cold and wet; but the wind being favourable, we are making good speed. This morning I preached in the 2nd cabin. Some of the 2nd cabin passengers were very angry because some of the passengers from the 3rd cabin and steerage attend the service. A young man, who is a deacon of a Baptist Church, has just told me that the reason why he does not attend the service is because of those passengers. He is determined that he will not meet with them, because some of them will walk on our side of the deck, and there are

some of the passengers who are not clean; he therefore remains in his cabin during the service. I pity him, for he has not the spirit of Jesus, who had "compassion" on the ignorant, and on them that are out of the way. In the evening I preached in the steerage which was crowded. I felt that the Lord was with me. There were many present who, during their residence in Australia, never attended any place of worship. Just as I was undressing for bed, there was a cry, "Ice,"—"Iceberg." Immediately there was a rush for the deck. We could see the floating ice as we passed it within a half mile, although it was night. There is a double watch kept night and day, for we don't know one moment from another but we may be surrounded with floating mountains of ice, which have caused the destruction of so many noble ships.

Monday, 9th.—Wet and cold. Every one now is obliged to remain below. It is, indeed, the confusion of tongues—every one talking at once, and very many talk for the sake of talking. "Punch" said once of one of our Sydney gentlemen, "That talking man, why he could talk a hole right through an iron pot;" if Mr. Punch were here I am sure he would thus say of some in the 2nd cabin that they could talk a hole right through an iron ship! Card-playing is going on from one end of the ship to the other. I am determined more than ever to set my face against this evil practice, which is fraught with evil consequences, and therefore not to be countenanced. I am thankful for one thing, that I am so far respected as a minister that no one has ever asked me to play cards or to drink. It is a time of great anxiety in consequence of a dense fog that has come on, and at a time when icebergs are expected. "My confidence is in Him, whose eyes are as a flame of fire—darkness, fogs, or night, are all alike with Him."

Tuesday, 10th.—We have had a miserable night. The ship has rolled frightfully all night; but, through mercy, "All's well."

Wednesday, 11th.—The sea presents a magnificent appearance, rolling mountains high; our great ship "mounts up to the heavens, then goes down to the depths." The ship was struck with a wave just now making a clean breach over her; the gangway was washed out of its place, the sea rushed in with great violence; a man who was standing by was taken off his legs and thrown down, and very much injured; his head

and face cut and bruised. A woman in the steerage held on to one of the tables, the table gave way; and she was thrown down, and broke her arm; she has nine children, one a baby four months old. The wind is blowing a perfect gale. Many of the passengers were playing cards, when another wave struck the ship. Some of those who are very stout-hearted in fine weather were now very much frightened, and left off their cards. If there is no harm in card-playing, why be afraid to play in the hour of danger? I am not afraid to pray, sing, or preach, when the deep appears to be ready to swallow us up.

Thursday, 12th.—The Lord be praised for preserving mercies during a dangerous stormy night, that with us “All’s well.” I have been visiting the sick in the steerage, and am grieved to witness the crowded state of some of the cabins. Two married couples and children in one cabin with eight berths. The measles have broken out in the steerage; I fear it will go through the ship. This morning for the first time since we left Melbourne, we have sighted a ship; the cry ran throughout the *Great Britain*,—“A ship in sight”; the decks were crowded, every eye was directed to the strange ship.

Friday, 13th, up at six o’clock.—A beautiful morning; the sun shining gloriously; we are now rounding the Cape; twenty-second day since we left Melbourne, and have made 5,826 knots. We have just passed a large ship, supposed to be the *Sussex*, which sailed ten days before us. I am very sorry that I am in the 2nd cabin; we have a strange mixture; I am almost tempted to give a pen-and-ink sketch of some. It is to me the loss of an opportunity that I very much need; reading and writing is impossible.

Saturday, 14th.—The weather fine, decks crowded with passengers; the Captain has just told me that he had never before had such a favourable voyage thus far. I trust it may continue to the end.

We have now rounded “Cape Horn,” and have not had those dangers to contend with, such as icebergs and snow storms. What a mercy that the much-dreaded Cape Horn has been doubled under the most favourable circumstances; as is often the case, the anticipations exceeded the reality. The terrible Cape, with its tempestuous seas, its insufferable cold, its icebergs and fogs, fraught with dangers almost too terrible

to contemplate, have not fallen to our lot to experience. But many are disappointed in not beholding some of those fields and mountains of ice that are to be seen in this latitude, except on this voyage.

Lord's-day, 15th.—This has been a day of many mercies, the weather has been all that can be desired, "Oh that men would praise the Lord for His wonderful works to the children of men."

This morning I preached in the 2nd cabin, and in the evening in the steerage, which was crowded to excess; the people listened with great attention while I preached from "Them that come unto God by Him." I am thankful for the opportunity I have of preaching the Lord Jesus, who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

Monday, 16th.—A sleepless night, thinking about home, my wife and children, and the Church of Christ in Sydney. All that I can do is to pray for them, and God forbid that I should cease to bring them before the throne.

It is now a month since I left Sydney, and on Thursday next it will be a month since we sailed from Melbourne, and already we have accomplished the worst half of our voyage.

Tuesday, 17th.—Visited the poor woman in the hospital, whose arm was broken the other day; she is very ill; it is a pitiable sight to see her with her nine children.

Wednesday, 18th.—Four weeks this afternoon since we came on board. Having obtained help from God we continue unto this day. The Lord be praised for preserving mercies.

Thursday, 19th.—Goodness and mercies both follow us. "All is well." It is really distressing to witness the card-playing: even children from eight to twelve years of age are playing cards from morning to night; they are justified by the conduct of professing Christians,—"There is no harm in it—so-and-so plays cards;" hence the evil of a bad example.

This evening I called the passengers together in the steerage, and read to them some very instructive readings: "What Kind Words will do; or, Two of the Worst Men on the Island;" and the "Lost Bank Note," exposing the evil consequences of gambling.

Friday, 20th.—I read "Kind Words," in the 2nd cabin; it was not acceptable, because it was "too serious, too much religion in it"!!

Saturday, 21st.—The weather is now fine and warm, to-morrow service will be held on the quarter-deck.

Lord's-day, 22nd.—How true is the saying, "Uncertain as the weather;" service will have to be held below. In the morning I preached in the 2nd cabin, which was full, and in the evening in the steerage. There could not have been less than two hundred persons present. I spoke from "And He shall set the sheep on the right hand, but the goats on the left."

Monday, 23rd.—What a change! We could almost say all these things are against us. The wind—the pouring rain, and the cross chopping sea—are all against us, causing the ship to roll and pitch about to the discomfort of the passengers, many of whom are now sea-sick again. To-day is the time for the "Autumnal Equinox;" the wind is now blowing a perfect gale.

Tuesday, 24th.—This has been an alarming night; the wind was contrary to us, blowing a perfect hurricane; the Captain, who has been on deck most of the night, just told me that it was the worst night he can remember; the wind and heavy head sea against us. What a mercy that He holds the winds in His fists, and mountain waves in the hollow of His hand, who has said, "Hitherto shalt thou go, but no further, and here shalt thy proud waves be stayed."

This evening I again read to the steerage passengers "The Lost Bank Note;" such was the interest I felt myself in reading, and the people in hearing—not looking at my watch—I was surprised that I had been reading over two hours.

Wednesday, 25th.—8,611 knots from Melbourne; we have now entered the "Tropics." Beautiful weather, like Australia again; decks crowded with passengers; but of course plenty of "grumbling:" now the weather is too hot. The doctor has just requested me to see a lady in his cabin, which he has kindly given up to her. She is suffering from sea-sickness, has not been able to keep anything upon her stomach now for a month. The doctor has done all that he can for her, but all in vain; there is now no hope of her recovery. Her late husband was a Commander in the Royal Navy, and she is returning to England to her father. Directly I approached her bed-side, she said, "Speak to me about Jesus; tell me if I can be saved; oh, do pray for me," &c. She could say no more, sickness

came on as bad as ever. I read and prayed; she could only smile, I thank you.

Thursday, 26th.—The weather is hot, but a delightful breeze; Mrs. M'Donald is the same as yesterday. Read the 51st Psalm and prayed, and spoke to her; but she is unable to speak. She is in great trouble of mind, but I cannot ascertain the nature of her trouble, whether it is the trouble of a living soul hungering and thirsting after righteousness, or from the fear of death. We have just passed two ships, but too far off to speak to them.

What a fearful place shipboard is for young women; there are evil men who are trying all they can to lead them astray.

Friday, 27th.—Mrs. M'Donald has been sick and fainting all night; she is a living skeleton, and cannot live much longer; I have just prayed with her, but she is unable to speak.

There are four or five young girls whom I have advised and warned; they are making free; and there are evil-disposed persons who are ready and anxious to take an advantage of them to lead them astray. I am determined (the Lord helping me) to do all I can to prevent them from being ruined, and by those who ought to protect them. I find I have already become a thorn to some of them, and they are beginning to turn against me. Manton used to say, "It is better to have the praise of evil men's hatred than the scandal of their love and approbation.

Saturday, 28th.—The weather is exceedingly fine, and we are fast hastening to the Line. This is our 37th day out, and we have made 9,239 knots; the Lord has done great things indeed for us. First class ships that left six, eight, ten and fifteen days before us, we have passed them and left them far behind.

Lord's-day, 29th.—This morning the Church of England Service was read by the doctor on the quarter-deck. It was a cold, formal, lifeless affair; many joined in the responses who are ungodly men—drinking, gambling, and swearing; and now to use the prayers, confessions, and praises of those who are taught by the Spirit! I could not help thinking of these words, "This people draweth near to Me with their lips, but their heart is far from Me." One very wicked man remarked, "There, I have wiped away all my sins for the rest of the voyage."

At half-past two o'clock the forms were all brought up by the sailors, and arranged on the quarter-deck, a large number of passengers were present. The Captain, officers, many of the saloon passengers, General Carey and lady, were also present, while I preached Christ, the only Foundation.

Soon after service was over I was called to witness the death of Mrs. M'Donald. I stood by her bed-side until she breathed her last; she was quite unconscious, and therefore unable to speak. This has been the third death since we left Melbourne; who will be the next?

Monday, 30th.—Sunset in the Tropics is a truly grand and marvellous sight—the heavens are a blaze of radiant colours, such that the most skilful pencil cannot describe; such was the scene last night.

What a solemn sight has now been witnessed; the mortal remains of another fellow passenger committed to the deep. At half-past ten o'clock this morning, after the usual service, the mortal body was committed—not to the silent grave, but to the troubled sea.

Notwithstanding these solemn warnings that we have had, there is an amount of wickedness being carried on on board our ship that the general passengers have no idea of. There are some married women whose conduct is shameful, and who are yielding to those wretches (they call themselves gentlemen) who can only live upon the vice of others. They are very angry with me because I will follow them up into those dark parts of the ship where they cannot be seen so well.

Tuesday, October 1st.—At half-past 11 a.m. we crossed the Line, and have now left the Southern Hemisphere, and have entered upon the Northern; the weather is not so hot as it generally is in this latitude. We are now 9,880 miles from Melbourne.

The 2nd cabin passengers got up an evening party to celebrate the Crossing of the Line; they invited me; I respectfully declined. I was asked for my reason; I replied—"The drinking custom has already become a curse to many on board the ship, therefore I will not by my presence give countenance to that practice which I have so often condemned."

Wednesday, October 2nd.—How thankful I am I did act with decision in reference to the party last night. They were drinking and singing until 11 o'clock, and one man, whom I had before reprov'd, was drunk.

∧ The conduct of some — belonging to the ship, whose duty it is to look after the morality of the passengers, are themselves the most immoral; married women have been seen going into their cabins at a time most imprudent for any female to do so; with such men it is not safe for a female to be alone, unless blessed with prudence and discretion. The Captain and second officer are very angry with them. I am informed that when we arrive in Liverpool they will then reap that which they have sown.

Thursday, 3rd.—But for our steam we should be becalmed under a scorching sun.

A gentleman whom I reproved, and who thanked me for my kindness, told some of the ladies of the 2nd cabin that the Captain had requested me to look after their morals. They were indignant, and charged the Captain with having done so; he denied it, and demanded the name of their informant. The gentleman was sent for.

“Who told you, sir, that I have requested Mr. McCure to look after the morality of the ladies of the 2nd cabin?”

“Oh, several persons,” he answered.

“Give me the name of one.”

He could not, for he alone was the author of the scandal, on purpose to make mischief and to injure me; but he has only injured himself. “The wicked watcheth the righteous, and seeketh to slay him, the Lord will not leave him in his hand, nor condemn him when he is judged.”

Friday, 4th.—We are now in the north-east trades; therefore the weather is not so hot as yesterday. My presence as a minister to many is very undesirable. The girls, before referred to, I have been the means of saving from destruction! and they have thanked me for my kindness and attention to them, and are keeping aloof from those who had marked them for their prey. I have been requested to visit a young woman (Irish) who is ill from sea-sickness; she is very ill. Directly I entered her cabin she exclaimed, “Oh, sir, do pray for me.”

Saturday—Lord’s-day, 6th.—This afternoon I preached on the poop-deck from the words, “If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink.” There was a good attendance; but there are only a few that I have met with who are Christians indeed, who practice what they know. One gentleman said to me yesterday, “I hope that you will excuse what I am

about to say: When I came on board and found that we had a minister in our midst, having heard, and having witnessed, how inconsistent ministers have been on ship-board, I determined that I would watch you; if I found you mixing up with the card-playing and drinking that is going on all around us, it was my intention to reprove you and despise you; but I am thankful in being able to bear testimony to your consistent life as a Christian and a minister of the Gospel. I am thankful that you are here—your presence is a terror to evil-doers, and a comfort and encouragement to those who fear God.”

Ship-board is the place to try a man's religion, whether it is of the flesh or the Spirit.

Monday, 7th.—During last night, a young man who was sleeping on deck had his pocket picked of a gold watch and chain; let this be a warning to passengers to be more careful, and trust no one. During the day the watch was returned to its owner.

Tuesday, 8th.—It appears to be a long while since I left home. I trust that “All's well;” my prayer is unto the Lord that He will bless them, and keep them, and lift upon them the light of His countenance; and that we may be all spared to meet again with joyful hearts, in the full experience of—

“He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, oh how good.”

Wednesday, 9th.—I will sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever. This day we are 11,618 knots from Melbourne.

Thursday, 10th.—I am informed that my presence the evil-disposed cannot endure; therefore they are angry, and are speaking against me because they are checked and are obliged to be more circumspect, and refrain from their wicked practices. They are not angry because I have spoken to them, for I have not. It is by my presence and my conduct they are condemned, and by the preaching of God's Word.

I have indeed cause to be very thankful to the Lord for keeping and enabling grace so to walk before the wicked as becometh the Gospel of Christ. The power of example on ship-board is mighty either for good or for evil. The drinking and card-playing custom is a great curse, and many will know it before they arrive at Liverpool.

How sad that Christian people, who profess to have come

out from the world, should indulge in this worldly practice from day to day, and with those who fear not God. A minister was once asked, "Is there any harm in playing cards?" He replied, "The devil will claim all that he finds upon his ground."

Friday, 11th.—The wind is still against us, blowing hard from N.E., hence the great advantage of being able to help ourselves by means of steam, while other ships are driven back.

I cannot speak too highly of the Captain and second officer of the *Great Britain*; may their lives be long spared, that they may continue to be a terror to evil-doers, and a praise to them that do well. Some of the other officers are threatening that they will do something to me; I fear them not, "when the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell," and they have indeed fallen, their threats have fallen upon themselves. The Captain has heard of it, and has just threatened them, and has requested me, that if any man on board his ship attempts to insult or injure me, I am to let him know immediately, and he will put them in irons.

Saturday, 12th.—We have just passed one of the Western Islands, *St. Mary's*, 9 p.m.; had it been day we should have had a distinct view of the island.

Lord's-day, 13th.—The wind has changed in our favour, and the rain has commenced with every appearance of a wet day.

Most of the passengers are below, and some of them are talking all manner of nonsense. I am not surprised at those who fear not God, but I am surprised at the young man before referred to, the "Deacon!" who, with a mocker and scoffer at sacred things, are uniting with those of whom they ought to be ashamed. He complained of the steerage passengers, and would not meet with them in the service of the Lord, and yet he can meet with, laugh with, joke with, and talk all manner of light, unprofitable nonsense with those who hate me because I am a Christian. Oh, how burdened, dejected, and oppressed I am in being obliged to hear and see these things—"who maketh thee to differ from another?"—

"Oh to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be."

This evening I preached in the steerage to a crowded con-

gregation, who listened with respect, and many with reverence, to the Word of God. It is an exceedingly pleasing sight to witness on ship-board. The mockers and scoffers were not pleased, for the preaching of the Gospel is an offence unto them. Poor things, the Lord have mercy upon them.

I thank God that the persecution they have raised against me is for righteousness' sake, and not for my sake. Paul was never hated and persecuted while breathing out slaughter against the saints; but when he became a preacher of Christ they persecuted him without mercy. Therefore it is an honour to be hated by godless men; as for their threats I despise them: they are nothing to me; I fear them not; my work is before me, and if the Lord will help me, I will do it with all my might.

It was true in David's day, and it is equally as true in our day, "The wicked plotteth against the just, and gnasheth upon him with his teeth; the Lord shall laugh at him, for he seeth that his day is coming."

Monday, 14th.—The long-looked-for wind has come—the Lord continue it; we shall then arrive at the end of our voyage by Saturday. How thankful I shall be to be delivered from the society, and beyond the hearing of the filthy conversation of the wicked.

Ship-board, with six hundred persons, is the place to learn what must have been the feelings and circumstances of just and holy Lot, "for that righteous man dwelling among them, in seeing and hearing, vexed his righteous soul from day to day with their unlawful deeds."

Tuesday, 15th.—I am poor and needy; I have nothing, and am in need of everything; my precious Christ is all I want; I will glory in my weakness that needs His strength—my emptiness that requires His fulness—my many necessities that none but Christ can supply; and I know that my God will supply all my needs according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.

Wednesday, 16th.—The Lord liveth and the Lord reigneth, let the wicked tremble, let the righteous rejoice. But for the restraining power of God the wicked would indeed triumph; but this they shall not. The Lord has, and He shall triumph gloriously; and all His people shall triumph through the work of His hands. "He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet."

Thursday, 17th.—The passengers are now busy packing up their boxes, preparing for the termination of their long voyage. The wind and sea, indeed everything is favourable for us; a large number of ships are now in sight in all directions; we have just overtaken and passed six, and have left them far behind. Up to 12 o'clock this day we have made 13,287 knots. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits—the benefit of His sleepless eye—His governing and restraining power, His guiding hand, and His reigning grace—the same both on sea as well as on land—abroad as well as at home; “I will be with thee in all places whither thou goest.” Fifteen years ago I left my native land for Australia; since that time to the present I have travelled Fifty Thousand Miles. Unto and in the name of the Lord will I set up my Ebenezer. Hitherto the Lord hath helped me.

We are now off the coast of Ireland—have just passed Cork. The near termination of our very prosperous voyage is being celebrated in the 2nd cabin by some of the passengers, by drinking and singing songs, the said Deacon is with them, and his mocking and scoffing companions. Such is their way of expressing their gratitude for a safe and speedy passage.

Friday, 18th.—At 6 o'clock we passed the Tusca light; at 7 o'clock came in sight of the Welsh coast. It is more than 25 years since I preached in Wales. I can never forget the goodness of the Lord to me during my six months' residence among that very kind and hospitable people.

A deputation of three gentlemen waited upon me in my cabin, and presented me with the following address, signed by sixty-two passengers; many more could have been obtained, but it was considered unnecessary. It will show that I had many kind and sympathizing friends on board:—

“S. Ship, *Great Britain*, at Sea,
16th Oct., 1867.

“To the Rev. John Bunyan McCure,

“DEAR SIR,—We, the undersigned fellow passengers, on the eve of what we trust will prove a prosperous voyage, beg respectfully to assure you of the warm esteem and approbation with which we view your conduct during our passage from Melbourne to Liverpool—your devoted attention to the spiritual wants of the numerous souls on board, your praiseworthy and humane care of the sick and dying. The many difficulties you met with tended rather to stimulate your exertions than to damp your ardour in a good cause.

“That your future prospects in this world may, under God, be rendered

as smooth and peaceful as the onerous responsibilities of your calling will allow; and that you may never cease to strive for the possession of that inestimable crown of life, the gift to these good and faithful servants of your heavenly Master, is our united and heartfelt prayer."

(Signed by 62 passengers).

The following letter is from Lieut. John Gray, R.N., Commander of the steam ship *Great Britain*:—

"S. Ship, *Great Britain*,
Oct. 18, 1867.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I cannot allow you to leave the ship without expressing to you my appreciation of your great kindness and exertions for the religious, moral, and intellectual improvement of both passengers and crew, also for your kind attentions to the dying, and the last sad duties to the departed.

"Wishing you every success in your present mission, and a safe return to your family, believe me yours sincerely,

"To the Rev. J. B. McCure.

JOHN GRAY."

Soon after we passed Holyhead the pilot came on board; my heart rejoiced, my soul was glad, I could have shouted aloud for joy, thus beholding the termination of a voyage the speediest and most favourable ever known; from land to land it has been accomplished in fifty-six days, and from Hudson's Bay to the Mersey in fifty-seven days. The distance we have made from Melbourne to Holyhead is 18,571 miles.

Saturday, 19th.—Through the tender mercy and ever watchful care of my ever gracious Lord, I have arrived in safety, and am now in Liverpool. How great has been His lovingkindness toward me during the voyage; what a shield of defence He has been for me from the wicked, who have tried by every means to injure me, but glory be to His holy name, "No weapon formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn." The Lord has most wonderfully performed this great truth in my case. On one occasion a bucket of tar and grease was got ready to pour upon me, but this wicked purpose was not accomplished. Another time two men came down in the 2nd cabin after midnight, they passed my cabin three or four times, but were withheld from injuring me; I lay quiet and safe in the hands of Him who neither slumbers nor sleeps. Last night after my lights were out, and when I was asleep, a person came to my cabin door, calling me by name, "Mr. McCure, my son is very sick in the 3rd cabin, and he wants to see you directly." I

got up and dressed, and was just going, when I was informed that it was a snare laid to get me out of my cabin to injure me; there were many who were under the influence of drink, and it was in this very place where they were trying to get me, and where my enemies were waiting for me.

CHAPTER XLII.

Arrival in England: Welcome at the Surrey Tabernacle: Serious illness in London: Great darkness of mind: Recovery and rejoicing: Happy home and loving friends at Camberwell: The thousand pounds obtained: My letter of gratitude to the Churches.

ON Monday, 21st, I arrived in London. In the evening I spoke at the prayer meeting in the Surrey Tabernacle, and by Mr. James Wells and his faithful deacons I was received with Christian sympathy and welcome. They arranged for a public meeting to be held in their beautiful chapel on Monday evening, November 4th, 1867. At the meeting the pastor of the Church presided. That Church was the first to hold out to me the helping hand the collection amounting to *One hundred and fifteen pounds!* which was an earnest of yet greater things to come. Our late brother Butt, one of the deacons of the Surrey Tabernacle, most kindly consented to act as treasurer on behalf of the Sydney cause, and nobly did he work with me in relation to my mission to England. A full report of the meeting was published in the *Earthen Vessel* for December, 1867.

In consequence of the divisions in the Churches of truth, I could not hope for any united co-operation; because one was for Paul, one for Apollos, and another for Cephas. But, through the Lord's gracious kindness to me, I was able to go forward, more than ever determined to be only for Christ. Doors of opportunity were opened for me, and the warmest and most Christian receptions I met with among the Churches, full particulars of which I recorded from time to time in the *Earthen Vessel*, commencing January to December, 1868.

During the month of January I was taken very ill with inflammation of the kidneys, and was a prisoner in affliction for three weeks; my faith was tried to the uttermost, but, blessed be my ever-gracious Lord, who strengthened that faith so that it did not fail. It was a trial, a very great trial to me in being thus laid aside, sixteen thousand miles from my dear wife and children and from the important work in which I was then engaged. The Lord was indeed my stronghold and shield in the day of my trouble.

But, oh dear me! what a poor weak creature I was! At times during my illness I felt as though the Lord had forsaken me, and that His lovingkindness was clean gone for ever. Then Satan came in like a flood, and threatened to overwhelm me. "There, you see what you have come to England for, viz., to be laid aside from your work, and die sixteen thousand miles away from home, from your wife and children; is this your love for those whom you are bound to care for, and whom you ought never to have left? Now you will never see them again, shame on you! And now you will be found to be a liar, for you have again and again most confidently declared that you will be sure to get the money, and that the chapel in Sydney will never be sold; you will never get it, therefore you had better give it up at once, for you will never recover from your illness, and every one will soon know that your faith and confidence was not from God, but only that determined, self-willed spirit that you have."

Under the influence and power of this dreadful temptation I could not so much as lift up myself; he seemed for a season to have possession of me. And what he said appeared to be so true, until I was enabled to say, "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me." By the power "of heart-prayer," I was helped to pour out my complaint unto the Lord, "with strong cries and tears;" and blessed be my dear and Almighty Deliverer, He did indeed cast out the enemy, and took me to Himself, my refuge and strong tower, when "my spirit was overwhelmed within me," for He led me to the rock that is higher than I! My soul rejoiced, and shouted for joy! "For Thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy."

Thus Satan was a liar, for I recovered! Jehovah is true, a

God of truth without iniquity, just and right is He; and, by the grace of God, I am the Lord's witness, and will speak of those things which I have seen and heard. I have seen His love in times past; I have seen that His arm is not shortened; I have seen that He always helps the helpless; and that right early,—never too late. I have seen that His ear is not heavy; He hears and answers the poor and needy; I have seen whatever the Lord begins He finishes.

“For what His wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.”

During my illness, the sympathy that was shown to me by the friends at the Surrey Tabernacle and others, I shall never forget; I think I may say that I never met with such kindness in all my life.

When I had recovered sufficiently to be removed from my lodgings, my very dear friends, brother and sister E. Carr, of Camberwell, who had visited me during my illness, most kindly arranged for me to come to their house and make it my home during the remainder of my stay in England, which I did when in London, by which act of Christian sympathy and liberality I was not only greatly helped and comforted during my heavy work, but it also made a very considerable difference in my expenses. My prayer shall ever be unto the Lord on their behalf, that He would bless them indeed and of a truth.

“But God is faithful,” who hath perfected the thing that concerneth me. The Lord told me that He would do so, and gave me faith to believe that He would give me the full amount required,—one thousand pounds! That precious promise, “they that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever,” was verified in my experience. God has fulfilled and also honoured and sustained that faith He wrought in my soul, and has in His own way delivered me by opening the hearts of thousands of His dear children in England who responded to the appeal, and have given the amount needed, which will secure to the Church of Christ for ever the Lord's house.

Not only have I been honoured of God in getting the money, but in having souls given to me. Many have been the instances I have met with of the Word preached being blessed; the Lord having a work for me to do in England, the want of the money

to save our place of worship from being sold necessitated my leaving my wife and children and the people of my charge in Sydney, to seek the money in England; and whilst I have been getting it, the Lord has in a most wonderful manner glorified Himself by blessing the Gospel of Christ, whilst I have travelled in England over ten thousand miles! preaching and lecturing three hundred times within twelve months. What a shield, what a strength, and what a faithful covenant-performing God our God is and has been unto His poor unworthy servant! I have tried His Word, His grace, His love and power, and I have found the Lord to be faithful. Hallelujah! Salvation, and glory, and honour, and power unto the Lord our God for ever and ever. Amen.

My feelings in relation to the success which attended my mission are fully described in the following letter which I addressed to the Churches in England, who had so liberally responded to my appeal on behalf of the Sydney Church:—

TO THE SAINTS AND FAITHFUL BRETHREN IN CHRIST, IN ENGLAND—
GRACE UNTO YOU.

“MY DEAR BRETHREN,—On the eve of my departure for my adopted country, I have the unspeakable privilege of informing you that the Lord has perfected my mission to this honoured land. Through your Christian sympathy and liberality I have now obtained the amount required which will enable me to return to Sydney, and discharge all claims upon our place of worship.

“My ever gracious Lord has honoured the faith He gave me, and has remembered unto me the word upon which He caused me to hope: ‘They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever.’ Unto our God let us ascribe all the glory for the deliverance that He has wrought; none but Himself could have accomplished it. The house which we have built for His name and worship shall not be sold! Praise ye the Lord! ‘This is the Lord’s doing: it is marvellous in our eyes.’

“From my heart I thank the Lord, and you for the Christian and hospitable manner in which I have been received wherever I have gone, which has been a great comfort and help to me in my heavy work; and while 16,000 miles from the home of my dear ones, you have comforted my cast down soul. I pray that the Lord will reward you; I am sure that He will, for He hath said, ‘I was a stranger, and ye took Me in.’ ‘Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.’ I believe that I am one of Christ’s brethren, and as such you have received me. When hungry, you gave me meat; when thirsty, you gave me drink; when cold, you warmed me; and when weary, you gave me rest; these things you have done unto me for Christ’s sake, while I have been engaged in the King’s business; thus you have done it unto Christ. You may quite depend upon my Master re-

warding you, for He is the faithful God. I have acknowledged to Him the debt of gratitude I owe to you, and have entreated Him to do as He has said. I am sure He will, for He never says one thing and means another. Faithfulness and decision have ever characterized Him, and to all His servants and people He says, 'Learn of Me.'

"Oh, brethren, in these days of faithlessness, of Popish encroachments, Jesuitical influences, and of compromising the truth to the popular party, I exhort you that ye should earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints. Thus will you honour God, and in doing so you will do His will, in the doing of which there is great reward.

"The farewell meeting will be held in the Surrey Tabernacle, on Tuesday, Nov. 17th; and I expect to sail from England for Sydney, by the ship *Nineveh*, on the 25th.

"My dear brethren, pray for me, that the Lord will be my Shield, and that I may once more reach the Australian shores—the home of my loved ones, and the people of my charge. Fare ye well, peace be unto you.

"I remain, my dear brethren, your willing servant, for Christ's sake,
"JOHN BUNYAN McCURE."

The next chapter I shall devote to a report of the great farewell meeting held in the Surrey Tabernacle a few days prior to my sailing for Sydney.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Great farewell meeting at the Surrey Tabernacle: Address of the late Mr. Butt: Presentation of testimonial and letter by the pastor and deacons of Surrey Tabernacle: Departure of the *Nineveh*: Report from *The Morning Advertiser*.

By the Christian kindness of the pastor and deacons of the Surrey Tabernacle, the farewell meeting was held in that noble place of worship. It was a scene never to be erased from my memory. It would be impossible for me to find words to express my feelings on that occasion. The friends appeared to vie with each other in their endeavours to show me the greatest kindness and sympathy. A report of that meeting appeared in *The Earthen Vessel*; and I cannot do better than extract from that magazine the very accurate and kind statement, published by the Editor, of the meeting. It read as follows:—

"Our readers will expect from us some report of Mr.

McCure's farewell meeting, seeing we have, from the first, taken the greatest interest in his cause; and have, we hope and believe, rendered him valuable aid in making known his mission to our Churches throughout England. It is no small gratification, therefore, to us to have now the pleasure of recording the successful termination of that mission to this country; the Christian hospitality he has received wherever he has gone; and the enthusiastic farewell that has been accorded to him prior to his departure for his adopted country. Of all men, John Bunyan McCure has great occasion to speak well of the Free Grace Christian people and Churches of old England; and it is our pleasure to know he carries from our shores a deep and lasting impression of the mercy the Lord has showered upon him while he has been in our midst.

"As most of our readers are aware, the farewell meeting was held on Tuesday, Nov. 17, 1868, in the Surrey Tabernacle, Wansey Street, Walworth Road. For some days previous to the meeting, from the numerous inquiries we had, both personally and by letter, we were quite satisfied a large assembly might be expected; and we were not disappointed in the result, for never was such a mass of people more closely packed than on this occasion in the beautiful Surrey Tabernacle; while hundreds were unable to gain admission. There were representatives from most, if not all, the London Churches; and the country Churches around, as far distant as sixty and seventy miles, were also well represented. Such a sight must have been most gratifying, not only to Mr. McCure, but to the pastor and deacons of the place, soon after five o'clock, when it is calculated there were just upon 1,400 persons assembled to tea.

"At half-past six the public meeting commenced. Mr. James Wells, the pastor, presided; and the platform was packed closely with London and country ministers and deacons. The chairman spoke in the most affectionate terms of Mr. McCure, expressing the delight it gave him to preside at such a meeting.

"Mr. Edward Butt said,—In presenting a concise report of the labours of our friend and brother, Mr. John Bunyan McCure, commenced by observing that, on the 17th day of August, 1867, he left Sydney under a feeling of distress and sorrow, which would have been unbearable but for the faith

and hope of success he anticipated meeting in England. On the 19th of October he landed in Liverpool, and at once proceeded to London. He attended our prayer meeting on Monday the 21st, and united with us in singing—

‘Their passage lies across the brink
Of many a threatening wave;
The world expects to see them sink,
But Jesus lives to save.’

“It was decided to hold a public meeting on Monday, the 4th of November, in the Surrey Tabernacle; and, in the meantime, to obtain the assistance of the various pastors and deacons of the London Churches. Some promised assistance, while others feared it might interfere with their own operations. On the evening mentioned, a large meeting congregated; Mr. Wells presided, and nobly set forth the object of our brother’s visit, and the claims of the Baptist Churches in the Colonies, observing that many members of our different Churches had settled there, and were desirous of having a faithful ministry. Several ministering brethren supported the remarks of the president, and promised their aid, but feared the £1,000. At the close, a collection was made amounting to £115; at which astonishment was expressed; and some deacons from other Churches began to whisper, ‘we must also help.’ The feelings produced at that meeting will not be easily forgotten.

“In November and December, through *The Earthen Vessel* (which has done good service to the cause), an appeal was made to the Churches, and to individuals for subscriptions. Several London and country Churches now began to write our brother for information, offering their chapels for lectures and sermons to commence the new year, and to all appearance things wore a promising aspect, when a voice was heard, ‘Hitherto shalt thou go, but no further.’ Some business was now to be done in affliction—a serious illness set in. Engagements in the country were obliged to be set aside; our friend 16,000 miles away from a dear wife and family, the mind dark, his fears many, lest the cause so dear to him should suffer; letters coming from all parts to remind him of his engagements; all tending to bow down his spirits and try his faith and patience to the utmost.

“The Lord very graciously heard the many prayers for His afflicted servant; and after three weeks of much suffering,

blessed the means, restored to him a measure of health, his hope revived, and he was enabled to say, 'For Thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy.' This affliction was the means of drawing forth a strong feeling of love and affection from our friends toward him which no words can set forth; and our brother's own feelings will be best expressed in the words of the poet,—

'When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.'

His own words were, 'Such kindness I never met with in my life. I have seen that God always helps the helpless, and that right early.'

"Being restored, our brother set to work in good earnest. He has travelled over 10,000 miles; preached and lectured 300 times; in most places large numbers were gathered to hear the Word of Life. The results of these labours a future day will declare. Many instances have been brought under his notice of how the Word had been blessed in former years when labouring in different parts of this country. The Churches in various parts of England have manifested great sympathy towards our brother's cause; and our most sanguine expectations have been surpassed. Many of these causes, already pressed down with difficulties, have nevertheless cheerfully opened their places for collections, and in some a second visit has been sought. Our brother has been the means of serving many of these Churches, this year, at their anniversaries, and many testimonies have been given of the power of the Holy Spirit accompanying the Word.

"A hymn was then sung, during which the collection was made.

"After this Mr. McCure rose to speak, and was received in the warmest manner by the meeting; when he could speak, he said:—'It is impossible for me to express my feelings, not only for the unmistakable sympathy manifested towards me by my brethren and friends, but for the Divine faithfulness of my ever-faithful God. Twelve months ago, on the 4th of this month, I stood on this platform wanting one thousand pounds. I stand here now to say I have got it. My faith has been

honoured, and the promise I received from the Lord before I left Australia has been fulfilled.'

"Our friend, Mr. Mitson, very kindly undertook to get up a portrait of Mr. McCure, for which a large sale has been obtained—2,500—the profit of which, amounting to £70, Mr. Mitson has paid to Mr. McCure's mission, thus rendering valuable assistance to him, beside supplying the albums of thousands with the shadow when the substance will soon be in another part of the world: perhaps never to be seen amongst us again."

A collection was made at the meeting, amounting to £135, which Mr. Wells presented to Mr. McCure, accompanied with the following letter:—

TESTIMONIAL TO JOHN BUNYAN McCURE.

DEAR BROTHER,—In receiving your mission to this country for the purpose of collecting £1,000 to free your chapel in Sydney from debt, and thereby secure to the Particular and Strict Baptist denomination in that far-distant land a house in which to worship God, we desire to express our thanks to the God of all grace for enabling you to labour so incessantly and perseveringly, and for crowning your efforts with complete success, both in obtaining the object so dear to your heart and in causing His abundant blessing to accompany your proclamation of the great and glorious doctrines of the cross; and we feel that we cannot allow you to leave the shores of England for your adopted country without carrying with you this testimonial of our high appreciation of your self-denying labours, and with it we beg the acceptance of the proceeds of this meeting, convened especially for the occasion (£135), for your benefit and that of your family.

Our prayer is that the God of Jacob, who has so signally preserved you, will return you in safety to the bosom of your family and Church, and bless your ministrations of His Holy Word to the good of thousands and to the glory of His great name.—Signed on behalf of the Church,

JAMES WELLS, Pastor and Chairman.

| | |
|-----------------|------------|
| JOSEPH LAWRENCE | } Deacons. |
| EDWARD BUTT | |
| EVAN EDWARDS | |
| HENRY ATFIELD | |
| JOHN BEACH | |
| JOHN MEAD | |

The meeting was brought to a close by the Doxology—"Praise God from whom all blessings flow"—after which hundreds of peasons came regularly in line round the front of the platform, and for half-an-hour at least, Mr. McCure was shaken most cordially by the hand, most of the friends wishing

him a safe journey, and many quoting short and appropriate texts of Scripture as they pressed his hand and passed on.

The following remarks on the farewell sermon I was enabled to deliver in the Surrey Tabernacle, and of the departure of the *Nineveh*, I extract from the columns of *The Morning Advertiser*, which paper at that time was so ably edited by that noble Protestant champion, Mr. James Grant:—

“Mr. McCure preached his farewell sermon to a congregation of over 2,000 persons at the Surrey Tabernacle, on Sunday evening, Nov. 29th. The words chosen by the preacher were ‘Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee: He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.’

“On the Monday morning a large number of persons assembled at the East India Dock to bid adieu to Mr. McCure.

“Several ministers and others went over the *Nineveh*, and viewed Mr. McCure’s cabin, which is, in every respect, a most comfortable and commodious saloon.

“The ship left the docks during the day with the good wishes of many thousands.

“We hope fresh sea breezes, the warm climate into which by this time he has entered, and the voyage altogether, will be the means of bracing up Mr. McCure’s nervous system, and of fitting him for the great work he will have to enter upon in Sydney. The last twelvemonths’ travelling, lecturing, preaching, and exciting meetings have been enough to try the strength of the strongest of men; but John Bunyan McCure has fully proved the truth of Jeremiah’s condoling sentence, ‘It is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth.’ His life has been one of incessant trial, toil, and persevering enterprise, and most wonderfully has he been sustained, helped, and delivered.

“The scene in the East India Docks on the morning of his departure was most interesting. We walked among the groups of ladies and gentlemen who had left home, business, and everything else to see this successful pleader in his ship, in his cabin, and, it may be, for the last time. Every train brought in additional numbers of these sympathising friends.

“But if there was one more zealous and industrious than the rest among the crowds, and on deck, and in the cabin, it was that excellent representative of Christian charity, Mr. Mitson, whose co-operation in bringing Mr. McCure’s struggle

to a triumphant issue, most admirably led on, as it has been, by Mr. Edward Butt and the well-disciplined army at his command; in fact, Mr. James Wells, and his deacons, and his members, his congregation, and his friends have all worked with indefatigable and extraordinary perseverance in enabling Mr. McCure to return to his family, to his Church, and to his ministry in full possession of all, and even more than he asked for when he came to England only about one year since. We shall not be contradicted when we assert that such an instance of abounding charity from a small fraction of the Particular Baptist Churches in England was never before realised by a comparative stranger. We shall, with much pleasure, report, from month to month, the prosperity of Mr. Bunyan McCure's ministry in Sydney."

CHAPTER XLIV.

FAREWELL SERMON DELIVERED IN THE SURREY TABERNACLE, SUNDAY EVENING, NOV. 29TH, 1868.

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee: He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved."—Psa. lv. 22.

FREQUENTLY we find in the Psalms, as well as in the one before us, the Psalmist speaking of the burdens he was called upon to bear. He says, on one occasion, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me?" And then the conclusion to which he was enabled to come,—“Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.” And then we find him speaking again to himself in reference to the rugged pathway of his pilgrimage, and the burdens he was called to endure from men, as you will find here, and from the enemy; but conscious of his own inability, as we find the apostle was, in common with all the saints of God, he learnt the possibility of doing everything by the grace of God, and the impossibility of doing anything

without the Lord. This is no small mercy to know: it is the result of the Holy Spirit's teaching, and who teacheth like Him? And we may know we are under the same teaching if we are brought to the same Lord—to the same Rock of Ages. Therefore, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee: He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved." "Look thou unto Him; commit thy way also unto Him; and He will bring it to pass."

My mind is directed to speak to you from these words this evening. You will at once observe three things which will claim our attention. Here is a condition described that the children of God are familiar with; and it is no small mercy to be familiar with the footsteps of those who, through faith and patience, have inherited the promises—to be familiar with that experience, though often we may

"Wet our couch with tears,
And wrestle hard, as they once did,
With sins, and doubts, and fears;"

yet it is that by which we are obliged to flee from self to the Lord, and to look to the Lord: as one said, "Therefore will I look unto the Lord," because I can find help nowhere else. I cannot find it in myself, nor yet in the creature, but in the Lord, who is a Stronghold in the day of trouble; not in the day of prosperity, when the sun shines, and no cloud intervenes, but, on the contrary, in the day of trouble; and though we may not like the day of trouble, yet that day of trouble becomes to us the greatest blessing—it is the means by which the Lord comes to us, and that by which we go to Him. Therefore, my soul, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord."

We shall notice, then, first, *the condition described*; secondly, *the exhortation*, which is very encouraging, and particularly if the Lord should speak it, and say, "Cast thy burden;" for it is one thing for us to say, "Cast thy burden;" for there is no life in the words we may speak—there is no power in the words we may speak, and therefore we say, "Lord, speak to us;" "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth;" for where Thou speakest there is an enabling power. Lastly, *the twofold promise*,—"He shall sustain thee: He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved."

I. THE CONDITION DESCRIBED. The burdens of the Christian

are not few; indeed, we might call them legion. But we are not to be discouraged because the burdens, the trials, and the afflictions of the way are many; for it is what the Lord has said, and having said it, He knows it—He knows the path, He knows the way; He knows everything concerning the exigencies of His people in the wilderness; and He knows it in a way of love, and in a way of provision, having set the one over against the other. If “many are the afflictions of the righteous,” we are not hereby to be afraid—we are not hereby to be disquieted, and to say, How shall I stand the trying day? How is it possible for me to endure, and to come out at last as those that came out of great tribulation? We are not to say that (though we do when we look no higher than ourselves), for you will find the next clause is one full of mercy, and descriptive of that love, and of that provision of our loving Father,—“The Lord delivereth him out of them all.” One is set over against the other; and so surely as we shall have the one, we shall have the other. It has always been so in the history of God’s people—it has been so in ours; and we can this night look back upon the way in which the Lord has led us, and say, He has sustained, He has delivered, His arm has been revealed, His heavens He has bowed them down; He has interposed on our behalf. We find that one said, “I shall perish one day by the hand of Saul;” and another, “All these things are against me.” Well, they appeared to be so, but then they were not so; and whilst he feared they were against him and would be against him, yet did they work well for him, and mercifully for him. The Lord has ever wrought by these very trials a great deliverance on behalf of His dear children. We shall to-night just notice a few of the burdens; first, spiritual ones, and then temporal. There are burdens which can only be experienced by spiritual people—by those who are partakers of the Holy Ghost. None but the election of grace, none but the redeemed of the Lord Jesus Christ, are made partakers of the Holy Ghost; and unless we are made partakers of the Holy Ghost in His regeneratlng power, we shall know nothing about spiritual life and about spiritual burdens—burdens of spiritual necessity; and then we shall know nothing about wanting Jesus Christ, and hungering after Jesus Christ, and desiring Jesus Christ, and feeling that we cannot do without Jesus Christ. There is such a harmony and agreement between

the work of God the Holy Ghost, and the provision of eternal mercy in the Lord Jesus Christ, that, if we are partakers of the regenerating grace of the Holy Ghost, we shall, in that experimental manner, go to Jesus Christ, and look to Him. Therefore we will just refer to one or two of the burdens which can only be experienced by the living in Jerusalem.

There is, then, the burden of sin. The world knows nothing of this; but a man taught of God is made to feel sin to be such a burden that it must sink the soul down into the deep caverns of the lost for ever and for ever; he is made to feel himself to be such a sinner that he is covered with sin as with a garment; he is brought to see and to feel the impossibility of being saved, pardoned, and justified by anything whatsoever he can do; for—

“ Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.”

I will refer to two or three instances of how the new-born soul is made to desire, and made to cry, and made to go to Jesus Christ. Here is one with the burden of leprosy—unclean, and feeling himself to be in such a state that he must have been cast out, and cast away, and cast off for ever. But he could see that there was hope for him in Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ can heal the leper; Jesus Christ can cleanse the unclean; Jesus Christ can give health to those that are diseased. And we find this man casting the burden of his necessity upon the Saviour,—“ Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean.” We find the woman saying, “ If I may but touch the hem of His garment, I shall be made whole.” Thus she cast the burden of her necessity for healing upon Jesus Christ. And just what those natural diseases were to the body, such is the state of the soul when the eye is opened, when the heart is broken under a sense of sin; and when spiritual life is thus given, so that we can see and feel what we are, and see what Jesus Christ is. There are those who have trodden this path years and years ago, and are still treading it, and who still know what it is to groan beneath the power of sin, or the burden of sin. But there may be some here this evening who are just feeling this. Well, I don't know what is the matter with me. I feel I am a sinner; I feel that I am lost, and I feel

that I can do nothing; and I feel that if God were to deal with me in a way of judgment, how just, how holy, how righteous would He be. Perhaps many such have no idea that this is the beginning of mercy,—the beginning of good that is yet to come; that the Lord the eternal Spirit is now preparing that poor sinner for Jesus Christ; and thus he is now necessitated to embrace that Rock of Ages, and to cast the burden of soul-guilt—of sin—upon the Lord Jesus Christ. And then the Christian all through his life will feel this to be a burden to him from day to day; and it is well for us that it is so, or else we should not want the fulfilment of the promise which the Lord has given unto us,—“My grace is sufficient for thee; My strength is made perfect in weakness.” But for the necessities of soul that we have from day to day, we should not need that provision, we should not want that help, we should not want that strength, we should not want that divine keeping which the Lord has promised in relation to His people. I feel more than ever the burden of my weakness, my ignorance, My entire destitution, my emptiness, my helplessness, my nothingness; having no reserve, having nothing to fall back upon, nothing to look to whatever, but the Lord Jesus Christ. I want the Lord in all He is and in all He has; I have no other hope. The poor child of God is brought to feel that he wants something that this world cannot give,—he wants bread to eat the world cannot give; he wants water to drink the world cannot give; he wants those spiritual supplies that can only be found in the Lord Jesus Christ. “Blessed,” saith Jesus Christ unto His disciples,—“blessed are ye.” What, Lord, am I blessed? I am hungry, I am full of want, I am full of spiritual necessity; and that poor man who has no bread to eat, literally, is not half so necessitous, not half so needy, as I am. Yes, “blessed are they which hunger,” who are in want, who have nothing, who are in need of everything. Well, Lord, I am then in that condition; and Thou knowest that I need the bread of life, the water of life,—I need Thee, for I have no one else, I have nothing else. And thus the Lord Jesus Christ, in His Person and work, His blood and righteousness, is the living bread and the living water with which alone we can be satisfied, without which we are undone; without which we feel an aching void the world can never fill. Oh, then, “cast thy burden upon the Lord.” As the hungry

man literally can only be satisfied by the bread for which he hungers, and the water for which he thirsts, so the spiritual man can only be satisfied with the Lord Jesus Christ. Why had we not these longings for Christ before? why had we not this thirst for Him in relation to His work,—His finished work, His salvation work? Because we were dead in sin, and, therefore, in that state had no spiritual necessity. A child born in nature is born to want, and born to desire the provision of nature; and when the soul is spiritually born, and not till then, it will want the spiritual provision of the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. It will hunger and thirst for what the Lord Jesus Christ is. And thou shalt say, "Behold what manner of love," behold what grace "the Father hath bestowed," behold what teaching the Lord the Spirit has imparted to our souls. Therefore, be of good comfort,—“Cast thy burden upon the Lord.” Where should the empty go but to Him to be filled? For the Lord is “a fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon;” and if the fountain were to speak, it would say, Cast the burden of your want upon Me: cast the burden of your thirst upon me. What am I for, but to give drink to the thirsty? What am I for, but for this? And the Lord Jesus Christ, What is He for? He wants none but poor sinners, empty sinners, helpless sinners, great sinners, needy sinners, and “the poorer the wretch, the welcomer there.” So that our necessities are good for us to have; these burdens weigh us so low, even as low as His feet, to necessitate the cry, “Jesus, save me, or I die.”

And then we may have burdens arising from the adversary, who will often thrust sore at us, that we may fall; for it is only for that Satan will thrust at us. He would like to drive us to infidelity,—to deny the Lord, and to deny His truth, and to turn our back upon it. And often do we feel the influence of our many fears, lest the work of grace is not begun in our hearts,—lest we have not come by right to the Lord Jesus Christ, and we are tempted to give it all up. Often are we thus tempted. But the Lord knows how to deliver the godly out of temptation. It is no uncommon thing for Satan thus to come in like a flood, and to seek to persuade us that our spot is not the spot of the Lord's people. When the mind is in a low place—in a shut-up place, in a dark place, in a barren place—Satan will say, Now, look at yourself; your experience

is not right. The Lord's people say, "I will bless the Lord at all times;" and you see the experience of the Lord's people is that of joyfulness, and gladness, and rejoicing, and shouting aloud for joy; you see that you cannot shout aloud for joy, you cannot rejoice, you do not dwell on high. Thus Satan is often thrusting at us, and it will become a burden. The poor child of God, under the influence of these burdens, is made to sink down, and to sigh, and to cry. But we may say to the adversary, Well, that is the experience of the Lord's people; but there is something else that is the experience of God's people, and that is being at the ends of the earth; and that is just where I am, Satan;—and the experience of the Lord's people is, "I am shut up and cannot come forth;" just where I am; and the experience of the Lord's people is, clothed in sackcloth and ashes; is just where I am. Yes, we have our dark spots as well as our bright ones; and Satan will only bring that part of the truth that will answer his own purpose; but then we are enabled to resist the devil, that he may flee from us; and we say, Yes, Satan, I am shut up, and that is just where I shall be till the Lord comes. And I find that the Lord has always sympathized with such a condition of His people. "Woman, thou art loosed from thine infirmity." And when they found fault with Jesus Christ for what He had done in relation to that poor burdened one, He said, "Ought not this woman to be loosed from her infirmity, whom Satan has bound, lo, these eighteen years?" And with a word the Lord wrought deliverance. So that the poor woman might say afterwards, "Well, Satan, you have not much to boast of, after all; you have had your way long enough, but now Jesus Christ is going to have His way, and I am going to have my way; for Jesus Christ's way is my way, and my way is His way;—and now, while I have not dwelt on high, I am going to dwell on high; and while I have had a dark path and a trying path, I am now going to have the path of comfort and rejoicing." And you see our God is a God of truth, without iniquity; just and right is He. Therefore, if Satan should be a burden to you, be of good comfort; he can only go the length of his chain that the Lord is pleased to grant him, and which will answer the Lord's purpose. There is some promise to be fulfilled in your experience in relation to the casting out of the adversary, or the Lord appearing on your behalf. The great

breakwater is yet to be set up again in your experience, and therefore Satan must come in again like a flood, and then the Spirit Jehovah will chase him away. So that these burdens are rather for our profit than for our hindrance.

There are likewise burdens of a temporal character which I shall not go into. There may be burdens in the domestic circle;—sometimes our children may become burdens to us; and those that are dear to us after the flesh may become burdens to us; and we may become burdens to one another. I have sometimes been afraid lest I have been a burden to the Lord's people; I would not willingly be such a thing to them. But then it is no uncommon thing for us to have such burdens. Well, these burdens we will not speak of now. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness;" and whatever your burden may be, be of good comfort; for our text does not refer to this burden, and not that; it is a very comprehensive word, and I think it takes in whatever the burden may be that we may be called upon to bear. Burdened, disquieted, and oppressed we may expect to be so long as we are in the wilderness.

II. I will now take notice of THE EXHORTATION. But before I do so I will notice the marginal reading of the word "burden." I like the marginal rendering of this word exceedingly; for in the margin you find the word "gift;"—"Cast thy *gift*." Now so long as we look at our burdens in the light of burdens, we do not like them, neither shall we be reconciled to them; and perhaps we may rebel and say, Why, no one is burdened as I am burdened; no one is afflicted as I am afflicted; there is no one tried as I am tried. I wish I had never been born; I wish I had been something else than what I am, to be tried as I am. Well, perhaps we have been in that place; not a very wealthy place, not a very healthy place, not a very comfortable place, and neither is it a place where we shall learn to be reconciled to God. But when we can look at our burdens in the light of gift, how different will they appear! This that I have been burdened with, why, it is a gift; it is the gift of God, the gift of my Father, the gift of One who loves me, One who has said, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." Now we may trace this out from the Word of God, and show that it is really so; that these burdens are His gifts, given only to His dear children, and to none others; for

“unto you it is given”—not to the wise and prudent, but to the babes,—“unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God;” whilst to the others, these things are hidden from their eyes. And therefore the gift of spiritual life, why, it is the gift of gifts indeed; to feel one’s guilty condition, which we could not feel without life. Dead persons cannot feel, dead persons cannot know; they have no concern for these things. And therefore in this we behold the gift of life, and of grace, and of God the Holy Ghost, who has thus made us to feel our sin, and to know Jesus Christ, and to make us feel after the Lord; and to give us those cries arising out of these convictions; so that we are brought into harmony with that Scripture, “Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.” O Lord, Thou knowest that I call upon Thy name; Thou knowest that I trust in Thy name; Thou knowest that I have fled for refuge to Thy name; and Thou hast said that such shall be saved. This is that state of soul that we may and do look upon with great joy; for we there behold the grace of God. To the poor child of God, in the language of the poet, I would say,—

“Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requires
Is to feel your need of Him.”

Where do you get it from? Not from the minister, for he cannot give it to you; nor from your teacher, or teachers, or whoever they may be; they cannot give it to you;—

“This He gives you,—
’Tis His Spirit’s rising beam.”

This, then, that becomes a burden in the first instance, why, it is the gift of God; and it is a gift unspeakable. It is no small mercy to be made to feel our necessity, to be spiritually poor and needy. “My God shall supply all your needs according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus.” Well, then, the Lord gives us Satan, for he never comes only as a gift from the Lord; he never comes to the Lord’s children only as the Lord permits it, or as the Lord wills it. I have frequently observed the shepherds in my adopted country, Australia,—they exercise great care over their flocks; there is not a sheep they do not care for; they wish to bring them

all home at the appointed time to those who have entrusted them to their charge. And if the shepherd observes in one of the sheep a wandering disposition, which is sometimes the case, — a disposition to stray, he will say to himself, “I must take care of that sheep; I must check that turning aside, that disposition to stray away; or else the wild dogs will feed upon that sheep by-and-bye. And so, lest the sheep should be lost, lest the sheep should be devoured by wild beasts, I will give it the dog.” Thus the shepherd gives the sheep the dog; but the dog cannot go after the sheep, or do anything to the sheep, without the order of the shepherd; all the time the dog is under the shepherd’s eye, and under the shepherd’s command; not to destroy that sheep is the dog thus given, but to bring it back again. And it is for this reason that Satan is suffered to be a burden to the people of God. He is the dog belonging to our Great Shepherd, who holds him in a chain; He has him under the rein of His power; for Satan can do nothing—no; he is conquered, he is entirely in subjection to our Lord Jesus Christ. In the days of His flesh we have some very encouraging instances of this;—as when He said to the legion of devils, “Come out of him, thou unclean spirit.” Jesus Christ did not speak twice; once was enough; out came the whole legion, crouching before their Conqueror; and into the herd of swine they could not go without Jesus Christ’s permission; they were obliged to ask Him. May we go into the herd of swine? Oh, how I rejoice in this, to see the subjection of devils, the subjection of the adversary, to the Lord Jesus Christ! Then I will look unto Jesus, I will trust in Jesus, I will flee unto Him. “Cast,” then, “thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee.” Whatever the path, whatever the trial may be, if you can look upon it in the light of the Lord’s hand with you, that it is the Lord who has given you this cup, this is that that will teach submission, quietness, and reconciliation to the Lord’s will; then we shall say, “The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?” When we come to another standpoint; when we can look back upon the way in which we have been led, we are then enabled to say, “Well, this was a gift; this was a blessing.” It is very difficult, perhaps, to say this whilst we are in the trouble.

In reference to the burden of debt upon our place in Sydney, I sometimes thought it would crush me, and my people considered they were crushed, and they were ready to give up the ghost, that there was no hope, and they were just ready to die in despair; and if the Lord had not given me a little faith to believe, I must have died too. But the Lord, having given the faith, honoured the faith. So that I was enabled to trust in Him; and now, as I am upon this standpoint, looking back upon the burden of that debt; I am enabled to say, I am very pleased with you; you were a very good debt; I am very much pleased with the Lord for giving me such a debt, I think it is one of the best burdens the Lord ever gave me, though I feared lest it should be one of the worst. Take, then, comfort from this, tried one; though thou mayest think thy burden is one of the worst, it may turn out to be one of the best; for while God's ways often look mysterious, yet are they ways of judgment, and ways of righteousness. Thus, then, these burdens are the Lord's gifts. And we find the apostle encouraging Christians in his day to be comforted with this. "For unto you it is given, in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on Him, but to suffer for His sake." not only to believe in His name, but to suffer for His sake. And all the sufferings, why, they are only those to which you are appointed. As the apostle himself saith, there was given to him a thorn in the flesh, and he besought the Lord thrice—that is, many times—earnestly, more earnestly, most earnestly, to be released from this messenger of Satan. But what was the answer? "My grace is sufficient for thee." Oh, then, said the apostle, I will glory in my thorn, I will be thankful for my gift, because with this gift there is grace, with this thorn there is grace, with this messenger of Satan there is grace. "Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me." When we are thus tried, and thus under the burden of necessity, the fulness of the sufficiency of that grace shall the more abound. Ah, then, cast thy gift upon the Lord.

The word "cast" is sometimes rendered "roll." I like that exceedingly. It is a reference to the manners and customs in Eastern parts of the world—in Oriental parts—where the camel is the beast of burden, which is able to crouch down, and then the burden is rolled upon its back. In allusion to

this, we might render this word here, "Roll thy burden." For often we feel that we are not strong enough to take up our burden and cast it upon the Lord. Our faith is not strong enough, our hope is not strong enough; we seem so weak; there are some that appear to be able to deal with their burdens just as they please, but we are not strong enough to do so. And here is the condescension of the Lord, "Roll thy burden," that is, groan thy burden, cry thy burden, sigh thy burden, as the children of Israel did. Their enemies were determined to exterminate them, determined that not one should remain; but whilst they determined that, God determined something else, and determined that not one of them should remain. Thus we see that their thoughts were not God's thoughts. And whilst they thought that, determined that, and went to work to accomplish the destruction of the chosen seed, what did the children of Israel do under that burden? They groaned, and sighed, and cried, and it is said that their cry came up into the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth. The Lord said, "I have seen the affliction of My people," I have been looking on. And He does look on, He sees us when we see not Him, and He always hears our cry. He looks on, but the reason why He does not deliver now is, because the time has not yet come. There is an appointed time, and when that appointed time arrives, then we shall find the Lord appearing for the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy. The appointed time. Why not yesterday? Why not the day before? Why not in Sydney eighteen months ago nearly? Why not then? Why did not the Lord bow His heavens then, and touch the burden under which we have groaned? It was not the Lord's time, it was not the Lord's way; but by-and-bye the time came, and when I came to this country, that was the Lord's time. I had travelled many thousands of miles through the continent of Australia; I had cried day and night to the Lord—oh, for Thy truth's sake, for Thy name's sake, for Thy cause's sake, let not Thy servant return ashamed. And I went back ashamed, with my mouth closed. I said, Well, the Lord has not delivered—I thought He would, the burden that I had rolled and groaned upon Him. I thought He would have cast it far hence, but He has not done so. But the time has now arrived; now the Lord has delivered.

I will now just notice *the exhortation*. The Lord is the

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burden-bearer of His people; His ear is open, as David said, "Bow down Thine ear and hear me, for I am poor and needy." Upon the Lord, then, we may cast our burdens, to Him we may bring our trials. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord." He is a God infinite in wisdom, and when we can look upon our path in the light of Infinite Wisdom we shall say, why, He who knows all things, He who has appointed all things, He cannot mistake. He has not erred, He has not done wrong, in thus giving to me this cup, in appointing for me this path to walk in. Therefore cast thy burden or thy gift upon the Lord in relation to His wisdom. Then also in relation to His faithfulness, cast thy burden upon Him. He is a faithful God; His faithfulness has never failed. His promise has never been broken, His covenant shall stand fast for ever and ever. We behold His faithfulness in relation to those who have gone before us, and we behold it in our past experience; therefore let us trust in Him that for every new trouble He will give us new grace. Cast thy burden upon the Lord, who is a God infinite in power, who is a God all-sufficient. I have often admired those words of expostulation, encouragement, and consolation in the fortieth of Isaiah, where the Lord said to His people, "Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, my way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God? Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? There is no searching of His understanding. He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength." Here is a description of character that suits us well,—“the faint,” “them that have no might.” Here is our experience, here is our condition described; and to such He has said He will give His strength. “I will help thee, and that right early.” I have seen His truthfulness, His faithfulness, His power. During the four years I have groaned under that tremendous burden I was sustained and strengthened until deliverance came. And how do we roll our burdens upon the Lord? By prayer and supplication. Not by paper prayers, for they have never done any good for us yet, nor ever will; not by memory prayers, they have never done any good for us yet, nor ever will. By these we cannot come to His seat. It must be such a prayer as was Hezekiah’s—the prayer of individual

necessity; we must know what it is to pray for ourselves. I have no objection to pray for others, and I do so as well as I can, though I often feel I cannot pray for myself; I am obliged to ask the Lord to guide me and to teach me. But Jesus Christ prays for me at all times; for He ever liveth to make intercession for us. Well, then, it is by heart-prayer that we have access to the Lord. Many sample instances we have in the precious Word of God. Here is one poor creature, her burden was that her daughter was grievously vexed with a devil; and then we find she came for one thing and got another, and that is very often the case in our experience—she came for her daughter, and got something for herself. “He answered her not a word.” Oh, what a burden that was! and what a burden that is to many a poor child of God! There is no answer, there appears to be no hope, and we are ready to give it up altogether. But still she hoped on, and cried on. And then, when He did answer her, He said, “It is not meet to take the children’s bread and to cast it to dogs.” But she didn’t mind being called a dog,—I do not mind what I may be called—I cannot be called worse than I am, “yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master’s table”—only that I may feed upon the bread of life, only that I may know Jesus, only that I may see Jesus. “O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt.” What, was that great faith? Yes, it was Christ-exalting faith, Christ-endearing faith; a faith that could not do without Jesus Christ, a faith that depended only upon Him. Cast, then, your burden upon the Lord by prayer and by supplication. We have many sample instances of this. Take Jacob,—the burden to him was his brother, with four hundred armed men—rather a large burden that, rather formidable, something to be afraid of, certainly—four hundred armed men with swords drawn. Ah, said Esau, I will put an end to Jacob now. I will avenge myself now, depend upon it I will. Depend upon it you won’t. For neither Esau nor his master Satan were permitted to have their way; the Lord had His way. Jacob cast the whole burden upon the Lord. Now, Lord, Thou hast made Thyself responsible for me; Thou hast promised to be my keeper, my shield, never to leave me, never to forsake me; Thou hast promised to keep me in all places whither I go, and to bring me again into the land. And now, Lord, how can these things be

accomplished if I am killed? How can these promises be fulfilled if I am swallowed up now? Here is my brother with four hundred armed men ready to destroy me. Thy counsel is to do me good, my brother's to do me evil. I look to thee, Lord, to fulfil Thy promise; do as Thou hast said. Thus he continued groaning, sighing, and crying unto the Lord till the break of day. Yes, the break of day came at last, deliverance came at last, the Sun of righteousness appeared at last, and what was the result?—the burden was taken away, the brothers united in kissing each other and sympathizing with each other; and thus did Jacob realise first the sustaining and then the delivering mercy of the Lord. Oh, that's the place, brethren, to conquer, that's the place to triumph, that's the place to overcome. As one of the queens said, she dreaded more the prayers of John Knox than a regiment of armed men; and the devil dreads more the prayers of the Lord's people than anything else—yes, more than the sermons that we preach. We might go on referring to Hannah, and David, and Mordecai, and Esther, and then go to the New Testament to the many instances we have there of how the burdens of necessity were by prayer cast upon the Lord, but there is not time.

III. Lastly, we have THE TWOFOLD PROMISE, "He shall sustain thee; He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved." And how will the Lord do this? Why, by His presence, to be sure; by the Lord being with them, to be sure. "When thou passest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; for I am with thee." Why was not the bush burned that Moses saw? Because the Lord was in it; and the Lord must be burnt first, the Lord must be destroyed first, before the bush could be. "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness." And a variety of such promises might be referred to, wherein we behold the reason why the righteous shall be sustained, and shall not be moved; but the time has expired. May the Lord bless the few hurried remarks I have made upon this most encouraging portion of His Word.

I had no idea of having this very great privilege of speaking to you this evening, until I came here this morning. I was taken by surprise. I feel that your esteemed pastor and deacons have conferred upon me a very great honour indeed,

though I felt altogether unequal for such a service, just on the eve of my departure. I thought at first I would take a farewell text, and preach something like a farewell sermon; but I can assure you my feelings were such I dare not attempt such a thing; for if I had taken such a text, I am quite sure I should not have spoken five minutes; for on the morrow I shall have to go on board the ship bound for Sydney, well knowing that this is the last opportunity I shall have of meeting with you—you, who have so endeared yourselves to me by your Christian, practical, and brotherly sympathy—I do feel it exceedingly in being called to say farewell to a people who have helped me so nobly and continuously in my heavy work. I am convinced of this—had I not been received twelve months ago by the pastor, deacons, and friends of the Surrey Tabernacle as I was, I question as to my success; and I shall in Australia speak of this—that the secret of my success, as a means in the hand of God, has been the sympathizing and the helping hand that I have received in connection with this place, as well as sister Churches throughout England. I have spoken in reference to this at the farewell meeting. I know that you all rejoice that God has so signally glorified Himself by working out the deliverance that He has. And it is just such a deliverance as no man can take the glory of to himself. It is not by my hand, or anything I have done. If I have been the instrument, I feel I am one of the weakest of all the instruments God could have employed; but He can employ the weakest, because He is the Lord of hosts, and the mighty God of Jacob; and happy is he—never mind how weak he is—who hath the God of Jacob for his help.

My dear brethren, I bid you farewell in the name of the Lord. And while we may not meet again here on this favoured isle, we have a hope that we shall meet where the surges will never roll, where the weary shall be at rest; where we shall want no such material buildings to worship in as here; where we shall have no chapel debts to occasion anxiety and trouble, peculiar to this mortal state; and where we shall have no devil, and no evil heart, and no evil besetment to burden us, as here in our pilgrimage. Oh, what a rest remains for us! May it be ours, while yet in our pilgrimage, to be faithful to God, faithful to the truth, to be unreserved and outspoken. Let us fear no man or men; only God; and may we be enabled to

honour Him by trusting in Him, speaking well of Him, and never to be ashamed of Him who for us has done such great things.

CHAPTER XLV.

MY LOG-BOOK.—A SECOND VOYAGE FROM ENGLAND TO SYDNEY.

I now come to record the mercies I experienced during my second voyage from England to Australia. I adopted the same plan as on my previous passages, that of keeping a daily record of the incidents connected with the voyage. The following is my diary, extending from November 30th, 1868, to March 20th, 1869, and embraces the principle events of a very stormy voyage extending over 109 days:—

Monday, November 30th, 1868.—Being the day fixed for the ship *Nineveh* to sail from the East India Docks, there was a large number of loving friends present to look and say the last farewell.

I never in all my life felt the trial to be so great, in parting with dear Christian friends, as now, in leaving those who have been friends indeed, who so cheerfully and liberally helped me in relation to my mission to England. My reception and success have been wonderful, and will ever reflect great honour upon British Christians. And above all, God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, is glorified in the furtherance of the Gospel of Christ; in which I do, and will rejoice.

It was to me an overwhelming sight to behold the hundreds of faces and tearful eyes as we passed out of the docks into the river. My heart was full and ready to burst with the strongest feelings of gratitude to God and love to His dear children.

By steamer we were towed to Gravesend. My very dear brother and sister, E. Carr, of "Warm Harbour" Lane, and brother H. Carr, of Croydon, accompanied me to Gravesend. Many others would have liked to have done the same, but were

not allowed, in consequence of the ship not arriving till after dark.

Tuesday, December 1st.—We sailed from Gravesend at seven o'clock. When off Deal we were obliged to anchor for the night, in consequence of the hazy state of the weather. That night the Lord most mercifully gave me sleep, which I had not had for a long while.

Wednesday, 2nd.—We passed Dover and Brighton; read in my cabin the 103rd Psalm; was favoured at the throne of grace not only to pray for myself, but for the Lord's servants, His people, and the Churches of Christ in England, that the Lord would bless them indeed.

I do trust that the Lord will pour out the spirit of prayer upon His people on my behalf, for I well know that, at this season of the year, I have a fearful voyage before me,—it would have been better for me to have waited till February.

Thursday, 3rd.—Passed the Isle of Wight; the wind contrary, we were obliged to tack about; a heavy chopping sea; passengers sea-sick,—and I have not escaped: of all sickness there is none more trying,—on shipboard it cannot be cured until it cures itself, till then it must be endured.

The following is a copy of a letter I sent on shore by the pilot for the *Earthen Vessel*.

“ Friday, 4th, 7 o'clock a.m.—

“ Ship *Nineveh*, Start Point, in the Channel,
“ Bound for Sydney, Dec. 4th, 1868.

“ TO THE SAINTS SCATTERED THROUGHOUT ENGLAND.

“ BELOVED,—The pilot who has charge of our ship until we arrive at Start Point, or Plymouth, has given me an opportunity of writing a few lines to you, that you may know how matters are with me up to date. A log-book of all particulars during the voyage will in due time be brought before you.

“ On Monday, November 30th, there was a large number of dear Christian friends in the docks to look and say farewell.

“ Oh! that farewell! but for the sustaining arm of the Lord I must have sunk under it. My heart was ready to burst with the strongest feelings of love, while parting with so many who had endeared themselves to me by demonstrations of loving me with true Christian love and sympathy.

“ My reception and success in England will never by me be forgotten.

“ My dear brethren, I shall never cease to pray unto God for you, that He will bless you indeed. I shall often write to you from Sydney, when I hope to be able to report, from time to time, that the Lord of hosts is with us.

“ We left Gravesend about seven o'clock on Tuesday morning; anchored for the night off Deal, in consequence of the hazy state of the weather. During Wednesday it rained most of the day, which is anything but pleasant on ship-board.

“ The Lord has been very gracious to me in that He has given me sleep, which I have not had for a long while. Last night I slept most of the night; to-day I am quite well. What a mercy that I can thus write, ‘ I am quite well,’ notwithstanding the many labours and deep anxiousness of heart I have endured during the last fourteen months; but is it not in agreement with that precious covenant, ordered in all things and sure, in which God, who cannot lie, hath promised, ‘ Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy day thy strength shall be ’?

“ I am very much pleased with the captain, and likewise with the passengers, by whom I am treated with respect. Before we commence meals I am requested by the captain to ask the Lord's blessing upon the food. God is thus acknowledged and honoured: that is well, and I am pleased.

“ Captain Barnett has just asked me to conduct services during the voyage, to preach morning and evening, weather permitting, to which I have most cheerfully consented. *Thus my hands have found* a work to do. Oh for enabling grace to do it with all my might, without which grace I am nothing and can do nothing. But, weak as I am, through *that* grace I shall be strong, and can do all things. I am thankful to the Lord for thus teaching me my nothingness and entire dependence upon Himself for all things.

‘ When sick, or faint, or sore dismayed,
Then let my hopes on Thee be stayed ;
Thy summit, rising to the skies,
Shall shield my head when dangers rise.

‘ Sheltered by Thine omnipotence,
What potent arm shall pluck me hence ?
On every side I'm guarded well,
With love and grace immutable.’

“But I must now once more say farewell. Every day will increase the distance between us, until it will reach *sixteen* thousand miles.

- ‘Adieu, beloved friends, adieu ;
On earth we only meet to part ;
Yet, to the Christian’s brighter view,
Still we are one, still near in heart.
- ‘That “threefold cord” of Christian love,
Which from the heights of heaven descends,
When parted here is joined above,
And holds to Christ and Christian friends.
- ‘And now we part, the throne of grace
Shall be our centre and retreat ;
Though distant far, at that bright place
We still may hold communion sweet.
- ‘Prayer shall a vast triangle form,
On whose wide base we still can meet,
And whose high top surmounts each storm,
And joins us at our Saviour’s feet.
- ‘And should the stream of death divide
Our souls a moment on its shore,
They part to meet, they join to ‘bide
Where pain and parting are no more.’

“Wishing you the abundance of grace, peace, and truth,

“I remain, my dear brethren,

“Your willing servant for Christ’s sake,

“JOHN BUNYAN MCCURE.”

Friday, 4th.—Pilot left us at seven o’clock a.m., off Berry Head, on the coast of Devonshire, near Torbay. Soon after the wind became exceedingly boisterous, and dead against us; throughout the day we were driven back out of our course; were obliged to tack about. Just been sent for to see a passenger who was taken up quite insensible from a fall on the deck; through mercy he is recovering, and I hope will be restored in a day or two. Oh, how we need the Lord to shield, preserve, and keep us in every place!

Saturday, 5th.—Tacking about all night in mid-channel; the whole of this day the wind has been blowing a perfect hurricane, with a high cross sea running, with surging, foaming waves against us, up the Channel. We are tacking about across to France and Portland. Our only hope is by keeping out in deep water. We are in great danger, everything looks dark and

gloomy. Oh, how I have wished that I could run into "Warm Harbour" Lane, and there outride the storm! There I cannot go, but to the Eternal God, who is my only Refuge, I can. I know that I am safe in His hands, and there it is well, both in life and death. But I want to realize it. All day it has been with me *darkness, coldness, and hardness*. Oh, shine, thou precious, glorious Sun of righteousness upon my soul! enlighten it, warm it, I beseech Thee.

Lord's-day, 6th.—We have had a fearful time of it all night; at times it was truly awful; the terrific howling of the wind, and the roaring of the sea, and the foaming waves dashing against the ship. Eight o'clock a.m., off Portland, the gale somewhat moderated; what a mercy! Directly after breakfast the gale increased, and blew more tempestuously than ever all day, with heavy rain, a very high sea running, ship labouring heavily, shipping heavy seas on main deck.

Mr. Saddington, a Christian man, who is a passenger to Sydney, united with me in my cabin in prayer to the Lord, praying the Lord to have mercy upon us, and give the winds charge concerning us. I fear there are not many praying souls on board; well, it is a mercy there are two or three!

The wind is blowing with greater violence than ever; it is awfully grand. Are these winds to blow me to my heavenly home, or to my Sydney home? Just which the Lord please! While holding on to a rope on the poop deck, a sea washed over me and over the entire deck,—the main deck was like a river.

Six o'clock, one of the sailors was thrown down in some way by a heavy sea, and fractured his leg above the knee. Poor fellow! he was brought into the saloon in great suffering, with considerable difficulty, in consequence of the rolling of the ship. The doctor set the broken bone.

The confusion and alarm were indescribable. The howling of the tempest, the roaring of the foaming billows, and the heavy seas dashing over the main deck, and the ship rolling fearfully, our condition was the most perilous; we were in great danger.

Eight o'clock, we held a special prayer meeting in the saloon. Captain brought his wife, Mrs. Barnett, to unite with us in prayer, but could not remain himself, he being required on deck. I said to him, "Do your duty, captain, we will hold up your

hands by prayer to God." It was a solemn time; we all felt our entire dependence upon God, who holds the winds in His fist, and the waters in the hollow of His hand.

I read Psalm cvii., from verse 15 to 32, and Luke viii. 22 to 25, then prayed with considerable liberty, and felt that the Lord was in our midst. Then read Isa. xl., from 12 to end of the chapter. Made some remarks respecting the power and majesty of God, and the power of believing and importunate prayer. Then Mr. Saddington prayed with nearness unto the Lord. Thus we did cry unto the Lord in our trouble, and then sat up till twelve o'clock, trusting and looking unto the Lord to deliver us out of our distress, by making the storm a calm, and that the clouds, winds and storm might break in blessing upon us, ministering to our help and not to our destruction.

The Lord be praised, the storm somewhat moderated after midnight, but the wind still against us. What a contrast between my position to-day compared with last Lord's-day! Then I was in "Warm Harbour" Lane, and in the evening preaching to over two thousand persons in the Surrey Tabernacle, now tossed about upon the mountain waves of the troubled sea. But this is my comfort, that both winds and waves are in the hands of Him whom I love, my Refuge, and very present help in every time of trouble: what shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?

Monday, 7th.—The wind has considerably gone down, but is yet unfavourable to our getting out of the Channel; we are still tacking about, with no hope of being able to sail on in our course.

I am exceedingly pleased with our commander, Captain Barnett. He is an able commander and a good man, one who fears God. His humane attention to the poor sailor I was very pleased with. Mr. Norman, Mr. Hill, and Mr. Smith, the officers, likewise command our respect and confidence. And our noble ship behaves admirably; she is a first-class vessel, As far as captain, officers, and ship are concerned, we have nothing to fear.

Blessed be God, our gracious Deliverer, the wind is now favourable, and we are for the first time sailing on in our course; the Lord be praised for thus hearing our cry in the day of our trouble.

From seven o'clock till nine I shut myself in my cabin; was very much comforted, believing that there were thousands of the Lord's dear children remembering me in their prayers throughout England, that the Lord will be my Stronghold, my Shield, my

'Pilot wise,
Then my soul each storm defies;
While I have such a Lord,
I trust Thy faithfulness and power
To save me in the trying hour.'

Tuesday, 8th.—Two o'clock this morning we were off Start Point, when the wind changed, and again became contrary to us. We are obliged to tack about out of our course, with a strong, tempestuous wind and heavy sea against us, as bad as ever. The ship's nameboard is washed off.

Just seen the poor sailor; he is getting on as well as can be expected; it was a miracle that he was not washed overboard into the sea. He was on the bowsprit, the mast that projects in a sloping direction from the ship's head (just over Jonah), when the sea washed over him, and a heavy block struck his thigh, he had now only his left foot to stand on the rope by: his right leg hung loose, being broken; his cries were heard in time, he was carried down from his perilous position, and was saved from death.

Conducted family worship with Mr. and Mrs. Saddington and Mrs. Chapman, in their cabin. I am very thankful in having them for fellow-passengers, they will be a help to me in the Lord's-day services, and will stand by me.

Wednesday, 9th.—Early this morning the wind changed in our favour; we are on our course, have come up to Start Point, where we were on Friday, the 4th. Four o'clock p.m., we passed Plymouth, thankful I felt that I had been favoured and honoured of God during my visit to the saints in that town. Shall I ever see them again? I believe that the seed then sown will yet spring up; the Lord grant it, I pray, for the honour of Christ my Lord.

Thursday, 10th.—A sleepless night, thinking of one and another of the many dear ones whom I am leaving every hour, perhaps never to see their faces again; but although thus parted in the flesh, we are not and cannot be in the spirit.

“Blest be the dear, uniting love,
That will not let us part ;
Our bodies may be oft removed,
We still are one in heart.

Joined in one spirit to our Head,
Where He appoints we go ;
And still in Jesus’ footsteps tread,
And do His work below.”

We have now passed Land’s End, and shall soon be clear of the Channel. Thus the Lord has been very gracious unto us. At noon our position was in lat. 49° 20’ N., long. 6° 38’ W. Distance since noon yesterday, 124 knots.

Friday, 11th.—We have had a most unpleasant night, a heavy swell causing the ship to roll about frightfully. The sustaining and preserving hand of God has been with us.

We have passed several homeward bound vessels, but unable to exchange signals, in consequence of the violence of the wind and heavy sea. A gloomy prospect before us.

We are now in the Atlantic. In our experience it is the cold, wild Atlantic.

“On the stormy air
I would breathe my solemn prayer ;
Bless the dear ones of my home ;
Guide us through the wild waves’ foam
To the light of those dear eyes,
Where my heart’s best treasure lies,
To the love in one fond breast,
There, O God, may we be blest.
Hear her, when at eventide
She kneels to pray
That God would bless, defend,
And guide him, far away.”

Just been reading in my cabin that precious Psalm cxxi. Shall never, never forget when I first read that Psalm in my cabin. Oh, what a mercy to have such an almighty, ever-watchful Keeper upon my right hand, with whom the darkness and the light, land or sea, calms or storms, are all alike.

“The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.”

Lat. 49° 24’ N., long. 8° 41’ W. 51 knots.

Saturday, 12th.—“He maketh the storm a calm.” What an instance of the power of God !

The sea has gone down, the wind much lighter, passengers .

are able to be on deck, the sun shining, things look more hopeful, except that we are sailing but 5 knots. Lat. $48^{\circ} 30'$ N., long. $8^{\circ} 4'$ W. 51 knots.

Lord's-day, 13th.—What a change! The wind is now blowing a hurricane, and the sea rolling mountains high. But still we are on our course. None of the crew could attend service, in consequence of the violence of the gale that was then blowing. I preached from, "But I will sing of Thy power: yea, I will sing aloud of Thy mercy in the morning; for Thou hast been my defence and my refuge in the day of my trouble" (Psa. lix. 16).*

The ship rolled fearfully during the service. I was obliged to sit and hold on while preaching unto the people the power and mercy of the Lord. I should have thought that it would have been impossible for any one to have preached under such circumstances. These hurricanes generally being worse at night, we were not able to hold evening service, and feeling it to be laid upon my mind to write out this sermon which I preached during a fearful hurricane, under close-reefed topsails, while abreast of the "Bay of Biscay," I did so; and it will be found in the next chapter.

My hands have found it to do. I will do it with all my might. At noon, lat. $46^{\circ} 37'$ N., long. $11^{\circ} 30'$ W. 170 knots.

Monday, 14th.—The text that I preached from yesterday has been a great comfort to me during a sleepless night. Oh, how great has been the power and mercy of God to usward, preserving us during the most awful night I have ever experienced. The night was so dark the officers could not see more than two yards ahead. It appeared sometimes that both wind and sea had conspired together to destroy all hope of my ever seeing my loved ones again in the land of the living. I cast my anchor, hope, on the Rock that is higher than the stormy tempest, and wished for the day.

Oh, what a day this has been! a day of indescribable anxiety! The hurricane has continued all day, and upon the surging, angry billows of the foaming sea we have been and are now tossed about most fearfully; and, worse than all, we are driven back out of our course. The wind is dead against us.

* This sermon will be found on referring to Chapter XLVI.

We must be near the place where the ill-fated steam-ship *London* was wrecked, and went down with 220 persons. What the will of the Lord is concerning us I know not. I have committed my all into His hands, and only desire that the Lord's will be done.

I have committed my dear wife and children to the Lord, who will be the loving, faithful Husband and Father, and will never leave them, as I have had to do.

Into the hands of the Great Shepherd I have committed those few sheep I have been obliged to leave in Sydney. The Lord will take care of them. He can carry on His work without me. I do greatly rejoice in the Lord that that which my heart has been set upon, viz., the freedom of the Lord's house from debt, is now accomplished. I can now say, from my heart, "Lord, now lettest thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy Word, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

Nine o'clock p.m.—No appearance of the weather moderating; a heavy sea has just struck the ship, washing over the poop deck from one end to the other. "The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods have lifted up their waves."

But oh! what a mercy! "The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea."

Lat. 46° 18' N., long. 11° 26' W. 20 knots.

Tuesday, 15th.—During the night the Lord gave me two precious promises: "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms" (Dent. xxxiii. 27); and those very comforting words, recorded in Isa. xli. 10, "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness." By the application of those precious words to my soul, my little faith, my weak faith, was strengthened to believe

"That we never shall be cast away;
'Tis not our Captain's will."

Then I could say—

"Begone, unbelief, my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear;

By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform,
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm."

I then fell asleep, and dreamed that I was in Sydney, preaching in the chapel, which was full of people, and my heart was full of love and joy while I was preaching from "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

I awoke; alas! it was only a dream. I wish it had been a reality.

It is now noon, and no change. Judging from the appearance of things, all looks wild and threatening. "Hope thou, my soul, in God, for I shall yet praise Him

'Who plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.'

Nine o'clock p.m.—The hurricane is still raging, with no prospect of a change. At noon, lat. $46^{\circ} 20' N.$, long. $7^{\circ} 20' W.$ 20 knots.

Wednesday, 16th.—This has been a most distressing night; the howling of the hurricane, the roaring of the sea, the angry billows, throughout the night, striking against the ship, causing her to roll and pitch in a most alarming manner, frequently producing the sensation,—the *ship must go down*; the sea at times made a clean breach over her.

Oh, how thankful I was when morning light dawned once more upon us! No change, everything looks dark and gloomy. Now is the time to trust in the Lord, while

"Our passage lies across the brink
Of many a threatening wave."

Yes, there is a great difference between reading or singing these lines, in a comfortable house or in a place of worship, to what it is in my experience while I am writing them. I have just been reading the forty-sixth Psalm, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." I have indeed been called to endure a great trial of faith during the last ten days, while the winds and the waves have been contrary to us. Satan has not been unmindful of me, and of what I have said, how confidently I have spoken, viz., that we shall have a prosperous voyage to Sydney; that thousands of the Lord's people will follow us with their prayers; and that God is a prayer-hearing and answering God, and therefore will be sure to answer believing and importunate prayer.

“And did you not,” said my enemy, “hold on the evening of the sixth, special prayer, when you told the people that you had prayed with liberty and nearness unto the Lord, and that you were sure that the Lord would appear and deliver; exhorting the people to be of good comfort, the Lord will be sure to answer prayer. Where now is your prayer-hearing and answering God? What benefit have you derived from the sympathies and prayers of those who you say have, and are following you with their prayers? They may have forgotten you, and are not praying for you at all; and what evidence have you that God has heard your prayers? Where now is your prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God? What benefit have you received from the Lord that the wicked have not received? God has taken no more notice of you and your prayers than He has of the ungodly by whom you are surrounded. Ever since you have thus prayed the gales have become hurricanes, more and more tempestuous, and thus they continue and will continue; instead of the voyage being peaceful and prosperous, the testimony of captain, officers, and crew is, that they never in all their lives experienced any previous voyage, thus far, so trying and dangerous.”

“My reply, Satan, is this:—

‘Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain,
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.’

It was at the end of the 430 years, the self-same night, that God answered the prayers of His people the children of Israel, and not at the beginning of the day of their trouble. Although the Lord does not answer directly His children’s cry, yet His ear is opened to their cry. He sustains them, though He does not deliver. Now, Satan, has not the Lord sustained and preserved us? By what authority do you say that these gales will continue until they have accomplished our destruction, when God has given unto me the prayer of faith that He will deliver?”

Nine o’clock p.m. The wind has considerably moderated, has gone down, but still is dead against us; the night is dark, the rain is pouring down heavily. Lat. 45° N., long. 10° 26’ W. 70 knots.

Thursday, 17th.—The wind and sea are still against us, and

have been all night. "Be ye reconciled unto God, who hath His way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of His feet." I have no doubt that the Lord has a merciful and wise purpose to accomplish by the great and sore trials through which we have been passing now for seventeen days and nights. It may be that we are detained with head tempestuous winds here, that we may escape greater dangers elsewhere. Most certainly the Lord is teaching us, from day to day, our nothingness and our dependence upon Himself, whilst beholding the majesty and power of God, who sitteth King upon the floods.

While I am writing these lines the sea is higher than ever; twice it has washed over the poop deck, rushed down the companion stairs into the saloon.

It is the opinion of many on board that the hurricane which caused the wreck of the *London* was not of that continual, and violent, and overwhelming character that we have experienced. "But I will sing of Thy power," here I will trust, until these calamities be overpast, although everything looks dark and gloomy, yea, very dark, very dark indeed.

The question will come up again and again, Shall I ever behold my loved and dear ones again in the land of the living? Oh, how I long to see them *once* more. I have cried and prayed unto the Lord to command the stormy wind and deliver us. But not my will, Thy will, O Lord, be done.

Three o'clock p.m.—The hurricane and sea are raging worse than ever, and the ship is rolling so fearfully, it is almost impossible to sit or stand. Several passengers went on to the poop deck; the sea washed over it, throwing them down with great violence; through mercy they were not seriously hurt. Lat. 45° 6' N., long. 11° 55' W. 66 knots. Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commit my soul, there it is safe to dwell, both in life and death; there and there only, it is well.

"In every state secure,
Kept as Jehovah's eye,
'Tis well with them while life endure,
And well when called to die."

Friday, 18th.—The time of our deliverance has not yet arrived; the wind, although not so boisterous, is still against us; we are being rolled about most unmercifully; I am obliged to write with one hand and hold on by the other. What a

precious word, and how true in our experience! "And I will bring the blind by a way that they know not, I will lead them in paths that 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." Now, most gracious Lord, do as Thou hast said; Thou hast, in Thy wise providence, brought Thy servant into darkness and crooked things; Thou canst make the crooked straight and turn the night to day; and Thou hast said, "These things will I do for them, and not forsake them." Thou hast never forsaken Thy people in the day of their trouble, of this I am a witness, that Thou art the faithful God, for

"When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, O how good!"

Lat. 44° 41 N., long. 11° 32' W. 40 knots. Conducted family prayer with Mr. and Mrs. S. and Mrs. C., in their cabin; found it good to wait upon the Lord. What a mercy the throne of grace is on shipboard, and the ear of the Lord is opened to the cry and sigh of His poor and needy ones!

The wind has changed. Bless the Lord, O my soul, for this token for good. Is there anything too hard for the Lord? No, no; then trust in Him, my soul, at all times and fear not.

Saturday, 19th.—How true, uncertain as the weather; our favourable wind did not last long. We are again tacking about, head wind against us, with a gloomy prospect; blowing a hurricane; heavy rain, and rising, roaring sea. The whole of this trying week I have been writing out the sermon preached last Lord's-day. I should think that this is the first sermon that has ever been preached abreast of the Bay of Biscay during such a hurricane as was then raging, and has been during the time I have been writing it.

"Guard us, shield us,
Mighty Lord, Thou dost not sleep,
Still the tempest with Thy word,
Rule the deep."

Lord's-day, 20th.—Ten o'clock, held service in the saloon. It was a time of refreshing to my soul. While preaching to the people—Oh, may the Lord bless His precious Gospel to some poor sinner; there are many who care for none of these

things. The captain expressed himself as being pleased with the sermon, and was glad to find that I preached, as I did, from my heart.

All day the weather has been hazy; we are again obliged to tack about. Lat. $43^{\circ} 30' N.$, long. $11^{\circ} 33' W.$ 31 knots.

Seven o'clock this evening, held service again in the saloon. The Lord was very gracious unto me, and gave me boldness, decision, and liberty to speak in His name in the presence and hearing of those who have been unused to hear the Gospel of Christ.

We have at last cleared the terrible Bay of Biscay. While I was preaching we were between Cape Ontegal and Cape Finisterre, off the coast of Portugal. I did wish that I could go ashore and preach Christ to the people there.

Monday, 21st.—We have had a quieter night—what a favour! It is now raining; we are tacking about.

This time last year my illness commenced; now my song is Ebenezer. Hitherto hath the Lord helped me. Alleluia! I was sustained, until it pleased the Lord to deliver me. The love and sympathy I received from dear friends during my illness I shall never forget; and now, through the mercy of the Lord, I am quite well—never better in my life. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits." Lat. $44^{\circ} 8' N.$, long. $13^{\circ} 11' W.$ 70 knots.

Tuesday, 22nd.—It is most trying; both the wind and sea are against us; ship rolling, rolling, and pitching dreadfully, amid hail and rain.

Twenty-three days since we left the docks, and twenty-two days since we left Gravesend. Eighteen days out of the twenty-three have been the most trying and alarming; but it is our mercy that they have not been worse. My confidence is in the Lord—

"That they will cease before long,
And then, oh, how pleasant the conqueror's song!"

God is faithful, who will never fail to protect by His power and grace until the hour of deliverance. It shall never be said, when the hour of deliverance comes, Where are those whom I promised to deliver? Why they have perished by the way; the burden was too heavy for them, it has crushed them; the fire was so fierce it has consumed them; the devil was so mighty he has triumphed over them; and the hurricane and

mountain billows have blown themselves out of the hand and fist of the eternal God; and now that deliverance has come, it is too late! No, never has it been said, and never, never will be, that the God of truth can lie!

I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me; God shall help, and that right early, quite in time, never too late, is a foundation truth on which I build my hope and confidence in God. Hope thou in God, O my soul, for I shall yet praise Him.

“The promise may be long delayed,
But never comes too late.”

Lat. $44^{\circ} 0' N.$, long. $13^{\circ} 23' W.$ 11 knots.

Wednesday, 23rd.—We have passed through a most distressing night in consequence of a very heavy cross sea; the ship has rolled terribly all night. Only one night's sleep have I had since I have been on board.

The Lord be praised, our deliverance has come, and not too late—the wind has changed, and we are sailing on in our course. We are clear of the Bay of Biscay, and are off Oporto.

“Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men.” Some of our passengers are showing their gratitude by card-playing! Poor things, I pity them, well knowing that it is by the grace of God I am what I am. Oh, wondrous grace! sovereign grace! unmerited grace, and irresistible grace, by which I am made to differ! Lat. $41^{\circ} 45' N.$, long. $12^{\circ} 50' W.$ 130 knots.

Thursday, 24th.—Heavy sea; ship labouring and straining heavily. Just as I was about to ask the blessing at the breakfast table, a tremendous sea washed over the poop deck, rushed down the companion way, and into my cabin. I felt that it was a great mercy that it was no worse, no life or limb sacrificed; I was myself subjected to great personal inconvenience.—Noon, Lat. $39^{\circ} 22' N.$, long. $12^{\circ} 3' W.$ 145 knots.

Through the kindness of our worthy captain, who is very anxious that our services on Lord's-day be carried on as effectively as possible (our great difficulty is the want of some one to conduct the singing), we held a singing meeting in the saloon: present—captain and his lady, second and third officers, carpenter and sailors, and several passengers; several tunes were selected and practised to be sung during services on Lord's-day.

Mr. Hill, second officer, and Mr. Smith, third officer, have kindly engaged in turn to conduct the singing during the voyage.

Thus we spent a very pleasant hour; and a profitable way of spending Christmas eve on shipboard, particularly I thought so, while we were singing,—

“Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes—
The Saviour promised long;
He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held.”

Of course, the card-playing portion of our passengers don't like the religious influence by which they are surrounded. Well, like it or not like it, it is too late to object; the captain, having appointed me the chaplain of the ship during the voyage, will strengthen my hands to unfurl my banner in the name of the Lord on board the *Nineveh*; and now that it is unfurled, I'll die first before I will lower my standard—the standard of the glorious Gospel of Christ—so long as I am on board this ship.

“The only Gospel I will own
Sets Jesus Christ upon His throne;
Proclaims salvation full and free,
Obtained on Calvary's rugged tree.”

Friday, 25th.—Another sleepless night, and another night's mercies.

Christmas Day will not be very merry with us, because of the heavy squalls, and rolling as bad as ever. How true it is, use is second nature! I have now become accustomed to the tossing and rolling of the ship, so that it has lost its influence in producing sea-sickness. But if we could be seen at meal-time we should present a laughable appearance.

Our Christmas dinner was a first-rate one, consisting of soup, goose, roast pork, boiled leg of mutton, fowls, ham, plum-pudding and apple pie, dessert and champagne.

Directly we commenced dinner the ship as usual began to roll. Of course over went some soup; the sea washed over the poop deck, and down came some sea-water upon the table, which rendered salt quite unnecessary. Then over went the ham; the leg of mutton would have walked but for the vigilant look-out of the carver; had not the captain have cut up the goose and served it out at once, it would have disappeared in

some other way;—plates, forks, and spoons flying in all directions. Notwithstanding, we made a very good Christmas dinner under the circumstances, while sailing abreast of Cape St. Vincent.

In thought, all day, I was in London and Sydney. Our conversation during dinner was respecting our dear friends whom we have left, and are leaving, far, far away, and for whom we wished the—

“ Compliments of all the seasons,
A merry Christmas with all its reasons,
Round your happy hearths and home,
Round your Saviour’s glorious throne.”

At noon we were in lat. $37^{\circ} 26' N.$, long. $18^{\circ} 33' W.$ 145 knots.

Saturday, 26th.—During the night we passed Gibraltar and the Azores. The Azores, or Western Islands, are nine in number, viz., Stellary, St. Michael, St. George’s, Graciosa, Foyal, Pico, Flores, and Corvo, which belong to Portugal. The climate is delightful, the air generally clear and serene, soil so prolific that both European and tropical plants arrive at the greatest perfection. The earth is, however, so diversified, as in some places to exhibit, within a small extent, volcanic hills and productions, gardens of aromatic plants, pastures, vineyards, orangeries, &c., &c.

The greatest inconvenience of these isles is their being subject to eruptions and earthquakes; and in some parts, where the coasts are low, the sea has at times overflowed the land and occasioned considerable mischief. Yet in the cultivated parts, the land, once a stream of fire, is planted with oranges, lemons, and vines, and the land, formed from the decomposition of volcanic substances, is sown with Indian corn, small beans, and wheat. The island still abounds in waste lands fit for cultivation of hemp, the vine, &c., &c. Lat. $34^{\circ} 18' N.$, long. $16^{\circ} 36' W.$ 230 knots.

The weather is now all that we can desire; we have not had so fine a day as we have to-day since we left London.

The Lord has done great things for us during the stormy tempest of twenty-two days and nights! The Lord sustained and preserved us until the hour of our deliverance; how wonderful and God-like is our deliverance!

Now, Satan, what say you now to the prayer-hearing and

answering and faithful God? Has He not again established that grand and glorious truth, "It is impossible for God to lie"? "I will sing unto the Lord, because He hath dealt bountifully with me."

Lord's-day, 27th.—A most beautiful morning; the weather now is like Australian (I wish I was there). What a contrast to last Lord's-day!

Held service in the saloon; preached Christ, the only Way, the only Truth, the only Life. Two of our passengers, a lady and gentleman, who are Roman Catholics, retire to their cabin during the service. Where I stand to preach is by their cabin door; they therefore can hear every word of the sermons. They have heard this day that the Lord Jesus Christ is the one and only Mediator, the only Priest who can grant absolution. May God the Holy Ghost bless the testimony of Christ to their souls; then will they say,—

"I'll go to Jesus though my sins
High as a mountain rose;
I know His courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose."

While preaching this morning we passed Madeira. Lat. $31^{\circ} 57' N.$, long. $19^{\circ} 22' W.$ 200 knots.

At seven o'clock I was helped by my ever-gracious Master to preach again. It was a solemn time. Directly after the service a passenger present exclaimed, "Oh, captain, how thankful I am that I came out in your ship, thus to be favoured with such delightful services!"

O Thou almighty God, the Holy Ghost, bless with Thine own power and grace Thine own Word to the souls of those who have this day heard the Gospel of Christ, and give unto Thy servant souls for his ministry on board the *Nineveh*. I beseech Thee, for the honour of Thy great name, and the glory of Christ, whose glorifier Thou art.

Madeira and Porto Santo we have passed lie off the N.W. coast of Africa, and belong to Portugal. In this island of Madeira may be found almost every European and tropical luxury. The myrtle, the geranium, the rose, and violet, may be seen on every side; the geranium, in particular, is so common, that the honey of the bees is strongly impregnated with the odour. The shores of the island are mostly lofty cliffs facing the water, with a perpendicular front, one or two thou-

sand feet high. The climate generally is delicious; and strikes with a peculiar charm a stranger whom a short sail has transferred to it from the very midst of the gloom and chill of an English December. Indeed, the great national distinction of Madeira is the climate, which perhaps, taken altogether, is the finest in the world.

The principal island is a lofty mass of basaltic rock, about 100 miles in circuit, rising in Pico Ruevo to the height of 6,000 feet. The population amounts to 116,000, mostly Portuguese, engaged in the culture of the grape and the vine.

Monday, 28th.—Glorious weather; at noon we were abreast of the Canary Islands, famed for canary birds. It is remarkable for its peak or volcano, dormant for more than half a century, which rises to the height of 12,236 feet. There is a population of 200,000, all of Spanish descent. Lat. $29^{\circ} 22' N.$, long. $20^{\circ} 43' W.$ 170 knots.

Tuesday, 29th.—Up early. Sunrise magnificent. Oh, how my soul needs the sunrise of my precious Christ, who is my light and my salvation! Yes, He is my only light. I have no other but Him; all is dark, cold, and comfortless.

“Not a drop of real joy,
Without Thy presence, Lord.”

What a poor changeable creature I am!

“My soul through many changes goes,
Thy love no variation knows.”

Lat. $26^{\circ} 31' N.$, long. $21^{\circ} 51' W.$ 178 knots.

Wednesday, 30th.—The wind is much lighter. Lat. $24^{\circ} 35' N.$, long. $22^{\circ} 37' W.$ 125 knots.

This evening, by request of the captain and passengers, I lectured; subject, “My Life in Australia.” Saloon crowded; with the greatest possible attention each listened while I related some of my Australian reminiscences, giving prominence to those instances of the faithfulness of God, exhorting those present to study and practise decision of character, one side or the other! and adopt for their motto, “Whatsoever thine hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.”

Thursday, 31st.—We have now the trade winds, which are most favourable. Lat. $21^{\circ} 31' N.$, long. $24^{\circ} 8' W.$ 190 knots.

The year 1868 is now brought to a close, crowned with loving-

kindness and tender mercies. What a year of God-glorifying mercies it has been to me! I was brought low, but the Lord helped me; many times have I been burdened, dejected, and oppressed, but the Lord sustained, and with His mighty arm upheld me, until He wrought the deliverance that wiped away my many sorrowful tears, and filled my mouth with laughter, and my tongue with singing.

Friday, January 1st, 1869.—Most gracious, covenant-keeping, and performing God, I will bless Thee with all my soul; for Thou hast remembered me Thy poor servant in all the days of my trouble; not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord God hath promised; all are come to pass, and not one thing hath failed thereof. And I am now favoured to see another New Year's Day, unreservedly, most merciful Lord, I yield myself to Thee, Thy servant. O may I serve Thee with grace and strength given unto me, according to Thy Word. O teach me and strengthen me more than ever for the work wherunto Thou hast called me; and whatsoever, according to Thy will my hands find to do during the year I have now entered upon, may I do it with all my might. I ask it in the name and for the sake of, for the honour and glory of Christ my Lord, Thy well-beloved Son. Amen.

We have had a good run, and have commenced the new year well in relation to our voyage. Lat. $17^{\circ} 29' N.$, long. $25^{\circ} 58' W.$ 270 knots.

At noon we were abreast of the Cape Verd group, of which ten are inhabited by 40,000 negroes,—mulattoes, with a few white people.

St. Vincent is the seat of government, and is a coaling-place for steamers. About two o'clock we sighted St. Antonio, at a distance of about twenty miles. This island lies at a distance of eight miles to the north-west of St. Vincent; it appears like an assemblage of high mountains, particularly to the west. It is twenty-two miles in length from east to west, and about eleven in breadth; and its highest peak is estimated at 7,100 feet above the level of the sea. The island is very woody, has plenty of goats, fruit, &c., &c.; produces wine, cotton, indigo, &c. There is a village, Santa Cruz, on the south-east side, but there is no anchorage for ships.

Yesterday and to-day we have overtaken three ships, passed them, and have left them miles behind.

Saturday, 2nd.—Another sleepless night, and very unwell; have worked a little too hard since I have been on shipboard; I have written 200 pages, and have preached regularly. Well, there will be no night in heaven,—

“ No night of weariness,
No sleepless eye,
No unknown shadow
Hovering nigh.

No night of sorrow,
With bitter moan,
No mournful lament
Of ‘left alone.’

No night of death,
No farewell tear,
No loved ones parted,
No anxious fear.

But harp, and crown, and song alway,
And bright, eternal, joyous day.”

We have had a good run before the trade winds. Lat. 13° N., long. 26° 28' W. 265 knots.

It is quite amusing to see the flying-fish sporting about, flying out of the water, sometimes fifty to a hundred together. Several this evening made a very sad mistake; they flew on to the deck, and were made prisoners. One, a very fine one, measured fifteen inches long.

Lord's-day, 3rd.—Ten o'clock, preached on the poop deck from the words, “I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ.” What an unspeakable mercy to know and love that precious Gospel, and to have a heart to preach it for Christ's sake!

O may the preaching of the Gospel of Christ this day be accompanied with life-communicating power to some dead sinner, that's the reward I desire, souls for my hire.

We are now in the tropics, lat. 8° 50' N., long. 25° 37' W. 259 knots.

Quarter-past four o'clock preached on deck; subject, Ruin by sin, redemption through the blood of Christ, and regeneration by God the Holy Ghost. The sailors present paid great attention throughout the service; it was exceedingly pleasing to see each with a Bible in his hand, provided by the ship for service. At the close of the sermon we sang the evening hymn; during the service we were abreast of Sierra Leone, Western Africa.

Had I given way to my feelings, I should not have got up this morning, feeling very unwell, and then there would have been no service. I have been not only strengthened according to my day, but beyond it, for now my day's work is over I am none the worse, but very much better. The Lord be praised for saving me from self-pity, and for giving me pity and sympathy for souls.

Monday, 4th.—Had I rested yesterday, as I was advised, then my being better this morning would have been attributed to my having taken rest; but not having done so, but worked hard—for preaching on shipboard, with all kinds of prejudices to contend with, and the ship rolling and pitching, is very different from that of a place of worship, and a congregation of Christians to preach to on land,—therefore my being better must be ascribed unto God, and is another instance of divine faithfulness. Lat. $5^{\circ} 21' N.$, long, $25^{\circ} 16' W.$ 210 knots.

Wind is dying away; every appearance of a calm.

Tuesday, 5th.—But little wind all night. A small shark, about four feet long, has just been caught; it caused considerable excitement among the passengers, some of whom had never before seen one of those fearful monsters of the deep. Well, it was a change, and a very acceptable one, from the monotonous character of a calm in the tropics, which is one of the worst places to be becalmed, under a burning sun. Lat. $4^{\circ} 37' N.$, long. $25^{\circ} 7' W.$ 47 knots.

Wednesday, 6th.—We are now becalmed, and have been since yesterday. What a contrast to the hurricane that we have had! then we had too much wind, now we have not enough; instead of the surging billows,—

“The glassy ocean, hushed,
Forgets to roar.”

Instead of the foaming mountain waves, the ocean all around as far as the eye can see, is like a sea of glass.

“Beautiful art thou
In calm and tempest. Now calm reigns o'er thee;
Serene and quiet is thy glossy brow,
Thou glorious mirror of the Deity!
And how sublimely grand art thou when He,
In foaming characters, upon thy face
Writes His almighty power, thou proud sea!”

O, how I long to get home, that I may once more behold the faces of my dear wife and children, from whom I have been separated for seventeen months! Lat. $4^{\circ} 37' N.$, long. $24^{\circ} 35' W.$ East of yesterday 22 knots.

At two o'clock, while the officers were trying to catch a shark, a cry was heard, "A boy overboard!" In a moment the captain was at his post to direct; in an instant the cook was overboard (for it was his boy). The fear now was the sharks; but there were many brave hearts at hand ready to save life, although at the risk of their own. The boy was saved from a watery grave, to the great joy of all, except the sharks.

How true that the treacherous calm is more to be dreaded than the boisterous tempest! because it holds out temptations and withholds the dangers of an experiment. The sea being calm, the boy thought that he might with safety have a bath—not knowing that the ship was moving with the current, let go the rope, and must have been lost but for timely assistance. And he likewise forgot those monsters of the deep who, in those becalmed latitudes, are always on the look-out. I could not help praying, becalmed in soul as I am,—

"Whene'er becalmed I lie,
And storms forbear to toss,
Be Thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss;
For more the treacherous calm I dread
Than tempest bursting o'er my head.

Come, Holy Ghost, and blow
A prosp'rous gale of grace,
Waft me from all below,
To heaven, my destined place;
Then, in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind."

Thursday, 7th.—We are now in the tropical rains; it pours in torrents. A homeward-bound ship has just passed us. On account of the rain we could not exchange signals. I did hope to be able to forward letters I have written, and MS. of sermon. My hope is yet deferred. Lat. $3^{\circ} 37' N.$, long $24^{\circ} 29' W.$ 60 knots.

Friday, 8th.—A comfortable night's sleep, to me a mercy, for which I am thankful, and I am quite well. We are still becalmed, and are learning in another form, "Without Me ye

can do nothing." Lat. $3^{\circ} 8' N.$, long. $23^{\circ} 48' W.$ 29 knots.

Saturday, 9th.—A wind has now sprung up, but we are sailing six points out of our course. Oh, what a trial of faith and patience! I have no power to command either, and I need both. Lord, increase my faith! Lat $2^{\circ} 37' N.$, long $23^{\circ} 49' W.$ 35 knots.

Lord's-day, 10th.—Light variable winds and rain; exceedingly trying it has been the last five days. Forty-one days since we left the docks, and have not yet crossed the Line! Lat. $1^{\circ} 57' N.$, long. $24^{\circ} 11' W.$ 39 knots.

Preached this morning in the saloon at ten, and four o'clock on the main deck. I heard some of the passengers remark that I had, without intending it, preached a good anti-Popery sermon. I preached Christ, the only Foundation, the only Refuge, the only Way, the only Mediator, the only Priest, and the only Saviour.

There are three ships in sight. We have spoken to one, a Dutch ship outward bound. There is a homeward bound ship about ten miles abreast of us; she is becalmed like ourselves; too far off to exchange signals, therefore no hope of sending letters.

Monday, 11th.—Still becalmed; weather hazy and wet; very oppressive; no prospect of a change. The poor sailor who fractured his leg on the sixth of last month, this morning was able to be carried from the saloon to his own quarters. Lat. $1^{\circ} 59' N.$, long. $24^{\circ} 31' W.$ 20 knots.

A homeward bound ship passed this afternoon. We quite expected to be able to forward letters by her. Alas! she passed too far off. We were able to exchange signals by means of flags. She promised to report us, "All's well" at Lloyd's. Sunset to-night was most beautiful,—

"Grand and lovely to behold,
Glow in the west a sea of living gold;
While all above, a thousand liveries gay
The skies with pomp ineffable array."

It would be impossible for the most talented artist to sketch the marvellously magnificent sight that we have just beheld—the heavens a blaze of radiant colours that can never be described.

Tuesday, 12th.—Wind stronger but not favourable; sailing

six points out of our course. What a serious loss of time during the last eight days! Lat. $1^{\circ} 28' N.$, long $25^{\circ} 11' W.$ 50 knots.

Wednesday, 13th.—We are farther from the Line than we were yesterday, in consequence of the strong currents being much stronger than the light winds we have. Lat. $1^{\circ} 33' N.$, long. $26^{\circ} W.$ 49 knots.

Thursday, 14th.—Up at half-past five o'clock. Sunrise grand, such as can only be seen in the tropics.

“Towards the East

An atmosphere of golden light, that grew
Momently brighter and intensely bright,
Proclaimed the approaching sun. Now he comes;
A dazzling point emerges from the sea.
It spreads, it rises; now it seems a dome
Of burning gold! higher and rounder now;
It mounts; it swells; now, like a huge balloon
Of light and fire, it rests upon the rim
Of waters, lingers there a moment, then soars up.”

Lat. $1^{\circ} 23' N.$, long. $26^{\circ} 27' W.$ 10 knots.

Several sharks have followed the ship all day. But a far worse shark has been seeking to devour me, even Satan, who seeks to devour whom he MAY. Blessed be God, he MAY not devour, no, not the weakest who are looking unto Jesus; they are preserved in Christ Jesus, and called.

“Preserved in Jesus when
My feet made haste to hell.”

How much more, then, shall they be preserved now that their feet are Zionward! “For if when we were enemies we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by His life.”

On Lord's-day I lent to a second-class passenger the December number of the *Earthen Vessel*. When he returned it I found that he had taken the very unwarrantable liberty of writing in the margin! and, although a professing Protestant, he wrote against my quotation from Mr. Walker's speech—“He hates the Pope,” &c.—viz., “Bad; the Pope is a man and a brother (!); hate Popery.” What! the Pope, who is the Bishop of Rome, my brother? the Pope, who is Anti-christ, my brother? the Pope, who is the greatest blasphemer in the world, my brother? the Pope, who has usurped the official priesthood of Christ, and power of Christ either to

curse or bless, my brother? what, the Pope, whose coming is after the working of Satan, with all power, and signs, and lying wonders, and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness, my brother? the Pope, who is a curse to the world, an annoyance to the Church of Christ, and the most wicked insulter of my Lord and Master Jesus Christ, my brother? No! I thank God that there is no relation between us, therefore no love. Rather than love him, I would pray the martyr's prayer to the Pope,—

“Our Pope, who art at Rome, accursed be thy name, thy kingdom perish, thy will be hindered in earth, as it is in heaven; give us again the money we have given for thine indulgences; and lead us not into thy delusion; so shall we be delivered from evil; for thy kingdom is hell, brimstone, and sulphur, for ever and ever. Amen.”

Friday, 15th.—Our deliverance has not yet come. Here we are, on the English side of the Line, where we were yesterday. Oh that the Lord would command the auspicious gales! Lat. $1^{\circ} 16' N.$, long. $27^{\circ} 9' W.$ 42 knots.

Saturday, 16th.—Twelve days we have been becalmed within one hundred miles of the Line. In all my experience of ship-board, I have never before experienced anything to be compared with this voyage thus far.

How mysterious are the ways of God! Here is a ship renowned for her quick and regular passages, and the prayers of thousands of the Lord's people have been offered up that she may sustain her good character on this occasion: notwithstanding, almost everything has been against us; hurricanes, variable winds, head winds and calms, all contrary to us. But God, who is too wise to err, has a purpose to accomplish by these things,—what purpose I know not:—

“Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.”

We have just caught a shark, about seven feet long; it caused great excitement. In consequence of its great weight and resistance, it was with great difficulty got on board. No less than SIXTEEN SHARKS have been following the ship all the afternoon. Lat. $0^{\circ} 37' N.$, long. $27^{\circ} 33' W.$ 39 knots.

Lord's-day, 17th.—Becalmed all night. Three o'clock this

morning I was awaked by a most distressing dream. I dreamed that my wife was dead! My grief was so great, my heart was almost ready to burst; I found myself crying and sobbing aloud.

Raining in torrents; obliged to hold service in the saloon; it was like preaching in a Turkish bath. I was very much comforted in soul while preaching from Luke xviii. 3, "Avenge me of mine adversary," and was raised up above the oppression on my mind from my adversary dream. Lat. $0^{\circ} 14' S.$, long. $28^{\circ} W.$ 30 knots.

Every appearance that the time of our deliverance has come; a favourable wind has now sprung up, and we are sailing on our course. Oh, what a mercy! after having been becalmed so long.

Preached on the main deck between four and five o'clock; during the sermon we crossed the Line, from the northern to the southern hemisphere: thus in one day I preached on the northern and southern sides of the equator.

In consequence of its being the Lord's-day, and service being held at the time, nothing was seen of "Neptune," the sea-god. But the practice of this barbarous and often dangerous ceremony is now discontinued, in consequence of the disastrous results which frequently have followed its performance; it was, however, the intention of some of the sailors to dress up for the occasion of honouring "Neptune," with no intention of "shaving" the passengers who had not before crossed the Line, but to obtain from them a redemption fee in the shape of some grog, which "Jack" would much rather have than the honour of "shaving" the new chums.

The manner in which it used to be carried out was this. Some sailors would dress up in a garb to represent "Neptune," who pretended that he had just come on board, and, with his doctor and barber, demanded the name of the ship; and if there was any one on board who had not before been within his dominions? The names of the passengers are then produced (those who have not crossed the Line before). "Neptune" then demands of them a fine for crossing the Line into his territory. If the fine is paid they are allowed to pass; if not, they are then handed over to the barber, to submit to the indescribable penalty of being "shaved." The face is then covered, not with soap-lather, but with pitch, grease, &c., from the cook's galley; then, with a

wooden razor two or three feet long, the filth is scraped off—and very often skin and hair, too! He is then handed over to the doctor, who has a draught ready for him to take, the ingredients of which are most nauseous! Then two or three buckets of sea water are poured upon him to wash him down; having thus paid the penalty to the satisfaction of “Neptune,” he is released, and is now for ever free, and may cross the Line whenever he please.

It is forty-eight days since we left the docks, and have only just crossed the equator!

Monday, 18th.—At noon, lat. $1^{\circ} 40'$ S., long. $30^{\circ} 6'$ W. 196 knots.

Tuesday, 19th.—Becalmed all night; rain fell in torrents; the damp atmosphere is very oppressive. The wind is freshening a little. Lat. $2^{\circ} 49'$ S., long. $30^{\circ} 30'$ W. 69 knots.

Wednesday, 20th.—We have now the trade winds; I trust that they will continue, so that we may say farewell to our becalmed days. Lat. $4^{\circ} 20'$ S., long. $31^{\circ} 17'$ W. 110 knots.

Thursday, 21st.—A favourable night, sailing on in our course. Our prospects are much more encouraging. Lat. $7^{\circ} 22'$ S., long. $32^{\circ} 18'$ W. 200 knots.

We have passed the island of Ascension, which is of volcanic origin; and presenting from the sea a barren and forbidding appearance; the highest peak, or Green Mountain, is elevated 2,818 feet above the sea, and may therefore be seen from a ship's deck at a distance of sixty-five miles. Ascension is visited by the sea-turtle between Christmas and Midsummer; and it is supposed that, during the above period, each female makes three or four nests. The animal remains on the coasts of the island till fifty or sixty eggs are fit for being deposited in the sand. She then lands on the beach, between ten o'clock at night and four in the morning, and going sometimes 150 or 200 yards above high-water mark, digs a large pit about eight or ten feet in diameter, and two or three feet deep, where the eggs are deposited, and carefully covered with sand. She then leaves them to nature. In about nine or ten weeks the young turtle breaks its prison, and works its way upward through the sand, gains the surface, and proceeds directly to the sea. Should the journey happen in the daylight, many of the young animals are picked up and devoured by the man-of-war birds, who may be seen hovering over the turtle's nest. Vessels

calling at this island for turtle have often turned fifty in a night, of from three to five hundredweight each.

During the confinement of Napoleon on the island of St. Helena, the British Government in 1815 deemed it requisite to take possession of Ascension as a military station.

The sea in the vicinity of St. Helena is celebrated for being infested with sharks: the whole family of sharks is found here—the blue shark, the dog shark, the hammer-headed shark, the copper-headed shark, and the mackerel shark. All herd together, hungry for prey; they are awfully voracious, and may be justly considered as the wolf or tiger of the deep.

The stomach of this fish commences not far from the mouth, and extends nearly throughout his whole length; it is, in fact, an immense bag, and, by its loose integuments or covering, admits of great distension.

An instance of the voracity of the shark has been known at St. Helena, in the fact of an artilleryman, entire, and with his clothes on, being found in the belly of a shark.—(See Mr. Webster's Narrative, vol. i., p. 376.)

Friday, 22nd.—Lat. $9^{\circ} 56' S.$, long. $32^{\circ} 52' W.$ 154 knots. Two o'clock; a steamer passed us with which we exchanged signals; we shall therefore be reported on her arrival in England. Very much disappointed that we could not send letters by her, she being too far off.

Saturday, 23rd.—The weather is indescribably beautiful. Lat. $12^{\circ} 12' S.$, long. $32^{\circ} 22' W.$ 136 knots.

This has been a week of great anxiety and deep exercise of mind. Oh, how I long to be freed from the bondage of ship-board life! To the Christian it is bondage indeed in being obliged to live every day with those who fear not God. What a sparrow alone I am, and must appear to be unto those who are of the world! It is a very great comfort and blessing to me that I have a cabin to myself. I am thankful to the Lord for enabling grace to stand fast, and hold fast the profession of my faith without wavering.

Lord's-day, 24th.—This has been a day of many mercies. The weather most beautiful. What a contrast to the weather in England for the month of January. With us for the last twenty days the thermometer has averaged 80° , some days 95° .

This morning and afternoon preached on main deck. A

very novel and primitive appearance we should present could a photograph be taken while I am preaching, surrounded by my congregation, on the deck of the *Nineveh*. However, it is no ordinary privilege, on shipboard out at sea, to be able to hold two public services every Lord's-day; but, of all places, there can be none more trying for a minister, surrounded with persons of all creeds, no creeds, and prejudices of every colour, and but few to sympathise with him. Well, few or many, my work is to preach the Gospel, fearless of frowns and independent of smiles, and leave the result with the Lord.

This day twelve months I was to have preached in brother Ponsford's Chapel, Clapham, but was unable to do so, my illness having assumed a very serious character. While looking at the things that were seen, there was not much to encourage a hope of recovery. But, blessed be God, He helped me when I was thus brought low. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases." Lat. 14° 31' S., long. 32° 9' W. 139 knots.

Monday, 25th.—Fifty-six days since we left the docks, and now we have about 10,000 miles yet before we shall reach Sydney. Lat. 17° 29' S., long. 31° 3' W. 196 knots.

Tuesday, 26th.—Looking out of my cabin window about four o'clock this morning all was dark, when all at once I was startled in beholding a bright light, as I thought, on the horizon, but soon discovered that it was the morning star. It was a most beautiful sight to behold amid the darkness all around—the forerunner of day-dawn, rising, as it appeared, out of the dark waters of the great deep. Soon after day-dawn appeared, and then the sun rose in his majesty and glory, shedding golden radiance on all around, In all this glory of nature I saw nature's God, my beloved Jesus, who is the bright and morning Star, our harbinger of deliverance from the dark night of death, "a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn and the Day-star arise in your hearts." O welcome Star! O glorious Sun! shine into my poor dark soul; for Thou art my Light; all is dark without Thy bright shining. Speed Thy fair dawn of light, and joy, and healing, Thou Star of Day.

"I will give him the morning star." "Through the tender (bowels of the mercy) mercies of our God, whereby the day-

spring (or sunrising) from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace." Lat. $19^{\circ} 14' S.$, long. $30^{\circ} 41' W.$ 134 knots.

Three o'clock; we were abreast of the islet of Trinidad, which is in lat. $20^{\circ} 29' 55'' W.$, and is about six miles in circumference. The land is very unequal, and at least no more than a cluster of rocks, with some shrubs in the valleys. There is also a large quantity of sea-fowl, and rock-fish, and many wild hogs and goats. We passed very close to the island on board the *Great Britain* on my way to England, in 1867, when we had a distinct view of two very remarkable rocks, one called the "Monument," and the other the "Sugarloaf."

The Monument is 850 feet high, of a cylindrical form, and almost detached from the island, with large trees growing on its top. The Sugarloaf at the south-east end is 1,160 feet high, of a conical form, with trees likewise on its summit; and whenever it rains hard a cascade of about 700 feet makes a beautiful appearance. The arch is a natural passage made by the sea through a bluff about 800 feet high; it is 40 feet in breadth, nearly 50 feet in height, and 420 in length. The depth of water above three fathoms. When the sea is moderate you may see through the arch into the only bay in the island, and have a view of a distant rock covered with trees, which renders the prospect extremely picturesque.

We have just seen two whales, which were amusing themselves (like some persons) according to their usual custom, spouting up water in the air. I don't know but that we were quite as much amused in beholding those monsters of the sea, as they appeared to be themselves; indeed, some of our passengers were delighted, only sorry that they did not honour us with their presence nearer our ship. Jonah was no attraction to them this time, because he is at Nineveh,—Jonah is the figure-head of our ship, he stands out at her head, not running away, but preaching; therefore the post of duty is the place of safety.

A homeward-bound ship is in sight; I do wish that she would come near enough, and take my letters to England. She has passed without being able to exchange signals.

Wednesday, 27th.—The sunrise this morning was the grandest I have ever seen, and such was the testimony of all who saw it. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament

showeth His handiwork." We are again becalmed, and have been since early this morning. Lat. $21^{\circ} 32' S.$, long. $30^{\circ} 49' W.$ 109 knots.

Thursday, 28th.—Light and variable winds. Lat $22^{\circ} 4' S.$, long. $30^{\circ} 48' W.$ 32 knots.

Friday, 29th.—Favourable wind all night. Lat. $25^{\circ} 1' S.$, long. $33^{\circ} 3' W.$ 190 knots.

Saturday, 30th.—Lat. $27^{\circ} 54' S.$, long. $32^{\circ} 6' W.$ 173 knots.

Lord's-day, 31st.—The weather is most beautiful, everything may be seen in its glory. The sun rising and going down, likewise the Empress of the night, and all the hosts of heaven, are the grandest sight, that can only be seen in their perfection and beauty out at sea, and in this latitude. I often exclaim, while beholding the works of the Lord, "Who is like unto the Lord, who dwelleth on high?" "And all Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord." Even the geraniums that we have in the saloon, and a rose tree are in flower, which they would not be at this season of the year if in London.

If we were on a pleasure trip the weather now would be all that we could desire; but that not being the case, but a question of time, of getting home as soon as possible, it is most trying in being thus kept back as we are with light variable winds, and three or four points out of our course.

Ten o'clock, preached on the main deck from Matt. xiii. 44; and at four o'clock, from "Them that come unto God by Him."

There being about three hours' difference between London time and with us to-day, it would therefore be one o'clock p.m. in London when we commenced the morning service, and seven o'clock in the evening when we commenced our afternoon service, London time being in advance of us; and will increase for some time until we arrive at the meridian of Greenwich, off the Cape of Good Hope, then we shall have London time, after which we shall advance until we arrive in Sydney, when it will be ten hours in advance upon English time in Sydney.

I do pray that the solemn things that have been spoken to-day may be owned and blessed of God; that it may be seen, in days to come, that there was a needs-be that I should be detained on board the *Nineveh* to preach the Gospel of Christ. Lat. $29^{\circ} 34' S.$, long. $32^{\circ} 3' W.$ 90 knots.

Monday, February 1st.—Sixty-three days since we left

London, and have not yet accomplished one half of our voyage! This morning I saw a most magnificent dolphin, about three feet in length, of a light blue colour, and swimming up to the surface of the water could be seen to great advantage. Lat. $31^{\circ} 16' S.$, long. $31^{\circ} 18' W.$ 105 knots.

Tuesday, 2nd.—The fine weather is over and gone; eight o'clock last night a fresh breeze, cloudy, with passing showers. At midnight wind veered round gradually to the N.N.W., moderate breeze, with gloomy appearance, accompanied with rain. At five o'clock sudden shift of the wind to the southward, with heavy rains; a fearful noise whilst the sailors trimmed the yards. The wind split the main-royal sail, unbent and bent another; the rain fell in torrents. Lat. $32^{\circ} 35' S.$, long. $29^{\circ} 9' W.$ 135 knots.

Twelve months last evening I was dangerously ill. Shall never, never forget that night, and those who came to see me, full of love and sympathy, the Lord bless them will ever be my prayer. Bless the Lord, O, my soul, for restoring mercies? "All my times are in His hand."

"Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth,
Times of trial and of grief,
Times of triumph and relief."

Wednesday, 3rd.—The wind has changed again, blowing dead against us; it has split the mainsail. I could almost say with Jacob, "All these things are against me." Sixty-five days, and not accomplished the half of our voyage! I do need patience to wait the Lord's time. I want to get to Sydney in my time! Oh, how I do long to see the home of my loved ones once more. It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the soul. And what a desirable salvation to me! to be delivered from this ship-board prison, and hasten my escape. Lat. $34^{\circ} 10' S.$, long. $28^{\circ} 36' W.$ 110 knots.

Thursday, 4th.—Since four o'clock this morning we have been sailing on our course with a little more encouraging prospect, the wind being more in our favour. Lat. $35^{\circ} 22' S.$, long. $27^{\circ} 37' W.$ 87 knots.

Since noon the wind is all that we can desire, and we are making ten to twelve miles per hour. The Lord be praised. I trust that our becalmed days are over and gone.

Friday, 5th.—We have had a fine run all night. Albatrosses are now flying about most majestically; they are noble-looking birds, some of them measuring from wing to wing, twelve feet. We are now in the latitude of the Isles of Tristan Da Cunha. Lat. $37^{\circ} 8' S.$, long. $23^{\circ} 36' W.$ 222 knots.

The Isles of Tristan Da Cunha are three in number; viz., Inaccessible, Nightingale, and Tristan, the largest, has a mountain peak 8,350 feet high; named after the Portuguese navigator who discovered the group in 1506. At present it is the domain of an interesting community of English people, who voluntarily went to it; they are entirely independent of control of our Government. In the London papers of April, 1824, there appeared the following statement:—"The Island of Tristan Da Cunha has now upon it, living in great happiness, twenty-two men and three women. The ship *Berwick*, Capt. Jeffery, from London to Tasmania, sent her boats ashore on the 25th of March, 1823. The sailors were surprised at finding an Englishman of the name of Gloss, formerly a corporal in the Artillery, and the rest of the above-mentioned population. Gloss gave so favourable an account of the island, which is only nine miles in diameter, that it may be of importance to outward bound ships.

"There are plenty of pigs, goats, potatoes, cabbages, &c.; abundance of fish, and excellent water. The island is very fertile, in fact, in everything desirable to settlers; and Gloss declared that if they had but a few women more, the place would be an earthly Paradise. He is governor, by appointment of the rest, on account of his military character; and he trades in a small schooner to the Cape of Good Hope, with oil of the sea elephant, and skins of seals, which they catch in great abundance; the crew of the *Berwick* saw the mountain at a distance of fifty miles."

In the year 1835, the ship *Wellington* called. Captain Loddell wrote,—“On this occasion my passengers, especially the ladies, were exceedingly liberal in their presents of wearing apparel, blankets, books, &c., &c.

“The Rev. J. Applegate, of the Established Church, took advantage of the opportunity, and christened twenty-nine persons, from the age of a few months to seventeen years, after an address to all the assembled inhabitants. This was the first time they had ever seen a clergyman.”

In 1849, the Rev. W. Taylor was appointed resident minister by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, at the instance of an unknown benefactor, who, sympathising with the people in their destitution, remitted to the Society £1,000 for a minister to reside there for five years, who would fulfil the offices of teacher and minister.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, on his way to Australia in 1867, called at this island; when abreast two miles and a half from the settlement they could see the few scattered cottages, and a red flag hoisted on the largest cottage. A boat came alongside containing eight men, the boat was steered by a venerable-looking old man, with a large white beard; the old man was Peter Green, the oldest surviving colonist, Governor Gloss having died thirteen years ago. The boat contained a welcome supply of fresh provisions in the shape of potatoes, poultry, fish, eggs, and a couple of young pigs. His Royal Highness invited Green to breakfast with him; the Duke inquired what would be the most useful to the islanders in the way of clothing and provisions, and put down himself the various things the old man mentioned, and gave orders to the paymaster to supply them to the value of £110.

The Duke, with his suite, and a number of officers, started from the ship for the shore. While the Duke proceeded with his suite up the settlement, the Rev. J. Miller, the chaplain, who had been requested by Green to christen the children, collected the mothers and children together in Green's house, and christened sixteen of them.

There were seven good-looking single girls, one of them remarkably handsome, and the same number of unmarried young men. Mr. Miller suggested to them that they had better avail themselves of the present opportunity for matrimony, and offered to remain two hours among them, and marry them as soon as their minds were made up, but the suggestion was not adopted: one of the young men said that he had decided upon leaving the island, intending to seek his fortune at the Cape; and therefore matrimony was not to be thought of for the present. The island being too small to maintain more than a limited number, they considered the Cape as the natural destination of their surplus population; and, although distant 1,500 miles, they speak of it as if it were close at hand.

In the graveyard of the island there is a very handsome

white marble headstone, erected to the memory of Governor Gloss, containing the following inscription:—

WILLIAM GLOSS,
 Born at Kelso, Scotland,
 The founder of this Settlement,
 Tristan Da Acunha,
 In which he resided 37 years,
 And fell asleep in Jesus,
 November 24th, 1853, aged 67 years.

“Asleep in Jesus. Far from thee
 Thy kindred and their graves may be;
 But there is still a blessed sleep,
 From which none ever wakes to weep.”

There is another headstone with the following inscription:—

THOMAS SWAIN,
 Born at Hastings, England,
 Died on the 26th day of April, 1862,
 Aged 102 years.

Saturday, 6th.—Our good ship *Nineveh* is now in her glory, sailing along before a splendid south-west wind in fine style, which I trust it will please the Lord to continue, for with this wind we could sail direct to Sydney. She looks a perfect beauty in full sail before the wind, with every stitch of canvas spread, and each sail drawing like a company of well-trained horses. There is the flying jib, outer jib, inner jib, fore topmast-staysail; foresail, fore topsail,—lower and upper; fore topgallant-sail; mainsail, main topsail,—lower and upper; main topgallant-sail, main royal; main topmast-staysail, main topgallant-staysail; mizen staysail, mizen topmast-staysail, mizen topgallant-staysail; cross-jack, mizen topsail, mizen topgallant-sail, mizen royal; spanker; and likewise lower studding-sail, fore topmast-studding-sail, main topgallant-studding-sail.

The ship's bell is tolled every hour and every half hour throughout both day and night. The ship's time by the sun:—

One bell, for half-past 12, 4, 6, and 8 o'clock.

Two bells, for 1, 5, 7, and 9 o'clock.

Three bells, for half-past 1, 5, 7, and 9 o'clock.

Four bells, for 2, 6, and 10 o'clock.

Five bells, for half-past 2, 6, and 10 o'clock.

Six bells, for 3, 7, and 11 o'clock.

Seven bells, for half-past 3, 7, and 11 o'clock.

Eight bells, for 12, 4, and 8 o'clock.

Lat. $38^{\circ} 46'$ S., long. $18^{\circ} 20'$ W. 276 knots.

Lord's-day, 7th.—Held service in the saloon, morning at 10 o'clock, and afternoon at 4 o'clock; preached from John vii. 37, spoke first of the persons described, not any one or every one, but every one that thirsteth; the person inviting, Jesus full of grace and truth, and who is the fountain of gardens, the well of living waters and streams from Lebanon; and then the invitation, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." I was enabled to deliver an experimental and discriminating testimony. I am more than ever convinced that that is the only safe ministry that maintains the difference between the religion that is natural and is of man, and the religion that is spiritual and is of God, and thus "take the precious from the vile," and take up the stumbling-blocks out of the way of the Lord's people, the fearing and tempted ones.

The weather is much colder; the thermometer is now 50° .
Lat. $40^{\circ} 8'$ S., long. $14^{\circ} 10'$ W. 219 knots.

Monday, 8th.—At four o'clock a.m. we were abreast of Gough's Island; we passed within twenty miles; till past six o'clock we had a distinct view of that mass of rocks forming the island, which stands out in the great South Atlantic Ocean. It is necessary that a sharp look-out be kept when in the latitude of such dangerous places. I felt truly thankful to the Lord, while we were sailing in safety past the island, and exclaimed, "Thou shalt guide me with Thine eye,"—the eye that never slumbers nor sleeps. God can always see the danger, through fogs and thick darkness, by night or by day, when that darkness may hide it from His people. "Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel," giving wisdom and understanding, so as to be able to steer on in the right and safe course; "And Thou shalt guide me with Thine hand," and will either remove the danger or keep back the guided one from running into it. "For *this* God is our God for ever and ever; He will be our Guide, even unto death."

Captain Heywood, who visited the island, found the summit 4,380 feet above the level of the sea. The surface of the isle was mostly covered with a light coat of mossy grass; in some places were a few small bushy trees. The cliffs rise precipitously from the sea, and from their fissures issue several beautiful

cascades of water. At a cove on the north side of the island boats can be landed in safety. Near the north-east point of the island is a rock exactly resembling a church, with a high spire on its western end, and therefore called the Church rock. Several Americans resided for some time on the island, but were unsuccessful during a long stay, most of the seals having deserted the island; but plenty of fish and birds may be procured of good flavour. This island used to abound with fur seals and sea-elephants, but they were so annoyed by the Americans that they sought a more safe and distant retreat, and their persecutors, therefore, have been obliged to leave also, so that the island is now only inhabited by birds, and stands in lat. $40^{\circ} 19' S.$, long. $9^{\circ} 27' W.$ At noon, lat. $40^{\circ} 32' S.$, long. $8^{\circ} 48' W.$ 252 knots.

Tuesday, 9th.—Lat. $40^{\circ} 58' S.$, long. $4^{\circ} 11' W.$ 199 knots.

Wednesday, 10th.—Seventy-two days since we left the docks, and we have only just passed the meridian of Greenwich, and have now 7,191 miles to go before we reach Sydney. Lat. $41^{\circ} 26' S.$, long. $0^{\circ} 50' E.$ 230 knots.

We have once more English time, and shall now every day gain time in advance on Greenwich.

Twelve months this day I was so far restored as to be able to go to "Warm Harbour" Lane. For that act of Christian sympathy I shall ever love and gratefully remember my dear brother and sister, E. Carr, for thus receiving me as one of the family, with whom I was happy and at home, and was helped very considerably by them in my heavy work. My Master will reward them in their obedience to His word, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for some have entertained angels unawares."

EBENEZER AND LIZZIE CARR, OF CAMBERWELL:

John Bunyan McCure's best wishes and prayer to God for them.

On board the *Nineveh*, at sea, south of the Cape of Good Hope,

February 10th, 1869.

E benezer, brother, beloved in our most glorious Christ, all hail!

B orn again of Him whose grace shall never fail.

E benezer's thou hast had in all the journey past,

N one need fear, who on the Lord their burdens cast;

E ven they shall all the surging waves of life outride,

Z eal, brother, for Jehovah's faithfulness, and in the Lord confide.

E very word, the oath, the promises of God are sure;

R ejoice, my brother, in the Lord rejoice—rejoice now and ever more.

And you are one, and we are one in Christ, our Brother,
 None can those separate whom love has bound together.
 Death! no! there is no death in Christ—in Christ we live for ever.

Lizzie, my sister dear, in Christ, thy risen life,
 In Him rejoice, thy well-beloved Friend, thy light;
 Zion's light is Christ, her glorious Sun, her first and last,
 Zealous, my sister dear, in all His ways stand fast,
 In decision's valley fearless stand, commit thy cause into His hand,
 Every burden on Him roll, thy Rock, and Shelter of thy soul.

Come in, you said to me, beloved of the Lord, come in and dwell with us.
 Ah! your lovingkindness to the servant of the Lord my Master will reward.
 Run on, my brother, sister dear, in all God's ways delight;
 Round His throne of grace pour out your soul; remember me, both morn-
 ing, noon, and night.

“The Lord bless thee, and keep thee; the Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace (Numb. vi. 24—26).

An albatross has been following the ship for several days. It is an elegant and magnificent bird, and may justly be called the sea swan. Mr. Webster describes one bird which he saw, 3ft. in height and 10ft. in the spread from extremities of wing to wing, and weighed fifteen pounds. The feet of these birds are a fine, delicate, webbed structure, large and expansive, and well adapted for swimming, or alighting on the surface of the water. They appear to be a most formidable-looking bird, and take their prey upon the wing.

The albatross never comes on land unless for the purpose of breeding, when the attachment that exists between it and the penguin is very remarkable. Their nests are constructed with great uniformity near each other, that of the albatross being always in the centre of a little square formed by the nests of the penguins. The penguins, or sea fowl, according to the description of Captain Morrel; there are four species on the Falkland Island. They walk upright, and when fifty or more are moving in file they appear, at a distance, like a “company of juvenile soldiers, or the children of a church choir in their habits.” This feathered animal may be said to combine the qualities of men, fishes, and fowls. Upright like the first, their wings and feet like the second, and furnished with bills and feathers like the third. Their gait on land, however, is very awkward, more so than the Jack-tar just landed from a long voyage; their legs not being much better adapted for walking than their wings for flying.

The stormy petrel, or Mother Carey's chickens. This little creature is perpetually on the wing, skimming over the troubled surface of the sea,—from morn to night it wanders over the stormy waves, its only home is the boundless air. Twenty or thirty have been following us for days, although we are sailing from ten to twelve miles per hour.

The Cape pigeons are constant and unwearied attendants of ships on the long voyage, and are frequently seen at more than 2,000 miles from land; but during this voyage I have seen only one or two.

Thursday, 11th.—We are sailing along triumphantly; the last twenty-four hours we have made 303 miles.

The Lord be praised that we are that distance nearer home. Lat. $42^{\circ} 2' S.$, long $7^{\circ} 32' E.$ 303 knots.

Friday, 12th.—All's well! What a mercy! Lat. $42^{\circ} 39' S.$, long $11^{\circ} 45' E.$ 195 knots.

Saturday, 13th.—We have nearly lost our favourable wind. It is much lighter weather, fine, but cold; thermometer 48° . Lat. $42^{\circ} 55' S.$, long. $15^{\circ} 40' E.$ 168 knots.

Lord's-day, 14th.—“I will sing of the mercy of the Lord for ever.” This has been a day of many mercies. We have at last passed the meridian of the Cape of Good Hope, and are now on the Australian side of the Cape. Lat. $43^{\circ} 35' S.$, long. $19^{\circ} 4' E.$ 158 knots.

This morning and afternoon held services in the saloon, preached from “My witness is in heaven.” Afternoon, “A friend loveth at all times.”

Monday, 15th.—These words have been very precious—“For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed: but My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord, that hath mercy on thee” (Isa. liv. 10). Lat. $43^{\circ} 40' S.$, long $24^{\circ} 24' E.$ 238 knots.

Tuesday, 16th.—We have had a splendid run all night; the sea may be seen in its grandeur, with its mountain surging waves. It is truly a magnificent scene, the wind blowing a perfect gale; under reef sails our noble ship is scudding before it, over the mountain foaming billows, across valleys, hills, and gullies. The sea assumes an indescribably grand appearance when raised by the wind, and the majesty of the Lord appears therein. But in this I rejoice, while beholding the irresistible power both of wind and sea, that—

“These surging waves obey Jehovah's voice,
They are subject to His sovereign will;
When roaring in their fiercest rage,
He speaks—they *must* be still.”

One heavy sea washed over the quarter-deck, rushed into the saloon and into my cabin. Soon after that it was wiped out, and while I was just settling down for a quiet read, another sea rushed down the companion stairs and, of course, into my cabin again, which is opposite the stairs, so that I came in for more than my share. Everything cold, wet, and comfortless. Lat. $43^{\circ} 39' S.$, long. $30^{\circ} 37' E.$ 274 knots.

Wednesday, 17th.—A sleepless night. Impossible to sleep. The roaring of the wind, the waves dashing against and over the ship at times is truly awful!

A strong gale continued throughout the night, with a high cross sea running, with terrific squalls, accompanied with passing showers of hail and rain. They took in all small sail at 1.30 a.m. Foot rope of upper main topsail parted and split the sail; unbent, and bent another; took a reef in the upper topsail. At noon wind more moderate, but a very heavy sea running. Ship labouring and straining heavily; shipping heavy seas on the main deck. Lat. $43^{\circ} 13' S.$, long. $36^{\circ} 43' E.$ 275 knots.

Passed Prince Edward's and Marion Islands. The line of coast is composed of black, perpendicular volcanic cliffs, much worn by the action of the waves. There are two or three conical hillocks, like small craters of a volcano, of a deep red colour. The south cape has a perpendicular face, the termination of a long terrace, like projections from the foot of the hills. The mountains in the centre of the island rise to a considerable height. Along the coast there is a vast number of penguins, in groups of many thousands each, and other kinds of sea birds are abundant, and fur-seals, &c., &c.

Thursday, 18th.—Another uncomfortable night; ship rolled frightfully; bulkheads creaking—creaking awfully; rolled in my berth all night from side to side, with the rolling of the ship, just as babies are rocked in their cradles, but could not be rocked to sleep; thankful when daylight appeared.

But for the fiddle-sticks (frames) fixed on the table, to prevent the things from being rolled off, it would be impossible to take our meals. The wind being light and a heavy sea swell is the cause of our discomfort.

The wind has freshened, and we are off at 10 knots. Lat. 43° 24' S., long 21° 40' E. 236 knots.

Friday, 19th.—A fine wind all night. Lat. 43° 25' S., long. 47° 20' E. 256 knots.

This evening we passed Crozet Isles. They have no production but the seals and some other animals; there are no other resources, and therefore are more to be avoided than approached.

Possession Island is a perfect mountain mass of volcanic land. Its shores are bold and precipitous, with many projecting rocks, which seemed to have been formed by the unceasing action of the waves cutting away the softer parts. There is a high perforated rock (through which it is said a vessel might sail) that stands out more than a mile from the coast to the westward, and is an unerring mark by which Dark Cape may be distinguished.

East Island is three or four miles in diameter. Its loftiest pinnacles attain a height of at least 4,000 feet, and the precipices of its shores in some places rise several hundred feet high, rising perpendicularly from the sea. Nearly every cape has its detached rocks extending off it, from half a mile to two miles. There is one that resembles a ship under press of sail, hence the appellation, "Ship rock," and another is called "Church rock," from another fancied similarity.

Saturday, 20th.—Preserving mercies! Lat. 43° 25' S., long. 51° 36' E. 196 knots.

Lord's-day, 21st.—Held service at ten and four o'clock. Since we passed the meridian of the Cape of Good Hope we have advanced on English time, and shall continue to do so. To-day we are four hours before Greenwich; therefore, when we commenced our service in the morning at ten, it was six o'clock a.m. in London, and four o'clock p.m. in Sydney; and when we commenced at four o'clock, it was then twelve o'clock noon in London, and in Sydney ten o'clock p.m.

Eighty-three days since we left London. But for the very unfavourable weather we have had, instead of preaching here on board the *Nineveh*, I should have been at home and preaching in my own pulpit. Instead of that we are out at sea in the great Indian Ocean, 4,276 miles from Sydney. It will therefore be some time yet before I shall see my wife and children and friends. I am indescribably anxious! I trust that all is well. Lat. 43° 36' S., long. 57° 53' E. 267 knots.

Monday, 22nd.—There is one evil-disposed person in the second cabin who is full of envy, and has watched me very closely, that he might find an occasion to speak against me; but, not having found any, all at once he thought that he had a most damaging charge against me, viz., I had not held services exclusively for the sailors; therefore I am no Christian nor yet a Christian minister, I only care for the rich and not for the poor, and that I am proud, &c., &c., and only care for myself. Now, ever since I have been on board I have held two public services—I have preached twice every Lord's-day. The captain orders the ship's bell to be tolled before each service; thus all on board, passengers and sailors, are invited and are welcome; those who do not attend, it is their own fault: there are two services provided for them. During the unfavourable weather the service is obliged to be held in the saloon, to which the sailors are invited, and some attend. When the weather is fine it is held on deck; therefore there is no necessity whatever for any other services than those we have. It is my mercy that he has nothing worse to say of me.

Yesterday afternoon, while one of the officers was conducting the singing, he broke down. He said that it was the carpenter's fault, "in that he ran away with the *slack* into another tune." Lat. $43^{\circ} 51' S.$, long. $61^{\circ} 29' E.$ 156 knots.

Tuesday, 23rd.—Wind favourable; making good progress; weather fine, but cold; thermometer 45° . Lat. $44^{\circ} 13' S.$, long. $67^{\circ} 13' E.$ 250 knots.

Wednesday, 24th.—In the night we passed Kerguelen Island. This inhospitable island and its surrounding groups are very little known; it is only of interest to the sealers who visit its shores, or to the passing ship which may require shelter or refitting, on account of the boisterous climate it is subject to.

The principal island is about ninety miles long. On the south side of Christmas Harbour is the extraordinary rock noticed by Captain Cook. It is a huge mass of basalt, much more recent than the rock on which it rests, and through which it seems to have burst into a semifluid state. It is upwards of 500 feet thick, and rests upon the older rock at an elevation of 600 feet above the sea.

Under this basalt some remarkable fossil trees were found.

Numerous beds of coal, varying in thickness from a few inches to four feet, were discovered in the trap rock. Lat. $44^{\circ} 7' S.$, long. $72. 85' E.$ 238 knots.

Thursday, 25th.—About 10 a.m. we passed the islands of Amsterdam and St. Paul's. Amsterdam is 2,750 feet high, and is four miles long. The north-west end is craggy, and slopes to the water's edge. It is uninhabited, and but little is found to support a shipwrecked crew and passengers, as was experienced by those of the ship *Meridian*, bound for Sydney, which was wrecked on its south side, August 24, 1853.

St. Paul's Island is two and a-half miles long from north-west to south-east, and one and a-half broad. The whole length of the coast is little more than six miles. It appears at a distance to be table-topped, with steep, acclivitous sides, the summits of which are severally from 740 to 860 feet.

The great interest attached to this island is the circular basin on the middle of the north-east face, which was once the submarine crater. This magnificent basin is about two-thirds of a mile in diameter, and has a depth of twenty-seven to twenty-nine fathoms in the centre. This basin was separated from the sea by a ridge a few feet above the sea; this has since been worn away, and there is now a passage into it with eight or nine feet of water over the ridge.

The beach is about 600 yards wide, and half a cable from deep water to deep water.

Around this crater basin the precipitous cliffs rise to 700 or 800 feet, and are clothed in parts with rank grass, much interspersed with rocky fragments, or built into terraces by the industry of the few settlers, the garden produce of which is sufficient at times to afford a small supply to a passing vessel. The island still shows signs of latent volcanic energy in numerous places from the margin of the crater upwards, and also on the outer slope of the island, where there are many thermal springs and crevices, whence gaseous exhalations are given out, of a high temperature.

The remarkable phenomena of the boiling springs on the tongues of land and elsewhere, which are covered by high tides, as described by Sir John Barrow, still exist, and fish and crayfish may be caught on the beach and tossed into those natural pools of boiling water and readily cooked.

These waters when cold are drinkable, and residents, who

otherwise are dependent on rain water, use them without inconvenience when other supplies fail. They are also held in esteem as a specific for rheumatism. Lat. $44^{\circ} 13' S.$, long. $77^{\circ} 47' E.$ 240 knots.

Friday, 26th.—Lat. $44^{\circ} 8' S.$, long. $81^{\circ} 52' E.$ 180 knots.

Saturday, 27th.—“It is of the Lord’s mercies that we are not consumed.” Lat. $44^{\circ} 15' S.$, long. $86^{\circ} 20' E.$ 200 knots.

All day in thought I have been in Sydney. Oh, how I long to be there in person, that I may once more behold my loved ones, from whom I shall have been separated about nineteen months! Not having heard from home since last August I am very anxious to know that all is well; the sorrow of heart that I have endured God only knows. It is a great blessing that I have a cabin to myself, wherein I can pour out my soul unto the Lord.

Lord’s-day, 28th.—Ninety days since we left Gravesend, and have yet about 2,894 miles between us and Sydney.

This morning and afternoon I preached from Rev. xxii. 17, and was helped to speak of some solemn things. I do trust that the seed sown may spring up in days to come.

How disappointed they will be in Sydney because of our not having arrived. We should have arrived last week but for the hurricanes and calms that we have had. Considering what we have passed through, it is a mercy indeed that we are spared to arrive at all. Lat. $44^{\circ} 7' S.$, long. $91^{\circ} 20' E.$ 230 knots.

Monday, March 1st.—Goodness and mercy hath followed me, and doth follow me, and shall follow me (God hath said it) all the days of my life.

By the end of this week I shall have finished my writing, which has occupied a great deal of time, and is very difficult to do, in consequence of the continual rolling of the ship. Lat. $44^{\circ} 7' S.$, long. $97^{\circ} 7' E.$ 260 knots.

Tuesday, 2nd.—A sleepless night. The rolling of the ship and dashing of the waves at times is truly frightful during a sleepless night. Nevertheless, we are sailing on with good speed. Lat. $44^{\circ} S.$, long. $102^{\circ} 38' E.$ 242 knots.

Wednesday, 3rd.—We have a fair wind dead abaft, and a heavy swelling sea, which causes the ship to labour and strain incessantly. It is almost impossible to write. Lat. $43^{\circ} 35' S.$, long. $108^{\circ} 20' E.$ 252 knots.

Thursday, 4th.—The wind much lighter. Lat. $43^{\circ} 33' S.$, long. $111^{\circ} 38' E.$ 140 knots.

Friday, 5th.—The Lord be praised,—during the night we passed Cape Leewin, Western Australia, and are now sailing abreast of the Australian continent.

We have now about 1,772 miles to sail, then we shall arrive in Port Jackson, Sydney. Oh, that will be joyful, joyful, joyful! My feelings in relation to my wife and children quite overwhelm me; how long it does appear since I saw them! Lat. $42^{\circ} 56' S.$, long. $116^{\circ} 41' E.$ 228 knots.

Saturday, 6th.—The wind is much lighter. I do trust that it will please the Lord to command the wind to blow stronger that we may go faster, that this may be our last Saturday on shipboard. Lat. $42^{\circ} 26' S.$, long. $120^{\circ} 9' E.$ 156 knots.

Lord's-day, 7th.—Wind still light; we are making but little progress; dark, portentous-looking clouds all round.

My wife, children, and friends have been anxiously watching from hour to hour the arrival of the ship. It has been, and is, a time of great anxiety; as for myself, I would fly away if I had wings; I am burdened, dejected, and oppressed.

Held service at ten and four o'clock; subject: Everlasting punishment,—eternal,—for ever and ever, set forth by fire, to describe the most distressing and excruciating pain; by a furnace of fire, where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched: the infinite dignity of God, who is sinned against, requires an infinite punishment to be inflicted for the vindication of His honour—die they or justice must; infinite punishment must be inflicted, either upon Christ the Surety, or else upon the sinner. Those who are saved by Christ are saved by an infinite punishment being inflicted upon Him, and He being an infinite Person was able to endure and go to the end of eternal sufferings, and is therefore able to save to the uttermost, &c., &c. It was a solemn subject: I trust that the Lord will bless it to those who heard it.

When we commenced service in the morning at ten o'clock, it would be two o'clock a.m. in London, and twelve o'clock noon in Sydney. And when we commenced at four o'clock, it was eight o'clock a.m. in London, and six o'clock p.m. in Sydney,—we being to-day eight hours in advance of London. Lat. $41^{\circ} 54' S.$, long. $123^{\circ} 53' E.$ 155 knots.

The wind has freshened, and we are sailing along at from ten

to twelve knots. Oh, what a relief! The Lord continue it. Then shall I see my dear ones in about a week from now.

Monday, 8th.—A sleepless night. But I have been comforted very much, knowing that our noble ship has been sailing along all night in her glory; she only wants the wind, then she's off, flying; none can pass her, but she will be sure to pass all in her way, and leave them far behind. Lat. $41^{\circ} 10' S.$, long. $121^{\circ} 19' E.$ 251 knots.

Tuesday, 9th.—Light winds, every appearance of a calm. Lat. $40^{\circ} 15' S.$, long. $132^{\circ} 28' E.$ 173 knots.

Wednesday, 10th.—The wind freshened, and has been blowing all night from N.W., and we are sailing along gloriously. Early this morning I was the first to discover a ship on the horizon on our port bows; half-port we passed her on our star-board. She appeared to be sailing in the direction of King George's Sound. It was quite a relief from the monotonous sea and sky scene of one hundred days. Lat. $40^{\circ} 2' S.$, long. $136^{\circ} 21' E.$ 170 knots.

I have just received the following letter from Mr. Samuel Saddington, who is on a visit to Sydney, and a deacon of one of the London Congregational Churches.

[Copy.]

On board the *Nineveh*, March 10th, 1869.

MY DEAR SIR,—As we are daily drawing nearer to Sydney, after a voyage which has been specially marked by the preserving care of our heavenly Father, we cannot separate without an expression on my part (fully participated in by my dear wife and her sister, Mrs. Chapman) of the very great pleasure we have experienced from your company as our fellow-passenger. And also, how much we feel indebted for the suitable and earnest manner in which you have conducted divine service during the voyage; those occasions, and your frequent conversations, have been very refreshing to our souls, and will long be remembered with thankfulness when we shall separate; and though when we leave Australia we may not meet again on earth, yet we firmly believe that, through the infinite mercy of our God, we shall renew our fellowship in a brighter world above. Will you accept the accompanying volume ("Giant Cities of Bashan") as a very small memento of our esteem? Trusting that you may be permitted to meet your dear wife and family in good health, and praying that the Lord God may con-

tinue to bless your labours in His cause for many years, I remain, my dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

To J. B. McCure.

SAMUEL SADDINGTON.

Thursday, 11th.—The weather most beautiful, but every appearance of a calm. Lat. $39^{\circ} 20' S.$, long. $140^{\circ} 51' E.$ 224 knots.

Since noon light winds. I fear we shall be becalmed; very trying within 700 miles of Sydney. Sunset most beautiful; equal to what we saw in the tropics,—quite Australian.

Friday, 12th.—Since midnight we have been becalmed. Nothing but a sea of glass and beautiful blue sky to look at from hour to hour, except a few birds, called “Molly Hawks.” One has just been caught, measuring in the spread, from wing to wing, six feet.

Oh, how I need the sustaining grace of God to enable me to bear up under this great trial, in being kept back so long from the home of my dear ones, whose hearts are full of anxious fears on account of my not having arrived! Lat. $39^{\circ} 10' S.$, long. $142^{\circ} 8' E.$ 61 knots.

Three o'clock p.m.—Still becalmed; abreast of Warrnambool (about forty miles off). We can only see land as a cloud.

Just seen three or four of those remarkable sea-fowls, penguins. They can accommodate themselves to circumstances; not wishing to be seen they dive down, and remain under water for a long while: we thought them very uncourteous indeed, particularly as the ladies were very desirous of an interview.

At four o'clock a light breeze sprang up; again we are on our course, sighted Moonlight Head, which is a dark-looking cliffy headland, 200 feet high, seventeen miles from Cape Otway.

At seven o'clock the light at Cape Otway was sighted from the masthead; at half-past seven my eyes were once more favoured to see that light, which I have often seen in days past, and which is now our welcome pilot light into the entrance of Bass's Straits; the Lord be praised.

At nine p.m. headwind sprung up. “About ship!” is the undesirable word of command.

Saturday, 13th.—Tacking about all night we are now becalmed in sight of the coast, and Cape Otway ranges about

twenty miles off the lighthouse. There is a bay just inside called Apollo Bay. I shall never forget the harbour of refuge I found there once, in 1866, when on my way from Melbourne to Adelaide. While abreast of Portland a storm raged with great fury. The steamer was kept on her course for some time, till the hurricane became dead against us. We wanted to run into Portland, but the weather being thick prevented the land being seen; and to heave to was out of the question,—the sea and gale had risen to a fearful height; so she scudded before it, and thus we were driven back 150 miles before the hurricane, and by the guiding hand of God found a refuge in Apollo Bay, where the tempest was ridden out in safety. What a contrast now!

Cape Otway, the north-west point of the western entrance to Bass's Straits, is about 250 feet high.

It is marked by a lighthouse, coloured white, a flag staff, and an electric telegraph station. The latter is in hourly communication with the cities of the three colonies.

I do wish that we were near enough to be telegraphed to Sydney, that it might there be known that we are alive and may be expected by about Tuesday.

Several fine fish have just been caught—the barracouta.

At noon our position was lat. $39^{\circ} 5' S.$, long. $143^{\circ} 19' E.$ 55 knots.

I am very thankful that we have been able to signal, as we were abreast of the Cape Otway lighthouse. We shall therefore be reported in Sydney this afternoon. We are now about 600 miles from Sydney.

We are again on our course, with a light breeze, and are in the western entrance of Bass's Straits, which is formed by the island of the north-west point of Tasmania and Cape Otway, on the Australian Continent, and is thirty six leagues wide; King's Island, lying nearly midway (where the ship *George Marshall*, with a large number of Government emigrants, was wrecked some time since), occupies nearly twelve leagues of this space, and leaves to the northward of it a passage forty-seven miles in breadth, and to the southward thirty-seven miles.

Lord's-day, 14th.—This is the fifteenth Sunday, and 105 days since we left Gravesend. We are again becalmed. Several large whales in sight; one came quite close; a perfect "leviathan;" not less than eighty feet in length.

Preached this morning while abreast of Cape Liptrap.

This afternoon I preached my farewell sermon, from 1 Peter v. 7: "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." Directly the service was concluded I was taken by surprise. The captain requested those present to remain, and then said that he felt it to be his duty and pleasure publicly to thank me for the kind and faithful manner in which I had conducted services twice every Sunday during the voyage. He was quite sure that all present would agree with him in thus acknowledging how greatly they were indebted to me. Mr. Saddington, one of the saloon passengers, replied, and spoke very kindly and approvingly. I felt that it was a great mercy that, at the close of a long voyage, such a public testimonial should be given me in relation to my conduct during the voyage.

During the service we were abreast of Wilson's Promontory, which is a bold headland. It is formed by rugged mountains of considerable elevation; it may be seen from twelve to fifteen leagues from a vessel's deck. It lies about $39^{\circ} 9' S.$, and $146^{\circ} 23' E.$

We had a distinct view of an island called Rodondo, of a conical shape, and 1,130 feet above the sea level, bears south by east. Five and a half miles from the southern extremity of the cape there are several smaller islands and gigantic rocks, presenting bold, romantic scenery, and standing out as beacons to warn us of the danger of too near an approach.

Monday, 15th.—How very trying in being thus detained! the wind has been dead against us all night. Obligated to tack about out of our course, we are in a worse position than we were yesterday.

Ten o'clock a.m.—We again came in sight of the promontory, at a distance of about thirty miles, and are now becalmed.

Two o'clock.—Light breeze during the afternoon. Cleared the Devil's Tower, a formidable lump of bare rock, that will destroy any ship that may come within its reach. It is frequented only by birds, seals, and their pursuers.

Passed Curtis Island, or the Slipper Rock, thus named because towards the north it slopes away in the shape of a shoe. While we were passing this rock a white cloud covered it, and nothing more could be seen of the dangerous rocky slipper, although a mile broad, and in clear weather may be seen at a distance of eleven leagues.

Six o'clock we passed Judgment Rocks, so named from the resemblance of one of them to an elevated seat, nearly a mile in length.

Through the guiding and preserving hand of God, before sundown we cleared all those exceedingly dangerous places.

This has been a day of very great anxiety, being in the most dangerous part of our voyage, with calms and light, variable winds.

But through the mercy of our ever-gracious Lord, who has piloted our noble ship in safety through hurricanes, calms, and rocks, He has guided us with His eye, enabling us now to say,—

“Hither by Thine help I've come,
And I hope by Thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home.”

Tuesday, 16th.—During the night we passed Kent's Group, which consist of two principal islands, named Deal and Erith, and a few smaller ones, which are mere rocks. On its south-west point is a lighthouse, sixty-seven feet in height, and 880 feet above the sea level, exhibiting a revolving light at an interval of one minute, visible thirty-six miles in clear weather.

All but becalmed. We are about 300 miles from Sydney.

Two o'clock. South-west wind blowing hard, and we are off. I trust that it will continue until it has blown us into the Bay of Port Jackson, then farewell to the *Nineveh*.

Wednesday, 17th.—Early this morning we passed Cape Howe, lat. $37^{\circ} 31' S.$, long. $150^{\circ} E.$; the light was sighted eleven o'clock last night.

Ten o'clock we were abreast of Mount Dromedary, 2,700 feet in height; the land behind lying more in hummocks than elsewhere. One of these hummocks, Mount Imlay, 2,910 feet high, is round, and very much higher than the rest, hence the name “Dromedary.”

The passengers now are all excitement packing up, preparing for the termination of our long voyage.

After dinner I had the honour of presenting to our worthy captain the following testimonial:—

“Sydney, March —, 1869.

“TO CAPTAIN THOMAS BARNETT.

“DEAR SIR,—We, the undersigned, saloon passengers

by the ship *Nineveh*, from London, heartily congratulate you on our safe arrival in Sydney. Although our voyage has been somewhat lengthened by the unprecedented severity of the gales, hurricanes, and protracted winds experienced in the British Channel, and in the North Atlantic, as well as by frequent calms near the equator, we have much pleasure in bearing our testimony to your seaman-like skill, courage, and discretion, both in the storms and the calms.

"We were also gratified in observing how ably you were supported on all occasions by your officers.

"We thank you cordially for your uniform gentlemanly behaviour, and your kind attention in promoting our comfort amid the occasional discomforts incidental to a long sea voyage.

"Sincerely wishing Mrs. Barnett and yourself a continuance of health and happiness for many years,

"We remain, dear sir,

"Yours truly."

Thursday, 18th.—At four o'clock this morning we passed Cape St. George's Light, Jarvis Bay. There is here a remarkable peaked hill, 2,340 feet high, named the Pigeon-house by Captain Cook, from its resemblance to a dove's house.

At ten o'clock we passed Woolongong. The weather being wet and hazy we were unable to be signalled. I am very sorry; but for the rain our friends in Sydney would now know that we are only forty-five miles from the "Heads."

While reclining in the chair in my cabin, all at once I imagined that a Sydney steamer came in sight and signalled us. "Is Mr. McCure on board?" Being informed in the affirmative, they then said, "Tell him that his wife is dead!"

Oh! how oppressed I do feel and have felt for some time. What can it mean? Surely it must be the enemy who is thus seeking to devour me, and thus to be a thorn to me. Often while on my knees, praying unto the Lord to stand by my poor wife and bless her, it has been as though some one was speaking to me, "Pray not for the dead, but for the living; she's dead!" I do hope that I shall find her well; we have "sown in tears," and now I trust we shall "reap in joy."

Weather very threatening; rain falling heavily. It is necessary to sight Botany Heads; in order to do so we are now sailing about three miles off the rocky coast, the high

cliffy broken rocks distinctly seen, the waves dashing right up the precipitous cliffs on to the mainland.

Twelve o'clock noon.—Rain fell in torrents, the wind blowing with greater violence. A sharp look-out was kept up; the land was only just visible on our port bows. All at once the man on the watch at the head of the ship shouted, "Breakers ahead! land ahead!" On our starboard bows could be seen the south headland of Botany, the wind blowing hard, and we were within one mile of the land and not half that distance from the "breakers." In a minute we were in the broken waters. The captain called out to the man at the wheel, "Put down your helm!" There appeared to be but a step between us and death; three minutes, and we must have been dashed to pieces, not a soul could have been saved. I was holding myself in readiness to inform the passengers who were in the saloon, but waited to see if the ship would be able to answer to her helm in time. Oh, that moment I shall never forget. I said to myself, it is either life or death. My ever-gracious Lord at that moment stretched forth His mighty arm and saved us; for although the wind was blowing us on in the direction of the "breakers," our noble ship answered to her helm, and we were saved. Our deliverance from death was truly marvellous. Yes, the Lord saved us, and blessed be His name.

We are now tacking about out at sea. This being the time of the equinoctial gales, I very much fear that they have now come on and may continue for several days.

Four o'clock p.m.—No change; a dark and gloomy prospect; all around looks wild and threatening.

By ten o'clock this morning I quite expected that I should be with my dear wife and children, but here I am, tossed about upon the surging billows, amid the roaring tempest. How remarkable; we left England in a storm, and have arrived in sight of Sydney Heads in a storm!

7 o'clock p.m.—No change; wind blowing hard, with sudden squalls.

10 o'clock p.m.—Blowing a gale; ship labouring and pitching heavily, with heavy cross sea. Read the 46th Psalm with Mr. and Mrs. Saddington and Mrs. Chapman, and prayed unto the Lord to continue to pilot us into our port, that we may there praise His holy name.

Friday, 19th.—Tacked about all night. Up at five o'clock; wind blowing hard with heavy squalls. No prospect at present of being able to make for the Heads. My head and heart aches. What with sleepless nights and indescribable anxiety, never have I before experienced so fully the true meaning of those words, "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

Wind has moderated, and we are trying to pick up the land. 10 o'clock a.m.—A decided change; land in sight.

12 o'clock noon.—Sighted Botany Heads once more, then steered our course for the romantic heads of Port Jackson.

2 o'clock.—The pilot came on board. I could have shouted aloud for joy, and did so in my soul, that, after a voyage of 109 days and nights we are now in charge of the pilot and sailing into the magnificent bay, which presents the most lovely and enchanting scenery, passengers delighted, while being towed to our anchorage.

Among the many boats that were coming to the ship, I saw one in which were four of my friends. When the boat came alongside I called out to them, "Is all well?" when one, a very dear friend, brother Mills, replied, "All's well!" but his tone of voice excited my suspicion. I again called out to them, "Is all well?" There was no answer. The second officer was standing by; I said to him, "All is *not* well!" My friends came on board; I said to them, "Tell me; is all well? how is my wife?" The answer was, "It is well with her. She died on the 23rd of February!"

Oh, dear me! I was stunned, I thought that my heart would break. It was some time before I could recover myself. When they took me home my dear children were delighted to see me, for they had feared the worst, that some evil had befallen me. Poor things! what a trial have they endured in having to witness the illness and death of their mother, and their father away! perhaps at the bottom of the sea! Our meeting and my feelings I cannot describe. What a sorrowful termination of my mission!

In the midst of my sorrow I have this consolation—to know that the Lord was very gracious unto her. She was happy in soul, rejoicing in the Lord. Just before she died she said, "I have but one earthly desire, and that is, that I may see my dear husband once more; but if it is not the Lord's will I am quite resigned, my will is swallowed up in His."

Oh that I could have seen her once before she departed! it would have been a great comfort; but that consolation the Lord has wisely withholden from me.

On Lord's-day, 21st, I preached in the morning—I did not think that it would be possible for me to do so under the circumstances, but the Lord helped me—from the words, 1 Peter v. 6, 7: “Humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in due time. Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you.”

My dear reader, with my acrostic on the name of our noble ship *Nineveh*, I will now say farewell.

“NINEVEH.”

Nineveh. On board this noble ship we've seen
 I n God, the Almighty's hand, the wind and foaming sea!
 N one but the eternal God, who rules the earth and sky;
 E verywhere is He, our great deliverer; He dwells on high.
 V erily's the name of every promise given, for all who cry and sigh,
 E ven those who on the wild waves' roaring foam to depths go down,
 To heaven they mount again.

H ave we not seen, on board the *Nineveh*, the hand omnipotent,—
 Commanding stormy gales, subservient to His will.

Lat. 33° 51' 41" S., long. 151° 11' 30" E. In time, advance of Greenwich, 10 hrs. 4 min. 46 secs.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A SERMON PREACHED ON BOARD THE SHIP “NINEVEH,” BOUND FOR SYDNEY, DECEMBER 13TH, 1868, OUT AT SEA, NEAR THE BAY OF BISCAY.

“But I will sing of Thy power; yea, I will sing aloud of Thy mercy in the morning: for Thou hast been my defence and refuge in the day of my trouble.”—Psalm lix. 16.

I AM requested by Captain Barnett to conduct religious services during the voyage, to which request I have most cheerfully complied, and knowing there are on board persons

belonging to the different denominations of Christians, and also well knowing that we have not left our denominational prejudices on shore, to relieve your minds of all unnecessary fear I will now state that the services that I shall conduct, and the sermons that I shall preach during the voyage shall be unsectarian and undenominational; but, at the same time, they shall be Scriptural, according to the Word of God, which alone is the rule of faith and practice.

I shall now direct your attention to a threefold consideration of our text.

1st. The song to be sung—"Thy power, Thy mercy."

2nd. The time and manner of singing it—"In the morning and aloud."

3rd. The twofold reasons given—Why he would thus sing—"For Thou hast been my defence and refuge in the day of my trouble."

The circumstances of mercy in which we are placed, compared with others, since we came on board this ship, demands of us such an acknowledgment of the power and mercy of God that we have experienced, whilst we have been tossed about, with the winds contrary to us, upon the mountain waves of the troubled sea.

Last Lord's-day we were constrained to meet together for special and earnest prayer to God, praying the Lord to have mercy upon us, to be our defence and refuge in the time of our trouble; that the winds held by Him in His fists might not minister to our destruction, which it has done in the case of many, but to our help, filling our sails with the auspicious gale.

The eye that never slumbers, the hand that is never shortened, and the ear that is always opened to the heart-cry of those who feel that they cannot be saved, only by the Lord, has been opened to us. He saw the disciples when they were in the midst of the sea, the winds contrary to them. He came unto them walking upon the sea, and said, "Be of good cheer; it is I, be not afraid." "The wind ceased; and they were sore amazed in themselves beyond measure, and wondered, saying one to another, What manner of man is this, for He commandeth even the winds and water, and they obey Him?"

We are witnesses this day that the same Lord God omnipotent reigneth; for, by His power and mercy, we are where

we are, and not in the cold arms of death at the bottom of the sea.

“I will sing of Thy power; yea, I will sing aloud of Thy mercy in the morning.”

As all those great works which His gigantic arm wrought when He brought out of chaotic darkness and confusion this world in which we live by the word of His power, so the deliverance of souls from the chaos of a natural condition, which is a condition of darkness and death, is thus ascribed unto the power of God. “For God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.” And for thousands of years past He has been upholding all things by the word of His power.

How then can I sink with such a prop, which bears the world and all things up? This God, who is strong in power, is the almighty Helper of all those whom He hath taught to trust in Him, and to feel their entire dependence upon Him, teaching them that “Without Me ye can do nothing.” “He upholdeth all that fall, and raiseth up those that be bowed down;” and in that grand promise, yea, that cluster of promises, so precious to the poor and needy in Zion, “Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee, yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness” (Isaiah xli. 10).

If we look back into the life history of those who have gone before, and who came out of great tribulation,—

“Who wet their couch with tears,
Who wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears,”

what is their testimony for God? what is the subject-matter of their rejoicing song that they are singing, now that they are before the throne?

“They with united breath
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumphs to His death.”

The power of God is seen in its sustaining and preserving all through the journey of the pilgrims to Zion. For 430 years God by His power upheld and preserved His chosen people Israel, and when He executed judgment for the oppressed, by

visiting their enemies with plague upon plague, the Lord was the dwelling-place of His people. He covered them with His feathers, and under His wings they dwelt in safety. "And I will sever in that day the land of Goshen, in which My people dwell, that no swarms of flies shall be there. To the end thou mayest know that I am the Lord in the midst of the earth; and I will put a redemption between My people and thy people." The same power that was their safeguard overthrew the Egyptians in the midst of the sea, and those who had threatened destruction unto the people of God were themselves destroyed by the power of God. The depths covered them; they sank to the bottom as a stone. "Thy right hand, O Lord, became glorious in power; Thy right hand, O Lord, dashed in pieces the enemy." "Lo, these are parts of His ways; but how little a portion is heard of Him! But the thunder of His power who can understand?"

This, then, is the song of the Christian. Here we may trust and not be afraid; for though an host should encamp against him, his heart shall not fear; though war should rise against him, in this will he be confident. In Isaiah xl. you will find recorded some sample instances of the majesty and power of the Lord: "Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance?"

The 16,000 miles of sea we have to sail over before we can reach our haven—the depth of which, even where we are now being tossed about, is 2,450 fathoms, that is, 14,700 feet, in other parts, 36,000 feet deep—"is in the hollow of His hand, and is but as a drop of a bucket." What, then, are the mighty hurricanes with Him? He holds them in His fists, and has just as much control over the stormy tempests as He has over the dust of the balance!

How true it is, "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep. . . . They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses."

How different has been your land idea of shipboard life in a storm, extending over days and nights, to what it is now! and such is the difference when the soul born of God is brought to face the storms of God's wrath due to sin. How he will then stagger and stagger, until all his wisdom is swallowed up, his power to save himself gone, and none shut up or left. His heart will then be brought down before the Lord with "Save, Lord, or I perish." Thus to cry unto the Lord from the depths of soul-trouble can only be the experience of those who are in such a case, and who are they who thus cry unto the Lord? "The righteous cry; the Lord heareth and delivereth him out of all his troubles. But I will sing of Thy power, which is the stronghold in the day of trouble, the strong tower, the righteous run into it and are in safety."

"They may on the main of temptation be tossed,
Their sorrows may swell as the sea;
But none of the ransomed shall ever be lost:
The righteous shall hold on his way."

Let us now consider the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the power of God unto salvation. God, apart from the precious work and atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ, cannot pardon transgressions and sins; but only through the power of the life and death of Him, who finished transgressions, made an end of sin, made reconciliation for iniquity, and brought in everlasting righteousness, and is made unto us of God wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption. All who have been saved, and are saved, and shall be saved, are saved in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God.

There is no other person above the heavens, nor in the heavens, nor beneath the heavens, that can save a poor sinner from eternal condemnation. "Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

This is the power of which I will sing, and in which I will glory,—

"For he that in the Lord confides,
And shelters in His bleeding side,
Shall see the dangers overpast,
Stand every storm and live at last."

This is the power that convinceth of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, and souls are translated out of the kingdom

A A

of darkness into the kingdom of light, life, and liberty—the kingdom of God's dear Son. No power but the power of God can make a poor dead sinner to live, creating spiritual life in the soul to see, to feel, "I am vile, I am black, I am unclean, I am lost."

"In secret prayer I often cry,
Oh, give me Christ, or I must die."

Without this spiritual life there will be no spiritual seeing and feeling our need of Christ and the power of that precious blood that speaks to the troubled soul, "Peace be unto thee." Oh, what a precious Gospel the Gospel of Christ is! it proclaims salvation full and free—the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin, and is the power of God unto salvation.

By the power of God saints are kept, and He who is their almighty Keeper has all power in heaven, earth, and hell, over men and devils—He Himself having the keys of hell and of death.

"Fear not though lions roar,
Your Saviour guards you well;
Vain is the treacherous world's disguise,
And vain the rage of hell."

I will sing of Thy power, for all things are in subjection to it:

"Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on His firm decree.

Doubts and fears may rise, corruptions may strive for the mastery, enemies may conspire together, stormy winds may make us fear that the sea will be our grave; and where now is thy God to deliver thee? I will sing of Thy power which has always given the victory to those who believe in Jesus—with that faith that looks to Him, and cannot do without Him. Faith that laughs at impossibilities, and saith it must be done. Here we might speak of the power of the Spirit, God the Holy Ghost, who is an almighty Person, and who has power to begin the work of grace in the soul, power to carry it on, and power to finish it.

"Being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." All who are born again shall sing of the power of the Spirit's work—

"Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me;

I once was lost, but now am found—
Was blind, but now I see."

But we must now consider the second part of our song—
"Thy mercy."

There are the general mercies of God, which are over all His works. We, who are His creatures in common with all others, could not live, no, not one moment, without the mercy of the Lord. He who hath made us sustains us, and feeds us with food convenient for us; the providing and preserving mercies of God have been great to usward, and during the hurricane that has been raging around us. How good and merciful the Lord has been to us! Many, many have been the wrecks, and the deep sea is the grave of many a father, brother, and friend; but at present we are the living. Our dear wives are not widows, and our children are not fatherless! I will sing of Thy mercy!

"Plagues and deaths around me fly,
Till He bid I cannot die;
Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love see fit."

Whilst the storm was raging on Sunday evening, why was it not you, or you, or me, instead of the poor sailor whose leg was fractured, and who was all but washed into the sea? Because of the preventing mercy of God to us. I will sing of Thy mercy.*

Then there are those mercies which are spiritual—new covenant mercies in and through Christ Jesus, and which are sure mercies, and through which there is an eternal difference between the Church and the world, between the righteous and the wicked, between him that feareth God and him that feareth Him not.

Our precious, all-glorious Lord Jesus, is the Mercy of mercies, in whom mercy triumphs, justice is satisfied, the law magnified, the sinner pardoned and justified in a way in which mercy and truth meet together, righteousness and peace kiss each other. Now, it is by the power and sovereign grace of God the Holy Ghost that a poor sinner is brought to feel his absolute need of this mercy, which is substitutionary mercy, this one for another. Christ was the One for His people. He lived for

*Forty-seven ships were wrecked that day, round about us, and many lives lost.

them, obeyed for them. He was obedient unto death, even the death of the cross He suffered, and died for them. "Delivered for their offences, and risen again for their justification." The mercy that we have now to sing of is HIM in whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace. My heart felt need, my soul hungering and thirsting after this mercy, and necessitated to pray for it, feeling that I shall be cursed for ever in hell unless electing Love takes hold of me, precious blood claims me, and the Holy Ghost leads me to this glorious Friend of sinners. "If Thou wilt Thou canst make me clean." What a mercy thus to feel, and thus to pray! And here is another mercy, the answer—"I will, be thou clean."

I will sing of Thy mercy!—The mercy that has taught me my need of salvation mercy, and the merey that Jesus Christ will have mercy upon mercy-needing sinners, and to feel increasingly—

"Without Thy sweet mercy I could not live here,
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair;
But through Thy free goodness my spirits revive,
And He that first made me still keeps me alive.

Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell;
Its glories I'll sing, and its wonders I'll tell!
'Twas Jesus, my Friend, when He hung on the tree,
Who opened the channel of mercy for me."

Deserving as I do, as a sinner, everlasting, eternal punishment for ever and ever, which is the demerit of sin.

It is said by some that it is unreasonable—"For only a few years' sins to be punished with endless punishment." Unreasonable! Those who thus reason are dead in their sins!

"The dead know not anything;" but those who are convinced by God the Holy Ghost of sin both see and feel that they have sinned against an infinite God, and that they have merited infinite punishment.

"If Thou shouldst send my soul to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well."

The infinite dignity and majesty of God, whose laws have been broken by sin, require an infinite punishment to be inflicted for the vindication of His law, His honour, and His righteous character.

Infinite punishment must be inflicted somewhere, either

upon the sinner or Christ the Surety. Those who are redeemed by Christ are saved from suffering the vengeance of eternal fire by that infinite punishment being inflicted upon Christ, and He being an infinite and eternal person He, therefore, was able to endure and go to the end of eternal sufferings; He went to the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.

Christmas Evans, when speaking of the fall of man by sin, and his recovery by the death of Christ, described it by the following figure: Suppose a vast grave-yard, surrounded by a lofty wall, with only one entrance, which is by a massive iron gate, and that is fast bolted; within are thousands and millions of human beings of all ages and classes, by one epidemic disease bending to the grave. The graves yawn to swallow them, and they must all perish; there is no balm to relieve, no physician there. Such is the condition of man as a sinner; all have sinned, and it is written, "The soul that sinneth shall die." But while the unhappy race lay in that dismal prison, Mercy came, and stood at the gate, and wept over the melancholy scene, exclaiming, "Oh, that I might enter! I would bind up their wounds, I would relieve their sorrows, I would save their souls!

An embassy of angels, commissioned from the court of heaven to some other world, paused at the sight; heaven forgave that pause. Seeing Mercy standing there, they cried, "Mercy, canst thou not enter? canst thou look upon that scene and not pity? canst thou pity and not relieve?" Mercy replied, "I can see;" and, in her tears, she added, "I can pity, but I cannot relieve!" "Why canst thou not enter?" inquired the heavenly host. "Oh!" said Mercy, "Justice has barred the gate against me, and I must not, cannot unbar it." At this moment Justice appeared, as if to watch the gate. The angels asked, "Why wilt thou not suffer Mercy to enter?" He sternly replied, "The law is broken, and it must be honoured: die they, or Justice must!" Then appeared a form among the angelic band, like unto the Son of God; addressing Himself to Justice, He said, "What are thy demands?" Justice replied, "My demands are rigid, I must have ignominy for their honour, sickness for their health, death for their life—without the shedding of blood there is no remission!" "Justice," said the Son of God, "I accept thy terms! on Me be this wrong! let

Mercy enter, and stay the carnival of death!" "What pledge dost Thou give for the performance of these conditions?" "My word, My oath!" "When wilt Thou perform them?" "Four thousand years hence, on the hill of Calvary, without the walls of Jerusalem." The bond was prepared, and signed and sealed in the presence of attendant angels. Justice was satisfied, the gate was opened, and Mercy entered, preaching salvation in the name of Jesus. The bond was committed to patriarchs and prophets. A long series of rites and ceremonies, sacrifices and oblations were instituted to perpetuate the memory of that solemn deed. At the close of the four thousandth year, when Daniel's "seventy weeks" were accomplished, Justice and Mercy appeared on the hill of Cavalry; "Where," said Justice, "is the Son of God." "Behold Him," answered Mercy, "at the foot of the hill!" And there He came, bearing His own cross, and followed by His weeping Church.

Mercy retired, and stood aloof from the scene. Jesus ascended the hill like a lamb for the sacrifice. Justice presented the dreadful bond, saying, "This is the day on which this article must be cancelled." The Redeemer took it, what did He do with it? Tear it in pieces, and scatter it to the winds? No! He nailed it to His cross, crying, "It is finished"! The victim ascended the altar. Justice called on Holy Fire to come down and consume the sacrifice. Holy Fire replied, "I come! I will consume the sacrifice, and then I will burn up the world." It fell upon the Son of God, and rapidly consumed His humanity; but when it touched His Deity, it expired. Then was there darkness over the whole land, and earthquakes shook the mountains: but the heavenly host broke forth in rapturous song—"Glory to God in the highest! on earth peace! goodwill to men!"

"Justice was fully satisfied,
Atonement fully made,
The law was fully satisfied,
And wondrous love displayed."

Said Justice,

Man, I'd fain know what you weigh,
If light, I'll spare thee; if too light, I'll slay.

Man leaped into the scale, it mounted.

On my word, said Justice,
Less than nothing—where's my sword?

Virtue was there, with her small weight would try,
 The scale unsunk, still kick'd the beam on high.
 Mercy, the whitest dove that ever flew,
 From Calvary fetch'd a twig of crimson hue;
 Aloft it sent the scale the other side—
 Man smiled, and Justice said I'm satisfied.

We must now consider the time and manner in which the song of power and mercy is to be sung, "In the morning, and aloud."

Night precedes morning. What a long and dark night that was unto the chosen people, 430 years long, weeping endured, sighing endured, "by reason of the bondage, and they cried, and their cry came up unto God by reason of the bondage. And God heard their groaning, and God remembered His covenant; and God looked upon the children of Israel, and God had respect unto (knew) them, saying, I know their sorrows, and I am come down to deliver them." And deliver them He did in a way that gave Him glory.

The enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil; my lust shall be satisfied upon them, I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them.

He, the Lord, in the greatness of His excellency, appeared, and they were overthrown; "with the blast of Thy nostrils the waters were gathered together, the floods stood upright as an heap, and the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea. They sank as lead in the mighty waters. The morning of deliverance had arrived. "Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord, and spake, saying,—“I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea.”

Many, many are the dark, sorrowing, and groaning nights through which the Christian is often called to walk; no bright shinations from the Sun of righteousness, the harp on the weeping willows, and he cannot see to reach it down; but during this experience of darkness and sorrow,—

“His power upholds my feeble frame,
 And I'm victorious through His name.”

“And ye now, therefore, have sorrow; but I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you.”

On the morning of His resurrection He did see them again,

and turned their sorrow into joy when He warmed their hearts, and made them burn within them with His precious love. "Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord." Yes, that's the time to sing, in the morning, of the Lord speaking, the Lord lifting upon the soul of a poor, cast down, and benighted traveller, the light of His countenance, causing joy and gladness to flow into his soul, raising him above the world, the flesh, and the devil, to sing the good old song, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted."

Since Friday, the 4th,* it has been a dark, wearisome night; contrary, tempestuous winds, and heavy seas. The Lord has been teaching us our nothingness, that we are but grasshoppers, and the small dust of the balance, which may soon be blown away; but through the mercy of the Lord we have not been blown away to destruction. O, by these contrary winds may we know what it is to be blown nearer to the Lord, to anchor upon His grace, having that "hope as an anchor of the soul both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil."

Then shall we bless the Lord for the day of trouble, without which we should never need the day of deliverance. "The redeemed of the Lord shall return and come with singing unto Zion, and everlasting joy shall be upon their head; they shall obtain gladness and joy, and sorrow and mourning shall flee away." They shall now sing aloud, because of the joy unspeakable and full of glory, and will not be ashamed to declare what God has done for their souls; the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. No, they will not be ashamed of Jesus and His Word, His Gospel, His people, and His kingdom, but will speak out, and walk out, as the Lord works in them to will and to do of His good pleasure.

" His institutions will I prize,
Take up the cross, the shame despise ;
Dare to defend His noble cause,
And yield obedience to His laws."

I thank God that I am not ashamed of Christ and His Gospel, and on board this ship to declare myself a Christian

* For twenty-two days and nights the hurricane continued. Between three and four hundred ships were wrecked during that time.

and the Lord's servant. I have sworn my allegiance to Christ my King. I am His subject, and shall speak of the glorious honour of His majesty, and talk of all His wondrous works. "But I will sing of Thy power; yea, I will sing aloud of Thy mercy in the morning, for Thou has been my defence and my refuge in the day of my trouble."

We shall notice the reason given, Thou hast been my defence.

1. The word "defence" signifies that which secures the persons and the rights of men.

I know that the Lord will maintain my right and my cause,—the cause of the afflicted and the right of the poor.

Both the persons and all the new covenant rights of all the children taught of God will God defend. He is a shield for them, their glory and the lifter up of their head. They have an election right, because God hath chosen them in Christ Jesus before the foundation of the world, that they should be holy and without blame before Him in love.

God the Holy Ghost maintains this their right by delivering their souls from death, and creating within them—"My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God." Here is seen the fruit of electing love; we love Him, we desire Him, we want to love Him, because He first loved us.

"Those feeble desires, those wishes so weak,
'Tis Jesus inspires, and bids you still seek."

Oh, what a defence the Lord has been unto all those who are thus brought to desire to love the Lord, and to know that the Lord hath indeed chosen them.

When our feet made haste to hell, He defended us; when we were tempted to despair, and to give it all up, He defended us; He has been our defence and refuge in the day of our trouble. The redemption right that we have in Christ, and the right to all the promises, which shall be fulfilled as the circumstances of temptation and trial require, that the crooked things shall be made straight, the mountains depart, and darkness made light. Until God has thus perfected all the things that concerneth His people, He hath said—"These things will I do for them, and not forsake them."

2. The word defence means a fortification, guard, and protection.

“ Sheltered by Thine omnipotence,
 What potent arm shall pluck me hence ?
 On every side I'm guarded well,
 With love and grace immutable.”

Here, then, is the Christian's safeguard,—his stronghold in the day of trouble,—His strong habitation whereunto he may continually resort. What a defence the Lord has been, and is now, unto us, tossed about as we are from wave to wave, the wind contrary to us, and no small tempest on us, from day to night and from night to morning, who but the Lord Jehovah, the Lord of Hosts, the mighty God of Jacob, could have defended us in the day of our trouble from the death-threatening tempest that is now raging and howling about our ears,—who, I ask, but the God of whom I have been speaking could have spread such a protecting shield over us? Which He has done, and which He will do, until the morning of our deliverance shall come. “ Who is like unto Thee, O Lord, among the gods (the mighty one)? Who is like unto Thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?” “ Who ruleth the raging of the sea; when the waves thereof arise, He stilleth them, saying, Thus far shalt thou go but no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.” “ Bless the Lord, O my soul. He only is my rock and my salvation; He is my defence. I shall not be moved.”

“ When storms of sin and sorrow beat,
 Lead me to this Divine retreat;
 Thy perfect righteousness and blood,
 My rock, my fortress, and my God.
 When guilt lies heavy on my soul,
 And waves of fierce temptation roll,
 I'll to this rock for shelter flee,
 And take my refuge, Lord, in Thee.”

3. Defence means justification; that which repels a charge or accusation. Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth; and thus God, as the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus, is our defence, through the blood of the everlasting covenant. The children of Israel, through the blood of the lamb, were defended from the sword of death,—“ For the Lord will pass through to smite the Egyptians; and when he seeth the blood upon the lintel, and on the two side posts, the Lord will pass over the door, and will not suffer the destroyer to come in unto your houses

to smite you." This, then, is our defence,—our justification from the guilt of sin and the curse of the law,—the blood and righteousness of Him who was made sin for His people, that they might be made the righteousness of God in Him.

Pay me what thou owest. And what is that that we are indebted to Divine justice,—sinless obedience and infinite satisfaction. Unless we pay, or another pay it for us, we must suffer the bitter pangs of hell for ever. The Lord Jesus, by His sinless obedience, and His suffering unto death the death of the cross, has paid the debt in the name and in the nature of His people. Here, then, is the poor sinner's justification from all things from which he could not be justified by the law of Moses.

Oh, how precious is the finished work of Jesus to the poor, law-condemned sinner, who knows that he cannot pay the debt that he owes,—who has nothing wherewith to pay, a poor insolvent, obliged to take the benefit of the act and deed of the great Surety, whereby his debts are paid in full and he honourably discharged:—

"Black, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die."

For many days and nights we have needed a harbour of refuge, because of the tempest bursting upon our heads. And thus it is with those who want Christ, the only harbour of refuge for the destitute, the poor, and the needy; but for such trouble and spiritual insolvency, the Lord Jesus Christ would not thus be needed, and souls would not thus pray unto Him,—
"Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy upon me." "From the ends of the earth have I cried unto Thee; when my heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

How is it, with you, my dear friends? I do not ask you to what denomination you belong, but I do ask you, if you belong to the society of Jesus. Here is a description of them to whom Jesus is precious, and who are looking, waiting, longing, and crying to be with Him:—"The blind receive their sight and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up and the poor have the Gospel preached to them; and blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in Me."

Here is an experimental description of those whom Jesus

receives and eateth with, and who is their loving, faithful Friend,—who welcomes those who are brought by God the Holy Ghost to feel their need of all that He is, and has accomplished. “Come unto Me all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”

“Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of Him;
This He gives you—
’Tis the Spirit’s rising beam.”

But I will sing of Thy power and Thy mercy, by which my soul that was dead is made alive, my eyes that were blind are open to see the malady in myself and the remedy in Christ, that—

“Soothes my sorrows, heals my wounds,
And drives away my fears.”

These things that I have now spoken to you of are not only recorded in the Scriptures, but are recorded in the hearts of all those who are born of the Spirit in indelible characters which eternity cannot erase. May God, in His infinite mercy, write them in your hearts. Then will you have cause on board the *Nineveh* to sing, “Salvation is of the Lord,” and rejoice in the power and the mercy of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

CHAPTER XLVII.

A BRIEF MEMOIR OF THE LATE MRS. JOHN BUNYAN MCCURE.

When I first became acquainted with my late dear wife, she was living “without God, and without hope in the world.” The Lord having delivered my soul from death, I was very desirous that He would likewise have mercy upon her: and used to talk with her upon the solemnities of eternity; to which for a time she turned a deaf ear, until it pleased the Lord to con-

vince her of sin. This greatly encouraged me still to speak to her of the things concerning the Lord Jesus Christ. Most graciously the Lord blessed my humble endeavours: and she was brought to hope in His mercy—sovereign mercy—through the blood of the Everlasting Covenant. She now attended with me at the house of God, and we were baptized together by the late Mr. John Lucombe, pastor of the Church in Bethel Chapel, City Road. That was a night never to be forgotten by us; we were very specially favoured with the Divine presence, and the answer of a good conscience toward God.

Being fully persuaded in our own minds, and being one spirit in the things of God, determined to become one flesh. On the 29th of March, 1840, we were married at Islington Church. We lived together amid cloud and sunshine during a period of twenty-nine years, under the command and promise, viz., “Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.” We always found our dear Covenant God to be unto us, “A God of faithfulness, who has always fed us all our lives long, and redeemed us from evil.”

She was frequently the subject of great exercise of mind respecting her interest in the things of God. Often would she say,—

“’Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord or no?
Am I His or am I not?”

And was therefore often cast down while waiting for the assurance of her oneness and blessedness in Christ. She was one of the fondest of mothers who ever discharged the responsibilities of a mother, without any consideration of her own personal comfort; which often caused her to be “A Martha careful and troubled about many things.” But her love and decision for Christ, and truth, and the interest of Zion, never wavered: there she stood firm, and held fast the profession of her faith, without wavering.

When the crisis arrived respecting the chapel in Sydney—which must have been sold but for my mission to England—which I never could have undertaken but for her willingness that I should do so.

She said, “There are two evils, I will choose the lesser of the two; the one is the calamity of the chapel being sold, and

the cause of Christ reproached: and the other is my husband going to England, perhaps never to see each other again in this world. I shall therefore choose that he go to England: where I hope he will obtain the means that will save the Lord's house from being sold."

While I was engaged in my work in England, preaching and lecturing all over the land—by which means I obtained the amount of the over-due mortgage £1,000—my poor dear wife had much sorrow to endure from those who ought to have comforted and helped her to bear up under the no ordinary trial of being left and separated 16,000 miles from her husband.

Toward the close of the year 1868, she was taken very unwell. Her medical attendant recommended her a change to Victoria, considering the cough she was suffering from proceeded from weakness and anxiety: and that there was nothing the matter with her lungs!!! It was therefore arranged that she should go to Geelong by the steamship *Dandenong*. For some cause (but evidently under the over-ruling hand of God) the ship did not leave on the day advertised: or she would have arrived in Melbourne a corpse. On the following day, December 17th, just before she was to go on board—while coughing violently—she ruptured a blood-vessel in her lungs. It was twenty-five minutes before the hemorrhage ceased, but it came on again the following day, and continued twenty minutes. Saturday—remained quiet and cheerful all day. Sunday—much worse, bleeding came on worse than ever. The doctor pronounced her case very dangerous: no hope of recovery, her left lung being entirely gone, and only a small piece of the right remaining. During the three following weeks the hemorrhage continued, and then ceased altogether.

All through her illness she was most wonderfully sustained and blessed with the full assurance of faith in Christ. She was now raised up from the dust, high upon the Rock: and there the feet of her faith were established, so that she was never again moved to doubt: but could say,—

"Thou hast whispered Thy forgiveness
In the secret of my soul;
'Be of good comfort, daughter,
For I have made thee whole.'

The fowler's snare is broken,
 And loosed my captive wing ;
 And shall the bird be silent
 Which Thou hast taught to sing ?

" In the dust I leave my sackcloth,
 As a thing of other days ;
 For ' Thou girdest me with gladness,
 And Thou girdest me with praise.'
 And to that home of glory
 Thy blood hath won for me,
 In heart and mind ascending,
 My spirit follows Thee."

She now died to everything but Christ: she ceased to be a Martha, and was now a Mary, sitting at the feet of Jesus, where there's no cause for fears. Her soul was full of joy, because of the presence of the Lord, who was her Stronghold and Refuge in the day of her trouble. Those who visited her said they should never forget her happy state of mind.

During the early part of her illness, every morning she inquired as to the state of the weather: if the wind was favourable for the ship *Nineveh*, the ship by which I was returning. How long it does appear before the ship arrives (it now being over-due).

My last letter she received was read to her, informing her of my success, in which she greatly rejoiced, and said, " Yes, God has honoured the faith He gave him: and I am thankful that I have not made the sacrifice in vain. I have parted with my husband never to see him again. But the Church will not have to part with their place of worship; that will now be secure." " But," she added, " he will never be happy when he comes home to find that I am dead and buried. I hope he will not remain in Sydney. Tell him it is my dying wish he should go to England: where he will be able to bring up the two young children as he cannot here."

When asked if she did not wish to see her husband, she replied, " Oh, very much, but not if it is not the Lord's will."

February 22nd.—The doctor informed my daughter that she could not live till morning, and requested that she be informed.

A very dear friend and brother, Mr. Mills (who had always been kind and attentive to her during my absence, and on whose behalf I shall ever pray God to bless him) was sent for

to speak to her upon the solemn subject, that her end had come.

Directly she was informed, she replied, "I AM PREPARED TO GO ANY MOMENT. I HAVE BUT ONE EARTHLY WISH, AND THAT IS, THAT I MIGHT SEE MY DEAR HUSBAND ONCE MORE; BUT IF IT IS NOT THE LORD'S WILL, I AM RESIGNED: MY WILL IS SWALLOWED UP IN HIS."

She then spoke of the two younger children, Lydia and Arthur, then aged eight and ten years, and said, "I hope they will be cared for; they are young to be left without a mother's care:" and again said that she hoped I would take them to England, where she was sure they would be cared for. She told her eldest and fourth daughters, Jane and Jemima, how she wished her personal effects to be divided among the children, adding, "*I am not afraid to die: I am not afraid of death; I SHALL BE WITH JESUS, WHICH IS FAR BETTER.*" She then spoke of her wish in reference to a funeral sermon, saying, "Tell your father that I wish him to preach a sermon in relation to my death from the words that Mr. Mills preached from, and God blessed to my soul: 'Jesus answered and said unto him, if a man love Me he will keep My words, and My Father will love him, and We will come unto him, and make Our abode with him' (John xiv. 23), and tell him to give out that hymn,

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

The Lord will strengthen him, and enable him to do it, and to bear up under this—that will be to him—the greatest trial he has ever been called to experience."

Several times during the night, she said she could hear beautiful music and singing, and was surprised that those who stood by could not hear it also, holding up her hand, saying, "It is coming nearer."

Tuesday, 23rd, at half-past six o'clock p.m., she said to her daughters, "Take my hands," which they did, holding them in theirs. She looked on them with a smile, and said, "*I shall soon be gone, in five minutes.*" Exactly at that time she fell asleep in Jesus, with a sweet smile upon her countenance, which remained enstamped on her face in death. And then the great

time-piece of the throne struck twelve! the morning now began! the door was opened wide. She entered in for ever and for ever, to live, and reign and dwell with Christ her glorious Head, in spotless white, a Saviour's righteousness; in uncreated light, in holiness for ever, free from sorrow and from sin.

"Her ransomed
Spirit entered into rest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling
And were the weary are at rest.
She is now for ever at home in glory,
Oh, how the thought delights the soul!
Redeem'd from Satan's dire control,
And cleansed in Jesu's blood;
That thus from sin and death made free,
She now with Christ shouts, Victory!
And triumphs in her God."

I long to depart that I may be there also, where Christ is to be seen without a veil; "And shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

During her illness she desired one of the friends to ask me, on my arrival home, if I had had a presentiment of her illness and death, expressing her own conviction, saying, "Yes, I believe that he has."

How remarkable! On the 17th of December, the day that she was taken ill, while in the Bay of Biscay, I thus wrote in my Log-Book:—

"Dec. 17th.—The wind and sea are still against us, and have been all night. 'Be ye reconciled unto God, who hath His way in the whirlwind and in the storm; and the clouds are the dust of His feet.' I have no doubt that the Lord has a merciful and wise purpose to accomplish by the great and sore trials through which we have been passing now for seventeen days and nights. It may be that we are detained with head tempestuous winds here that we may escape greater dangers elsewhere. Most certainly the Lord is teaching us from day to day our nothingness and our dependence upon Himself, while beholding the majesty and power of God, who sitteth King upon the floods. Whilst writing these lines, the sea is higher than ever; twice it has washed over the poop-deck, and rushed down the companion stairs into the saloon. It is the opinion of many on board that the hurricane which caused the wreck of the *London* was not of

that continued, violent and overwhelming character that we have experienced. But 'I will sing of Thy power, here I will trust, until these calamities be overpast.' Everything looks dark and gloomy; yea, very dark, very dark indeed. The question will come up again and again, Shall I ever behold my loved and dear ones again in the land of the living? Oh, how I long to see them once more. Oh, how I have cried and prayed unto the Lord to command the stormy wind, and deliver us. 'But not my will; Thy will, O Lord, be done.' Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commit my soul; there it is safe to dwell, both for life and death. There, and there only, it is well."

And then I dreamed my wife was dead, and often while in my cabin, praying unto the Lord on her behalf, that the Lord would stand by her and bless her, it appeared as though some one was saying to me, "she's dead!" And thus I have often been stopped while praying. On the Lord's-day before her death I preached from, "Love is strong as death," and was very much exercised in my mind respecting her. I was indescribably anxious; and while she was dying (though I knew it not) it was my constant prayer to the Lord for her, often exclaiming, as I walked up and down the ship's deck, "I do hope that it is well with my poor dear wife. Oh, how I do long to see her once more."

Thus I was somewhat prepared for the solemn tidings that awaited me on my arrival in Sydney, although I hoped for the best, that I should see her dear face once more. But that great favour my ever wise and gracious Lord was pleased to withhold from me. My consolation is that she is taken from the evil to come.

"Yes, she's gone, not lost, but flown;
Shall I ask thee back, my own?
Back, and leave thy heavenly Father?
Back, to earth and sin? Nay, rather
Would I live in solitude;
I would not ask thee, if I could,
But patient wait the high decree,
That calls my spirit home to thee."

The following letter was addressed to me by brother Mills, and will, I am sure, be read with interest:—

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I feel assured that some particulars relating to your dear wife's state of mind during her illness,

will be interesting to you, and also to others. I believe the Lord's faithfulness and love was much displayed towards her in the peculiarly trying circumstances in which she was placed. When her illness became serious, in the early part of December, she expressed a wish to see me. When I called, we conversed about the precious things of Christ, and she informed me that she had derived great spiritual profit from a discourse she had heard me preach about two months previously from John xiv. 23, and part of the twenty-fourth verse, 'Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man love Me, he will keep My words, and My Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him; he that loveth Me not, keepeth not My sayings.' This Scripture was, by the Holy Spirit, made to her a great comfort; and she wished me to mention it to you, dear brother, as she thought it would be suitable for her funeral sermon.

"In her case, love reigned instead of fear so blessedly, that she could speak with the sweetest composure of anything about her departure to her heavenly home; and the dear Lord never suffered her to want the support of His own gracious presence through the whole of her illness. She said, of course, she longed to see you; but the day before her death she said, when informed that her end was very near, 'My will is swallowed up in His;' her heart was fixed, trusting in the Lord.

"On the evening of February 23rd she passed peacefully away; and on Thursday she was followed by a large number of sorrowing friends to the house appointed for all living. On the following Lord's-day, sermons were preached morning and evening, in improvement of the sorrowful event, to large congregations of those who deeply sympathized with your dear bereaved family and yourself. I preached in the morning from Romans v. 21. In the case of our dear sister grace did reign, in giving and sustaining spiritual life, and over her special trials, one of which was giving you up to labour in the Gospel the wide world over. Grace reigned over her natural timidity and over her natural desires, that she looked calmly on death as putting off this tabernacle, and putting on immortality, and to depart was to be with Jesus, which is far better—so much better, that those who loved her most dearly could not wish her back. 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.' Mr. G.

Shepherd, of New Town, preached in the evening from Genesis v. 24, 'And Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him;' the particulars of which I cannot give you, as I was not able to be present.

"I am, dear brother, yours affectionately,

"JOHN MILLS.

CHAPTER XLVIII. ✧

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY, WRITTEN WHILE PASSING THROUGH THE DEEP WATERS.

Lord's-day, March 21st.—What a mercy to be saved from self pity, from rebellions against God's dealings, from judging the Lord "by feeble sense." The Lord has most graciously saved me this day, and enabled me to preach in His holy name. I could well have excused myself, having only arrived home on the Friday, to find that the wife of my youth, my joys and sorrows had been buried twenty-three days. I have been in a most prostrate condition day and night. I could not speak, or be spoken to, yet, blessed be God, my Rock, my strength, I was lifted up upon the Rock, and preached from 1 Pet. v. 6, 7, and spoke of the mighty hand of the Lord, in relation to the gifts of His hand; the same hand that gives, takes away. The hand that wounds also heals, the mighty hand of God in which are all His saints, who are cared for, who are strengthened and upheld with the right hand of His righteousness. Whilst in the pulpit, and under the strength and consolation of the mighty hand of the Lord, I could say, "the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Monday.—What an outrage upon my wounded feelings, my aching heart. I have to go to the house of mirth and rejoicing, having a party to marry.

Thursday, 25th.—What a contrast. I have been to Kissing Point to bury a dear child who was killed by the upsetting of

the cart, returning from chapel. I have found great relief in weeping with those that weep.

Friday, 26th.—I have just witnessed the death of one of our members; and have tried to comfort the bereaved husband. Oh, that such a favour had been granted me to have seen that dear face, if only once. How hard it is to say, Father, Thy will be done.

Lord's-day, 28th.—I preached in the morning from Psa. cxl. 12: "I know that the Lord will maintain the cause of the afflicted and the right of the poor." In the afternoon I went to the cemetery to bury my deacon's wife. Oh what a trial it was to me to go to that place where the mortal remains of my poor dear wife had been deposited by others while I was upon the high seas. I spoke at the grave of my departed sister in the Lord from "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord." With a broken, bursting heart I was helped to go through the service. When concluded, I inquired for my wife's grave, and found that I was standing by the side of it. Had I known it before the service, it would have been impossible for me to have spoken over the open grave, standing by the side of the closed grave of my dearest wife. I could no longer restrain my feelings when I saw the grave: I felt that my heart would break. I held on to a grave-stone for some time before I could overcome my indescribable grief. Oh! how I did long for the grave to be opened, that I might see the mortal remains once more—only once. But it could not be: and I was obliged to go home; and there was the empty chair: the dear children at the tea table, but no mother—no wife was there. In the evening I preached from "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." While in the pulpit I was helped to speak with much liberty and comfort to many. Yes: this is our wedding day which we had intended to keep! Twenty-nine years ago since we were married, and this day I have seen, not the dear face, but her closed grave. Lord, save me from rebellion; help me to be resigned; help me that I may be able to bear it.

April 7th.—This has been a great day in Castlereigh Street Chapel for the Church and congregation, who held a tea and public meeting to welcome me back into their midst. All rejoiced with sorrow, and all expressed the deepest sympathy for me in my unexpected widowhood condition. I gave a full and

interesting account of my journeyings throughout England, and my success in obtaining the full amount required to pay the over-due mortgage of £1,000; so that we now meet in the chapel for the first time, a free place, free of debt. That that my heart had been set upon, is now accomplished. I have travelled over 62,000 miles; have preached the Gospel to all sorts and conditions of men. Very many souls and seals the Lord has given unto me for my reward and consolation, in which I do greatly rejoice. He has also given unto me a thorn in the flesh. Oh how I do need His promise fulfilled: "My grace is sufficient for thee."

The following testimonial was then presented to me by the members of the Church and Congregation:—

"DEARLY BELOVED PASTOR,—We, the members of this Church and congregation, desire, on this our earliest opportunity, to express to Almighty God our sincere gratitude and thankfulness for your safe return from the land of our fathers, after having so signally accomplished (through the blessings of our covenant-keeping God) the great and arduous task you so cheerfully undertook, viz., collecting the sum of £1,000 for the purpose of liberating this house of God from the heavy burden of debt under which it has so long lain; and, though you were not personally responsible, not one felt the weight, the crushing weight, of that burden more than yourself. And, in taking a retrospect of the past three years—more especially the earlier portion of this period, when journeying through this and the neighbouring colonies, with the same object in view, and call to mind the many severe trials you have passed through while in perils by sea and perils by land, in hungerings and thirstings often—we are constrained to admire the goodness and mercy of our ever-gracious God, in thus, after all, restoring you to our midst, and to the bosom of your dear family in safety and in health, with the great desire of your and our hearts accomplished. But, dear brother, while thus rejoicing and giving glory to God for His lovingkindness unto us through you, the thought suddenly arises, 'At what a sacrifice!' Yes, our faithful, promise-performing God has indeed granted the desire of your heart in the matter; but in His wisdom has seen fit to take away the desire of your eyes. And we desire to express our deep heart-felt sorrow at your bereavement, and to assure

you that many have been the tears of sympathy shed for you by this Church and people; and though our all-wise and loving Father did not see fit to answer our manifold and earnest prayers that He would spare your dear wife until your return, yet, blessed be His holy name, we trust that He has answered our cries unto Him that He would so strengthen you by His grace as to receive the stroke submissively, acknowledging the hand of your heavenly Father, who is too wise to err, too good to be unkind.

“And now we respectfully request you to accept of this small token (thirty guineas) as our love and affection for you as our pastor, and our obligation unto you for your untiring energy and indomitable perseverance in these efforts on our behalf, which are now, by the blessing of God, crowned with complete success. We regret that it is not in our power to present you with an offering more commensurate with your deserts, but we are sure we need make no apology on that ground, knowing that you look not at the amount of the gift as the measure of our love, but the spirit which prompts it; and our earnest prayer to the God of all grace now is, that He will still be merciful to us in sparing your life for many years, and preserve you in health and strength to labour in this portion of His vineyard, that He will abundantly fill your earthen vessel with the richest stores of His grace. Yea, we pray that the great Head of the Church will so honour and bless your labours, as He hath honoured and blessed them in days that are passed, that many spiritual children may be given you in this place, that pastor and people may be blest in each other—dwelling in peace, love and unity, striving together as one man, to build up and strengthen the wall of Zion here, until called to join the loved ones gone before to the “House of God not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”

“Signed, on behalf of the Church and congregation,

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| “ SETH COTTAM, | WILLIAM WAGG, | } <i>Deacons.</i> ” |
| “ STEPHEN CROSS, | JOSEPH FORD, | |

Lord's-day, April 18th.—Oh, what a day of sorrow, indescribable agonizing sorrow of heart, have I experienced this day. At times it appeared to me that I should be swallowed up—that I must sink beneath the flood to rise no more—with Jeremiah I could say, “He hath filled me with bitterness, He hath

made me drunken with wormwood, He hath also broken my teeth with gravel stones, He hath covered me with ashes, and Thou hast removed my soul far off from peace. I forgot prosperity, remembering mine afflictions and my misery, the wormwood and the gall; my soul hath them still in remembrance, and is humbled in me."

My poor dear wife left it as her dying wish that I should preach her funeral sermon from the words that had been so blest to her soul (John xiv. 23).

I have this day complied with that dying request. For four hours previous to the service it appeared to be impossible for me to do so. I feared that my heart-strings would break, and my reason would leave me a hopeless maniac. It was not until half-an-hour before the time to commence the solemn service that the Lord delivered me. I went up into His house, and in the strength of the Lord preached from the words, "Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man love Me, he will keep My words; and My Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him" (John xiv. 23).

The chapel was crowded; and the people beheld God's strength made perfect in human weakness while I was preaching for one hour and ten minutes, a monument of the faithfulness and lovingkindness of the Lord:—

"I'll wait His seasonable aid,
And though it tarry, wait;
The promise may be long delayed,
But cannot come too late."

All this week I have been visiting the sick and dying in Darlinghurst Gaol, the Infirmary, and in the homes of the sorrowful. Thus I have found my "shoes of iron and brass," while abounding in every good word and work. And beside, I have been taught that my mercies are far greater than my troubles, while many I have seen whose trials and sorrows are far greater than mine. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

I have witnessed some of the most distressing scenes while at the gaol, wherein are incarcerated over six hundred prisoners. During one visit I saw a Presbyterian minister who is serving a sentence of seven years; the secretary of the Bible Society, three years; a doctor, three months; a solicitor, two years; an

official assignee, three years; and some of the most bloodthirsty murderers. But the most distressing case was that of two who had been ladies of position and education. I shall only speak of one, whom I found with fifty female prisoners. I took her into one of the cells and spoke kindly to her. Never shall I forget that beautiful sad face which she turned full upon mine, when she exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. McCure, you have now taken from me my last, my only consolation. I was just saying to myself, Well, I have one comfort left—I am here unknown and unpitied. When I saw you last it was in the pulpit in Geelong. Then I was a lady, and now you see me a convicted felon, in this dreadful place."

May I ask you the cause of your present trouble; her reply was, "Jealousy is cruel as the grave; my husband has been jealous of me without a cause. But I have had cause to be jealous of him!" Oh how the pent-up grief in her poor troubled heart now gushed forth! It was some time before she could speak; when she continued her sad, sad history, "For a long while," she said, "I was hunted with only one thought, it was with me night and day; at last I was determined to yield; I went to the 'Domain,' and was in the act of throwing myself down into the deep waters of the bay, when an unseen hand held me back from being the murderer of my body and soul. I then fled to the brandy bottle that I might drown the awful feelings and sorrows of my aching heart. While in a state of excitement I took an article of dress belonging to another; I was given into custody, and here I am a convicted prisoner for three months." During which time I visited her three times a week, until she was discharged from the prison.

On Wednesday evening, May 5th, while conducting the service in our chapel, I gave out that beautiful hymn, and that verse:—

"Bound by His Word, He will display
A strength proportioned to our day;
And when united trials meet—"

the words, "united trials," stopped me. I said, What does this mean?—"united trials." I felt that if I had another trial, I should sink under it. To come home, expecting to see my dear wife, and to find her dead and buried, is quite trial enough without another. I read on:

"Will shew a path of safe retreat."

I directly felt lifted up in my soul, and said, Let the united trials come, its all right; mercy will come with them; grace to bear up will come with them; the Lord will open up the path of safe retreat; "when my heart is overwhelmed within me, O, lead me to the Rock that is higher than I." I now felt reconciled to whatever the Lord might be pleased to do.

Next morning, by the Victorian mail, I received a letter from Geelong, to inform me that my dear daughter, Sarah, was very ill, and that I must come immediately if I wished to see her alive. I left by the steamer *Wonger-Wonger* (600 miles). When I arrived she was a little better. While I was with her one day, she prayed that prayer with great vehemence, "O, Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me." I said, "My dear, the Lord will undertake for you; and raise you up again; and cause His dear smiles to be upon you." "Yes," she said, "He is faithful never to forsake the work of His own hands." She then asked me what I was going to do. "I do hope you will not remain in Sydney. I am sure you will never be happy there; having no one to manage house for you, and how can you bring up dear Lydia and Arthur? it will be much better for you to go to England; there, they will know how to value and care for you, which they do not in Sydney."

Next day, she was much better. I was requested to preach at Eagle Hawk, Bendigo (170 miles). My dear child said, "You had better go, or they will be very much disappointed; I shall be better when you return, and then will go with you to Sydney for a change." I went, and was much blessed while preaching to the people on that gold field of Victoria. I returned to Melbourne; called upon my dear friend, Mr. Stephens, where I was to stay for the night. I saw directly there was something the matter; when I learned that my dear daughter was not so well; but not until I had taken some refreshment would they let me know the nature of the telegram, which was to the effect that she was dying.

I left by the next train, for Geelong; and when I arrived, I there learned the nature of the "united trials." My dear daughter was dead; had died three quarters of an hour before I arrived, leaving an affectionate husband and four dear children to mourn their great loss. But God is faithful, He did shew me the path of safe retreat; and enabled me to walk therein.

The following letter I wrote to my friends in England, descriptive of the sad and sorrowful journey, and also of the faithfulness of the Lord:—

TO THE SAINTS SCATTERED THROUGHOUT ENGLAND.

DEAR BRETHREN,—My last letter I wrote in Geelong, while on a visit to see, alas! to BURY, my daughter Sarah. I had no idea that there was waiting for me in Geelong such a wave of trouble, and so soon after the death of my dear wife. Monday, May 17th, she entered her heavenly home, leaving a sorrowful husband and four children to mourn their heavy loss. Blessed be God, her gain is great. At the age of twenty-six she came out of great tribulation, and is now for ever and ever before the throne of glory. Whilst I was sorrowing under the blow of that loving hand which had taken away my dear wife, I received a letter from Geelong informing me of the illness of my daughter. I had received a letter of condolence from her soon after my arrival home. The following is an extract:—

“MY POOR DEAR FATHER,—In the midst of our grief and sorrow, we have cause for thankfulness to our Heavenly Father for bringing you safely home. Alas, what a change for you! What a loss! What a vacant place for you to see! I have no doubt but you say, ‘O God, there is no trouble like unto mine.’ Cheer up, my dear father, the Lord will not lay on you more than He will give you grace to bear. It would not have been so great a trial if dear mother had been spared to have seen you once more. It seems very hard to part with one so dear without the farewell adieu. I was very much struck while reading the report of your leaving England in ‘The Earthen Vessel,’ with your farewell text, from which you preached in the Surrey Tabernacle, ‘Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee.’ How remarkable and how kind of the Lord to give you such a text, and then prepare you for such a burden that you then knew nothing of. I should like to live near you, my dear father, that I might comfort you in your very trying position; but I want comfort myself, I am very much cast down, and obliged to pray the prayer, ‘O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me.’

“Your loving daughter,

“SARAH.”

I will record the following to the praise and glory of the Lord:—

I left Sydney for Victoria with a broken, burdened heart; the weather was tempestuous, the wind blowing a hurricane, which caused me considerable suffering, having a carbuncle on the fourth finger on my right hand. When I arrived in Geelong my hand and arm were much swollen; inflammation increased alarmingly, and threatened me with the loss of my hand. Whilst I was thus suffering I preached in Geelong, and spent much time with my afflicted child. She appeared better, which enabled me to leave her for Sandhurst, 170 miles, where I had to preach; after which I returned to Geelong to see only her corpse. She had died three quarters of an hour before my arrival. O, what a night of sorrow upon sorrow I endured.

“ We wept—’twas nature wept—but faith
Can pierce beyond the gloom of death,
And in yon world so fair and bright,
Behold thee in refulgent light!
We miss thee here, yet faith would rather
Know thou art with thy heavenly Father.”

I committed the mortal remains of my dear one to the grave. When requested to do so I felt that it would be impossible to do anything but weep. Weary in body from sleepless nights: my inflamed hand no better, almost crushed in my heart, more fit to go to bed than to conduct such a service. But my work was before me, and for that work I was strengthened. My good old motto I was enabled to carry out, “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.” Many present beheld the sustaining power of God, as I stood by the open grave and said, “This is the Lord’s doings and it is marvellous in our eyes.” Thus the Lord glorified Himself in the eyes of the people by granting unto His servant strength to glorify the Lord in the fire.

On the Lord’s-day following, May 23rd, I preached her funeral sermon. On the 18th of the previous month I had preached my wife’s funeral sermon; in less than a month, two funeral sermons for mother and daughter.

I was now suffering from two more carbuncles on my face; on Tuesday and Wednesday I preached in Melbourne, notwithstanding the pain I was enduring both of body and mind. I was enabled to preach with liberty, the Lord blessing the Word to many.

When I arrived at Sandhurst, I heard of a person who came

to hear me when I preached in the theatre four years since. He came only to see, the Word was blessed to him, and, like Zacchæus, salvation came to his heart, and there it is now, for he is a saved man.

After I had preached on Tuesday in Melbourne, a woman came to me and said, she had heard me preach twenty-two years ago at Dunk's Green, Kent. Then and there the Lord met with her under that sermon, and she had not seen or heard me since then until now.

After I had preached on Wednesday evening, a man who had been bowed down for a long while, was lifted up and delivered; and several other such instances I met with. Thus I had cause to rejoice in the midst of my sorrows that I had not laboured in vain.

The next day I left Melbourne for my sad, desolate home in Sydney; the weather was very stormy which continued throughout the passage. I arrived home on Saturday, again to weep with my children, who are now bereaved of their dear sister.

On Lord's-day I was wonderfully helped by my ever-gracious Lord to preach unto the people the faithfulness and lovingkindness of the Lord.

Thus I had travelled 1660 miles, ill most of the time from three carbuncles, and had endured a second bereavement, and preached the Word of Life wherever doors were opened for me in my journeys; and I returned home better than when I went, none the worse for doing with my might that work my hands found to do. What can we say to these things? God is faithful, "Who will not suffer you to be tempted or tried above that ye are able."

"Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,
And sound His power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,
And the performing God."

The chapel in Sydney, which is freehold, is secured in Trust to the Particular and Strict Baptists for ever.*

* The following is a copy of the Release Mortgage:—

No. 510. Book 115.

Release Mortgage.

Between John B. McCure one part, and E. Beaumont of the other part.

We, Ebenezer Beaumont and Stephen Dickson, the Mortgagees mentioned in the within written Indenture of Mortgage, dated the twenty-sixth of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and

Thursday, 23rd.—With my eldest and youngest daughters I visited the grave of my late dear wife. A most beautiful monumental stone is erected, and likewise a marble tablet in the chapel—the one in the chapel subscribed for by the friends, bearing the following inscription: “In affectionate remembrance of Jane, beloved wife of John Bunyan McCure, pastor of the Baptist Church, Castlereagh Street, Sydney, who departed this life in the faith and hope of the Gospel, Feb. 23, 1869, aged forty-eight years.” “The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?”—John xviii. 11.

The following letter I wrote to England, whilst in the fire of tribulation, being a confirmation of that grand and glorious truth, “The name of the Lord is a strong tower, the righteous runneth therein, and are safe:”—

MY DEAR BRETHREN IN CHRIST JESUS,—Grace unto you; with me it is still the “bush on fire, and more fuel for the fire of tribulation.” July 3rd I received a letter from Victoria, informing me of the death of my brother Joseph, who died on the 26th of June, leaving a wife and nine children to mourn their very great loss; and one a babe only nine months old. A month previous he was present at the funeral of my dear

sixty-five, registered number nine hundred and eighty-six of Book ninety-three, acknowledge to have received full payment and satisfaction of all monies secured to us by the said within written Indenture.

Dated this twenty-seventh day of August, A.D. One thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine.

(Signed) E. Beaumont, Stephen Dickson.

Witness to the signature of Stephen Dickson,

Thos. J. Dickson.

Witness to the signature of E. Beaumont,

T. Salter, Solicitor.

New South Wales, } David Joseph Newton, of Sydney, in the Colony
 Sydney to wit. } of New South Wales, clerk to Messrs. Rolin and
 Salter, Solicitors of the same place, being duly sworn, maketh oath and saith as follows:—“The above writing is a true copy of the original Release.”

Jas. Boscawen Duff,

D. J. Newton.

Dep. Registrar.

Received into the Registrar General's Office at Sydney, this First day of September, A.D. One thousand, eight hundred and sixty-nine, at twenty-five minutes to twelve o'clock in the forenoon, from David Joseph Newton, of Sydney, aforesaid.

Jas. Boscawen Duff,

Dep. Registrar.

daughter, at Geelong, and now he has departed this life! I have no particulars at present as to his state of mind, and know not if he was prepared for the great journey: I fear he was not; but the Lord knows.

Oh! what a mercy to be ready, at whatever hour the Lord may be pleased to send for us.

“Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.”

Thus it is still with me the “bush on fire,” but not consumed, blessed be God, although cast down, and cast down indeed I am, yet not destroyed. On Lord’s-day I was lifted up by my ever-gracious Lord, and helped to preach from Isaiah xliii. 2, “When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned: neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.” Precious words addressed to Jacob and Israel, who, like all the spiritual Israel, were both wrestlers and prevailers. Jacob wrestled against his enemies, and prevailed by wrestling with God.

And this is the wilderness life of all the pilgrims to Zion—wrestling and prevailing; for, “Gad, a troop shall overcome him; but he shall overcome at the last,”—

To conquer all the foes I meet,
Can only be at Jesus’ feet,
His conquering voice they must obey,
And then my soul beholds the day.

The day of triumph o’er my foe—
My sins and lusts and every woe,
They often fill my soul with dread,
While through the desert here I tread.

But I shall conquer through Thy grace,
And in Thy matchless mercy trace
My all in Christ, my precious Tower,
To save me in temptation’s hour.

The palm-bearing company who are before the throne “Singing, salvation to our God, and unto the Lamb, came out of great tribulations,” they passed through the same waters of affliction and fiery trials that are appointed for us (1 Thess. i. 3); by the same loving Friend, who loveth at all times, and who will be as gracious, kind, and faithful to His poor and needy ones now, as He has ever been, in all the past history of those who are now in glory, “My covenant will I not break, nor alter the

thing that is gone out of My lips" (Psa. lxxxix. 34) comprehends all the seed royal in all time to come.

"These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them" (Isa. xlii. 16).

It has pleased the Lord to try me with "wave upon wave," but He has not failed to give His servant "grace for grace;" otherwise our covenant God cannot act towards His own loved ones. When He gives burdens, He likewise gives shoulders; the thorny path, and shoes of iron and brass; fiery darts, and an invulnerable shield; the day of trouble, and the stronghold; comfortlessness, and the consolation of God; enemies, and thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee; the thorn in the flesh, and "My grace is sufficient for thee;" poor and needy and my "God shall supply all your need;" hungry and thirsty and I "will pour water upon him that is thirsty."

Thus it ever has been, and ever will be, the day of adversity and the day of prosperity, the one set over against the other. Many of the ways of God are, to us, dark, very dark, and mysterious, and His ways past finding out; but they are all in order with the covenant, and in character with Himself; and—

"Hereafter He will make me know,
And I shall surely find
He was too wise to err, and O!
Too good to be unkind."

I believe it most confidently, although He has been pleased to take from me my dear wife, daughter, and brother, within four months; and to remove from me my two daughters, Esther and Jemima, one 1,800 miles, and the other 600 miles. And thus I am bereaved of all, with none left able to minister to my home comfort. This is the Lord's doings, and out of all these trials the Lord will accomplish that which He has determined. It may be that by the continual stirring up of my nest, yea, breaking of it to pieces, that it is not the Lord's will that I should remain in Sydney, that this is not my rest, that I am to arise and depart elsewhere. If that should be the case, it will be a great trial to the people of my charge, and likewise to myself. But if it is the will of God that I am to leave Sydney, I am resigned, for more than ever I do desire that "my will may be swallowed up in His."

"Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, which can never err; with Thine hand, which can never be turned back; and

with Thine eye, that can never slumber, with whom the darkness and the light are both alike."

Soon it may please the Lord to call others of our loved ones to Himself. Oh, that we may be able to say of them, as we can say of those who are now in glory,

"But thou art gone, not lost, but flown,
 Shall I ask thee back, my own?
 Back, and leave thy spirit's brightness?
 Back, and leave thy robes of whiteness?
 Back, and leave thine angel world?
 Back, and leave those streets of gold?
 Back, and leave the Lamb that leads thee?
 Back from founts to which He leads thee?
 Back, and leave thy heavenly Father?
 Back to earth and sin? Nay, rather
 I would live in solitude,
 I would not ask thee if I could,
 But patient wait Thy high decree,
 That calls my spirit home to Thee."

CHAPTER XLIX.

Journey to Queensland: Aborigines: Fearful quarrel: The tobacco: Note: Found out: Services at Ipswich, Bandambah, and Brisbane: Letter by the late James Wells: Leaving Sydney.

BEING called away for two Lord's-days to Queensland, while steaming my way once more to those sunny shores of our northern continent, I will continue my diary:—

Aug. 22.—On Lord's-day, I was oppressed and bowed down, so much so that it did appear impossible for me to preach, but the Lord helped me. Two years on Saturday, I took my final farewell of my dear wife for time. When on board the steamer I wrote in my diary, "many times I have been called to say farewell in relation to our chapel debt, I do trust that this will be the last time that I shall have to do so." These words were very comforting to my mind while steaming out of the magnificent bay of Port Jackson,

“I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.”

How gracious and wise of the Lord who has and ever will
conceal from all His children the decreed future.

“Nor dares the favourite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.”

But He will in His own time perform the thing that is appointed for me,

“And make His counsels shine.”

And when the time of trouble arrives, then will the time of grace, sufficient grace, and help arrive also, so that we shall be able to bear it. “Take therefore no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for things of itself: sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.”

“My God, I would not wish to see
My fate with curious eyes:
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.”

But notwithstanding my firm faith in the wisdom, and loving-kindness of the Lord, who “sat on the throne, judging right,” while remembering that two years had passed away since I saw my now departed wife; and being likewise bereaved of all who could minister to my domestic comforts, I experienced that though,

“Nature murmurs, faith gives meekness,
Strength is perfected in weakness.”

And strength was indeed perfected in my weakness, for during these services, I was enabled to speak with great liberty of the love of Christ from which tribulation cannot separate nor distress, neither death, nor life, nor present things, nor things to come.

“Yes, although severe
May seem the stroke, and bitter be the cup:
‘Himself have done it,’ precious precious words,
Himself! my Father, Saviour, Brother, Friend;
Whose faithfulness no variation knows;
Who, having loved me, loves me to the end.”

Tuesday, 24th.—Cleared the Heads at 6 p.m., and am once more out at sea; indeed this is really my position just now, **OUT AT SEA**; and which port I shall come in at, I know not; that the Lord intends something special by His dealings with

me, I have no doubt, but what, I have no idea. Oh, how I need grace to leave it with Jesus, who in every storm speaks, and says, "It is I, be not afraid."

Saturday, 28th.—After a most pleasant passage of seventy-five hours, I arrived once more in the city of Brisbane, where I met with a warm and kindly welcome. Walking out soon after my arrival, I was much pained on seeing many of the poor Aborigines, some of whom were under the influence of drink. A quarrel sprung up between two gins (women), I very much feared one of them would have been speared. I was just going to run to the rescue, when the spear was drawn back just in time. About eight years ago I prevented two murders in the Bush, not far from where I am writing these lines. I came up to twenty-five or thirty blacks, who were all in a nude state, one a gin, was in a state of fearful excitement, was trying to spear a black fellow, who was shielding himself behind a gum tree; she was coming nearer and nearer, foaming with rage. I saw there was but a step between the poor frightened black fellow and death. I ran up and caught hold of the poor creature, holding her back, while the object of her vengeance escaped. While this was going on, close by a quarrel sprung up between two black fellows, they walked up to each other, with tomahawks in their hands and, taking hold of each others' beards, were just going to strike the fatal blow. I rushed forward, only just in time, seized hold of the hands of each in which were the tomahawks, and thus saved one of their lives. An incident occurred some time ago, on one of the northern stations of Queensland, of a rather laughable nature. One of the natives was sent from the homestead to an out station with some tobacco, and a note, stating the quantity sent. Going on his way, the parcel got rather heavy, so he thought he would lighten it by taking two sticks, but how to manage this without the note seeing him, he could not conceive. At last he thought of a plan and took the tobacco, feeling satisfied that no person would be any the wiser, himself excepted. In due time he arrived at his destination; the hut keeper consulted the note, examined the parcel, and found two sticks missing. He immediately proceeded to the native, who was not a great way off, and addressed him thus: "This note tell me you stole two sticks baccy." The black fellow gave a jump in the air, and was fairly non-plussed, and he confessed his guilt. His ingenious plan of

procedure was this, he put the note under a very large stone, covering it all with sand, went some distance away, and took the tobacco, he said he thought the note could not see him. Poor things, I am often constrained to say whenever I see them, "Who maketh thee to differ from another, by the grace of God I am what I am."

On Lord's-day, 25th.—I preached in Jireh Particular Baptist chapel, where brother John Kingsford has preached the Gospel for eight years, without fee or reward, except that of souls given unto him of God for his ministry, and for his hire. He is highly esteemed and beloved by his people for his work sake, their principal trouble being that of the burden of a debt of about £500. I am now off to Ipswich, to an ordination service, where I have to preach three sermons. I had intended to return by the next steamer for Sydney, but as the reader will see by the following letter written by brother Kingsford to my deacons that I must remain a week longer.

Brisbane, Queensland, Sept. 1, 1869.

To the Deacons of the Particular Baptist chapel, Sydney.

DEAR BRETHREN,—After much talking, I have induced your beloved pastor, Mr. McCure, to remain a few days longer in this colony, than he intended to do when he left you. I have done so, first, because I saw a change longer than the few days he started for it is absolutely necessary for him in some measure, to revive his drooping spirits, and on this ground, I am sure you will excuse me; but secondly, at Ipswich, recognition services in connection with the starting of a Particular Baptist cause, and the union of a pastor with the Church are to be held next Lord's-day, and on the following Tuesday; and as the senior minister of our denomination in the colonies, it is particularly necessary that he should be there. And thirdly, the cause at Brisbane, especially needs at the present time his close inspection, kind counsel, and efficient help. Please remember that it is four years since we had a brother in the ministry to sympathise with us, or a friend to cheer us. Such being the case, we have seized upon him, and mean to detain him at least for a week longer than he intended, a fortnight, if possible, to afford him the opportunity of meeting the brethren for Christian intercourse. I am sure you will not grudge us this favour, nor blame me for thus detaining him. May our Covenant God bless

you and all the brethren in fellowship with you, is the prayer of,
yours affectionately,
JOHN KINGSFORD.

On Saturday, Sept. 4th, I left Brisbane by Cobb's coach for Ipswich, a distance of twenty-five miles by road, fifty miles by river, through a very fine country, which will in time to come abound with cotton, banans, sugar, and pine apple plantations, the growth of which now on a small scale is most luxuriant. Through the guiding EYE, HAND, and COUNSEL of the Lord, I arrived in safety, which I might not have done, had I left by morning coach, which I thought of doing. When we arrived at Woogaroo, we found that a very serious accident had occurred. The coach was coming down Woogaroo hill, the leading bar on the off side got unbuckled, and the horses began kicking and plunging, drawing the coach over to the bank, where it capsized; it was full of passengers at the time, and top heavy with the Queensland portion of the English mail; one passenger was severely bruised and shaken and was unable to proceed on his journey, the other passengers escaped with only a few scratches.

How marvellously have I been preserved in connection with our chapel debt, having travelled over sixty thousand miles by every kind of conveyance. No accident whatever has happened to any conveyance by which I have travelled; the Lord has indeed preserved me from all evil.

Lord's-day, 5th.—I preached three sermons, administered the Lord's Supper, gave an address to the Sunday school, where I preached in the afternoon at Bandambah, three miles from Ipswich. I was lifted up above myself throughout the day; the Word had free course, and found its way into many hearts. Two persons came up to me while at Bandambah, and said that they had not heard a free grace sermon till now, since they had heard Mr. C. W. Banks preach in England, many years ago.

Tuesday 7th.—A tea and public meeting was held in the Temperance Hall, Ipswich, the object of which was the recognition of Mr. Garrard as pastor of the Particular Baptist Church, Ipswich. 350 persons were present to tea, and over 500 to the public meeting. The ministers of the different denominations were present; brother Kingsford was unable to be there, not being well, I was therefore the only minister of our denomination on the very important occasion, except brother Garrard. About a week after my visit to Ipswich,

brother Kingsford received a letter. I will here give an extract.

“One of the greatest blessings resulting from Mr. John Bunyan McCure’s visit to Ipswich is this; there are about eight persons who had been specially blessed through the Gospel which he preached—one was a very wonderful instance. His visit has been a God-send. He was most wonderfully helped; five services in one day! beside travelling and close conversation between the services. At eleven o’clock at night he appeared to be as fresh, and his voice as clear as when he commenced in the morning. What a remarkable instance of the truth of those words, ‘The excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us,’” &c.

On the following Lord’s-day I preached in brother Kingsford’s chapel, and on Tuesday a tea meeting was held, having a three-fold object, viz.: 1st. To welcome me on my return from England; 2nd. To take an affectionate farewell on the eve of my departure for Sydney; 3rd. To give me an opportunity to counsel them as a Church in relation to their very trying position in connection with their chapel debt, £500, for which amount they have been paying 12 per cent. per annum. Their pastor has been preaching to them for eight years without salary; but now, in consequence of a commercial panic, and the decrease in population, consequent upon the gold mania, that we are now and again subject to when new gold fields are discovered, many of the members of the Church and congregation having gone to the “cympie,” gold diggings, has very considerably increased the difficulties of the Church; at the same time, it has turned out for the furtherance of the Gospel, for those brethren have now formed themselves into a Strict Baptist Church on the diggings. This is one of the great difficulties we often experience in the colonies, before we are strong enough to bear the burden of responsibility we have taken upon ourselves for the Gospel’s sake, some of our best members leave us to try their fortunes in another colony. In no one instance that has ever come under my notice, have the absentee members of our Churches helped to support the cause of God during their absence, although they profess that the Lord’s cause is dearer to them than all the world calls good or great.

On Wednesday I left by the steamer *City of Brisbane* for

Sydney. Arrived at my desolate home once more in safety, and preached on Lord's-day morning from "Therefore are they before the throne of God," and in the evening from, "These are they that came out of great tribulation."

The following kind letter I received from Mr. James Wells, the honoured Pastor of the Surrey Tabernacle, who is now in his eternal rest:—

2, *Amphill Place, North Brixton, London, England,*
July 8th, 1869.

DEAR BROTHER,—I hardly know what to say, for we have been deeply affected, both by the hardships of your voyage and the dreadful tidings that reached you on your arrival at Sydney. The chief comfort you can now take in reflecting upon the departure of your late dear wife, is that you cannot doubt but her end was indeed peace. As no doubt several friends will write to you, I need not say much.

Your Log-Book is liked very much: it is a very able and judicious production, and does you very much credit. There is not a sentence in it that I disapprove. I am glad you have written carefully and wisely—it will do all the more good, as well as being a good and effectual testimony of your Christian conduct and usefulness during your perilous voyage. We shall, no doubt, sell a large number, and I hope a nice little sum will result from the sale to you, which I am sure, in your present responsibilities, must be very desirable. The time will come when we shall see that all these distressing circumstances, as well the pleasing advantages, were needful for our good; that one as well as the other, as you say in your excellent sermon, is the gift of the Lord.

The contrast between the scene you had left and the scene you met with in Sydney, must have been indescribable. We have all felt very deeply for you; and if our God has not heard prayer in one way, He has in another: He has preserved your life, and spared you, I trust, to be yet a blessing to the souls of men, and to glorify the God of your salvation. Whether you feel contented and happy in Sydney, we here in England shall learn by your future letters to the *Earthen Vessel*.

Mrs. Wells and Mrs. Venimore deeply sympathise with you, and unite in sincere Christian regards. All needful grace be with you.

Yours, very sincerely in the Lord,

Mr. J. B. McCure, S. Australia.

J. WELLS.

September 29th, 1869.—After much prayer for direction, I feel I must resign my pastorate of the Church, which I have been enabled to sustain for nearly nine years in Sydney amid trials and difficulties of no ordinary character. My mind is indescribably exercised respecting my future course; I would not take a step contrary to the will of the Lord, if I knew it. I do fear and tremble to take a step, lest I should go wrong; oh, how I have cried unto the Lord to guide and lead me. These words have just come to my mind, which has encouraged hope, and given me a subject for prayer:—"I, the Lord thy God, will teach thee to profit, and will lead thee in the way thou shalt go." Although I have made my arrangements to leave for England, I am quite willing to retrace the steps I have taken in the matter, if it is not the Lord's will for me to go; I wish to have no voice or hand in the matter of my leaving. I am willing to stay or go, that I may do the will of the Lord.

October 30th.—This has been a day of great darkness and sorrow of heart. Three sermons to preach to-morrow, no text and no liberty; shut up, and cannot come forth: "Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise Thy name." The Lord has heard my cry, and delivered me. I was helped in the pulpit to speak of the glorious honour of the Lord's majesty, from—"In all their afflictions He was afflicted," &c. I forgot all about my troubles, rejoicing in the lovingkindness of the Lord.

October 31st.—I am now in my cold, desolate home; no one to speak to; there are the unoccupied chairs, my poor dear wife's, Esther's and Jemima's; they are gone, I am left. "But why art thou cast down, O my soul?" The Lord liveth, and will never, no never forsake. It is arranged to hold special prayer meetings for a month, that we may know the Lord's will. I am thankful that I do feel reconciled to abide by the Lord's decision.

Whilst waiting for the Lord to answer and decide as to what I am to do, my eldest daughter, who resides at Barwood, said to me: "It will be a great loss to us for you to leave, but for your own sake, and that of the dear children, I wish you to carry out mother's dying request." My daughter in Brisbane was most importunate for me to leave Sydney: and likewise my two sons. Then I received a letter from Fiji, my daughter there likewise desired the same. Thus my wife and children

were each of the same mind, and evidently under the guiding hand of God. I called my deacons together, who deeply sympathised with me. I then determined to resign my pastorate, and wished them to advise the Church to accept it, promising at the same time that the pulpit should not be left un-supplied—that I would continue preaching until a minister could be obtained.

This was to be a token. If a suitable minister could be found, that should be a token from the Lord that my work was done in Sydney.

In due time brother Allen, of Melbourne, who had preached with acceptance during my mission in England, was communicated with, who accepted the Church's invitation. Thus the way was made clear for me to leave.

I received a letter from my dear brother E. Carr, who most generously, with his dear wife, offered me a home in the event of my coming to England, and that they would give me a hearty welcome, if in the Providence of God I should again be brought to this land. I also received a letter from Captain Barnett, of the ship *Nineveh*, who expressed his sympathy, and hoped I should be able to return with him to England on his next return voyage, and that he would allow a considerable discount off the passage money, and make me as comfortable as possible. With all these signs and indications of the hand of the Lord directing me, I now made my arrangements to leave for England.

February 23, 1870.—All is now settled for me to leave by the *Nineveh*. I am perfectly satisfied now that it is the Lord's will I should go to England. I felt sure, in my own mind, that Mr. Allen would come. I have therefore the token that my work is done, and that the Lord has a work here for another. May God bless him more than I have ever been, is my prayer for him. "Now, Lord, let Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

CHAPTER L.

THE GOSPEL OF THE GRACE OF GOD.

A Farewell Sermon delivered in the Baptist Chapel, Castlereagh street, Sydney, on Sunday evening, March 13, 1870.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I shall call your attention to a portion of God's Word in the Acts. I might have directed your attention to some other text, perhaps more suitable for a farewell sermon, but I will not trust myself this night to preach an ordinary farewell sermon, particularly to you—a people dear to my heart; for the cause of God and truth in Sydney will ever be dear to me, go wheresoever I may. I shall speak to you to night as though I intended to speak to you again. The words which I have selected for this evening you will find recorded in Acts xx., last clause of the 24th verse:—

“The Gospel of the Grace of God.”

I have selected my text from Paul's farewell sermon to the Church at Ephesus. To them it was a heart-breaking farewell, in that they were not to see his face any more; but the consolation was his, that through the faithful, uncompromising preaching of the everlasting Gospel, fearless of the frowns, and independent of the smiles of the people, he was clear, as you will find in this chapter, of the blood of all men. And that he was clear of the blood of the people to whom he preached the Word of Life, in that he had declared the whole counsel of God. He knew the bonds and afflictions likely to befall him as a faithful minister of the Lord Jesus Christ. In the former part of the verse, from whence our text is taken, he proclaims with indomitable courage—“But none of these things move me; neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I may finish my course,”—his Christian course, his ministerial course—“with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus Christ, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God.”

I shall now direct your attention to a five-fold consideration of the “Gospel of the grace of God.”

I. In the first place, there is in the Gospel the grandest, most harmonious, and perfect development of that foundation doctrine—the Trinity in Unity. “For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and

these three are one" (1 John v. 7). And as the apostle went forth preaching the Gospel, you will find, by referring to some testimonies in the Epistles, that he did, in the most pre-eminent manner, exalt the Trinity in Unity, and the Unity in Trinity. The Word of God teaches, and the Gospel proclaims it, three co-equal, three self-existent persons in the Unity of the Divine Being. And this doctrine the apostle again and again preached for the purpose of edifying, comforting, and establishing the saints; for you will find in Col. ii. he prayed—"That the hearts of the people might be comforted, being knit together in love, and unto all riches of the full assurance of understanding, to the acknowledgment of the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ." And in 2 Thess. iii. 5, praying—"The Lord (the Holy Ghost) direct your hearts into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ." And in 1 Thess. iii. 11, "Now God Himself (the Holy Ghost), and our Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ direct our way unto you." In these two Scriptures, and many more to which I could refer, this doctrine is in the Gospel set forth as the foundation doctrine of our most holy faith. Therefore, the doctrine of Unitarianism is false in denying this doctrine of three co-equal persons in the Godhead. But Jesus is a faithful witness to be relied upon. And when He was comforting and encouraging His disciples, He said—as will be found in John xiv.—"Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in Me." And then the doctrine of the Trinity in Unity, teaching the covenant relations in which Jehovah stands to the people who shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation. The dear Redeemer said, "But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in My Name, He shall teach you all things," &c (verse 26). Here is the Father sending the Comforter, and here is the Lord Jesus Christ, in whose name the Comforter is sent to the people, for the purpose of instructing them in the great mysteries of salvation.

Thus, then, in the Gospel we have this great doctrine set before us. And here we have the great, everlasting, eternal Father, who is the Author of salvation, having determined and planned it! and the Lord Jesus Christ accomplishing that salvation, as we may notice directly by His sufferings, death, and resurrection; and the Holy Ghost, who is the Revealer of

this salvation, and whose work it is to save, by bringing unto repentance and to faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; without which repentance, no man living can be saved.

Salvation through electing love ;
 Salvation through redeeming blood ;
 Salvation through the Holy Ghost ;
 To glorify the Lord of Hosts.

II. And then there are in the Gospel unspeakable and glorious provisions suited to the exigencies and wants of the people of God. You are aware that the meaning of the word Gospel is "good news," "glad tidings." For when the angels came to the shepherds at the birth of Jesus, "the Incarnate mystery," "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." They then proclaimed to them that they had brought good news—glad tidings: "For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." What then, my hearers, is the provision of the everlasting Gospel, but the Lord Jesus Christ? In the Gospel we see that He is provided of God, "The Way, the Truth, and the Life." Neither is there salvation in any other: "For there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." Oh! wondrous, amazing love! He loved us, and gave Himself for us. Paul rejoiced in this grand subject, and said, "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift."

In the Gospel, Jesus Christ is set forth as the Saviour: none but the sinner, convinced of his sin by the Holy Ghost, need Him in His free and full salvation. He said, as is recorded in Matt. xviii.: "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost!" Thus you will see that there is a harmony between the Saviour and the lost condition of those who feel their need of being saved. This is the condition of man by sin, yet thousands upon thousands are in ignorance of their condition before God—that they are lost and ruined by the fall. But then this is experienced when the eyes of the understanding are enlightened, and when brought to see that they are lost by sin, exposed to the wrath of God, and to be cast into the deep caverns of hell for ever and ever, unless the atonement of Jesus Christ, the perfect work of Jesus Christ, the doing and dying of Jesus Christ, is set to their account; then will that man feel his need of a Saviour; will feel his need of that Almighty hand that is long enough to reach him, though he may

be buried in sorrow, and however sinful he may be, this is the Gospel: that salvation is alone by Jesus Christ, and that He is able to save to the uttermost all that come to God by Him. And this is the joyful sound that the Gospel is to those that are lost, and to those who feel their need of salvation from their sins and from the wrath of God. There are those who have sinned to the uttermost; our precious Christ can save to the uttermost; for where sin hath abounded, His grace and blood hath much more abounded in its forgiving and cleansing power to save.

The Apostle Paul was one of those who was saved by free and sovereign grace, while in the act of sinning, and rejecting Jesus Christ, accounting the blood whereby He (Christ) was sanctified an unholy thing; he who was persecuting the Church unto death, Jesus saved him freely by His grace. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." And that same Jesus he preached: "For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified."

The same Christ that saved him, he preached to the people; and, in my little way, I have endeavoured to preach among you these nine years no other way of acceptance before God but by Jesus Christ. Thus Christ is the provision of God for salvation, and He, having performed all the conditions of salvation, demanded of justice sinless obedience and infinite satisfaction by His life and death. Wherefore He is able to save to the uttermost all His dear redeemed ones with an everlasting salvation.

And then there is Christ's priestly character. The Gospel owns no other priest but Jesus, He is a priest for ever. He is the great High Priest over the house of God. He was the only sacrificing priest. He offered only one sacrifice. The Jewish priest offered a great many; and I have no doubt, that Satan would have been glad for those sacrifices to have continued, so as to have rendered it unnecessary for Christ to have become a sacrificing priest; well knowing that they could never make an end of sin and finish transgression. "But this Man,"—the Man Christ Jesus,—“after He had offered one sacrifice for sins for ever, sat down on the right hand of God; from henceforth expecting till His enemies be made His foot-

stool. For by one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified."

There remaineth no more sacrifice for sin; no other is required. With this justice is satisfied, and God is well pleased. Therefore the Popish sacrifice of the mass, instituted by the devil, is a delusion, and a rejection of Christ. Those who have taken upon themselves an official priesthood are uncommon insulters of Christ, who is the official "Priest for ever, after the order of Melchisedec." "For this Man, because He continueth ever, hath an unchangeable priesthood," and does not need successors. Our everlasting High Priest is the only sin-absolving priest. Where is the authority or power given to man to forgive sins? The Scribes and Pharisees believed most confidently that no power under heaven could forgive sins. They believed only in the humanity of the Saviour, and therefore they charged him with blasphemy, when He said to some that "their" sins were forgiven them. If Jesus Christ had only been human, they would have been justified in their rejection of the forgiveness of sins at His hands. But then Jesus being the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, hence then His power; and He having accomplished that glorious redemption through His blood,—His blood that cleanseth from ALL sins,—which shall never lose its power to purge the conscience from all iniquity. If Roman Catholic priests had lived in the days of Jesus Christ, professing to forgive the sins of the people, would they not have said: "These Popish priests blasphemeth." This power of cleansing and forgiving sins can only be found in the blood of the Atonement. Go to Jesus! poor broken hearted sinner, for He hath said: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." I am presenting this "good news and glad tidings" to those who have been brought to repentance; for only such know their need of being washed and pardoned. This is the Gospel in which we have this rich provision for poor and needy sinners; the blood of Jesus Christ, and the testimony of God's Word is, "that it cleanseth from all sin;" without which we cannot come into the presence of God only to be rejected and cast out for ever. Jesus is the only Medium and Mediator,—the Gospel knows of no other Mediator,—only the Man Christ Jesus. And we may go to Him just as we are; unworthy as we are; believing

in the efficiency of His precious blood: "If Thou wilt Thou canst make me clean."

III. And then in the Gospel there is the *provision of food, suitable to the spiritual wants of those who are brought into life.* It is described as bread for the hungry, and water for the thirsty; and in the invitations of the Gospel you will find—every one of them—addressed to characters relating to spiritual life. The natural life can only hunger and thirst for the natural provision that the God of Providence hath provided. In our natural condition, destitute of spiritual life, we know nothing of hungering and thirsting after the Eternal God; after the provisions of His grace; after the waters of salvation. Therefore, my dear hearers, you see at once the necessity there is for this spiritual life. "For we are dead in trespasses and sins;" but by the Holy Spirit, through the new birth, we are brought into that state of spiritual feeling, that shall need Jesus Christ, who said, "I am the bread of life; whoso eateth of this bread shall never die." Are we then among those who are in want of Jesus Christ, for the spiritual sustenance of our souls? Jesus pronounced the blessing, and we have been often comforted with the proclamation and application of it, "Blessed are ye that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for ye shall be filled." In Isaiah lv. 1, we have these words, "Oh, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come buy wine and milk without money and without price." And Jesus Christ, in John vii., as He stood among the people, said, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink." To the spiritually thirsty, was not this good news? The thirsty ones came unto Jesus, and He gave them to drink; as He said unto the woman of Samaria, "The water that I will give unto thee shall be in thee a well of living water, springing up into everlasting life:"

In the Gospel salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

But in our state of spiritual death, there is no hungering, no desires after Jesus, nor for salvation by Him. There is a thirsting for the world, and the things thereof; and while in this condition, you have no evidence that you are passed from death to life; and if you are not, you are dead in your sins. But if you are thirsting and hungering for spiritual blessings,

the blood and righteousness of Jesus, you are invited, you are welcome: "Come unto Me, I will give him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely." The Gospel proclaims the good news that the living water is to be found in Jesus, "springs of waters," "wells of living waters," and "streams from Lebanon."

And then in the Gospel there is an all-sufficient Physician. We read of Jesus going about healing all manner of diseases; diseases that He cured in the bodies of men; some of them of the most extraordinary character. Some of them were known "incurables," until Jesus touched them. When other physicians had failed to cure one, she touched the hem of the Saviour's garment, and was healed. And Jesus said, "I perceive that virtue is gone out of Me," and thus she was made whole. And so the man which had an infirmity thirty-eight years was made whole, and went on his way rejoicing. But these were diseases of the body. But there were diseases of the soul. This man was by nature in a spiritually leprous condition by reason of sin; and those who see and feel it, will honour Christ in His physician character, in His healing character; and the balm of Gilead will be applied for by such souls. The Gospel proclaims Jesus for sin-sick souls; believing in Him, you shall be healed, for He hath said, "I will, be thou clean."

IV. And then in the Gospel there is *omnipotent means provided for the conversion of all the redeemed of the Lord*. I refer you to that Scripture, where the Apostle, writing to the Romans, said, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every-one that believeth." We are not to understand by that Scripture that there was inherent power in the Gospel as preached by the apostles, or the Gospel as revealed in the Scriptures; but that the Gospel thus preached, and the Gospel thus revealed, is the instrument of the power of God. We have many extraordinary instruments spoken of in the Scriptures, which became the instruments of the power of God. But this power was not natural to these instruments. God communicated power by these instrumentalities. Hence, the rod in the hand of Moses. The power was not natural to that rod to cause the waters to flow forth from the smitten rock; yet we read it was the instrument of God's power in accomplishing that great

temporal deliverance of the Israelites. The walls of Jericho fell down when the rams' horns sounded; but the power was not in the rams' horns. The sling and the stone with which little David went forth to slay the great Goliath, did not possess the power to accomplish such a wonderful destruction of the enemy; but it was the instrument ordained of God; the power of God went forth by that instrumentality. And the Gospel likewise is the weapon and means for the accomplishing of those great things which God hath designed that it shall accomplish, and for the magnifying of the power of God. Hence we find that He made choice of the unlikeliest of men. Not men great, and noble, and learned: for there were men of extraordinary learning, power and talent, but these were passed by, and the poor fishermen (totally disqualified for such great work) chosen. One of the most talented of His chosen servants, Paul, declared, "We are not sufficient of ourselves, but our sufficiency is of God. So then neither is he that planteth anything, neither is he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase."

The power is not inherent in the Gospel itself, or all would feel its power who come under the sound of it. The power of God unto salvation comes from the Spirit, who, through the Gospel, speaks to the sinner's heart, then the Gospel is in power and in the Holy Ghost. This power He sovereignly puts forth in the preaching of the Gospel, and makes it "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth;" without which power not one sinner will ever believe to the saving of the soul. It has been well said—"The Spirit can convert a man without the Bible; but the Bible cannot convert without the Spirit." And Paul, when speaking of the Gospel weapons for the great warfare in which we are engaged, declares, that "the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty THROUGH God!" Not mighty through our talent; through our energy; through our zeal; through our indomitable perseverance and decision of character; but mighty through God to the pulling down of the strongholds of sin and Satan. In the Gospel, I say, there are omnipotent means provided. There are those of you who have heard me these nine years, and yet perhaps the Gospel may not have been to you in power, but in word only. You have only heard it as published by me. It has not come to you in the power of the Holy Ghost. But then there are those of you to

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whom it has been in power. Through this instrumentality, you have been convinced of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment; and have been obliged to fly for refuge to the Lord Jesus Christ. Thus then the Holy Ghost is the efficient power in relation to the Gospel. The application of the Gospel is of God and not of us, for the purpose of comforting and bringing into the marvellous light of the kingdom of Christ those for whom the Saviour died. In this I rejoice, that this power is just what it ever has been, and that the Almighty Spirit is able to save by His grace, all the sheep of Christ—all the redeemed ones.

V. And then the Gospel spoken of in our text is "the Gospel of *the grace of God*." Because in the Gospel there is an exhibition of the sovereign grace of God. But, brethren, the sovereignty, the freeness, and sufficiency of that grace appears in reference to the worthless—those ruined sinners who, through the instrumentality of the Gospel, are now brought to Jesus. Many whom the Scribes and Pharisees looked upon as lost, for whom there could be no hope of salvation whatever; to those the dear Redeemer went forth preaching the Gospel, taking the prey from the mighty. He brought some of those very wicked ones to Himself—those who were buried in their sins. The Scribes and Pharisees did not speak in a way complimentary of Him, when they said, "He receiveth sinners, and eateth with them." And thus He did receive sinners; and thus He will continue to receive them. All must feel that they are sinners, or else they can never be saved by the blood of the everlasting atonement. And thus, then, the Gospel—the glorious Gospel of the grace of God—comes with power and comfort to the ungodly and unrighteous. The Apostle said, in writing to the Corinthians—"Such were some of you—the chief of sinners; but ye are washed, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit our God."

It is called "the Gospel of the grace of God," because converting and regenerating grace is communicated through the Gospel. As I have just observed, this is the grand instrument employed by God. By this instrumentality the glorious regenerating grace is communicated; for the Lord will say to the "north, give up, and to the south, keep not back; bring my sons from afar and my daughters from the ends of the earth."

And then in the Gospel we behold the promises of God in relation to His grace. The promise of grace to help in every time of need is a Gospel promise suited to the various circumstances of life. The good news and glad tidings that we find in the Gospel—"My grace is sufficient for thee:" "When passing through the waters I will be with thee, and I will never leave thee,"—

"I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

I am a witness of the power of the Gospel; of the sufficiency of that grace in the hour of sorrow. Twelve months next Saturday I arrived in this city from England, by the good ship *Nineveh*, looking forward to meeting my late dear departed wife, with whom I had "sown in tears," and with whom I hoped to be able to "reap in joy," having returned with the proceeds by which this house for God is redeemed out of the hands of man. But alas! it was to find that she was cold in death, and that her mortal remains had been deposited in the silent grave twenty-three days before my arrival. Soon after I received intelligence of the illness of a beloved daughter; I arrived there three quarters of an hour too late; her ransomed spirit had fled to glory, and I beheld only the tabernacle of clay. My brother, a fortnight afterwards, was likewise unexpectedly called away by death to leave his loved ones—a loving wife and nine children—to weep in relation to their heavy loss. But while the Lord has been pleased to leave my house desolate unto me, yet you have beheld the grace of God in its strengthening, sustaining, and upholding power; for our God, who is the God of all grace, will never suffer His loved ones to be "tempted above that they are able, that they may be able to bear it." As to the all-sufficiency of the grace of God, I can speak from personal experience, as well as from the testimony of those who have passed before. We find the Apostle rejoicing in the face of trials—"I will take pleasure in infirmities, &c., that the power of Christ may rest upon me."

And now, brethren, I commend you to God and to the Word of His grace, which is able to build you up on that only true foundation which is laid in Zion, and that you may grow in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ our Lord; that you may from babes become young men, and from young men become fathers; that you may become pillars in the house of the Lord; that you may become ensamples to those who

may come after you, and to teach more perfectly the way of the Lord those who now "see men as trees walking." I exhort you to follow on in this course. Never forsake the assembling of yourselves together for Christ's sake—for the truth's sake. Brother Allen, who will come as your servant (he will testify of the same Gospel), receive him in love. Highly esteem him for his work's sake, and hold up his hands by prayer.

But while I leave you, I leave you the Gospel; and yet I take that with me to preach in the land of my fathers: the same Gospel will abide in your midst. While I take Jesus with me—because of His omniscience and omnipresence—for He is the Mighty God, and will be with His people always, and everywhere, whether on the land or on the sea; on this hemisphere or the other—"Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

To the Christian it is not the locality that constitutes happiness, but the society—being with Jesus. "If Thy presence go not with me, carry me not up hence." Anywhere with Jesus, as the Christian says—

"Anywhere with Jesus"—says the Christian heart—
Let Him take me where He will, so we do not part;
Always sitting at His feet, there's no cause for fears:
Anywhere with Jesus, in this vale of tears!

Anywhere with Jesus, though He leadeth me
Where the paths are rough and long, where the dangers be;
Though He taketh from me all I loved below,
Anywhere with Jesus I will gladly go!

Anywhere with Jesus, in the summer's heat,
Anywhere with Jesus, through the winter's sleet!
Anywhere with Jesus, while the bright sun shines,
Anywhere with Jesus, when the day declines!

Anywhere with Jesus, though He please to bring
Into fiercest fire—into suffering,
Should He bid me work, or wait, or only bear for Him.
Anywhere with Jesus shall be still my hymn.

Anywhere with Jesus, though it be the tomb,
With its fearful terrors, with its dreaded gloom:
Though it be the weariness of a long-drawn life,
Fainting with constant toil, drooping with its strife!

Anywhere with Jesus, for it cannot be
Dreary, dark or desolate, where He is with me:
He will love me always—every need supply—
Anywhere with Jesus, should I live or die!"

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. Amen.

CHAPTER LI.

MY FAREWELL TO SYDNEY.

Report of the Valedictory Meeting, held at the Particular Baptist Chapel, Castlereagh Street, Sydney, Australia, on Tuesday evening, March 15th, 1870.*

ON Tuesday evening, the 15th March, the Particular Baptist Chapel, Castlereagh Street, which has so long been the sphere of Mr. John Bunyan McCure's faithful pulpit ministrations, was crowded by an audience which comprised, not merely the members of the congregation worshipping within its walls, but a number of brethren (clerical and lay) from other Baptist Churches, and from other denominations, who desired not merely to express their esteem for Mr. McCure, but, in conjunction with the congregation, to publicly bid him "farewell."

A valedictory tea meeting had been arranged, and, at the hands of a number of the ladies of the congregation, received a most gratifying practical fulfilment. Tea, and its inevitable concomitants, which combined substantiality with daintiness, the serving of which was prefaced by the singing of the verse beginning—

"We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,"

having been discussed,

Mr. John Mills was placed in the chair, on the motion of Mr. J. B. McCure, seconded by Mr. Middenway. Hymn 259 was then sung; and the chairman read the 121st Psalm. Prayer having been offered up by the retiring pastor,

* The report here given of the Valedictory Meeting is reprinted from a pamphlet published by Messrs. Glassop & Lee, Printers and Publishers, Sydney.

The Chairman opened the proceedings by stating that the circumstances under which they had met, rendered it necessary that some one, other than the pastor, should take the chair on that occasion. They had assented to his taking the chair, but he would rather they had some one else to preside, and then they might have made a wiser selection. He had great pleasure in being present at such a meeting as that, but he was sorry to be there under the circumstances which had gathered them together. Such meetings, and such separations, made up the whole of that which makes up the life of man; and circumstances had conspired to impel their brother to leave the scene of his labours, and go to other fields. If they did not love him, they would not have gathered together to bid him good-bye. While they grieved at his departure, and felt that it would soon be realized, they could not help heartily wishing him God-speed. They prayed that God might have him in the hollow of His hand, while journeying far upon the deep; and if he were permitted to finish that journey in safety, they must believe that nothing could harm him, but they must commend him to the Divine protection. If they did not meet their beloved pastor again on earth, he trusted they would all meet him in heaven, and take up that song together, "Unto Him that hath loved us, and washed us in His own blood," which death, in the case of the Christian, could but temporarily interrupt. That which gave Churches success, and called down upon them the blessing of God, was the blaze of a pure life; and their dear friend, whom they honoured for his work's sake, and whom he (the Chairman) had known for some years, had always maintained a faithful stand in opposition to unrighteousness; and they had found him something like his Master. They all knew their pastor's consistency of life, and soundness of doctrine, and they could not afford to lose out of the colony a man who preached the truth and practised it too. A woman once said to him, "That what was wanted was a man who not merely preached the Gospel, but lived it too; for in her neighbourhood the people had forgotten what a Christian man was like." They must remember that they were not parting with one who was going away to put off his armour; but with one who was going to fight a battle upon another field, and so they would bid him good-bye with cheers. They knew that so long as Mr. McCure had a voice of power, he would preach the

glorious Gospel of the grace of God. In thinking of what *he* had to do, they must not be unmindful of what *they* had to do, and he trusted that by their liberal contributions they would enable him and his family to arrive in England in comfort.

J. B. McCure,—who on rising was greeted with vociferous applause, said—That he could assure the Chairman that he stood before his friends that evening with feelings the most conflicting. If he were to give way to the feelings that he was then subject to, he would only bow a sorrowful farewell. He could not help thinking that too much was expected of him, if he was expected to speak for any length of time. He would make a few remarks with reference to his ministerial history, and to those very trying circumstances which had conspired to bring about his present leave-taking. Since he had left the land of his fathers—the smiling fields of Kent and Sussex—he had passed through much that was eventful and afflictive. He arrived in Victoria in the year 1852, while the gold mania was raging.

Many would well remember the time he referred to. Those who had been waiting to receive him had gone with the multitude to the gold fields, and these hands of his had to minister to his pressing necessities. A Church was formed at Geelong, and in due time a building was erected to the praise and honour of God by those whom he had succeeded in gathering about him. God had sometimes need of affliction to accomplish the purposes of His grace and had a purpose to accomplish in him, which was accomplished by great trials, and through much heaviness of spirit. His health giving way, his medical adviser proposed a change, and he thought of going to Adelaide, because the voyage to Sydney was expensive, and would have cost no less than £15. A friend said to him, "Go to Sydney;" and he determined therefore to go to Sydney, believing that he could enjoy there the rest he so much needed. If he had went to Adelaide he would have had to undergo a great deal of labour, for which he was bodily unfitted.

On the day of his arrival here, his friends determined he should preach, and his first sermon was blessed by God to the conversion of one individual. That was a sign that God had for him a work to do in Sydney; he only preached fourteen times during the fourteen days he was here, but he was none

the worse as far as his health was concerned: and the result of his preaching was that, shortly after his return to Geelong, he received a special call from the brethren in this city. During his visit he had been made aware that there was a large field open to him in Sydney: and his people thought that a door had been opened to him, and that it was an effectual door. He was happy to know that his lack of service in Geelong had been supplied by Mr. Day, and the brethren there could apply the 46th Psalm: "The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our Refuge." And here, in Sydney, the many merciful instances which were visible before them cheered them on in their work, and assured them that the Lord was in their midst. They were in the enjoyment of ordinances as revealed in the New Testament, and he had been for these nine years past labouring in connection with the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ: and it weighed heavily upon his mind when he considered that, notwithstanding the number of places of worship, thousands of persons never darkened their doors. He felt it his duty to go to the regions beyond them; to those who would not come to hear. God had given testimony to the Word of His grace, even in theatres and other places where he had preached. And during his last visit to England, a military officer came up to him while he was at Sheerness, and put a half-sovereign into his hand, and stated that a sermon preached by him in one of these places of public resort had been the means of his conversion: and that he had been prevented seeing him previously because his regiment had been ordered to New Zealand.

In addition to a work such as that, there was another work he must refer to. While he was going about in the highways and bye-ways of the city, he had to be a witness of the proselytising of the Sisters of Charity in the various public institutions. On one occasion he was sent for privately to see a person in dying circumstances. She seemed to be on the verge of the grave, and indeed she was so, for she died shortly after his first visit. She asked him when he entered the room, "Are you a Protestant?" He said he was. She said her husband was a Roman Catholic: and they had been married in a Protestant Church; but a priest had told him that their children were not within the pale of the Christian Church, unless they were baptized Roman Catholics. They were so baptized: and during

her illness she was visited by the Sisters of Charity, and by a priest who administered baptism to her: but drawing a Bible from under her pillow, she said, "A few drops of holy water sprinkled over her could not make her a Roman Catholic." Some Roman Catholics came in as he was speaking to her, and he was turned out: and as he had not power to resist them, he was forced to retire. While he had not any desire to interfere with their consciences, he was determined they should not interfere with his. He felt that now his work was before him, and if he had come to Sydney to do no other work than to withstand Papal aggression, that was quite sufficient to take up all his energies. During the first thirteen months he had never gone to bed till two or three in the morning; and in many instances Roman Catholics had given him their blessing; and he had the pleasing assurance that his labours among them had been blessed by God. Some of them had met with his people, and from that time most of those present were aware of the persecution through which he had been called to pass. He had felt the greatest confidence that the Lord would shield and preserve him; and they all knew how the Lord had done so, and the cause had increased with which they were identified.

The ground on which their chapel stood was purchased at a cost of £700, and that money was collected in Sydney. They were aware, during the commercial panic, he had travelled here, there, and everywhere, 20,000 miles through the colonies, hoping by this means, to obtain the amount required to free the chapel from debt. On several occasions, he had nearly lost his life; and during his travels, effectual doors were opened to do spiritual good. He thought more of the Master, and His Gospel, than of money. Doors of usefulness were opened in some extraordinary places in the interior. Some who heard him, said it was the first time a sermon had ever been preached in the respective localities where they resided. While in South Australia, he was asked to preach in the Presbyterian Church at Wallaroo, and the Word was brought home with power to the heart of a man who heard him, his heart was broken, and he is now a member of the Church of Christ. Many such instances he could relate during his tour through the colonies. He preached on many occasions in public houses; and not long ago, he preached in a place called the "devil's elbow." (On

that occasion, he must have been very near to the old gentleman). He went forth with the Gospel, and during his journeys, he had frequently preached thirteen times in eight days. Strength was given according to his day; and really he had no time to be tired. He was continually labouring from day to day, and often had to say, "Well, I have been blessed in the obtaining of souls, although I have not obtained money." Those who had opposed him, and had endeavoured to discourage him, ought to have held up his hands, on the ground that his efforts were directed to save the chapel of the burden of debt that pressed upon it. It was proposed to him at one time to sell the chapel; but he said he would never give his consent to that. He wished to get the debt paid off, and rather than the chapel should be sold, he would sell lucifer matches all through the city.

At last, a way of escape appeared to open before them; and it occurred to him, while seeking direction at the throne of grace, that England—the land of his fathers, and the land of prosperous Churches—should be visited; and he felt sure, if his brethren there knew his case, they would respond liberally. In speaking of this proposal of his to his wife, she said [I am proud I can repeat the noble sentiment of my dear wife] "It is either the loss of the chapel, or the loss of you, and it is my duty to choose the least of two evils; I will therefore choose to lose you, rather than the house of God be sold." He lived and worked in faith, even that faith that "laughs at impossibilities, and says it must be done." He was sure that his mission to Great Britain would be a success. When he arrived, he said, "Well, friends, I have come for a £1,000, and will not go back without it." One brother said he should have to stop five years; another said he must stop thirty years; but he persevered; and at the Surrey Tabernacle, London, where the venerated James Wells so long preached the Gospel, there was collected not less a sum than £115, after his first address in London. While in England, he was enabled to preach and lecture three hundred times within twelve months; and he travelled ten thousand miles. When he beheld the apathy displayed by all the Protestant denominations there in reference to Papal aggression, and the work of the Jesuits, he was grieved beyond description. He felt there was a mighty work to do, and he must set about it, for at that time, the "cross mania" was

raging throughout the land. He met a scene he had not been used to. Eighteen years ago Roman Catholic ladies only wore the mark of the beast, but now they were worn by ladies of the Presbyterian, Wesleyan, Baptist, and other Churches. At the public meetings he told the audience, "While you are wearing these badges, remember that they are the work of the Jesuits." A lady told him that the cross was a beautiful emblem. He replied that it was a beautiful emblem of Popery, but in all consistency she ought to have emblems of the nails, the knotted scourge, and the crown of thorns. A lady sent him a gold cross she had been wearing, and informed him that it was a trophy of conviction and repentance. He had received a number of crosses, as fruits of his protest against them. He could have brought home if he had liked a bushel of them; but he had brought home these (pointing to a number of various sizes and designs, which were fastened upon a sheet of cardboard, and passed through the body of the audience for inspection) which were taken off in public halls directly those who heard him were convinced of their error.

At a farewell tea meeting, held in Mr. Wells's Chapel, England, 2,500 persons were present, and £135 were given him by way of a testimonial. He told the vast audience that twelve months ago he wanted a £1,000, and now he had got every penny of it.

He left England on the 30th November, 1868, after having accomplished his mission. When he left England, some of his friends said he would return again, but he replied in the negative, and told them that his work was in Sydney, and nothing would cause him to leave Sydney but the death of his wife. His return voyage was a tempestuous one, and he had a sad presentiment that he would not find things well in Sydney. His wife was uppermost in his mind. When the pilot came on board, as the ship was entering the Heads, his moral courage almost failed him. The Chairman (Mr. Mills) put off in a boat, and when he boarded the vessel, he asked him, "Is all well?" Mr. Mills replied, "All's well." He asked him again was all well, but there was no reply. The second officer of the *Nineveh*, said, "Don't imagine trouble before it comes." He was told that twenty-three days before his arrival she was in heaven.

He had no power to describe the weight of that blow. They

had seen God who is faithful, who never breaks His covenant, nor alters the thing that has gone out of His mouth.

The dying wish of his dear departed wife was, that for his children's sake, he should go to England, but he had striven against its influence, until compelled, for reasons he need not speak of now, to resign his pastorate. He was going to England in order that he might settle his children there, and it was his intention to labour there some time. He would enter more fully and continuously upon the work of resisting Papal aggression, and whatever his hand might find to do: but he would not detain them with any further remarks upon that subject. His life had been one of great trial; and the position he had occupied amongst them would never be that of his successor; because, the people had been gathered, and the Church had been formed, and the building they worshipped in was now free from debt, through his instrumentality.

He had travelled sixty thousand miles in order to free the chapel from debt, and he had often said he would never leave them until he could leave the chapel a free chapel, and leave the people a free people. They were at present, happy, united, and prosperous.

The other Sabbath six persons had been immersed; and last Sabbath eleven persons were received into Church fellowship, and he must congratulate them upon the prospect they had of having amongst them a minister who was a man of God, a man of decision, of principle, and character. He trusted that his successor would be more blessed of God than he had been; he would not have the up-hill work he had had to encounter. He could say for himself, that he was not going to put off his harness; having put his hand to the Gospel plough, he hoped he should never look back. His wish was, that God would speed the plough in Castlereagh Street chapel, and he was confident that the Gospel preached would be no half-way Gospel, but the Gospel of the Grace of God. He hoped that on the part of his successor there would be no trimming, no compromise, and then he would be free from the blood of all men. He would say "Farewell," and he trusted God would bless them for His name's sake.

At this stage of the proceedings, Mr. Cottam, one of the deacons, presented Mr. McCure with a purse of fifty-five sovereigns, and an address, of which the following is a copy:—

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS AND TESTIMONIAL TO JOHN BUNYAN
MC CURE,

Late Pastor of the Particular and Strict Baptist Church, Castlereagh Street, Sydney,
from the Members of the Church and Congregation, Tuesday Evening, March 15, 1870.

DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—Twelve months ago, when you returned to this city from the land of your fathers, where you had been labouring for many months in the execution of a most arduous mission—that of collecting the funds for releasing this place of worship from debt (and which mission we are truly happy to say you were enabled, by the blessing of Almighty God, to bring to a successful issue)—we were rejoicing in the pleasing anticipation that all our partings were over, and that we should be permitted to enjoy the great blessing of your ministrations in the holy things of God, and in the proclamation of those doctrines of free, full, and sovereign grace of our God, in which our souls rejoice, without interruption, for many years to come. For though it had seemed good to our all-wise and loving Father to visit you with a very sore affliction by taking to Himself your dearly beloved wife, ere you returned, and thus depriving you of the sorrowful consolation of witnessing her last moments; yet we had hoped that, by the softening influence of time, and the sweet consoling voice of God the Divine Spirit whispering into your soul, saying, “Peace, be still,” your weight of sorrow would ere long have been removed. But, dear brother, all our cherished hopes and expectations are taken away; for during the past twelve months it has pleased our Heavenly Father to send “wave upon wave” of trouble over your soul, by removing first one and then another of the members of your family to their eternal home; and thus, as it were, not only “stirring up your nest,” but, as it appears to us, pulling it down altogether. Therefore, we cannot but sympathise with you in the course that you have now determined upon, namely, resigning your pastorate over us, and returning to your native land, where, it may be, the Lord has a work for you to do.

But however painful it may be to us thus to part with you, we are sure it must be far more so to yourself, having been the honoured instrument in the hands of God of forming and establishing this, the only Particular and Strict Baptist Church in this city, having watched over and

guided it through all the chequered scenes of cloud and sunshine through which it has passed during the nine years of its existence. And having many times witnessed and rejoiced in the blessing of God upon your labours in giving you many "seals to your ministry, and many souls for your hire" in this place. And yet, dear brother, notwithstanding it may be painful to you to leave the Church under these circumstances, there is also something to cheer and comfort you; for the Lord has not been unmindful of you, although you have many times thought during the past year, "That you were labouring in vain, and spending your strength for nought;" as you have, during the past few weeks, realized that precious promise: "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy," in being privileged to give the right hand of Christian fellowship, and receiving into full communion with this Church eleven brethren and sisters; six by baptism, most of whom were converted under your ministry. And not only so, we have also to congratulate you upon the fact, that you leave this Church in a peaceful, harmonious, and prosperous condition; your departure deeply regretted by every member of the Church and congregation, who would gladly have borne any sacrifice to have retained you in our midst. But the Lord has ordered it otherwise, and we bow in humble resignation to His sovereign will, committing you to His keeping, and in whatever portion of His vineyard He may direct you to labour, our prayers shall ever be for your spiritual welfare, and that your labours may be abundantly blessed by Him to the ingathering of immortal souls. And should you ever be, in the order of Divine Providence, directed to return to this city, we shall be truly happy to welcome you back.

And now, dear brother, we bid you farewell; and if for all time, we can rejoice that it will not be for eternity. For when the work of grace shall be completed in our hearts, we shall meet around the throne of our God in His eternal kingdom, never more to part. And as a small token of gratitude and sympathy, and as a parting expression of love, we beg of you to accept this purse containing £55; the amount is far below our desires, but, as you are aware, we are comparatively few in number, and poor in this world's goods; you will, therefore, we feel assured, accept the offering in the same spirit of love that has prompted us to present it.

We remain, dear brother, your brethren and sisters in the bonds of Christian love and affection.

Signed on behalf of the Church and congregation.

SETH COTTAM,
WILLIAM WAGG,
JOSEPH FORD,
STEPHEN CROSS, } Deacons.

Mr. Cottam said that although they were called upon to part with their pastor, they felt confident that before two years had passed over his head, he would be in Sydney. He felt sure that his heart was bound up in Castlereagh Street. In whatever portion of the Lord's vineyard Mr. McCure might labour, he was quite sure he would be back before long.

J. B. McCure, in reply, said such an expression of their appreciation of his labours, in connection with the cause of God in that place could never be forgotten by him. He had no power to express his feelings in a proper manner. He thanked them sincerely for their kindness, and felt that he was not worthy of such a testimonial. As in all sincerity they had presented it, so in all sincerity he would receive it. He was happy to say, that during the nine years he had been amongst them, they and he had not had a single fall out. He had practised the principle of thinking twice before speaking once, and because he had been enabled to think twice, he had often not spoken at all. He was leaving them in love, and if he was enabled to return to them again, how glad he would be to see their faces in the flesh. There might be a necessity that he should return; he was not leaving them with feelings that he should never see them more.

Mr. Hicks, of Kissing Point, said that they needed men of Mr. McCure's stamp, for he was one who had maintained the truth as it is in Jesus; and who had lived the Gospel as well as preached the Gospel. He could scarcely believe that the little handful of people who used to meet in Goulbourn Street, could have originated the fine congregation he saw before him. They saw that God had wrought wonders. Mr. McCure had preached the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and in his hands it was displayed practically and experimentally, as well as doctrinally. God speed him to England, and God speed him back again.

Mr. Middenway said that on behalf of the teachers of the Sabbath School, he had the greatest pleasure in presenting Mr. McCure with a portrait album. He hoped he would arrive safe in England, and have a speedy and pleasant voyage. [The album, which was large and elegantly embossed, containing photographs of the teachers, and a number of the members of the Church.]

J. B. McCure said there was such a thing as killing people with kindness. He was just thinking that if these presentations had occurred six months ago, he could not have had the heart to have sent in his resignation. He had been wishing to have the portraits of the members of the Church and Sabbath School, that he might be able to say to his friends in England, these are the likenesses of my dear friends in Sydney. He felt grateful to them for this act of Christian sympathy.

Mr. G. Sheppard, of New Town, said that on such an occasion he felt more than ordinary at a loss what to say—for words too often “half conceal and half reveal,” and if he said too much, he might be thought guilty of flattery—an unpardonable sin in a Christian minister. He would, however, say a word or two to the Church about their pastor, and it would be in the form of a parable. Some one wanted to erect a building: a plan of it was drawn, and men were sent to build it. Its architecture was speedily developed, and it was altogether a substantial affair. A person went to one of its doors and saw in its interior a column, about which a bit of ivy crept till it reached the capital of the column. He did not like this, and so cut it close to the ground; but the root remained, and, nurtured by the air and moisture, it speedily crept up again. Mr. McCure was the ivy, and the root of the ivy was his love to the cause; and while that remained—if they nurtured that love, his affections would twine round the pillars of the house of God, and though he was absent in body, he would be with them in spirit. If they wished to keep the root of the ivy alive in the ground, just let Mr. McCure know what God hath done for their souls—just let him know how they had been blessed under his ministry, before he returned to England. In conclusion, he could only say to his dear brother, that he wished him all that a Christian’s heart could wish, and all that a brother’s heart could desire.

Mr. A. W. Webb, of Harris Street Church, said that what

he intended to say would be short, and he hoped it would be sweet. He had great pleasure in being present with them to say good-bye to Mr. McCure. He had always cherished feelings of brotherly affection towards him, and had had very intimate and pleasant communion with him. He had many a fireside "yarn" with him, and his intercourse was not only entertaining and instructive, but it had served to increase his faith in God. Though he had not agreed with all that Mr. McCure had done, he was confident that that gentleman had always been actuated by the most supreme sense of duty. They were that evening in a chapel which was free from debt, as the result of Mr. McCure's arduous labours, whose motto through life had been—*Nil Desperandum*. Mr. McCure had devoted his talents to the Church of God, and if he had not enriched himself, he had made the Church wealthy. Hearts were more perfectly cemented in sorrow than in any other element. And when he remembered the circumstances through which Mr. McCure had passed, he felt quite sure he could never forget the people at Castlereagh Street, Sydney. He could rejoice at the success of others, and he rejoiced in his brother's success, and in the success of that Church. In his own name; in the name of the Church of which he was pastor; and in the name of the Baptist Association; he would say to his brother—Good-bye, and God be with you, and bless you, and may He ever be at your side to guide and succour and defend you. On his own behalf he could say, he hoped the Good Pilot would guide him safely through all tempestuous voyages, and land him at last in the haven of eternal rest.

At the close of Mr. A. W. Webb's address, the choir sang :

Shall we meet beyond the river?

with the answer,

Yes! we'll meet beyond the river!

J. B. McCure having pronounced the benediction, the meeting separated shortly before ten o'clock.

CHAPTER LII.

MY FOURTH LOG-BOOK—HISTORY OF A VOYAGE FROM SYDNEY
TO LONDON.

Having said "Farewell" to my loving Church at Sydney; also to my children, who were to remain behind, I once more entered on board the *Nineveh*, on March 22nd, 1870. My previous "Log-Books" having met with such a hearty reception at the hands of Christian friends, I again decided on keeping a daily faithful record of our mercies, our miseries, and our movements. The following is the "Introduction" I sent forth with "MY FOURTH LOG-BOOK."

*Dedicated to the Saints and Faithful Brethren in Christ,
scattered throughout England and the Colonies of Australia.*

BELOVED,—How mysterious are the leadings and dealings of Divine Providence, how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out. "But as for God, His way is perfect." "And He will perfect the thing that concerneth me." And while accomplishing the deep counsels of His will, His mercy towards His own dear children endureth for ever. Therefore, He will never, no never, forsake them, whilst He is leading them in paths they have not known. I am a witness of Divine faithfulness; the faithfulness of my ever-gracious God. I only desire to live that I may speak of the glorious honour of Jehovah's majesty—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; and tell of His "Wondrous faithfulness, and sound His power abroad."

I have the honour of presenting to you "My Fourth Log-Book." My first was written nearly eighteen years ago on board the ship *Hydrabad*, bound to Melbourne. The second on board the steam-ship *Great Britain*, from Melbourne to Liverpool. The third on board the ship *Nineveh*, from London to Sydney. And now this, my fourth, written on board the same vessel from Sydney to London. I have now travelled twice round the globe, 64,000 miles, preaching the Gospel of the grace of God; the glorious Gospel of Christ, to all kinds of people. After nearly eighteen years labour in the Gospel fields of Australia, I am directed to my native land, to do

the work the Lord may have for me there. Having freed the Sydney Church from debt, and having set in order the house of God in that city, I am willing to engage in the same work in England, on behalf of those Churches that are burdened with debt; and thus acknowledge the debt of gratitude I owe to the English Churches for their liberal response on behalf of the Church of Christ in Sydney.

Grace unto you, and peace, from our Covenant Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, is the prayer of

Your Willing Servant, for Christ's sake.

March 22nd, 1870.—My cabin is ready, and my luggage once more on board the ship *Nineveh*. Just as she was leaving the Circular Quay to be towed out into the stream, one of the men working on the steam winch, which is used for the purpose of loading the ships in the harbour, fell overboard into deep water; he was seen by a number of persons struggling for his life, none of whom attempted to render assistance to the drowning man, when Mr. Henderson, chief officer of the *Nineveh*, and a sailor named Richards, jumped overboard, and were only just in time to save him from death. The man not being able to swim, must have been drowned, but for the heroic and humane conduct of those who, at the risk of their own lives, saved him from a watery grave.

Wednesday, 23rd.—This evening, being the time for the embarkation of myself and three children, the day has been spent in taking farewell of friends. My dear daughter, Mrs. Beaumont, children and husband; it was most unpleasurable and painful indeed to us all to say farewell. At half-past seven o'clock about fifty of the friends met in the Chapel, when we held a farewell prayer meeting; at the close of which I delivered a short address, from the words, "Take heed unto yourselves, and to all the flock." I then proceeded on board the ship, accompanied by my son Joseph, who remained with us on board during the night. How remarkable,—we were anchored in the same place, where we cast anchor twelve months ago, on my arrival from England, and where I was informed for the first time of the death of my late dear wife. How mysterious,—that I should now be on board the same ship, and in the same place, as I was twelve months since; but, alas!

bereaved of my earthly all; and now bound for England with my motherless children.

Thursday, 24th.—This morning we are to be towed out to sea. A goodly number of my friends chartered a steamer, and came alongside the ship, off Fort Macquarie, and remained on board for two hours. Before they left the ship we sang, ‘

“ Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?
Where in all the bright for ever
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet; shall we meet;
Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?”

And then the answer:

“ Yes, we'll meet beyond the river,
When our conflicts all are o'er;
And we'll spend the blest for ever
On that bright, celestial shore.
We shall meet! we shall meet!
We shall meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll.”

The ship being ready for sea, the friends then went on board their steamer, shaking hands with me.

“ Adieu, beloved friend, adieu:
On earth we only meet to part;
Yet to the Christian's brighter view
Still we are one, still near in heart.”

As they passed from the ship to the steamer, the pent-up-feelings frequently choked all power of utterance. The steam-tug *Breadalbane*, then towed us out to sea. The steamer *Cobra* steamed alongside the ship for several miles outside the “Heads;” the weather being fine, and the sea smooth, it must have been quite a pleasure trip to the friends. The pilot having discharged the responsible duties of his office, left by the steamer. We then bid a final adieu to our friends, when they gave three hearty cheers for Mr. McCure and family, and three for Captain Barnet, wishing us a safe and prosperous voyage. Captain Barnet has made himself quite a favourite with our people, having been present at our place of worship on some very important occasions; viz., at the welcome meeting soon after my arrival; and when I preached the sermon in relation to the death of my late dear wife. And now, on his next visit

to Sydney, he was present at the farewell sermon and farewell public meeting, held on the eve of my departure; there is no Captain more respected and popular, who arrives in Port Jackson, Sydney, than Captain Barnet. He always makes himself a favourite with his passengers, except those who are evil disposed. He is a noble sailor, being a man of determination of purpose, sea-faring energy, seamanlike skill and courage; and amiability of manner to all. During the night a thunder storm overtook us. The night was so dark we could not see a boat's-length ahead. The rain fell in torrents; the thunder roared, and the lightning flashed; the wind freshened, but contrary to us.

Friday, 25th.—The confusion during the storm last night somewhat frightened the ladies. I was appealed to. "Is there any danger?" My answer in the negative relieved their fears: for they appeared to have great confidence in me: very much more than I have in myself. I would much rather that their confidence be placed where mine is—in the Lord Jehovah, who "Holds the winds in His fist, and the waters in the hollow of His hand." We are sailing on in our course. At noon, Lat. $35^{\circ} 11' S.$, long. $152^{\circ} 9' E.$ 90 knots. Barometer 30 29, thermometer 72. The children are all down with sea-sickness, and are very ill. I am pretty well myself, which is a mercy for them, so that I am able to nurse them, and others who are unable to help themselves.

Saturday, 26th.—Everything favourable, both wind and weather, and we are sailing on in our course. Lat. $37^{\circ} 17'$, long. $148^{\circ} 50'$. 150 knots. Bar. 30 30, ther. 75.

Sunday, 27.—Most of the passengers are suffering from sea-sickness: and the weather being very changeable, it is impossible to hold service; for at the time of morning service, the wind blowing hard with heavy rain, the ship pitched a good deal. At noon, lat. $39^{\circ} 41'$, long. $156^{\circ} 48'$. 171 knots. Bar. 30 30, ther. 73. What a soul-impoverishing place is ship-board for the Christian! Oh, how I need the sustaining and preserving grace of God; that grace that is sufficient for every time of need. Unable to hold evening service: heavy head sea on: passengers unable to attend.

Monday, 28th.—Wind against us; we are sailing five points out of our course. The children are all down again with sea-sickness; my hands are full, having to nurse them. I could be

sick myself, but have no time. It is well to be occupied on ship-board: many are the opportunities of doing good to others. I have often found that I have done more good to myself by ministering to others than by all the self-pity in the world. Lat. $40^{\circ} 2'$, long. $151^{\circ} 51'$. 181 knots. Bar. 30 50, ther. 65.

Tuesday, 29th.—The Lord be praised! the children are better, and are able to go on deck. I am quite well myself, which is a great mercy. The wind is dead against us, so that we are out of our course altogether.

The wind and waves His voice obey,

not ours; therefore, when it please the Lord, we shall have the right wind that will blow us on in our course. But I want for my soul the heavenly wind of the Holy Ghost; then I shall be able to mount up like the eagle, run without being weary, walk without fainting.

“Come, Holy Ghost, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace;
Waft me from all below,
To heaven my destined place.
Then in full sail my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.”

Lat. $41^{\circ} 8'$ long. $158^{\circ} 4'$. 77 knots. Bar. 30 60, ther. 61.

Wednesday, 30th.—The wind is still against us, and we are out of our course. How helpless is man; whatever appliances he may have at command, he cannot do the work of God; he cannot raise and command the wind; he can only spread the sail, the Lord must blow the auspicious gale. It is so both as to nature and grace; oh! what a glorious provision for poor and needy sinners. “I will help thee!” Oh! how I do need the Lord to help me, for I am a poor, weak, helpless creature, “Lord, help me,” has ever been my prayer.

“I can do nothing without Thee.
Make haste, my God, make haste!”

Lat. $41^{\circ} 23'$, long. $157^{\circ} 18'$, sailed westerly. Bar. 30 48, ther. 62.

Thursday, 31st.—A week to-day since we left Sydney and those who are dear to me; my prayer for them is, that the Lord will be the Rock of their salvation: then will they be blessed indeed. The wind is now in our favour, only too

strong, with heavy sea, causing the ship to pitch most unpleasantly. Many are again sea-sick; and my children, particularly Ben. and Arthur; Lydia is not so bad as she has been. Lat. $42^{\circ} 52'$, long. $158^{\circ} 84'$. 140 knots. Bar. 30 30, ther. 60.

Friday, April 1st.—We are sailing on gloriously in our course; have passed the beautiful island of Tasmania, which was for many years a penal settlement for English prisoners; the scenery is the most romantic and grand I have ever seen. All English fruits grow to perfection here. Jam, timber, and potatoes are exported in large quantities (particularly the former) to the Colonies of Australia and New Zealand. Lat. $44^{\circ} 50'$, long. $160^{\circ} 58'$. 162 knots. Bar. 30 20, ther. 58.

Saturday, 2nd.—Wind blowing hard; all hands on deck during the night. We are on our course under close reefed topsails, with very heavy sea. The sea-sick passengers are again ill. A tremendous sea has just washed over the poop-deck, down the companions stairs, into the saloon, swamping everything in its way; the doctor has come in for more than his share. The ladies were very much frightened. We are now off New Zealand; through the mercy of the Lord, we are clear of the dangerous "snare" rocks in the sea at this spot, where many a noble ship has been dashed to pieces. Lat. $48^{\circ} 12'$, long. $168^{\circ} 32'$. 230 knots. Bar. 29 70 to 29 80, ther. 55.

Sunday, 3rd.—In consequence of the heavy sea, only a few could attend service. This afternoon I read to the children that most deeply interesting account of "Thirza; or, the Power of the Cross!" and I also commenced the "Pilgrim's Progress." Lat. $48^{\circ} 49'$, long. $169^{\circ} 27'$. 225 knots. Bar. 29 96, ther. 51.

Monday, 4th.—The weather cold; wind favourable. We have made good speed all night. Children better, and are able to walk on deck. Thus goodness and mercy hath followed us!

"Oh, for a heart prepared to sing
To God, my Saviour, and my King;
While with His saints I'll join to tell
'My Jesus has done all things well!'"

Yes, "All things well," when He is pleased to take from us our dear and loved ones.

"Himself hath done it! Then I fain would say
 Thy will in all things evermore be done;
 E'en though that will remove whom best I love,
 While Jesus lives I cannot be alone."

Lat. $48^{\circ} 21'$, long. $175^{\circ} 35'$. 245 knots. Bar. 30.7, ther. 50; in the captain's cabin, at the top of the companion stairs it stands at 45.

This week we have eight days; it is therefore arranged to have two Tuesdays.

Tuesday, 5th.—Bright sunny morning; fair wind; passengers recovered; children able to take their places at the saloon table; have forgotten their late sickness, and say that sea life is not so bad after all. Ben. and Arthur thought yesterday that they should never recover. I have been mercifully favoured with sleep since I have been on board, much more than when on land. It is now raining; passengers are all in the saloon; we have the confusion of tongues, every one talking at the same time, babies crying: one really needs nerves of iron to be able to read or write amid so much confusion. Our noble ship is sailing on in her glory. Lat. $48^{\circ} 38'$, long. $178^{\circ} 47'$. 228 knots. Bar. 29.40, ther. 58.

Tuesday again, 5th (our second Tuesday).—At half-past three o'clock a.m. the Captain called me up to see the Southern Lights, which presented a most beautiful appearance; at first, it appeared as if the sun was about to rise; had I not known the hour I could have been sure that it was the harbinger of the sun that rules the day. I then concluded that it must be the reflection of the sun shining upon the frozen regions; but that could not be, seeing that the sun was then shining in the Northern Hemisphere, and we were in the Southern. The only way in which I can account for the remarkable phenomenon is, that there must be some gigantic iceberg somewhere high enough for the sun to see, producing the aurora borealis we witnessed this morning. Lat. 49° , long. $172^{\circ} 45'$. 243 knots. Bar. 29.98, ther. 55.

Wednesday, 6th.—This has been a day of many mercies: the weather favourable; the children have once more recovered from sea-sickness, and we are sailing on in our course. I have been engaged all day writing of "His love in time past;" and His love to me has indeed been truly wonderful! Wonders of love! wonders of grace! and wonders of mercy to God

belong. Lat. $49^{\circ} 13'$, long. $168^{\circ} 5'$. 185 knots. Bar. 29 27, ther. 58.

Thursday, 7th.—Goodness and mercy are still following us; and all's well. Lat. $49^{\circ} 21'$, long. $162^{\circ} 41'$. 217 knots. Bar. 20 70, ther. 55.

Friday, 8th.—The weather hazy; passengers unable to go on deck. With the westerly wind now blowing, it is not so cold as it generally is in these parts. For my Australian children who have never experienced weather colder than it is now, it is a great favour. Lat. 50° , long. $156^{\circ} 15'$. 251 knots. Bar. 26 63, ther. 59.

Saturday, 9th.—During the night the ship rolled very much, to the discomfort of every one. Some of the ladies were at times very much frightened; for during the gale, all hands were ordered on deck; the loud word of command from the Captain and officers, the noisy song of the sailors while pulling the ropes, tramping on deck with heavy boots; now and again a heavy sea washing over the deck, with the roaring of the wind, sounded somewhat alarming to those who are unaccustomed to such discordant sounds during the midnight hours. Through the mercy of the Lord all was well; and at noon we had made a good run. Arthur and one of the sailors were playing together on the main deck, when a heavy sea came over, and washed them off their feet, and under the spars; he was very much frightened, when he saw the blood, which flowed from his nose and lip; he was bruised on his hip and leg, but it was a great mercy he was not more seriously hurt. Lat. $50^{\circ} 41'$, long. $149^{\circ} 43'$. 263 knots. Bar. 29 55 to 29 50, ther. 58.

Sunday, 10th.—We have had a very stormy night; one sea washed over the entire poop-deck, a rather unpleasant sensation while being rolled about in one's berth, hearing the foaming waves dash over the ship. Preached in the saloon from Psalm xxxiv. 15, "The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and His ears are open unto their cry." What an unspeakable mercy! I spoke of the pitying, the compassionating eye, the eye of His mercy, the gracious eye, the watchful eye, the guiding eye; eye being applied to God after the manner of man; "The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good:" His infinite knowledge, and unbounded presence, and merciful providence, always with His people, at all times,

in all places, and under all circumstances. Jesus saw His disciples when their ship was in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves, and the wind contrary; yes, He came walking on the sea, speaking in words of sympathy and omnipotence, "Be of good cheer; it is I, be not afraid." While at dinner, the ship rolled fearfully; many things were rolled off the table; the beef was thrown into Lillie's lap; of course, it was great fun for the youngsters. Lat. $51^{\circ} 8'$, long. $142^{\circ} 52'$. 252 knots. Bar. 29 70 to 29 50, ther. 58.

Monday, 11th.—Up early this morning; weather beautiful; everything in our favour. The sea may be seen in its glory; and the power and majesty of God may be seen commanding and raising the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves of the great sea. Commenced school to-day with the children, which I hope to continue to the end of the voyage. "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord." O, blessed Lord, teach me, thy poor child, and make me wise unto salvation, and unto all riches of the full assurance of understanding, to the acknowledgment of the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ. During the long cold evenings I have continued readings in my cabin, both instructive and amusing, and likewise reading the Scriptures and prayer. A young lady friend, Miss Bath, who is bound for Germany, to finish her education, and Mrs. Cooper, whom I baptized in Sydney (a member of the Sydney Church), who is going to visit her mother in England, unite with us; so we form a very happy family; thus the evenings pass pleasantly; the cabin is warm and homely. Lat. $51^{\circ} 15'$, long. $136^{\circ} 49'$. 227 knots. Bar. 29 64, ther. 53.

Tuesday, 12th.—A gale has been blowing all night, and the ship has rolled fearfully; the hail at times fell in torrents. It was a sleepless night for me; yet many of the passengers slept, except those with babies; they are to be pitied, poor things; particularly one about twelve months old, she is the model of a child; I never saw a finer; the parents are most devoted to her; they have but little rest day or night. Ship-board in cold, stormy weather, is not the place for a nursery. A tremendous sea has just washed over the main-deck, floating every moveable thing; while it was laughable to see the buckets and loose spars moving about in concert with the rolling of the ship; yet, if such a quantity of water could have found its way into the ship, we should soon be water-logged; but I am thankful to know that

our good ship is water-tight; no sea can get into her hold, and no water finds its way into the saloon, only through the carelessness of those who leave doors or port-windows open. I have just experienced a most merciful deliverance from death, or a much more serious accident than that which has happened to me. I had walked the children on deck, pointing out to them the majesty and power of God, who sitteth King for ever on the flood, as is seen in these wild and cold latitudes; I then walked a lady on deck, who was very desirous to behold the mountain surging billows, when an immense sea caught the ship, she kicked up all of a sudden, and sent us flying to leeward; the ship in an instant was down on her side, and over I must have gone, had I not thrown myself down. In my anxiety to save the lady, I was driven with great force against the bulwarks, with my right leg extended; my heel came up with a fearful crash against the ship's side; I felt as if my hip, knee, and ankle-joints were all out. Through the mercy of the Lord, it was not so; on examination by the doctor, who was most kind and attentive to me, he found that I had only sprained my ankle. It is a very bad sprain; and will detain me for some days in my cabin, but I am truly thankful there are no broken bones. Preventing mercies, God be praised,—from death or broken bones. How true, and how blessed:

“Plagues and deaths around me fly,
Till He bid, I cannot die;
Not a single shaft can hit
Till the God of love see fit.”

Lat. $51^{\circ} 33'$, long. $130^{\circ} 20'$. 240 knots. Bar. 29 20 to 29 40, ther. 53.

Wednesday, 13th.—A sleepless night from the pain of my foot, and the stormy weather; the ship rolled frightfully all night; several times the sea washed over the poop deck; hail fell in abundance, which caused walking on deck to be dangerous. We have just had a snow storm; the first snow the children have ever seen, they were delighted, only that it was “*too cold*.” Captain and passengers are all very much concerned for me, my ankle is very bad; I am grateful for their kind sympathy. Everything looks cold and wintry; the snow presents a novel sight for the native born-Australians, who have never before been out of the almost tropical latitude of Sydney.

“Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
 Filling the sky and earth below;
 Dancing, flirting, skimming along,
 Beautiful snow! it can do no wrong.”

Mr. Henderson, chief officer, provided the children with snow-balls, it afforded great fun for them; they were in a perfect ecstasy of delight, until “Jack Frost” began to bite their fingers. Arthur and Lillie began to cry, for they were frightened with the cold embrace of Mr. John Frost, who will be sure to take hold of all who will dare come into his dominions, and trifle with him. They will be more careful for the future as to their playing with snow-balls. Lat. $51^{\circ} 32'$, long. $122^{\circ} 59'$. Bar. 29 40 to 29 60, ther. 51.

Thursday, 14th.—I have had a much better night, although the ship sailed all night at full speed, but did not roll as she has done the last two nights. My ankle is progressing as favourably as can be expected, but I am not able to get up. I am a prisoner in my berth. The swelling and inflammation are very great, the discolouration extends from the heel to the calf of the leg: I am using cold water (and cold indeed it is, with the glass at 30° on deck), which is a great relief to the inflamed parts. Oh, how I do need the soul-refreshing waters of life: “My soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh longeth for Thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is, to see Thy power and Thy glory, so as I have seen Thee in the sanctuary.” Ship-board is indeed a dry and thirsty place; so much so, that I feel to be as dry and barren, as if destitute of the work of grace in my soul, as if I had never known the Lord. Alas! how helpless and dependent, notwithstanding past experience: past experience will never do to live upon; it is a cistern that can hold no water. Bless the Lord, O my soul, Jesus and Jesus only is the fountain of gardens, the well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon: He most graciously invites to Himself, and gives free welcome to all his communicable fulness. Thirsty souls are welcome to Jesus Christ. “If any man thirst let him come unto Me and drink.” But so helpless am I, I cannot go to the Well of Living Waters; I need the streams that make glad the city of God, to flow into my soul: even so come, Lord Jesus, make haste, my God, make haste. Lat. $51^{\circ} 54'$, long. $116^{\circ} 38'$. 231 knots. Bar. 29 50, ther. 48.

Friday, 15th.—Good Friday on ship-board is not considered more than any other day. Sunday is the only day of distinction. I would have held a morning service, but was unable on account of my ankle. I am still a prisoner in my cabin, not able to put my foot to the ground. We are now 4,438 knots from Sydney, and twenty days since we left. Throughout the day we have had sudden snow and hail squalls. Lat. $52^{\circ} 30'$, long. $110^{\circ} 35'$. 225 knots. Bar. 29 50, ther. 49.

Saturday, 16th.—The ship has rolled, jumped, and kicked a great deal to-day, whilst sailing over the immense long seas of these wild latitudes, very much to the discomfort of my sprained ankle. Weather cold and boisterous; passengers in the saloon; we have table tongue in abundance—talk, talk, talk. Lat. $53^{\circ} 29'$, long. $104^{\circ} 17'$. 231 knots. Bar. 29 9, ther. 51.

Sunday, 17th.—Unable to hold service; my ankle very bad, swelling worse than ever. The usual and excited cry, “A sail in sight! a ship off the starboard bows.” The children were delighted, this being the first “sighted” since we left Sydney Heads. Lat. $54^{\circ} 18'$, long. $97^{\circ} 18'$. 247 knots. Bar. 29 60, ther. 49.

Monday, 18th.—Weather cold and comfortless; but not nearly so cold as it was the last voyage of the *Nineveh*; the temperature was as low as 15° . I am very thankful that it is not so now. But in my soul I am much lower and colder than the coldest iceberg. Oh, that this wintry, dark, and low state of soul, might pass away before the soul-melting beams of the Sun of righteousness.

“This Sun has warmed my soul,
When chilled by sin and death;
Its beams have shone with strength and heat,
And made me strong in faith.

Whatever be my frame,
My Sun no change can know;
Though I am dark, He still remains,
My light and glory too.”

Precious descriptive words are these: “The Lord lifteth up those that are bowed down.” This is just what I need; I cannot lift up myself, but the Lord can and will.

“A single smile from Jesus given
Will lift a drooping soul to heaven.”

I will therefore wait, and plead: "Remember unto Thy servant the word upon which Thou hast caused me to hope." For

"Temptations sore obstruct my way,
O give me strength, Lord, as my day;
For good remember me."

Lat. 55° 13', long. 91° 22', W. 210 knots. Bar. 29 70, ther. 52.

Tuesday, 19th.—A week this day I have been a prisoner in affliction. Although very painful and trying, yet it is very merciful; the preventing and the sustaining hand of God has indeed been with me. Yes, "It is of the Lord's mercies I am not consumed; because His compassions fail not; they are new every morning, and great is the faithfulness of the Lord." We have a falling glass, with every appearance of a storm; the barometer fell 28° 80'; wind blowing hard from S.W. The howling of the tempest, roaring of the sea, the heavy downfall of rain and hail, babies crying, the talkers talking, sailors singing their noisy ditties whilst pulling the ropes, and the loud shrill sound of the word of command—it is a perfect Babel of confusion. A most terrific gale is now blowing; all hands ordered on deck; all the sails close-reefed but four; the main foresail just split. Our noble ship behaves admirably. I never saw a ship that behaved better in storms and hurricanes than the *Nineveh*; and Captain Barnet inspires all with confidence by his attention, decision, and courage. Lat. 56° 1', long. 84° 18'. 248 knots. Bar. 28 80, ther. 48.

Wednesday, 20th.—A sleepless night. Until past midnight the hurricane raged most furiously, and when the wind moderated, the wild excited sea caused the ship to roll dreadfully. How thoughtless and inconsiderate are some people. One gentleman (?) passenger (who generally gives his orders to the steward in a sonorous tone of voice, which, of course, is always objectionable), whilst the gale was raging yesterday, commanded the steward to do some little thing for him in his cabin; the steward not being at liberty to attend to his imperious command, he cursed and swore at the steward, who, of course, was highly indignant, and would have knocked him down, but the captain came along just in time, and ordered the said gentleman away from the steward's pantry, telling him that he would not suffer him to swear at any of his

servants; if he had cause of complaint, he must speak to the captain. Passengers do themselves great harm by quarrelling with the stewards, and threatening them, "I'll speak to the captain about you." Solomon's proverb should always be practised on ship-board particularly, "He that hath friends must show himself friendly." Lat. $56^{\circ} 61'$, long. $78 50$. 188 knots. Bar. 30, ther. 48.

Thursday, 21st.—We have had a splendid run all night; and the wind being on our quarter, our good ship has sailed along with but little motion. 7 o'clock p.m., almost becalmed; wonderful change from the hurricanes of yesterday. I have been obliged to reprove some of our passengers for their inconsiderate and thoughtless laughing and talking while in the saloon, in the most noisy manner, quite loud enough for Neptune to hear if he lived in these latitudes. One lady passenger is confined to her cabin, very ill, and myself suffering from a splitting headache. I have generally found that those who want almost profound silence for themselves, if they *think* they are unwell, or their child should happen to be asleep; but when others are unwell, and their babies are asleep, they talk and laugh the loudest. Ship-board is the place where character may be seen in all its phases. I have often been tempted to give a pen-and-ink sketch of *odd characters* I have seen while sailing twice round the globe. Lat. $57^{\circ} 9'$, long. $71^{\circ} 2'$, W. 255 knots. Bar. 29 41, ther. 48.

Friday, 22nd.—Becalmed sixty miles south of Cape Horn; very unusual, I should think in these usually tempestuous latitudes. The quiet sea has given me an opportunity of dining at the saloon table, which I have not been able to do for ten days. My ankle is progressing favourably, but is still very bad. During the night, one of our passengers was taken seriously ill with oppressive pains in his head, and cramp in his legs, hands, and back; for a time the cramps were most alarming. Through the mercy of the Lord blessing the means, he is now restored. The captain has just seen five or six large sperm whales, close alongside the ship. On account of my ankle, I could not pay my respects to those monsters of the deep, by a visit, which I should have been glad to have done, if I had been able. Lat. $57^{\circ} 9'$, long. $68^{\circ} 55'$. 62 knots. Bar. 29 26, ther. 48.

Saturday, 23rd.—This has been a most beautiful day; sea quite as calm as when we left Sydney Heads: it is very re-

markable, for we are now off the terrible Cape Horn, with its mountain seas and unbearable cold, its gigantic icebergs and dangers, frightful beyond conception. But whilst this has been the experience of many while rounding the Cape, through the mercy of the Lord, we have been favoured—not one iceberg have we seen, and no one has suffered any great inconvenience from the cold. Three ships in sight; one we have just signaled, the *Africania*, from Cardiff, bound for Callao, 74 days out; the other, the *Walmer Castle*, from Melbourne to Queens-town, with troops from New Zealand; she left Melbourne same day we left Sydney; Sydney being 500 miles further than Melbourne, we have done well to overtake her. Lat. $57^{\circ} 5'$, long. $66^{\circ} 29'$. 83 knots. Bar. 29 20, ther. 49.

Sunday, 24th.—Held service in the saloon. Preached from Heb. vii., “This man, because he continueth, ever hath an unchangeable priesthood.” Blessed subject; Christ, the *only sacrificing, sin-absolving, interceding and representing* High Priest over the house of God.

“Jesus, my great High Priest,
Offer'd His blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.”

I was obliged to sit during the service, which is anything but pleasant during extemporary preaching. Weather cold and wet. Lat. $57^{\circ} 7'$, long. $62^{\circ} 28'$. 135 knots. Bar. 29 20, ther. 47.

Monday, 25th.—Baffling winds all night, with rain and snow; everything looks and feels both gloomy and cold. I am exceedingly miserable, unable to take exercise, which to me is a great trial. Oh, how I need patience, “both to hope, and quietly to wait for the salvation of the Lord.” The passengers often speak of me as being most patient, because I appear cheerful and do not complain. My ever-gracious Lord has sustained me, and, through enabling grace, I have been able to bear it. We are off the coast of Patagonia. Numerous islands on the W. and S., with bold and deeply-indented coasts, along which whale and seal-fishing are carried on. The Patagonian Indians live by hunting wild cattle: they are the tallest people known, the average height being 6 feet. On

the west coast lives a distinct tribe, called Fuegians; they are generally perfectly naked; they care for no dress, and seldom use it. My dear child Lillie is very unwell, unable to get up. She has been complaining for several days with pains in head and side; I trust that she will soon recover. Lat. $57^{\circ} 13'$, long. $59^{\circ} 26'$. 100 knots. Bar. 29 10, ther. 45.

Tuesday, 26th.—It is quite cold enough for icebergs, but we have not seen any yet. The ship *William Duthie*, on one of her voyages home from Sydney got among the glistening masses, which have proved fatal to so many gallant ships; for nearly a week she forced her way through them, and during all that time the most incessant watchfulness was displayed by her captain and officers, who hardly ever left the deck. It was feared that the ice would cut through her bow, and to counteract this an ingenious shield was formed of ropes, spars, and canvas, which proved most effectual. One monster berg came in contact with the ship's quarter, and crushed one of the timbers, but she stood it nobly, and at length, when all hands were almost exhausted with working and watching, clear water was announced, and away sped the good ship on her course. Light baffling winds, with calms and cold rains all day; we have made but little progress in our right course. Lat. $56^{\circ} 36'$, long. $57^{\circ} 16'$. 78 knots. Bar. 29 30, ther. 45.

The following account of the marvellous preservation of the ship *Eastward Ho!* from destruction by icebergs, on her voyage to Sydney, will doubtless be read with interest, and with thankfulness to God, who delivered and safely piloted them in their disabled condition to Sydney, without loss of life and limb. The *Herald* thus describes the collision of the ship with an iceberg:—

“The vessel was under single reefed topsails, whole courses set, and spanker, and bowling along before a strong gale at 11 knots per hour. At 9.30 p.m., suddenly an island of ice two hundred feet high, was discovered right ahead, close aboard; the helm was promptly put down, and her headway partially deadened; but there was no room to clear the danger, and with a terrific crash her bows struck against the floating mass, completely driving in the fore part of the vessel; the sheer-rail was carried away as far as the foremast on both sides; knight-head, and timber-heads, and bits, together with the stern and

forefoot ground into splinters; the spar-deck started from under the plank sheer eighteen inches for twenty feet round each bow, and the portbow stove into the water-line; the bowsprit and foremast, with everything attached, went over the side, together with the main-top-gallant mast and head of the main-topmast, which in its descent, passed through the main-topsail and main course, there being nothing in the helpless ship but the spanker and the mizen-topsail; it was blowing a violent squall at the time, the barometer indicating a change. She was at once hove to, and the energies of all on board were roused to their uttermost to clear away the wreck and save the ship from foundering. Such means as were at hand were promptly brought into requisition, and as all worked with a will, spare sails were quickly got over the bows to stop the water from getting below. Fortunately the gale abated after a few hours; but during that time the feelings of the crew must have been fearful, expecting every moment that the vessel would go down, and no help at hand. Providentially, they passed through the dreadful ordeal without accident to life or limb. When the weather moderated the repairs were more nicely carried out, jury-masts got up, and the ship kept 1 degree 20 miles further north, and kept on her course for Sydney. From this time to the 18th of February nothing of importance occurred. At a later date, in latitude $48^{\circ} 30'$ longitude 122° E., at 2 a.m. she was found, by the aid of a bright moonlight night, to be among the ice islands again, through which she run all day, clearing them at dusk, the last one seen being about twenty-two miles off. The thermometer stood at 52° . It is really wonderful how she escaped total destruction."

Wednesday, 27th.—My dear child is no better; very unwell; and my ankle is still bad. With such cold and wet weather as we have there is no prospect of recovery. The year round, there is more rain in these latitudes than in any other part of the world. But for the changeable and contrary winds we should now be in warmer and more genial weather. We are becalmed 50 miles north of the "Horn." Lat. $55^{\circ} 33'$, long. $54^{\circ} 40'$. 107 knots. Bar. 29.9, ther. 47.

Thursday, 28th.—Every kind of change we have had this day; wind favourable and contrary, squally and light, blowing almost a gale, and then becalmed; sun shining, then cloudy,

warm then cold, with hail, snow, and rain, and passengers good-tempered, and cross.

During the sunshine, I was able to get on deck for a little while, but cannot put my foot down. My dear child is no better. Ship-board is of all places the worst, in cases of sickness. Lat. $54^{\circ} 23'$, long. $52^{\circ} 30'$. 108 knots. Bar. 29 30, ther. 49.

Friday, 29th.—A sleepless night! oh, how wretched one feels during the long hours of a sleepless night. The wind is more favourable, we have had a good run all night. I trust it will please the Lord to continue unto us such winds that will blow us out of these changeable latitudes. We are now abreast of the Falkland Islands, and hope to clear them to-morrow. Lat. $51^{\circ} 37'$, long. $48^{\circ} 39'$. 223 knots. Bar. 29 44, ther. 48.

Saturday, 30th.—We are now north of the Falkland Islands, and shall soon be in warmer weather, which will be a blessing indeed to those of us who have been climatized in the warmer latitudes of Australia. Lat. $48^{\circ} 34'$, long. $44^{\circ} 6'$. 260 knots. Bar. 29 49, ther. 51.

The following account of the Falklands, and the penguins, may be of interest to those whose lot it is to dwell only on *terra firma*.

The whole group of the Falkland Islands is deeply and variously indented by sounds, bays, harbours, creeks, and islets; perhaps there is not a spot in the whole world so singularly irregular in its coast line, and so full of harbours and creeks as the Falkland Islands. The area of East Falkland may be roughly computed at about 3,000 square miles; the area of West Falkland may be estimated at about 2,000 square miles; the whole group, East and West Falklands, with all the surrounding islands at about 6,000 square miles. The average height of the Western Island is greater than that of the Eastern, where they rise from about 1,300 to 2,300 feet above the sea level. The greatest riches of the Falkland Islands are its herds of wild cattle and horses, the descendants of those landed by the French colonists of De Bougainville, in 1764. The wild cattle, in 1855, were estimated at 40,000, and ran in herds over the Eastern Island. One half of this number are bulls, they are noble animals, but very wild and fierce, and will attack a single person. The hides of the bull weigh from seventy to eighty pounds, and the animal itself is fine in pro-

portion. The wild horses are estimated at 3,000. The rabbit is another animal which has been introduced, and has succeeded very well, so that they abound over large parts of the island. The native quadruped is a large wolf-like fox, which is common to both islands; they are fearless, but perhaps are not dangerous.

According to Captain Morrell, there are three species of penguins on the Falkland Islands. The king penguin is as large as a goose; walks erect, its legs projected directly out behind; it stands upright, and at a distance resembles a man. The breast is white, head and back nearly black, mandibles tapering and sharp at the points, long stripes of red feathers, resembling eyebrows over each eye, running down two inches on the neck, giving the bird a very handsome appearance; and there are the Macaroni, and the Jack-ass penguins. Their rookery, or breeding encampment is most remarkable, here they unite in great numbers, and display in the construction great ingenuity and industry. When a sufficient number assemble on the shore, they appear to consult, and forthwith execute, the grand purpose for which they have left their favourite element.

In the first place, they carefully select a level piece of ground, of suitable extent, often comprising four or five acres. One side they form into a square, parallel with the water's edge, left open for egress and regress. These industrious feathered labourers next proceed to clear all the ground within the square from obstructions of every kind, picking up the stones in their bills, and carefully depositing them outside of the lines until they sometimes, by this means, create quite a little wall on three sides of the rookery; within the range of stones and rubbish, they form a pathway, six or eight feet in width, and as smooth as any of the paved or gravelled walks in New York park, or on the Battery. This path is for a general promenade by day, and for sentinels to patrol at night. Having thus finished their little work of defence on the three land sides, they next lay out the whole area in little squares of equal sizes, formed by narrow paths which cross each other at right angles, and which are also made very smooth. At each intersection of these paths an albatross is surrounded by four penguins; and each penguin has an albatross for its neighbour in four directions. In this regular manner is the whole area occupied by these feathered sojourners of different species,

leaving at convenient distances accommodation for some other kinds of oceanic birds, such as the shag, or green cormorant, and another which the seamen call "Nelly."

Although the penguin and the albatross are on such intimate terms, and appear to be affectionately and sincerely attached to each other, they not only form their nests in a very different manner, but the penguin will even rob her friend's nest whenever she has an opportunity. The penguin's nest is merely a slight excavation in the earth, just deep enough for her single egg, rolling from its primitive position; while the albatross throws up little mounds of earth, grass, and shells, eight or ten inches high, and about the size of a water-bucket, on the summit of which she forms her nest, and thus looks down upon her nearest neighbours and best friends. None of the nests are ever left unoccupied until the eggs are hatched, and the young ones old enough to take care of themselves. By this precaution they prevent their eggs being stolen by other birds, which would be the case if left exposed; for the females are so ambitious of producing a large family at once, it often happens that when the time of incubation is terminated, the young brood will consist of three or four different kinds of birds in one nest. This is strong circumstantial evidence that the parent bird is not more honest than her neighbours. Morrell says: "To see these creatures of the ocean so faithfully discharge the various duties assigned them by the great Creator, to witness their affectionate meetings after a short absence on their natural element, to observe their numerous little acts of tenderness and courtesy to each other, at times the air is almost darkened by an immense number of the albatross hovering over the rookery, like a dense cloud, some continually alighting and meeting their companions, while others are constantly rising and shaping their course for the sea."

In May, 1851, a company was formed in London to carry out more fully the scheme of turning the advantages of the islands, and their herds of wild cattle, to greater account. The company's chief locality is at Stantey, but their operations are conducted at different portions of their domain. They have sent out numerous artificers, shepherds, &c., and we may anticipate that their operations will confer a lasting benefit upon this hitherto little-known British Colony. It

has been proposed by many who have interested themselves in the Falkland Islands, that it should form a British Convict settlement; its position and character certainly recommend it.

Sunday, May 1st.—Preached from Psalms xxx. 5: "His anger endureth but for a moment: in His favour is life; weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." I was very unwell; altogether unfit for any public service on account of my swollen ankle; had I considered myself, I should not have left my cabin, but living as I wish to do, under the command of Jesus, "And He said unto them all, if a man will come after Me, let Him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow Me." I was enabled in a reclining position to go through the service of the sanctuary on board the *Nineveh*. Lat. 45° 58', long. 40° 28'. 218 knots. Bar. 29 70, ther. 55.

Monday, 2nd.—How true, "troubles seldom comes singly;" in addition to my sprained ankle, I have a cold in my head, with oppressive pains; altogether I am very ill. My ankle and foot is swollen as bad as ever. Dr. Cunningham has paid me every attention during the three weeks I have been laid up, but has failed to reduce the swelling. Through the Lord's mercy, my dear child is better, and able to take her meals at the saloon table. We have a most unpleasant motion; ship pitching. Ben is again sea-sick; Lillie and Arthur are laughing at him; of course they are not going to be sick any more; they speak from present feelings. Lat. 44° 6', long. 36° 31', W. 200 knots. Bar. 29 80, ther. 57.

Tuesday, 3rd.—A most trying night and day I have had, being ill with both foot and head, Lillie and Arthur are both sea-sick; unable to get up: Ben has the laugh of them now he is better. I wish I could bridle the tongues of the talkers; just outside the cabin-door two are talking nineteen to the dozen. Lat. 41° 59', long. 38° 36'. 185 knots. Bar. 30, ther. 61.

Wednesday, 4th.—Another sleepless night; but for my almost distracted head, I would have dotted down the history of the night, commencing at 9 o'clock; of course, including the usual small talk of two or three at the saloon table, and in their cabins. It is a pity that passengers cannot learn to restrain their tongues, and modulate their voices when in their cabins, for all they say can be heard throughout the saloon. I have

often been tempted to write down the frivolous and nonsensical talk we are sometimes obliged to hear, and give it to the said parties, that they may see their vain conversation on paper. I am sure they would be ashamed to see it; then why should they not be ashamed for others to hear it? As I do not intend to be personal, I will give the following specimen which occurred on board the steam-ship *Great Britain*. A family, occupying a cabin next to mine; the wife was secretly a Roman Catholic, the husband a Protestant. While at home, and during the absence of her husband, she trained up her children in the faith of the Roman Catholic Church; but now on ship-board, fearing her husband might know, she refrained from doing so. One evening, while I was sitting in my cabin, the children were saying their prayers before retiring to bed: remembering the prayers their mother had taught them, commenced one of their Popish prayers to the Virgin Mary, "Holy mother, save us!" The mother was very angry, caught hold of the child, and said, "You little wretch, you must not say that; if you do so again, I'll break your neck, and pitch you into the sea." Lat. 39° 45', long. 31° 58'. 155 knots. Bar. 30 33, ther. 63.

Thursday, 5th.—We are now abreast of the wonderful Rio de la Plata river, in South America, the basin of which is 1,250,000 square miles. Along Paraguay, it is navigable for 1,000 miles from the sea. But the basin of the Amazon is 2,500,000 square miles; it forms many islands in its course, and is navigable to the junction of the Tunguragua and Ucayala; and a navigation of the main streams and its tributaries is supposed to be near 50,000 miles. (J. Conwell, F.R.G.) I am still very unwell. No sleep all night. Oh, how thankful shall I be once more to arrive in port, the haven of my native land; but infinitely more thankful shall I be, to arrive at my heavenly port, the haven of my eternal rest—

“beyond the river
 Where the surges cease to roll;
 Where in all the bright for ever,
 Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul.
 We shall meet, O weary brother,
 When the burden we lay down;
 We shall change our cross of anguish
 For a bright, unfading crown!”

This day my eldest son John has attained to his majority. Twenty-one years since he was born at Hadlow, in Kent. The Lord bless the dear lad; that he may be born again is my constant prayer. Lat. $36^{\circ} 41'$, long. $31^{\circ} 9'$. 185 knots. Bar. 30 59 to 30 50, ther. 64.

Friday, 6th.—Through the mercy of the Lord I have had a little sleep, and feel to be better than yesterday. We are sailing on favourably in our course, and are now in warmer weather; we shall soon be in the tropics, when we shall have Australian weather once more, and for the last time, unless I return again to the land of my adoption. Believing, as I do, that the bounds of my habitation are fixed by the Lord, I desire to leave it with my gracious Master, who will order all my ways, and lead me in paths of righteousness, for His name's sake. Amen, so be it. Lat. $33^{\circ} 14'$, long. $31^{\circ} 26'$. 219 knots. Bar. 30 30, ther. 67.

Saturday, 7th.—Wind dead against us all night, with sudden squalls and rain. Out of our course; with this wind we could pay a visit to the Brazilians, which I have no desire to do. This afternoon almost becalmed, not sufficient wind to "about ship." Lat. $30^{\circ} 28'$, long. $32^{\circ} 56'$. 180 knots. Bar. 30 4, ther. 70.

Sunday, 8th.—Preached in the saloon from Psa. cxxv. 6, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." There were more present than usual, but it is very sad, the indifference to sacred things by a large majority on ship-board. "By the grace of God, I am what I am;" for the time was when I "cared for none of these things;" but despised the riches of His grace. Had God despised me, and withheld His saving grace from me, as others should I now be, living without God, and without hope in the world; to whom that solemn Scripture applies, "Whoso despiseth the Word shall be destroyed" (Prov. xiii. 13).

A minister visiting a dying infidel, referred him to some suitable passages of Scripture. The dying man became agitated, and exclaimed, "That book might have done for me now, but I have burnt it!" As a last resource, the minister urged him to pray. Instantly he cried out in accents most doleful, "I can't pray, and I won't pray!" He then turned his head on his pillow and expired.

“ What scenes of horror and of dread
 Await the sinner's dying bed :
 Death's terrors all appear in sight
 To usher in eternal night.”

Lat. 29° 34', long. 82° 15'. 70 knots. Bar. 13 15; ther. 71.

Monday, 9th.—We are sailing along triumphantly before the S.E. trade winds, for which I am truly thankful; and thankful indeed I shall be, if they shorten the number of my days on ship-board, and hasten my arrival to my desired haven. While at tea, a most serious accident it might have been, but for the preventing hand of God; my dear son Arthur escaped with only a great fright, and a blister on his ear. The steward was passing along with five cups of tea in his hand, when a little child belonging to the lady who was the occasion of my serious fall, was walking up and down the passage behind the seats at the table (which she is always allowed to do); she got between the steward's legs, as he came up to the table with the hot tea, trying to save the child he lost his balance, when over went the tea over Arthur's head and face, while he was sitting at the table. It caused great confusion at the time, for it appeared that he was very much hurt. I very much fear that some serious accident will befall the poor child, who is frequently left by her mother to wander about anywhere. On ship-board, mothers and nurses ought to attend to their own children, and not leave them to the inconvenience and annoyance of others. Lat. 27° 9', long. 31° 5'. 136 knots. Bar. 30 29, ther. 71.

Tuesday, 10th.—Up early; weather delightful, rather warm; glass in the sun, 82°. At 12.30 we entered the tropics. I have been laid up now one month, I fear that it will be a week or two yet before I shall be able to walk. Lat. 23° 34', long. 29° 35'. 240 knots. Bar. 30 30, ther. 76.

Wednesday 11th.—This morning we passed the Island of Trinidad, a full description of which may be found in my Third Log-book, from London to Sydney, page 31. Lat. 19° 59', long. 28° 38'. 235 knots. Bar. 30 30, ther. 77.

The luminous appearance of the sea at night has often been the subject of wonder and reflection. This light, when excited by the ship's rushing through the water, assumes the form of brilliant stars, frequently eighteen inches in diameter. They

float by the vessel in every part of the water which her bottom has touched, as deep as the very lowest part of the keel, and form behind her a long fiery train. At other times, when the breeze is strong, and the billows break and foam, this light appears at times like fields of flashing fire. "Twice," says Mr. Luccock, "I have beheld this latter sight in all its splendour: the water was highly luminous, so far as the eye could reach; and the vessel seemed to be plunging her way over billows of liquid fire." The luminous appearance arises from the presence of several kinds of animated beings, which have the power of emitting a phosphorescent light.

Commodore Krusenstern remarks on phosphorescent insects, "There was much light upon deck, so much so, that we could discern (at night) all the ropes distinctly; we drew several buckets of water, in which, even when at rest, there appeared a great number of luminous bodies; the bulk of them did not appear to be more than a quarter of an inch in length, and nearly as much in breadth, some, however, were one and a half inches in length, and of the same breadth as the others. These were seen to move in the same manner as a worm does in water; when taken upon the finger they retained their shining faculty even when dry; when brought near to a candle their light disappeared; but, by minute attention, an extremely white filament could be observed, and lifted upon the point of a pin; in a gallon of water, there might be about four hundred of these animals emitting light; the water itself, when in the bucket, had a natural appearance."

Thursday, 12th.—Our S.E. trades are very light; we are not making much headway; the weather is warmer; at 8 o'clock a.m. the thermometer stood at 90°. Lat. 17° 29', long. 28° 50'. 142 knots. Bar. 30 24, ther. 78.

Friday, 13th.—The wind has freshened, which has doubled our speed. Lat. 15° 12', long. 28° 27'. 137 knots. Bar. 30 22, ther. 79.

Saturday, 14th.—This has been a day of painful excitement. Lat. 11° 33', long. 28° 10'. 222 knots. Bar. 30 24, ther. 80.

Sunday, 15th.—I held a service in my cabin, with open doors, commencing with that beautiful hymn,

"God moves in a mysterious way."

We were favoured with a peaceful, and I hope profitable service; but religious services on ship-board are anything but satisfactory. Persons of every shade of opinion, both religious and profane, are generally among the company. I gave out that very suitable hymn,

“ Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah !
 Pilgrim through this barren land ;
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty ;
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand !
 Bread of heaven,
 Feed me now and evermore.”

Lat. $7^{\circ} 36'$, long. $27^{\circ} 41'$. 237 knots. Bar. 30 20, ther. 82.

Monday, 16th.—It is an old saying, “ After a storm comes a calm.” There is every appearance after the storm of Saturday we shall now have peace again. I have set my face against the appearance of evil, and shall give a wide berth to those poor gossiping creatures, whom the wise man calls “ foolish woman,” who, instead of building her house, “ plucketh it down with her hands ;” those tattling tongues are to be found everywhere, but on ship-board you cannot get away from them; but I am not affected personally, for I will not have the wretched tittle-tattle about me.

The sun-set and moon-rise (being the time of full moon) was glorious to behold. No pen can possibly describe these glorious mirrors of the Deity, which are only seen to perfection on ship-board in the tropics.

“ I praised the sun, whose chariots rolled
 On wheels of amber and of gold;
 I praised the moon, whose softer eye
 Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky ;
 And moon and sun in answer said,
 ‘ Our days of light are numbered.’
 O God ! O good beyond compare !
 If thus Thy meaner works are fair;
 If thus Thy bounties gild the span
 Of ruined earth and sinful man;
 How glorious must the mansion be
 Where Thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee ? ”

Lat. $4^{\circ} 34'$, long. $27^{\circ} 35'$. 182 knots. Bar. 30 10, ther. 79.

Tuesday, 17th.—Five weeks to-day since the preventing hand of God shielded me from a far greater trial than the one I have endured. I am truly thankful that I am able to-day to put

my foot to the ground, and hope in about a week's time to be able to walk. Twelve months on the twenty-third of February, my dear wife died; on the seventeenth of April twelve-months, I preached her funeral sermon; twelve months to-day, my dear daughter Sarah died, leaving a husband and four dear children to mourn their heavy loss. "What, shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" (Job ii. 10). The famous Oriental philosopher, Lockman, while a slave, being presented by his master with a bitter melon, immediately ate it all. "How was it possible," said his master, "for you to eat so nauseous a fruit?" Lockman replied, "I have received so many favours from you, that it is no wonder I should once in my life eat a bitter melon from your hand." The generous answer of the slave struck the master so forcibly, that he immediately gave him his liberty.

"O Lord, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to Thy will;
And make Thy pleasure mine."

Lat. 2° 4', long. 27° 40'. 150 knots. Bar. 30 5, ther. 81.
Wednesday, 18th.—7 o'clock this morning we crossed the Line, from the southern to the northern hemisphere, under circumstances much more favourable than when I crossed the Equator, January 17, 1869: we were then sustained by God during twenty-two days and nights of frightful gales and hurricanes, experienced in the British Channel and in the North Atlantic; and then, within one hundred miles of the Line, we were becalmed thirteen days and nights. But for the loss of those thirty-five days, I should have arrived in Sydney in time to have seen my late dear wife, who died twenty-three days before my arrival! But that favour God in His wisdom was pleased to withhold from me.

"Nature mourns a cruel blow;
Faith assures it is not so;
Nature murmurs: faith gives meekness;
Strength is perfected in weakness.
Nature writhes, and hates the rod;
Faith looks up, and blesses God.
Sense looks downward: faith above;
That sees harshness; this sees love.
Oh! let faith victorious be—
Let it reign triumphantly!"

Eight days in the southern tropics; distance from Sydney 10,077 miles. Lat. $0^{\circ} 33'$, long. $27^{\circ} 17'$. 157 knots. Bar. 30 10, ther. 82.

Thursday, 19th.—The weather is most beautiful, but we are hindered by light variable winds; several dolphins and sharks are now to be seen; passengers trying to catch them. The dolphin is a splendid-looking fish in the water, delights to swim in the shadow of the vessel, and seems fond of figure, or motion, or anything brilliant. It darts about with great rapidity and ease, is very voracious, and easily taken with a hook; when dying, the colour changes, but the various hues are by no means pleasant ones, and all its brilliancy disappears. Sharks abound in every part of the tropical ocean; they are sly, jealous, and voracious monsters. Sailors have a rooted antipathy toward them, and the capture of one is always a subject of triumph; they seem to be the terror of all other fishes, and perhaps of their own species, for they are usually found singly, and create a sort of desert where they go. The suspicious caution with which they take their prey, sometimes, but not always, turning upon their backs to do so, gives the Indians of South America an opportunity of attacking, and overcomes them, even in their own element; for, aware that their eyes are so situated with respect to their mouths, that the animal cannot see his object at the moment when he wishes to seize it. Lat. $2^{\circ} 4'$, long. $27^{\circ} 6'$. 91 knots. Bar. 30 13, ther. 82.

Friday, 20th.—The old saying is truly the case in the tropics, "it never rains but it pours." It is indeed pouring in torrents; very trying, in being obliged to remain in the saloon, the damp atmosphere is very oppressive.

Rain is over! Several ships in sight! Only able to signalize one, *David Browne*, from Charlestown, South Carolina, bound for Adelaide; 43 days out.

We are becalmed. For the amusement and instruction of the children, I have been trying to catch some of the Molluscæ or Medusæ (*vulgo*, sea blubber), or the Portuguese man of war; a great number are floating by on each side of the ship; those which are in full sail are really beautiful, quite transparent, with all the colours of the rainbow. Mr. Webster says: "During the long calms by which we were delayed in the vicinity of the Equator, I had an opportunity of examining

several kinds of Medusæ, or the sea blubber. One day, while some of our crew were bathing in a sail, secured for the purpose to the side of the vessel, several of them were severely stung by these Medusæ: and the carpenter was so much injured by them, as to be unable to swim. We caught a very fine one on the outward voyage; when I handled it, I suffered much pain and irritation in consequence; immediately afterwards, on applying my hands to my lips and face, experienced a good deal of pain as though stung by stinging nettles.

The wind has freshened. "About ship" is the word of command; we were off again once more. Lat. $3^{\circ} 19'$, long. $26^{\circ} 25'$. 75 knots. Bar. 30 10, ther. 78.

Saturday, 21st.—A sleepless night. Tried my foot too much yesterday; it is swollen again very much. There is every appearance that we have got the N.E. trades; if so, we shall soon be out of the northern tropics. Lat. $4^{\circ} 58'$, long. $28^{\circ} 56'$. 140 knots. Bar. 30 10, ther. 81.

Sunday, 22nd.—N.E. trades blowing us along gloriously; we are specially favoured in having them so soon. Weather is delightful. Preached on the main-deck. Through the kindness of Captain Barnet, every arrangement was made for our comfort. It was a novel sight: a strange appearance we should have presented, could we have been seen from a land stand-point. The Union Jack was fixed up to the windward, to keep off the sun, which presented quite a naval appearance. I was able to stand on one leg, my sprained foot resting on a chair, which I have not been able to do for six weeks. Mr. Hill, second officer, conducted the singing. My subject was taken from Zech. iv. 3, "Now Joshua was clothed in filthy garments, and stood before the Angel;" showing from the Scriptures that this is the condition of all men, "clothed in filthy garments;" "for there are none righteous, no not one." And in the second place, proving from the Word of God, that none, no not one, will ever stand before the Angel (Angel of the Covenant) under a conviction of sin, and heart-felt need of the change of raiment, without the mighty operations of God the Holy Ghost, "who convinceth of sin and of righteousness;" such will indeed see and feel that they are clothed in filthy garments, where will such an one now be found? "Standing before the Angel," looking for acceptance before God, "in whom He hath made us accepted in the Beloved."

“ Since I can hardly, therefore, bear
 What in myself I see ;
 How vile and black must I appear,
 Most holy God, to Thee !
 But since my Saviour stands between,
 In garments dyed with blood,
 'Tis He instead of me is seen,
 When I approach to God.”

Oh! Thou almighty, Christ-glorifying, God the Holy Ghost, I entreat Thee, for the honour and glory of Christ, to apply with irresistible power the Word of the truth of the Gospel to the hearts of the redeemed ones, who are now under the reign and power of sin.

“ Break them, Lord, and enter in ;
 And break, O break, the power of sin.”

Lat. 7° 2', long. 80° 52'. 170 knots. Bar. 30 15, ther. 81.

Monday, 23rd.—A sure sign that we are looking forward to the termination of our voyage, the ship is being cleaned and painted from one end to the other: a great inconvenience to the passengers; for while the process of renovating the poop-deck is going on, we are obliged to go off. But it is quite necessary, and we shall arrive in a very presentable appearance in port. Flying fish in abundance. Between the tropics they abound; but are evidently larger on the southern than the northern side of the line; they rise out of the water in large shoals with their fins extended, but motionless, and sometimes fly to the distance of sixty or eighty yards. Lat. 9° 13', long. 83° 21'. 199 knots. Bar. 30 18, ther. 80.

Thursday, 24th.—I have never before experienced such beautiful weather in the tropics as we have had this time. We have sailed over two hundred miles the last twenty-four hours. What a by-word will a Christian be on ship-board, if he does not live as a follower of Christ ought. He is watched when he little thinks it: enemies he will be sure to have, even when he lives the Gospel; but then by well-doing he will be sure to live down the reproach of men. When a friend once told Plato what scandalous stories his enemies had propagated concerning him,—“ I will live so,” replied the philosopher, “ that nobody shall believe them.”

“ They hate me, Lord, without a cause ;
 They hate to see me live Thy law ;
 But I will trust and fear Thy name,
 Till pride and malice die with shame.”

Lat. $12^{\circ} 7'$, long. $35^{\circ} 24'$. 210 knots. Bar. 30 22, ther. 78.

Wednesday, 25th.—“ALL'S WELL!” what a mercy.

“And with His saints I'll join to tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.”

I have been ruminating in Sydney all day respecting some of those sorrowful paths in which the Lord led and supported me. Yes, it was the right way; all the Lord's ways are right ways. “His way is perfect;” “Paths of righteousness.”

“'Tis the right way, through dark and rough,
Mysterious, yet 'tis plain enough.”

It is a most glorious starlight night; only in these latitudes may be seen at the same time the Southern Cross, the Great Bear, and the North Star. Lat. $14^{\circ} 14'$, long. $36^{\circ} 17'$. 140 knots. Bar. 30 28, ther. 78.

Thursday, 26th.—Before a steady North East trader, we are scudding along in grand style; have passed abreast of Cape Verde, the most Western point of Africa. We have been particularly favoured in having the “Trades” so soon and so long. We have passed the Cape Verde group of Islands; they are inhabited by 40,000 negroes, mulattoes, with a few white people. The trade winds on either side of the line are truly wonderful.

The following is a brief summary of them. (See Findlay's North Atlantic, page 178.) The sun is constantly vertical over some part of the earth between the tropics, and this zone is consequently maintained at a much higher temperature than the regions nearer the poles. This heat on the earth's surface is imparted to the air, which is, therefore, displaced and buoyed up from the surface; and the colder, and therefore heavier, air from without glides in, on both sides, along the surface; while the displaced air, thus raised above its due level, and unsustained by any lateral pressure, flows over, as it were, and forms an upper current in the contrary direction, or towards the poles; which, being cooled in its course, and also sucked down to supply the deficiency in the extra-tropical regions, keeps up thus a continual circulation. Since the Equator revolves much more rapidly than the portions nearer the poles, it follows that a mass of air flowing towards the Equator must be deficient in rotatory velocity, and therefore unable to keep up with the speed of the new surface over which it is brought.

Hence, these currents from the North and South must, as they glide along the surface, at the same time, lag or hang back, and drag upon it in the direction opposite to the earth's rotation, *i.e.*, from East to West.

Thus, from simple Northerly and Southerly winds, they become permanent North-Easterly and South-Easterly winds.

The length of the diurnal circles increase very near to the Equator, and for several degrees on each side of it hardly change at all. It follows from this, then, that as these winds approach the Equator, their Easterly tendency must diminish, and at the Equator must be expected to lose their Easterly character altogether. And not only this, but the Northern and Southern currents, here meeting and opposing, will mutually destroy each other, leaving only the actions of local causes, which may lie in one region in one way, and in another a different one.

The result of this, then, is the production of two great tropical belts of North-Easterly and South-Easterly winds; while the winds of the Equatorial belt which separates the two former should be free from any steady prevalence of an Easterly character, and should also be comparatively calm. All these consequences are agreeable to observed fact, and constitute the system of regular "trade winds."

Lat. $16^{\circ} 52'$, long. $37^{\circ} 23'$. 170 knots. Bar. 30 25, ther. 77.

Friday, 27th.—We are sailing along gloriously, but there is a very unpleasant pitching motion, which causes some of the passengers to lose their equilibrium altogether. Arthur is seasick again; Ben. and Lillie I fear will follow his example.

The sea presents a grand sight, and is full of the glory of God, who sitteth King for ever upon the mighty waters. The contemplation of the wide, wide sea, in relation to the majesty and power of God, fills the soul with admiration and praise! "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and stars, and the sea which Thou hast ordained—What is man that Thou art mindful of him?" Notwithstanding the boundless character of the sea, yet it is, in comparison with our God, "the drop of a bucket!" He has as much power over the mountain-surgings billows as over the small dust of the balance: "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further; and here shall the pride of thy waves be stayed."

G G

The length, breadth, and depth of the ocean is a problem with man yet unsolved, notwithstanding the numerous and careful experiments which have been made. One in the North Atlantic, by Lieutenant O. H. Berryman, U.S.N., in the *Dolphin*, February 12th, 1853, when six thousand six hundred fathoms were vered out without reaching the bottom; and Lieutenant J. P. Parker, eight thousand three hundred fathoms, that is, forty nine thousand six hundred feet: the time of running out the line in fathoms, was seven hours, seven minutes, and fifteen seconds.

This great, wide, and deep sea, wherein are things innumerable, ALL are in the hollow of Jehovah's hands. Yet the act of electing love, redeeming blood, and quickening grace, far exceeds all the other noble works of His hands:

"That worms of earth should ever be
One with incarnate Deity."

The following lines, composed by a lunatic, were found written on a wall of his cell after his death:

"Could you with ink the ocean fill,
And were the skies of parchment made,
Were every stalk on earth a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade;
To write the love of God above
Would drain the ocean dry:
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
If stretched from sky to sky."

Lat. 20° 15', long. 37° 59'. 210 knots. Bar. 30 34, ther. 77.

Saturday, 28th.—8 o'clock a.m. we bade adieu to the northern tropics; ten days from the Line, and eight days in the southern; altogether we have been only eighteen days from south to north; my last voyage we were thirty-one days in the northern and southern tropics. We have just passed and signalized the ship *City of Athens*, from Calcutta for London; ninety-one days out. We have been only sixty-five days from Sydney. Lat. 24° 3', long. 39° 11'. 235 knots. Bar. 30 42, ther. 75.

Sunday, 29th.—Preached this morning in the saloon. Subject: Jesus Christ, the only almighty Saviour, able to save to the uttermost. Precious Gospel! them that come unto God by HIM are the accepted and welcome ones, whom He will

never cast out. Lat. $27^{\circ} 44'$, long. $40^{\circ} 15'$. 284 knots. Bar. 30 50, ther. 74.

Monday, 30th.—We are now in the Sargasso sea, or central area between the Azores, Canaries, and Bermudas, &c., in which it seems there is no particular current, and which is covered with the well-known Sargasso, or gulf-weed; an immense quantity we are now passing; some the children have caught by hook and line, covered with small shell and coral; in some bunches there were small live crabs, which they have bottled in sea-water, and will take to London. It has been great fun for them to-day.

Just signalized a French barque; the *Delembert*, from Buenos Ayres, bound to Havre; forty-two days out. We are now north of the Canaries. One of the most wonderful of the group is Teneriffe or Teneriffe-Point, Naga, the N.E. end of Teneriffe, bears N.W. $\frac{3}{4}$ N. (N.W. by W.), $15\frac{1}{2}$ leagues from N.E. point of Canaria. In the centre of the island is the famous Peak, called by the ancient and present inhabitants, the Peak of Teyde, 12,176 feet high. Teneriffe presents to the curious eye the most singular object, perhaps, in the northern hemisphere. The island appears, on sailing along the coast from north to south, to have once been a complete cinder; and presents to view a great deal of the brokenness and irregularity of half-consumed coke. The resemblance, however, contrary to expectation, becomes less perfect as we approach the Peak, the great chimney of the fiery cauldrons boiling beneath. The island is of a triangular form, its north and south sides being about forty-five miles long, and its west end about twenty-four miles.

In Baron Humboldt's ascent of the Peak, it is stated that the volcano has not been active at the summit for thousands of years: its eruptions having been from the sides. The depth of the crater being only 120 feet; the Peak forms a pyramidal mass, having a circumference at the base of more than 57,105 fathoms, and a height of 12,176 feet, or rather more than two geographical miles; two-thirds of the mass is covered with vegetation; the remaining part being sterile, and occupying about ten square leagues of surface. The cone is very small in proportion to the size of the mountain, it having a height of only 537 feet; the lower part of the island is composed of basalt and other igneous rocks of ancient formation, and is

separated from the more recent lavas, and the products of the present volcano, by strata of tufa-puzzolana clay.

Professor Smyth, and a party of scientific men, went to Teneriffe, in June and July, 1856, and carried the instruments up to the flanks of the Peak, to Guajara, 8,903 feet above the sea; the results of these observations were very remarkable; and the expectation was fulfilled that the astronomical objects would be seen with much greater clearness and brilliancy when the lower strata of cloud and vapour were passed. Lat. $30^{\circ} 8'$, long. $41^{\circ} 47'$. 160 knots. Bar. 30 55, ther. 75.

Tuesday, 31st.—Magnificent weather! a glorious sunrise! Lost the N.E. trades during the night; and picked up a light N.W. wind this morning; are sailing in our course. We are indeed specially favoured—only becalmed a few hours. Seven beautiful dolphins following the ship. Arthur was the first to sight them, and very pleased indeed he was.

This morning, about three o'clock, three of the sailors on watch, called out simultaneously, "A ship's light on the star-board bows!" The captain and mate were out immediately, when they saw the beautiful morning star, presenting a grand appearance, amid the darkness all around; there was the fore-runner of day-dawn on the horizon, appearing to rise out of the deep, dark waters of the sea. Very remarkable that the three men who saw it should have thought that it was a ship's light.

After seven weeks, through the mercy of the Lord, I am able to walk a little now the ship is steady; the swelling is still very bad; but I hope to be able to walk by the time I arrive in London, which we expect will be in about fourteen days. Lat. $31^{\circ} 27'$, long. $42^{\circ} 9'$. 83 knots. Bar. 30 40, ther. 74.

We have now passed abreast of Madeira. The date and manner of the discovery of this beautiful island are involved in some obscurity.

The most probable is the romantic tale by Robert Machim and Anna D'Arfet, two lovers, who, fleeing from the wrath of the ladies' friends to the shores of France, were driven by a storm far away to sea, and at length met with this unknown and uninhabited island. Here they landed, and both died; the crew again departing. There are some variations in this story, both in date and particulars; but about 1344 is mentioned as

the time. There is great probability of its accuracy; and in the present little church of Machico is said to be preserved a portion of the cross found over their graves. On their re-discovery in 1417 and 1419, this latter discovery arose from the circumstance of a dark cloud being constantly seen in the S.W. by the settlers of Porto Santo, who had gone from Spain to the conquest of the Canaries. Madeira is of volcanic origin, though the only sign of a crater is upon San Antonio, 5,076 feet near Machico, at the east end of the island. It is a collection of mountains, the highest of which, the Pico Ruivo, is near its centre, and is 6,056 feet high. The distance to which the mountains of Madeira ought to be seen from a vessel's deck is about ninety miles. The cultivation of the island is confined to the coast, or to the bottoms of some of the valleys. Vines form the chief feature, and grow to great perfection: hence, the renowned Madeira wine. The climate generally is delightful, and, taken altogether, is the finest in the world. The mean temperature, from observation during eighteen years, has been given as follows: January $60^{\circ} 18'$, February $64^{\circ} 3'$, March $65^{\circ} 8'$, April $65^{\circ} 5'$, May $65^{\circ} 53'$, June $69^{\circ} 74'$, July $73^{\circ} 45'$, August $75^{\circ} 2'$, September $75^{\circ} 76'$, October $72^{\circ} 5'$, Nov. $69^{\circ} 8'$, December 65° . The year is, therefore, one summer, with comparatively little alteration.

Wednesday, June 1st.—A most important and interesting event took place early this morning—an increase in the number of our saloon passengers.

BIRTH.—On the 1st instant, at twenty minutes past 12 a.m., on board the ship *Nineveh*, latitude $33^{\circ} 11'$, longitude $39^{\circ} 13'$, Mrs. G. Armstrong, of a daughter. Mother and child doing well.

Dr. Cunningham displayed great skill and attention; and through the kindness of Captain Barnet, the stern cabin was given up for the occasion; had the lady been on shore, she could not have done better, or received kinder attention.

About four o'clock a.m. a squall suddenly caught the ship; the command was given—"Put up your helm: reef the main-royal, and haul down the stay-sails." Before this could be done, the main-royal and main-topmast stay-sail were split. Through the mercy of the Lord, we escaped without any further harm.

We had a grand spread at dinner. Champagne, Port,

Sherry, &c., in honour of our new passenger. The father of the child, Mr. Armstrong, said, "That his dear wife and self were under the greatest obligation to Captain Barnet, for his attention and consideration, for all that could be done for the comfort of his wife in her trying position had been done; and, as an acknowledgment of his gratitude, he should name his daughter after Mrs. Barnet—Agnes."

A very high compliment was passed upon Dr. Cunningham for his invaluable and efficient services.

Lat. $33^{\circ} 11'$, long. $39^{\circ} 13'$. 182 knots. Bar. 30 20, ther. 67.

Thursday, 2nd.—Six ships in sight, just signalized one, an Italian barque *Cupton*, from Callao, bound to Antwerp; eighty days out.

We have a splendid westerly wind, and are sailing in our course at eleven knots: the sea is high; the rolling of the ship is very unpleasant. With this wind we could sail up the Channel to port in about ten days.

The little stranger and mother are both doing remarkably well; the ladies are most attentive; Mrs. Cooper is chief nurse; Mrs. Fache and Miss Bath took their turn during the night from 10 to 2, and from 2 to 6.

Lat. $35^{\circ} 23'$, long. 37° . 170 knots. Bar. 30 20, ther. 69.

Friday, 3rd.—"Uncertain as the wind" is a great truth in our experience out at sea. Our beautiful "Westerly" wind we lost about 4 o'clock this morning; we are now becalmed. The wind has freshened a little, but there is a considerable swell. The man at the wheel had a narrow escape, a sea caught the helm, and sent the wheel flying round, the man held on to the wheel, which carried him over on to the other side; he performed a complete summersault in his journey, with his legs up in the air; but for the doctor coming to the rescue, the man would have been seriously injured. Lat. $37^{\circ} 48'$, long. $34^{\circ} 51'$. 179 knots. Bar. 30° , ther. 67.

Saturday, 4th.—All night we have been scudding along before W.S.W. wind, ten knots per hour; if it continues we shall soon clear the Western Islands. Raining in torrents. We are now north of the Islands; there is nothing in our course to the Channel, for which we are now steering.

The following description of the Islands may be of interest to the reader:—The Azores, or Western Islands, are nine in

number, one of which is St. Michael's, where the far-famed St. Michael oranges grow to great perfection. St. Michael contains one city, five principal towns, fifty-four parishes, and about (in 1840), 39,098 males, and 41,711 females; total, 80,809, living in 19,726 houses. The coast is very bold, and may be approached without fear in almost every part, the N.W. side excepted. Its military strength consists of three or four hundred troops, with a militia of several thousand peasantry, whose arms are the pikes with which they drive their cattle. The land rental is estimated (1851) at £160,000 a-year; its exports, 38,000 quarters of corn, one half to Ireland, valued at £60,000; and 100,000 (London size) boxes of oranges to England (with the exception of about four cargoes sent to the United States), valued at £40,000. In 1801, the value of the fruit exported was £10,000, and in 1850, about £60,000. The number of vessels calling to trade annually is about 250 British, 150 Portuguese, and ten foreigners.

Pico.—This island derives its name from the remarkable peak, or volcanic mountain, which stands upon it. The summit of this mountain, whose sides are neither very steep nor uneven, is terminated by a small sugar-loaf, so very regular, that one would think it had been made by art. The height of the peak, above the level of the sea, according to geometrical operations of the French astronomers, is about 1,172 English fathoms; by the survey of Captain Vidal it is 7,613 feet, and consequently in clear weather it can be seen twenty-four or twenty-five leagues off, but it is frequently so obscured by clouds as not to be seen at any distance. When the southernmost portion of Fayal is in a line with the peak, E. by S., this mount appears. Pico contains about 22,000 inhabitants, who occupy three towns and eleven villages. The soil being stony, little grain is produced, and the greater part of the wheat and maize for consumption is imported from the neighbouring islands; the wine is the staple commodity, and is reputed the best in the Azores; this, with brandy, is exported in considerable quantities. The cattle are various, numerous, and excellent; fruit is abundant, and equally fine; besides these, they have cedar and other timber, including a beautiful kind of yew, called Teixo, which is remarkably solid and fine.

Fayal.—This island has been celebrated for its excellent pastures, fish, wood, &c. The air is always mild and pure; the

cold of winter never felt, and the heat of summer always tempered by refreshing winds. Its inhabitants are computed at about 17,000. The island produces wheat and maize sufficient for itself and a part of Pico.

Flores.—This island contains about 7,000 inhabitants. It has two towns, both on the eastern side—Sta. Cruz and Lageus—and four villages. The chief productions are yams, wheat of excellent quality, cattle, sheep, and hogs. The exports are wheat, with weed or moss, called orchilla, used for a dye; the latter is found clinging to the rocks and declivities, and is not obtainable without great trouble and danger.

Terceira.—This island is fertile, pleasant, and healthy. The lava districts here, as at St. Michael's, produce excellent vines, although not equal to those of the Canaries and Madeira. The land yields large crops of wheat, and other grain, pasture for cattle, and a prodigious quantity of lemons, oranges, and other fruits of hot and cold climates, which are propagated to the greatest advantage in temperate climates. Angra is the capital of Terceira, having a harbour, defended by a fortress, in which resides the Governor of the Azores. Angra is distinguished by several handsome churches, convents, &c. Besides this, there is another town, Praya, and fifteen villages, all of which contain 30,000 inhabitants.

Lat. $39^{\circ} 56'$, long. $32^{\circ} 51'$. 160 knots. Bar. 29 89, ther. 68.

Sunday, 5th.—A most beautiful tropical morning; sun shining to the praise and glory of its Maker! Ship *City of Athens* again in sight. Same ship we signalized a week ago. Preached in the saloon with more liberty and comfort than usual, for there is not much to encourage one on ship-board; we were obliged to dispense with the singing! I read that beautiful hymn,

Behold the glories of the Lamb!

I am quite sure that there has been a secret and slanderous influence at work for some time. How true, "a whisperer separateth chief friends." I can see the fruit. If we were commencing our voyage instead of finishing it, I would pluck it off, and cast it into the depth of the sea; but as it is, it will be sure to meet with its due reward. Oh, what a mercy "that my witness is in heaven, my record is on high." I was very much struck with those words I read during the service, "The wicked plotteth against the just, and gnasheth upon him with

his teeth; the Lord shall laugh at him; for He seeth that his day is coming."

The wind has freshened, and we are sailing at ten and a-half knots. "Mother Carey's Chickens," as the sailors call them, have been following us in great numbers—or Stormy Petrel—so named after Peter; for they, like him, often appear to try to walk upon the sea, but are unable to do so; they save themselves from sinking by flight; so did Peter when he fled to Jesus—"Lord, save, or I perish!" Lat. $41^{\circ} 30'$, long. $31^{\circ} 7'$. 125 knots. Bar. 30 15, ther. 67.

Monday, 6th.—We have had a splendid run all night. Poor Arthur has been suffering much pain from tooth-ache; the doctor has just extracted it with very great difficulty, it being a three-pronged one; poor child, he has suffered very much.

Two ships in sight, just signalized; one the barque *Zelica*, from Balvia, bound to Liverpool; 34 days out. The ships we sighted this morning we have left far astern; have come up with two others, and have passed them, not able to signalize them, it being too hazy. Wind blowing hard from E.S.E. We are four points out of our course. Lat. $44^{\circ} 26'$, long. $27^{\circ} 32'$. 235 knots. Bar. 30 35, ther. 65.

Tuesday, 7th.—E.S.E. wind blowing all night; four and a-half points out of our course.

How selfishly inconsiderate are some people; in consequence of my sprained foot, there are only two places at the saloon table where I am able to write with any comfort and safety to myself. The lady who was the occasion of my accident, and who occupies a cabin next to my daughter's,—their cabins are nearly opposite the place where I have for some time sat to write,—she has written me a note, desiring me to choose another seat not opposite to her cabin! Poor thing, I pity her. It would have been well for her, if she had been half so particular in regulating her own conduct; had she have done so during the voyage, she would have commanded the respect of those who now have no regard for her. Lat. $47^{\circ} 26'$, long. $24^{\circ} 37'$. 205 knots. Bar. 30 60, ther. 64.

Wednesday, 8th.—This morning we were visited not with "Peeping Tom, of Coventry," but "Peeping John, of *Nineveh*," who was seen before seven o'clock a.m. peeping into my cabin and the one joining. What contemptible sly beings we are

exposed to on ship-board; this is the fruit of the familiarity that I have complained of. Peeping John has been severely reprimanded by the captain. I hope it will do him good; that he will know better for the future.

We have been becalmed all day in the latitude of the Channel; the sea is as smooth as glass; not a breath of wind. Lat. $48^{\circ} 55'$, long. $23^{\circ} 14'$. 104 knots. Bar. 30 70, ther. 59.

Thursday, 9th.—Becalmed all night; breeze has freshened this morning; we are now on our course. Several ships in sight. Lat. $49^{\circ} 1'$, long. $21^{\circ} 59'$. 60 knots. Bar. 30 50, ther. 58.

Friday, 10th.—We have had a splendid wind all night, and are running along at nine knots. A large whale on our port-bows, and an immense shark off our stern. We have several mosquitos on board: I have had one in my cabin, but I am happy to say that he is no more. It is quite a comfort to be freed from these tormenting things which are the plague of one's life in Australia. Oh, how often I have said:

Mosquito, O thou tiresome thing,
Thou hump-back body, let me be,
And go and put thy fearful sting into
A tree,

Or into anything but me;
You spoil my comfort, night and day,
You long-legged thing, full of spite,
To you it may be nought but play—
Even delight

To sing about my ears at night.

Lat. $49^{\circ} 7'$, long. $17^{\circ} 3'$. 195 knots. Bar. 30 23, ther. 58.

Saturday, 11th.—Wind W.S.W. If it continues, we shall sight land on Monday. Lat. $48^{\circ} 55'$, long. $13^{\circ} 12'$. 156 knots. Bar. 30 22, ther. 61.

Sunday, 12th.—Preached in the stern cabin. The lady, who presented her husband with a daughter, has most wonderfully recovered; was able to be up. We had a solemn parting service. Text: "Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy" (Jude 24). This we expect will be our last Sunday on the *Nineveh*. Lat. $49^{\circ} 5'$, long. $9^{\circ} 10'$. 155 knots. Bar. 33 30, ther. 62.

Monday, 13th.—7 o'clock this morning a pilot came on board. The captain arranged with him to take letters on shore.

I was able to forward one to my dear brother and sister, E. Carr, to inform them that we are off the Lizard. All's well! Eighty-two days from Sydney. The wind light; we have made but little head-way since the morning; a good many ships in sight. Signalized one, the barque *Sultan*, from Cape Cod, bound to London; thirty-eight days out. We are now 360 miles from London. Lat. 49° 36', long. 6°. 113 knots. Bar. 30 30, ther. 64.

Tuesday, 14th.—Magnificent weather for a pleasure trip. Light winds and smooth sea. We are abreast of Plymouth. I wish I could land there; but it is useless to wish, for it is impossible. Just signalized the clipper-ship *Light Brigade*, from Brisbane; ninety-one days out, bound to London.

Wednesday, 15th.—A boat came alongside early this morning, while off the Isle of Wight; sent letters ashore, to be posted for out-going mail for Sydney. 9 o'clock, pilot came on board, who is engaged by the captain to pilot us up the Channel. "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits?" preserving and sustaining mercies. A heavy mist; the many ships are all hid in the fog; the signal trumpet is sounding from all directions, that the several positions of the ships may be known. Directly after dinner I had the honour of presenting the following address to Captain Barnet:—

Off the Isle of Wight, June 15th, 1870.

CAPTAIN BARNET,

DEAR SIR,—We, the undersigned saloon passengers by the ship *Nineveh*, from Sydney to London, cannot separate without an acknowledgment on our part of the great obligations we are under to you, for your kind attention, in promoting our comfort during the voyage; a voyage which has been specially marked by the goodness and mercy of the Lord; for we have not experienced, as on other occasions, hurricanes and protracted calms. But, notwithstanding the favourable weather we have had in both hemispheres, we have witnessed your qualifications for the high and responsible position you occupy as commander on board your good ship; which you have once more, under God, the chief Captain and Pilot, brought safely to port.

We have also beheld, with great pleasure, how ably you have, on all occasions, been supported by your officers; who have worked with you with an ability that does them credit.

We desire likewise gratefully to acknowledge the invaluable services rendered by Dr. Cunningham, who has patiently and continuously ministered to the sick; and the great skill and ability rendered in the hour of nature's sorrow.

We thank you most sincerely for your gentlemanly bearing and kind attention during the voyage.

We will not wish thee grandeur, we will not wish thee wealth ;
 Only a contented mind, peace, competence, and health ;
 True friends to rally round thee, and honest ones to chide,
 And faithful ones to cling to thee, *whatever may betide!*

Wishing Mrs. Barnet, family, and yourself, both temporal and spiritual
 blessings for the life that now is, and for that which is to come,

We remain, dear Sir, Yours truly.

[*Here followed the Signatures.*]

The following lines I also read, and presented to our worthy
 commander :—

By the good ship *Nineveh* we've sailed o'er the deep ;
 Our loved ones in Sydney we've left there to weep !
 Our crew and her captain, the storms they have braved ;
 Through God, the chief Captain, our ship he has saved.

Those latitudes cold, while rounding the " Horn,"
 Proved genial to those who in Sydney were born ;
 Except when with snow-balls they childishly played,
 Jack Frost bit their fingers, their warm current he stayed.

The tropical sun was both gentle and kind,
 We've seen the great luminary rising and shine ;
 The " Trades" were refreshing, and helped us along ;
 Our God, for the favour, we praised in our song.

An increase of passengers on the first day of June !
 We welcomed the stranger, though rather too soon ;
 Dr. Cunningham showed himself skilful and kind ;
 The birth was soon over ; we dared not repine.

The ladies, of course, were all in full glee,
 They vied with each other the baby to see ;
 They arranged with each other, and nursed through the night
 The mother and daughter ; and that was quite right.

We're approaching the Channel ; expect soon to be there ;
 May God, the chief Pilot, still make us His care !
 " Ebenezer !" all praise to our God shall be given ;
 The God of the sea, of the earth, and of heaven.

Our loved ones in England we long to behold ;
 We'll tell them of Sydney, that country of gold ;
 We'll tell them of wonders salvation has wrought,
 Our God has supported, and to Himself brought.

Farewell! we must part ; our officers and crew ;
 Good-bye, Captain Barnet, for your kindness thank you ;
 Farewell, fellow-passengers, we bid you adieu ;
 May God bless you all, and His favour renew.

Farewell, noble ship, thou hast braved many a storm ;
 God bless her commander, and those to him born ;
 Long life to Mrs. Barnet, the wife of your youth,
 May you live long together, in grace, mercy, and truth.

We are particularly favoured.—A steam tug has come along side, and we are now towed along at about seven or eight knots, with a fair prospect of arriving in dock to-morrow afternoon. The Lord be praised for the many mercies we have received.

Thursday, 16th.—Off Dungeness, 4 o'clock a.m.; passed Dover 8 o'clock; Deal 9 o'clock; off Ramsgate 10 o'clock, Light winds; weather warm, like Australia; glass in the sun 100°. Arrived off Gravesend 7 o'clock p.m.; there cast anchor for the night. Boats came along-side. In a few moments I saw in one my very dear brother and sister, E. Carr and brother Thomas Carr. How kind of them to come so far, and so soon, to welcome me back to England. A most hearty welcome indeed they gave. Oh, how delighted I was to see them once more. Eighteen months ago, we parted at the *same place*, and on board the *same ship*.

Friday, 17th.—By the steam-tugs, *John Bull* and *Victor*, we were towed from Gravesend; and arrived in the East India docks at 3 o'clock a.m. Oh! what an Ebenezer have I to set up to the praise of my ever-gracious Lord, who has preserved me most wonderfully in my going out and coming in over the wide, wide sea, a distance of 32,000 miles. It is truly wonderful how a great ship can be towed and steered along a winding river, during the darkness of the night, amid the many crafts sailing about in all directions. But by observing the steering and sailing rules, there is nothing to fear. The following aids to memory in rhyme I have copied from the *Seamen's Almanack*.

TWO STEAM-SHIPS MEETING.

Meeting steamers do not dread
When you see three lights ahead—
Port your helm, and show your Red.

TWO STEAM-SHIPS PASSING.

Green to Green, or Red to Red,
Perfect safety—go ahead!

TWO STEAM-SHIPS CROSSING.

If to your Starboard Red appear,
It is your duty to keep clear.
To act as judgment says is proper,
To port, or starboard—back or stop her.

But when upon your port is seen
A steamer's starboard light of Green,

There is not so much for you to do—
The Green light must keep clear of you.

Both in safety and in doubt,
Always keep a good look-out;
In danger, with no room to turn,
Ease her! stop her! go astern!

11 o'clock a.m., we arrived safely in my "*Warm Harbour*," at the hospitable home provided for me and my children, with my very dear brother and sister, E. Carr. Thankful to find *all well!*

Thus I have finished "My Fourth Log-Book."

CHAPTER LIII.

Arrival in England: Invitation to "Carmel," Pimlico: Strange conduct of the deacons: Invitation to "Rehoboth": Commencement of labours there: Formation of the Church: Recollections of Mr. Irons and the Grove: A visit to Ireland: Lecture against Popery: Home again.

DIRECTLY on my landing, I received a letter from the deacons of Carmel Chapel, Westbourne Street, Pimlico, wishing me to preach there. I did so, and was most kindly received. I preached for them as often as I was at liberty. I felt my mind drawn towards Carmel; so much so, I felt I could live and die with them. Finding that they were in debt to their late minister to the amount of £25 for arrears of salary, I told the deacons that the money must be got; that they were not in a position to invite any minister to the pastorate until this debt was paid. I, therefore, arranged to deliver a lecture on the 9th of November. On the Lord's-day I said to the friends, that "I hoped they would endeavour to be present, and bring the money with them, namely, £25; that we must have it, for until the debt was paid they could not marry another. I know what your feelings are towards myself," I said; "but who would marry a wife in debt? I would not; I would get her out of debt first. Now if you will bring the money with you, I will make you marriageable." The people responded most kindly,

and after the lecture, £25 2s. 8d. was subscribed. I now felt that this was a sign that Carmel was to be my home. On the 14th, five days after the lecture, I received a letter from the deacons to inform me "that the Church was seeking a pastor, and that my name had been brought forward in connection with the subject in a very prominent manner, and they wished to know whether, under the circumstances of the low state of the cause, if it would be any use taking any further thought in the matter; that they could not guarantee more than £100 a year," &c. I wrote to say that I was on my way to Boston to preach, and seeing that I was engaged to preach at Carmel on the 27th, and four following weeks, I wished them to let my answer stand over till then. I then refused the invitation to two pastorates, and gave up all my engagements so that I might at once accede to their request.

On the 27th I went to Carmel to preach. The hymn was being given out by one of the deacons, when I asked the corresponding deacon to arrange for a deacons' meeting, as I was prepared to comply with their wish, and was willing to take the Church in its present low state,—not wishing the Church to guarantee me any fixed amount, but to take the fruit of my labours, little or much—when, to my utter astonishment, he informed me (just as I was going into the pulpit to preach) that they had held a Church meeting on Wednesday, 23rd, and had invited another minister for three months. I need not say that I was both disappointed and very much hurt at such conduct, for I had not the least idea that they even thought of any one but myself. I preached that day, and in the pulpit was raised above the influence and sorrow caused by their unfaithfulness and unbusiness-like conduct. I declined to preach any more at Carmel. I received numbers of letters from friends who expressed a good deal of sympathy, and some wished to take and open the Pimlico Rooms for me to preach in. Being determined not to promote a division in the Church, I declined. That door being closed, I continued preaching at various places for some time.

The cause at "Rehoboth" having been in a low state for a long while, and now there being every prospect that it would sink altogether, induced the friends to see me upon the subject. They wished to know if I would take it, and find the money they needed to pay the rent over-due—£12. Learning that

“Rehoboth” had been struggling a long while for existence, and it being in a locality wherein a cause of truth was much needed, and feeling persuaded that the hand of God was in it, I consented, at the earnest solicitation of the friends. The money was paid. The landlady having accepted me as her tenant; on the 12th of February, 1871, I commenced my labours at Pimlico. After this we had quite a revival; instead of twenty or thirty persons, the chapel—which would seat two hundred—was now quite full on a Lord’s-day evening, and nearly so in the morning.

The following report of the formation of the Church is taken from the *Earthen Vessel*:—

“Mr. John Bunyan McCure conducted the solemn services connected with the formation of a Strict Baptist Church (to worship under his pastoral care in Rehoboth Chapel, Princes Row, Pimlico) in the New Surrey Tabernacle (kindly lent to him and his friends by Mr. James Wells and his deacons), on Friday evening, June 23, 1871. Mr. McCure called upon C. W. Banks to supplicate the throne of grace; and then requested Mr. Thomas Jones to state the character, order, &c., of a New Testament Christian Church; which Mr. Jones did, with perspicuity and decision. Mr. McCure said, it was twelve months last Lord’s-day since he preached his first sermon after his arrival from Australia, at Carmel Chapel, Pimlico. The Church at Rehoboth Chapel, was then in a very low state. He was invited to take that cause up; and after laying the matter before the Lord, he felt his mind directed to that place. Last March Rehoboth was re-opened; manifest evidences of the Lord’s blessing on them led them that evening to become united together as a Church on New Testament principles. He then called on the members to answer to their names; which they did, numbering thirty-one. He then read the articles of faith; which the members pledged themselves to maintain, by standing up, and holding up their hand. The union was expressed by Mr. McCure giving, in the name of all the others, the right hand of fellowship to two of the elders. The Lord’s Supper was administered by Mr. McCure; the elements were taken round by brethren Davis, of Poplar; Frank Griffin, of Jireh; Lawrence, of Bermondsey; and G. Webb, of Camden Town; during which, addresses were delivered by brethren Dearsly and Wale. E. Carr gave an affectionate address, very encou-

raging to Mr. McCure, respecting his success at Rehoboth. Mr. Steed and other brethren assisted in the services of the evening. Thus has Mr. McCure commenced to raise a cause of truth in the immediate neighbourhood of the Queen's town palace, in the populous locality, now so well known as 'Victoria Station.' With the divine blessing, a long and prosperous career is now before him.

"The friends rallying round Mr. McCure in Pimlico have given demonstrative evidence of their zeal and attachment by contributing between eighty and ninety pounds in the four months of their assembling together. Our brother, John Bunyan McCure, appears to meet with warm hearts, willing hands, and wealthy friends, go where he may. We expect soon to hear that Pimlico Tabernacle is in course of erection."

At this time I wrote as follows:

I have for some time had quite a rest from trouble. My dear children are well, and are comfortable; settled in good schools. I am quite well in my comfortable happy home, my "warm harbour." And I am more than ever favoured in the Gospel; doors are opened for me in many different parts of the country. On Tuesday, 5th, I preached in the evening at Mr. Jay's chapel, the Grove, Camberwell, where the late Mr. Irons preached the glorious Gospel of the blessed God for many years. I was very much favoured with the presence and help of my ever-gracious Master, and very grateful to the Lord for the opportunity of preaching in that God-honoured sanctuary. Forty-nine years ago I was taken there by my parents, and by Mr. Irons sprinkled. Mr. Irons told me, six months before he died, that he remembered the circumstance distinctly, and that when he sprinkled the water upon my face, I cried; he then said, My prayer is that this child may by the Holy Ghost be taught to cry for mercy. When he pronounced the name, John Bunyan, he said, Who can tell but that this child may be raised up by God to preach the same Gospel that his namesake preached; God grant it may be so. My parents being members of the Grove, I used to be taken there by them, to the chapel, until they removed from Camberwell. At the appointed time I was called by grace, and then to the ministry. Mr. Irons died; I was present at his funeral, which took place on the eve of my departure for Australia. I did most earnestly desire that I might for once stand in that pulpit and declare what God has

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done for my soul. I left England without that privilege; after over eighteen years' residence in the colonies, I returned to England on my late mission, whilst here no opportunity offered, only I once more saw the outside of the chapel. I again left for Sydney, finished my work there, returned again; and after preaching all over the land for fourteen months, now that which I have so much desired is granted by the present pastor, who asked me to preach, neither he nor any one else knew the desire of my heart. The Lord has granted it, and I will praise His holy name. The following account of my journey to Ireland I have copied from my diary:—

I left home on Monday morning, by 9.20 train, *viâ* Brixton, Farringdon street, and Gower street; walked to Euston square station, left by 11 o'clock train, and steamed away on my Irish journey. The sun shining gloriously, pouring forth floods of golden radiance upon all created things; the country looking magnificently beautiful. Oh, how I do need the infinitely more glorious Sun of Righteousness to shine upon my soul. Yesterday I was favoured with some bright shinings of His presence, who is the health of my countenance, and my God, while preaching to my dear people in Rehoboth. The Lord was in our midst, and the hearts of many were made glad. Several instances of the Lord's goodness I have now received, in confirmation that the Lord has brought me to England, having a work for me to do. One who had been in a low state of soul for a long while, the Lord has delivered. Another who had never cared for the things of God and of his soul; there is every reason to believe the Lord has begun the good work in him; he is a most attentive hearer of the Word. Another whom the Lord has convinced of sin, through reading "My Life and Travels," is to be baptized. Another was met with seventeen years ago, under the ministry of Mr. Wells: in Rehoboth chapel she is now brought to decision to obey, "If ye love Me keep My commandments." One has applied for membership, who was called under my ministry, and whom I baptized more than twenty-two years ago, at Hadlow. After the service last night, her husband, who used to hear me at Hadlow, and to whom the Word was blessed, was brought to decision to obey the command of Christ. Thus, after so many years' Gospel labour in the colonies of Australia, he now heard me in Rehoboth, and last evening was constrained for the first

time after twenty-five years, to be baptized, and walk in the footsteps of the flock. The Lord be praised for such confirming evidence that I have done right in coming to England.

6.15 p.m.—arrived at Preston, detained about fifteen minutes. Several hundreds of all kinds of persons are waiting here, who have been keeping Whit-Monday; there are hundreds of boys, many of whom are smoking and swearing, and delighting themselves by groaning at our train. Poor things, I do pity them, and praise the grace that makes me to differ. It is now three years and six months since I was here, on my way from Liverpool to London, when I was on my late mission from Sydney. Since then "What has God wrought? Wonders of Providence indeed." Yea, and wonders of grace also! 7.30, arrived at Fleetwood, and am now on board "Prince Arthur" steamer, bound for Belfast: Sydney, I was going to say; for I now feel as though I had just finished my mission, and was going home, to embrace my dear wife and loved ones; but that, alas, cannot be, my mission has long since been completed; I returned, but it was to the house of mourning and death. 8.15, steam's up, and we are off. O Lord, once more give the winds and waves charge concerning Thy poor servant, that I may have shipboard mercies, and arrive in safety in my desired haven. It is a most beautiful evening; the sun is just going to bow his farewell for a little season, while visiting the other hemisphere, where many will be glad to see him.

Tuesday, 5 a.m.—Through the enduring mercy of the Lord, we are now in port. We have had a splendid passage across the Channel, a distance of 150 miles; a wonderful contrast to to what it was when I was last in the Channel on my homeward voyage; then the hurricane and mountain billows were awful indeed; hundreds of ships were wrecked, but we were saved. Another Ebenezer, hitherto, Alleluia, praise ye the Lord, our God, who is the Lord God Omnipotent who reigneth, which is the grand and only cause of all our Ebenezers. "The Lord hath helped us."

7 o'clock.—I was taken to Windsor, Belfast, by my very kind friend, Mr. T., who, with his dear wife, gave me a warm Irish welcome, such as the Irish people can give. After breakfast, read Psalm xxvii., and prayed with the family. What a mercy is the throne of grace, and the ear that is always open to the cry of the poor and needy. My friend then kindly drove

me about the town: the general appearance is that of a clean, business-looking place; the buildings are good, and many of the streets regular and wide. Few towns have progressed in importance so rapidly as Belfast; in 1821, the inhabitants numbered only 37,000; in 1851, increased to 100,301; in 1861, to 120,777; and now, 150,000. The flax mills and linen warehouses naturally attract the visitor's attention. I went over one of the largest; the number of hands employed is about 1800. The unceasing hum of myriads of spindles, and the subdued sound of machinery, together with the light and airy appearance of the immense rooms, and quiet and orderly appearance of the hands employed, very much surprised and pleased me. I then went to Cherry valley, and was received in the most kind and Christian manner.

The next morning we went to Lough Neagh, which is the largest lake, not only in Ireland, but in the United Kingdom, and is only exceeded in size by a few in Europe. It is twenty miles long, by fifteen in breadth; it is computed to contain an area of 98,255 statute acres, and to be forty-eight feet above the sea at low tide. The petrifying properties of the water are something wonderful; I saw large blocks of what was once wood, now entirely stone. At the village, about a mile from Cherry valley, in the Presbyterian chapel, I lectured for over two hours, principally exposing Popery and priestcraft; this was listened to with the greatest possible attention, only one man went out during the lecture; a collection was made to pay my expenses, which was responded to most cheerfully by the people, at the same time they expressed their hopes that I would come again. Very many of the Irish people are decided Protestants, and are true to their principles; and are astonished that the people of England are suffering themselves to be Romanised by the Ritualism of Jesuitical-Anglican priests. In Belfast, the watchword is, and will be, "NO PEACE WITH ROME!" The Popish crosses were introduced into Belfast, and were placed in a church; during the night they were removed, and broken to pieces. The Irish people cannot understand how any one professing themselves to be Protestants, can wear a cross, the mark of the beast, or suffer them to be on the outside of their buildings; they being decidedly Popish, and are intended to seduce the rising generation.

On Friday night I left Belfast by steamer, during the night,

I was unable to sleep, I could hear an old Irishman speaking to another: "Yes, that's true, 'Ye must be born again.' That's the religion that will do to die by: 'The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God.' Do you know the reason why?" said the old man. "This is the reason: 'For they are foolishness unto him, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.'" Thus he continued for some time, speaking out boldly, for he was one who had experienced the mercy for himself, and was not ashamed that all should know that he was a Christian.

Through the mercy of my ever gracious Lord, I arrived home in safety and health, Saturday, 4.30 p.m.

CHAPTER LIV.

Exercise of mind: Serious illness of two of my daughters: Death of my son-in-law at Queensland: Letter from Sydney: Cheerful news from Fiji: Joy turned to sorrow: Death of my dear daughter Esther: Letter on the solemn event.

How mysterious and past finding out are the ways of God; whose ways are in the sea, and whose path is in the great waters, and whose footsteps are not known. A friend called upon me the other day; just as he was leaving he said, "A Scripture had been much upon his mind;" he quoted it, it fastened immediately on my mind, and caused considerable exercise respecting the future. "That the hand of the Lord hath done this (done what?), and the Holy One of Israel hath created it" (Isa. xli. 20). The whole of the day the inquiry went forth *done what?* The Australian mail arrived; the answer came; the hand of the Lord hath done this; my poor dear daughter Esther, who lives on the Island of Taviuni, Fiji, is in a dangerous state of health, with but little hope of recovery. Poor dear! it is her mercy that she knows the Lord, by the soul-saving teaching of God the Holy Ghost.

By the same mail I am informed that the hand of the Lord hath done this; my poor dear daughter Jemima who lives at

Brisbane, is in a most precarious condition; and her husband, Mr. J. S. Kingsford, dead! He was taken worse, and on account of the dangerous state his wife was in, he was removed to the house of his parents, where he died; his poor wife unable to see him.

The following is an extract from a letter received from my eldest daughter near Sydney:—

“I have very painful news to tell you—poor Jemima is a widow! I know how grieved you will be to hear it, but our comfort is, that he has gone home, where there is neither sickness nor sorrow. His end was very peaceful and happy; he died on the 17th of July, on Lord’s-day evening; his poor wife was not able to see him before he died. She begged to be taken to see him, but he wished them not to do so; he said he could not say good-bye to her, his heart would burst; the doctor said he would die under the excitement, and he was also afraid of the effect on her, as she was still very ill, and in a very weak state indeed. However, they took her to see him the next morning, after he was laid out (I think in the same room in which they were married eleven months previously). The doctor said if they did not she might become permanently deranged. After she had seen him she seemed calm and more resigned, and could weep; poor girl! what a hard trial for her, it makes it doubly so, her being so ill herself, and not being able to see him before he died.” “That the hand of the Lord hath done it.”

“Himself hath done it! yes, although severe
 May seem the stroke, and bitter be the cup,
 ’Tis His own hand that holds it, and I know
 He’ll give me grace to drink it meekly up.
 Himself hath done it! then I fain would say,
 Thy will in all things evermore be done;
 E’en though that will remove whom best I love,
 While Jesus lives I cannot be alone.”

Oh for grace to be reconciled to that hand that takes as well as gives, and that always sustains whilst leading the blind by a way they know not, and in paths they have not known, and that always makes the crooked straight, and turns the night to day; for He hath said, “These things will I do for them, and not forsake them.” I am a witness of the covenant faithfulness of my ever wise and gracious God, for since I have

received this sad news, I have been enabled to preach forty-six times in thirty-two days; and by the end of this month I shall have preached 109 times, and shall have travelled over 2,000 miles in four months. It has been whilst thus waiting upon the Lord my strength has been renewed to say—

“Thy way—not mine, O Lord,
 However dark it be!
 Lead me by Thine own hand;
 Choose out the path for me.
 Smooth let it be or rough,
 It will be still the best;
 Winding or straight, it matters not,
 It leads me to my rest.”

“That they may see and consider, and understand together, that the hand of the Lord hath done this, and the Holy One of Israel hath created it.”

“Nature writhes, and hates the rod,
 Faith looks up, and blesses God.
 Oh! let faith victorious be,
 Let it reign triumphantly!”

I feel that I cannot sufficiently praise the Lord for His goodness; for

There is sunlight on the hill-top,
 There is sunlight on the sea;
 And the golden beams are sleeping
 On the soft and verdant lea;
 But a richer light is filling
 All the chambers of my heart;
 For Thou art there, my Saviour,
 And 'tis sunlight where *Thou* art.

Lord's-day, I preached in the morning from “To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes;” and in the evening from “Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it.” It being the first Lord's-day in the month, at the close of the evening service we celebrated the redeeming love of our Great High Priest, and felt that it was an unspeakable privilege to be there. What the Lord's will is concerning me at Rehoboth is yet to be made known. Our chapel is too small and inconvenient; to continue there is not desirable, because we have no room to grow. To build a new chapel will now be the question; if my friends can see their way clear to do so, I am willing to stand by them, and work with them, and build another house

for the Lord. But I would much rather settle down where there is a chapel already built, that my time and mind may not be distracted with another chapel debt. "Not my will, but Thine, O Lord, be done."

Choose Thou for me my portion,
My bitter and my sweet ;
The cup Thy hand doth mix me,
I will drink it at Thy feet.

While I'm waiting for that moment,
The brightest and the best,
When Thou shalt stoop to lift me
From Thy footstool to Thy breast.

I have received a letter from Fiji, from my dear daughter Esther, to inform me that she is better, and is now restored to health, and that, if it is the Lord's will, herself and husband will come to England on a visit. I cannot express my thankfulness on receiving such unexpected good news. Oh, how I have longed to see that dear face once more, and now I hope that I shall. It has been a great and sore trial to me that I have not been able to see her since that sad farewell, Aug. 17, 1867, as reported in my Log-Book—my dear child having married whilst I was in England; and when I arrived home, I not only found that my dear wife was dead, but that my daughter was away on the Fiji Islands, whom I have never seen since. However, I am much comforted, knowing that she has a dear good husband, of whom she speaks—"He is more than kind to me." "The Lord is good: a stronghold in the day of trouble; and He knoweth them that trust in Him."

The Australian mail has arrived, and has turned for me my joy into mourning instead of the garment of praise. I am now clothed with sackcloth. Directly I opened the letter—hoping that the good news of the last mail would be confirmed—the first words I saw were "I have the painful duty to inform you that dear Esther is dead." For some time I was bowed down under the burden of unutterable grief, until the words came, "The hand of the Lord hath done this, and the Holy One of Israel hath created it." I then wrote the following respecting my dear child:—

The Lord has, in His righteous sovereignty, bereaved me of another of my daughters (Esther), who, with her husband,

resided on one of the Fiji Islands; but she now resides on those shores

“Where the surges cease to roll.”

Some years ago, in consequence of a fall, she was injured in her spine, which caused her much weakness of body and depression of spirit, with little or no disposition to bear her afflictions with patience, as doing the will of God; but, on the contrary, she was exceedingly rebellious, in consequence of not being able to take her position in the world—saying, “What a cruel affliction for one so young!”

In due time the Lord, who *doeth all things well*, in love to her soul, delivered her from darkness into light—in which light she now saw her state as a sinner before God, and her need of salvation by Jesus Christ. The means by which the Holy Ghost quickened her soul was this:—One Thursday evening I was preaching in Sydney from Psalm xviii.—“As for God, His way is perfect; the Word of the Lord is tried: He is a Buckler to all those who trust in Him.” That was the night of the Lord’s power to her soul. She both heard the Word with her outward ear, and with the Holy Ghost convincing her of sin. She assured me that was the first sermon she had ever heard in her life, although she had been present for many years, and might have heard hundreds of sermons with her outward ears; but, no! she was determined that she *would not*; for directly the sermon commenced, she, instead of listening, directly commenced a wholesale criticism of the people present, their dress and personal appearance, which she always persevered in during the service, with a determination that she would not listen to one word preached; and then, when among her young friends, she would greatly delight them by talking freely, not of the sermon, but sarcastically of the people, to their very great amusement.

On the occasion referred to she came to chapel, not by her will, but mine, as usual determined not to hear one word of the sermon, when all in a moment her attention was arrested, and God the Holy Ghost applied the Word: her heart was broken by a sense of sin. For some time she was the subject of great and sore trouble of soul, and was now a “mourner in Zion” on account of her sins, and after forgiveness through His blood that cleanseth from all sin.

For some time we knew nothing of this good work begun;

but the change in her outer life, her patience in affliction, her attention under the Word, reading the Bible, and her respect for the people of God, was now unmistakeable. We could see the grace of God in its fruits and effects, and were glad. The Gospel now was her meat and drink, the people of God her best friends, and Jesus Christ all her desire. She now desired to be baptized that she might do the will of Jesus, and declare her love to Him, and her decision for His Person and kingdom. Having given satisfaction to the Church of the work of grace in her soul, I baptized her, December 29, 1863, with ten others (one her dear sister Jemima, who is in great affliction and sorrow, God having taken from her her dear husband).

September 8th, 1868, she married, and with her husband settled on the island of Taviuni, Fiji, where they prospered exceedingly. Her first confinement was almost her death. The child died. The mother, after great suffering, was saved to a life of yet greater sufferings, till she was able to visit Sydney for medical advice—a distance of over 1,800 miles. After a few months she was able to return to her husband, with every hope that she would now entirely recover. Subsequently, she visited an old friend some distance on the island, and while returning in an open boat it rained. The account I received of her death was as follows: she took cold, diarrhoea and sickness set in. It was evident that her time had come to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better, and which she greatly desired. The day before she died she dreamed that I gave out that beautiful hymn,

“There is a fountain filled with blood;”

and while in her sleep, she sang aloud,—

“Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.”

The next day she died in the faith—in the faith of a salvation from sorrow and from sin, for ever to be with the Lord, through the precious blood of Jesus. It was August 25th, 1871, aged twenty-six years, leaving a loving, faithful husband to sorrow in the wilderness for a while.

The Lord grant, even our own God, that when the time shall come that we may,

"Dying, clasp Him in our arms,
The Antidote of death,"

is my most earnest prayer.

Lord Jesus, Thou hast bought me,
And my life, my all is Thine;
Let the lamp Thy love hath lighted
To Thy praise and glory shine:
A beacon, 'mid the darkness,
Pointing upward where Thou art,—
The smile of whose forgiveness
Is the sunlight of my heart.

CHAPTER LV.

Happy home with loving friends: Felt want of a "help-meet": Direction sought: Interview with a member of the Surrey Tabernacle: Choice of second wife: Visit to Sturry: "In labours oft": Second marriage.

I HAVE been especially favoured with a happy home with my very kind and sympathising friends, which has been a great help to me, so that I have not been the sparrow alone as when I was in Sydney. Nevertheless, the home of my children being their school, and my dear daughter ill with scarlet fever and rheumatics in all her limbs, I now feel the necessity and importance of obtaining a home of my own. Oh what an anxious time it has been to me night and day. These words seem to speak to me, "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass." "Unto Thee, O Lord, have I revealed my cause." I am very anxious that I may know and do the will of the Lord. If I marry again it must only be in the Lord, that I may have not only a mother for my children, but a help-meet in my Gospel work—a pastor's wife.

How very remarkable—September 23rd, whilst I was walking from Camberwell in the direction of the Surrey Tabernacle, where I was engaged to marry a couple; and just as I was pleading with the Lord, "O Lord, I pray Thee, guide Thy poor

child in this most important matter of choosing a wife. Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, then I shall have the one Thou hast appointed for me; Thou knowest who she is, and where she is. My gracious Lord, I beseech Thee that I may be directed to her, or that she may be directed to me." The moment the last word went up from my heart, I almost walked against Miss Buxton, face to face, a member of the Surrey Tabernacle for many years, and one of the principal collectors for the new chapel and houses. I learned from her the illness of her mother, and promised that I would call and see her, which I did for the first time at her house.

I now felt persuaded the Lord had answered my prayer, and His guiding hand had caused us to meet. When we knew each other's minds upon the subject, we then determined in due time to be united together according to the Word of the Lord—as husband and wife.

After residing in the home of so much sunshine, with my very dear friends brother and sister E. Carr, for one year and seven months, I shall now soon have to leave them for one of my own. The remembrance of their loving sympathy I shall carry with me to my grave. They have been *friends indeed*, and in the *time of need*. They have been one with me in all my sorrows, and have often comforted my aching heart. I have often thanked God for giving me friends so true and faithful as they have been. When I arrived with my motherless children their hearts and home were opened for us. My desire and prayer to God is that He will bless them indeed, and their dear children, to the end of time, and then for ever and ever in glory. I will bless Thee, most gracious Lord, for Thou hast always been mindful of Thy poor child, although less than the least of all who hope in Thy mercy, and the most unworthy of all who are saved by sovereign grace. I am poor and needy, but Thou art rich unto all who call upon Thee in truth. I entreat Thee to enrich my soul with Thy grace, unto all riches of the full assurance of understanding, to the acknowledgment of the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ, in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. Most kind and loving Lord, I commend myself, body, soul and spirit, into Thy hands to lead and instruct me, so that I may go only in the way appointed, and to work in Thy vineyard, where Thou hast a work for me to do. I can from my heart

say, "Thy will be done." John Newton once said, If two angels came down from heaven to execute a Divine command, and one was appointed to conduct an empire and the other to sweep a street in it, they would feel no inclination to change employments.

Monday, October 4th, I left my home at 7 o'clock by train for Canterbury, arrived at Sturry, 10.30; preached morning and afternoon, and lectured in the evening for two hours upon "The Wonders of Divine Providence and Grace." The little chapel was full, and so were the hearts and hands of the people; the collections on behalf of the fund for the purchase of the chapel was really wonderful—£35. There I met with some whom I had not seen for twenty-five years, whom I then knew in the Gospel; and three who were called under my ministry, when at Hadlow. What a mercy to be kept until this day, and to be blessed with that grace that will not let us go.

I returned to London, preached in the evening in "Rehoboth," Pimlico, from "The oil of joy for mourning," and was anointed with fresh oil, which renewed my strength, so that I was enabled to run and walk in the Gospel without weariness or fainting. Thus, once more I have been strengthened according to my day, having had ten services in five days. It is a work of faith, believing that the Gospel is the grand instrument of the power of God unto the salvation of His people, and that it is not possible to preach it in vain; for the Lord hath said, "It shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I send it." It is therefore the best antidote to go forthwith throughout the length and breadth of the land, against the awful delusions of the devil which are now almost rampant in England. *It is a work of love*, no work so dear to me as the work of preaching among the people the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Notwithstanding the fiery trials I have been called to endure, I have been strengthened according to my day to labour in the Gospel for Christ and souls' sake. During the last twelve months I have preached and lectured over 300 times, and have travelled over 10,000 miles. "Ebenezer, hitherto the Lord hath helped me." Thus I can say with Paul, "Having obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the pro-

phets and Moses said should come; that Christ should suffer, and be the first that should rise from the dead, and should shew light unto the people, and to the Gentiles."

‡ January 30th, 1872. Our marriage day.—We have this day performed our vows, and have taken each other for better or for worse; we are now husband and wife. The Lord bless the union, then we shall indeed be happy together, and smooth the rugged pathway of life for each other, lightening, by dividing its sorrows, and heightening, by doubling its enjoyments.

God guide our steps, and with supplies of grace,
Our souls, our bodies, and our offsprings bless,
When flesh and heart shall fail, and life shall cease,
May faith in Christ yield joy and peace.

And now I am once more settled down in a comfortable home of my own, with my dear wife and children with me.

"Thus far my God has led me on,
And made His truth and mercy known,
My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comfort mingle with my sighs."

CHAPTER LVI.

Deep grief at the remembrance of my late dear Esther: Prostration of mental powers: Application of the Lord's promise to my soul: Visit to Paris: Proposition to build at Pimlico: Visit to Dry Drayton: Pressing invite to preach at Cambridge: Decide not to build at Pimlico: Invite to the pastorate at Cambridge: Letter from the Church and my reply thereto.

SATURDAY, March 30th.—Returned home from Guildford, where I preached yesterday (Friday) from "O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me." Little did I think whilst preaching from that heart prayer how soon I should be obliged to pray it out of the deep waters. On my arrival home a circumstance occurred, which opened the "old wounds," and caused me to experience grief, which for some time was almost unbearable. I felt as if I must die, or go raving mad; for four hours I could not control the gushing anguish of my

broken heart. I was indeed oppressed with sorrow. I cried unto the Lord with my heart, "O Lord, I am oppressed, undertake for me." It was not until 2 o'clock in the morning that I was at all relieved, or could go to bed.

During my absence from home a box had arrived from Fiji, containing some things which had belonged to my dear child, who is now clothed in white in the mansion house of her heavenly Father; amongst them a dress of my dear Esther. I looked at it, and passed my hand up the front of it, and when my hand came up to the neck I raised it higher to feel her face, but there was no face to feel, it was only the dress,—*the same one I last saw her in.* It was such a shock to me; for some time I felt paralysed; at length tears came to my relief. I seemed to be completely haunted, her body constantly before me, without a head; when I could go to bed, thus I saw her, and throughout the day, and directly I closed my eyes whilst in prayer. It was only when preaching that I was raised above it; but as soon as I had finished, there was the dress in which I fancied I could see the body of my dear child. But there was no head, no face that I could see. For some time I continued in a fearfully nervous condition, and my soul was bowed down within me. I did say with Jonah, "For Thou hast cast me into the deep, in the midst of the sea; and the floods compassed me about, all Thy billows and Thy waves passed over me: then I said, I am cast out of Thy sight." But I had no power to say, "Yet I will look again toward Thy holy temple." My "power was indeed gone, and there was none shut up or left." I could, like Peter, look on the winds boisterous, and was afraid; and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, "Lord, save me"; and with David I could say, "Save me, O God, for the waters are come into my soul; I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing, I am come into deep waters where the floods overflow me."

"'Lord, why is this?' I trembling cried,
 'Wilt Thou pursue Thy worm to death?'
 "'Tis in this way,' the Lord replied,
 'I answer prayer for grace and faith.

'These inward trials I employ,
 From self and pride to set thee free;
 And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
 That thou may'st seek thy all in Me.'"

The Lord spoke home to my heart that precious promise, "He giveth power to the faint: and to them that have no might He increaseth strength." With His own strength in my soul, I could then say, "Yet will I look again toward Thy holy temple," and "Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him." "But He knoweth the way that I take: when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." This to me is very precious—"When He hath tried me."

"Himself hath done it! He who's searched me through,
Sees how I cleave to earth's ensnaring ties;
And so He breaks each reed on which my soul
Too much for happiness and joy relies."

It was thought desirable that I should have a little rest and change. I therefore went to Paris, and remained in that great city for fourteen days. But I must not increase the number of the pages of this book by recording in it even some of the things I saw in this worldly, sceptical, and popish city. I returned home somewhat better, and continued my work in Pimlico, and other places, preaching and lecturing almost every day.

At a public meeting it was decided to purchase land and build a chapel. We formed a committee, and commenced in earnest. Land was offered that would cost about £1000. The amount was subscribed and promised. We should also have required about £2000 for the building; this would not have discouraged me, if we had been united. There were some who could not see, no, not an inch before them, not so much as over a mole hill; indeed, a mole hill to them was a mountain. This caused me very great anxiety, for I had no confidence in them.

Tuesday, May 28th.—I preached two sermons at Dry Drayton, near Cambridge. After the service, a member of the Church at Cambridge said to me, I have been praying to the Lord for some time that he would send you to Eden, that you might be our minister; but I fear the Lord will not answer my prayers. I replied, If they are only your prayers, He will not, for the Lord will only answer the prayers the Holy Ghost inspires in the soul.

The next morning one of the friends was about to drive me to the station, but finding we should not be in time for the train, unless I went without breakfast, it was arranged that he should drive me to Cambridge, that I might go from there.

On my way I called upon my dear friends Mr. and Mrs. Beall, where I found I should be too late for the train I wanted to go by. While waiting for the one o'clock train, Mr. Beall took me to Mr. Favell, one of the deacons, whom I saw for the first time, and who invited me to supply the pulpit in Eden Chapel. I promised that I would do so on a week-day, but could not on a Lord's-day. But in consequence of the influence brought to bear on my mind, I consented; which I did for the first time, July 21st, and 28th. I also preached again on Lord's-day, Sept. 8th. After which a meeting of the deacons was held. My late dear friend and brother Mr. Butt who was a deacon of the Surrey Tabernacle was present. Brethren Harvey and Favell were most pressing and importunate to know if I could settle over the Church as their minister. Brother Harvey was particularly anxious to see the pulpit supplied with a "faithful man of God before he died." He again said, "Now can you come, and will you tell us when you will come?"

I replied, "It is impossible to give you an answer now. I am pastor over the Church worshipping in Rehoboth Chapel, Pimlico, and moreover we have decided on building a new chapel; we are only waiting for the land question to be settled. If we should not be able to obtain it, then we shall not be able to build. If we do so, I shall be bound to continue where I am. Directly this great question is settled I will let you know."

Mr. Harvey's decision for the Gospel, his love and anxiety for the cause of God, and for me to come to Cambridge, and he being an old disciple, very much influenced my mind in favour of Eden, believing I should have in him a faithful friend who would help, encourage and stand by me for Christ and truth's sake. If I could have thought differently I should not have come to Cambridge.

Thursday, 13th.—We held a meeting at Pimlico to consider and decide upon the purchase of land, and a new chapel: having in the meanwhile satisfied myself there were those about me whom I could not depend upon; who were not wise business men; and who, instead of helping me, were hindering and discouraging others by their extraordinary powers of magnifying mole hills into mountains; and, seeing that the principal responsibility would rest upon myself, under these circumstances I felt constrained to decide against building,

and to return all moneys received to the subscribers, which was done.

According to promise, I wrote to the deacons at Cambridge, and informed them I had decided not to build a new chapel in London, which decision was against the wishes of the people; nevertheless, I felt constrained thus to act, although to myself and others it was a very great trial. The people, one and all, hoped that I should not leave them, but continue as heretofore. I said this was not my intention. The chapel was too small and inconvenient, and also there was no school-room, and therefore the want of room is against the progress of the Gospel. In reference to the future, I am in the hands of my gracious Master, who will employ me where and as He please. I wish to have no choice but to do His will, wheresoever I may labour. I *must have unity*, with that I can work; but without it I cannot.

After much correspondence, I received a call from the Church at Cambridge to become their pastor. The following is the letter of invitation from the Church, and my reply, accepting the same:—

*The Church of Christ worshipping in Eden Chapel, Cambridge,
to our dearly-beloved brother, John Bunyan McCure.*

DEAR BROTHER,—As it hath pleased the great Head of the Church, with whom is the residue of the Spirit, to bless you with singular and special gifts and graces to set forth and enunciate the glorious truths of the everlasting Gospel, plainly set forth in His Holy Word, and most surely believed by us: which have been our solace and comfort in the day of adversity, and our joy and rejoicing in the day of prosperity; and we being now, and for a long time past, in a widowed state as a Church, not having any settled minister to go in and out before us to break the bread of life amongst us; and being in bodily form assembled together, do hereby invite and ask of you to take the oversight of us in the Lord by becoming our pastor; and as we thus offer to you the pastorate, we hope that you will, as the Lord shall enable you, minister to us in holy things: not as being lord over God's heritage, but, being an ensample to the flock, may, under the Divine teaching and blessing, lead us into the green pastures of His truth; that our souls may be refreshed, built up, established and edified in and

by those glorious truths into which we have been inducted by the Holy Spirit upon which our faith securely rests, and which is the foundation of our hope. And as we feel assured, dear brother, that you will not take the oversight of us for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind, so we have nothing to offer you but the fruit of your labours. Therefore, as a remuneration for your services, in a pecuniary way, you will receive all that each and every sitting in the chapel provides as your proper right; and may a sacred unction from the Holy One rest upon your labours; that each and every individual member of this our body may be richly increased in every gift and grace of the Spirit; and that your ministry and teaching may be the means of bringing many to flock to this our Zion, as doves to their windows; that Christ may be exalted and dwell in our hearts by faith; that we may be rooted and grounded in love; that His peace may rule in our affections, and the God of peace dwell and abide with us continually. And now, dear brother, we commend you to God, even our Father, that He may direct you and guide you in this matter: and should you acquiesce to this our request, may the union be cemented in love, strong and lasting, and, sanctified by the Holy Ghost and prayer, be made a lasting blessing to this part of the Lord's vineyard, and finally bring a rich revenue of praise to Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Amen.

Signed, on behalf of the Church, Lord's-day, Oct. 13, 1872,

JOHN HARVEY, }
JOSEPH FAVELL, } *Deacons.*

Oct. 14, 1872.

To the Particular and Strict Baptist Church of Jesus Christ worshipping in Eden Chapel, Cambridge, John Bunyan McCure sendeth Christian salutation.

MY DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS,—In our all-glorious covenant Head, who is the only King, Lawgiver and Master in Zion, His dear blood-bought Church, notwithstanding His high and exalted character, for the sake of ministering unto His poor and needy children, declared that He was among them as One that serveth, although their Lord and Master. And commanded that His children and His servants should not be called Rabbi (Master), for one is your Master even Christ, and ye are brethren.

By the post now in from Cambridge, I have received your call, read and signed by the deacons, brethren Harvey and Favell, at your Church meeting, held Lord's-day, October 13, 1872, addressed to me, being the united invitation of the Church of myself to take the oversight of you in the Lord, as the Lord's under shepherd, to feed (rule) the Church of Christ which He has purchased with His own blood.

Feeling fully persuaded in my own mind that the hand of the Lord has done this, and that it is His great will that I should accept your call to become your pastor, at a Church meeting held yesterday, the 13th, in Rehoboth chapel, Pimlico, I resigned my pastorate of the Church there, which caused them and myself also great grief and sorrow of heart in being obliged to sever the union of pastor and people.

And now, dear brethren and sisters, I declare my acceptance of your invitation to become your pastor, that I may labour among you as a servant (and not a master) in the Lord for the furtherance of the glorious Gospel of Christ, that our most glorious Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, may be glorified in our midst, that we, and many who are yet unborn, may have to say, "This is the Lord's doings: it is marvellous in our eyes." Whilst I do most confidently believe that our wonderful God has opened this door Himself, through you, and in answer to your many prayers, that you as a Church might be provided with a faithful servant of Jesus Christ, you will bear me witness that I have had no hand in the matter whatever; it has been from first to last your act, and not mine.

God is my witness, in coming among you, that it is not for filthy lucre; if it were, I should remain where I am, but that I may do the will of my great and good Master, being well assured that our God has ordained that they who preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel. "Who goeth a warfare any time at his own charges? "Who planteth a vineyard, and eateth not of the fruits thereof, or who feedeth a flock, and eateth not of the milk of the flock?" "If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things?"

Therefore I am quite willing to take the fruit of my labour for the support of my family, believing that you *will care* for the temporal things, whilst I shall only have the spiritual and eternal things to care for.

I have only now to say, when I come among you, I shall quite depend upon your hearty and prayerful co-operation, that you will *help* and *encourage* me in my work, for I shall need *very much* encouragement, because I feel myself to be less than the least of all the servants who labour in my Master's vineyard.

Therefore I beseech you, brethren, for the *Lord Jesus Christ's sake*, and for the *love* of the Spirit, that ye strive *together* with me in your prayers to God for me, that my service which I have taken for Cambridge may be accepted of the saints.

The great foundation doctrines, that you hold and contend for as a Church, with the New Testament direction, for good Church order—that no unbaptized person or persons shall be admitted into the Church, or sit down at the Lord's table, I do most heartily subscribe to, and shall, by the grace of God, contend for.

But your practice of holding monthly Church meetings, I object to, believing that they do not promote the love and harmony of the Church. I have never known them to work together for good. I hold, that when Church meetings are necessary, that the pastor or deacons should then call the Church together to attend to whatever business may have to be transacted, and that no new matter, being irrelevant to the object for which the Church is called together, be brought forward at any Church meeting, without one week's notice having been given to either the pastor or deacons.

I shall ever be careful of the peace and unity of the Church, and with the present deacons and others who may, in time to come, be chosen to that office, endeavour by *every means* to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

Therefore, it is important that both pastor and deacons should be of one heart and one mind, working together to hold up and strengthen the hands of the pastor, who will have to bear the burden of the Word of God, and will need the loving sympathy of his brethren in office with him, who are servants to the Church of Christ.

On the first Lord's-day in November I shall, by the will of God, be with you to minister unto you the Gospel. And on the *first Lord's-day in December* I shall (D.V.) commence my stated and continued labours amongst you, and trust that I may continue with you until death.

And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the Word

of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified. Peace be with you all.

I remain, your willing servant and devoted pastor, for
Christ's sake,
JOHN BUNYAN MC CURE.

CHAPTER LVII.

Continuation of Diary: Exercise of mind respecting my work at Cambridge: Illness: Farewell meeting at Pimlico: Presentation: Letter to the Church at Cambridge.

Lord's-day, Nov. 3rd, I preached in Cambridge, and presided at the Lord's table. I was very much favoured in the pulpit, and the people testified how God had blest the word to their souls; all who spoke to me expressed their thankfulness in the warmest manner, so that I accepted the Church's call to become their pastor. *Not one person ever named to me the state of things* which had existed amongst them.

During the week, previous to my preaching on the 17th, I have been very much exercised in my mind, fearing lest I am not doing the will of the Lord in going to Cambridge. And also I am most anxious to know that I am to be the pastor of a loving and united people, with whom I may spend the rest of my days in peace. In my anxiety, I determined in my own mind, on going to Cambridge to preach for the last time as a supply, that I would spend the week amongst the people, that I might see for myself their order, their union, and their love for me; and if I should find the contrary, then to believe that it is not the will of God for me to go. The Lord who knows all things, and who works all things after the counsel of His own will, having a work for me to do, was pleased in His love and wisdom to lay His hand upon me, so that I might be kept in ignorance of the sad state of things in connection with some of the people, *which if I had known I am sure I should never have gone to Cambridge.* Those who knew, kept it from me, well knowing my mind

upon the subject of unity, and love, and harmony amongst the saints.

During the week I felt very unwell; Saturday I was much worse; notwithstanding, I went to Cambridge, which appeared to be *cruel* to my wife and children, for just as I was leaving them I coughed up some blood, and continued to do so for some time; when it ceased, my anxiety was to fulfil my engagement to preach on the morrow. I can truly say that I felt "*necessity* was laid upon me" to go; therefore I went, still determined to know the real state of things amongst the people. But the Lord laid His preventing hand upon me directly I had preached in the evening. I will refer the reader to the letter I wrote to the Church of the nature of my illness, and how graciously the Lord did stand by, and strengthen me with all might, according to His glorious power "unto all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness."

For some time it did appear that my work on earth was done, and that the time of my departure had arrived. The fear of death was taken from me. I was enabled to resign my dear wife and children into the hands of the Lord. And said, "Lord, now lettest Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy Word, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

—Grace which thus assuages
Suffering, is through divers stages,
Reached by true disciples here—
While in many a death they languish,
Watch through many a night of fear.
Day by day, O Jesus, nearer
Show that bliss to me, and clearer,
Till my latest hour I see—
Then, my weary striving ended
May my spirit be attended
By Thyself, and home to Thee.

It was not until the following week that I was able to be removed to my home in London, whence I continued in a very weak condition for some time.

Thursday, December 5th.—The farewell meeting was held in Rehoboth Chapel, Pimlico. Although I was really not well enough for such a meeting, yet I was most anxious to be there. I was taken to the chapel in a very weak state and spoke to the people of the Lord leading me from London to Cambridge.

An address and a purse containing sixty sovereigns was

presented to me in the name of the Church and congregation by my dear and faithful brother E. Carr; many feared that I would break down under the excitement of a farewell meeting, and suffer a relapse. But the Lord, who is my light and my salvation, was the strength of my life. I was taken home none the worse, but strengthened according to my day.

Friday, the 6th, I wrote the following letter:—

To the Deacons and Members of the Church and Congregation worshipping in Eden Chapel, Cambridge.

It has pleased my gracious Lord, in the exercise of His lovingkindness, while leading me about in the wilderness, to lead me into a new trial. The fire has been hot, and the water deep; but not hot enough to consume; nor deep enough to drown. The poor tempest-tossed pilgrim has been sustained, because Jehovah my faithful covenant God has been with me, according to that precious promise, "I will be with thee." When? when thou passeth through the waters; yes, in the time of need, our God is a friend in deed; a present help, and will help, and that right early, in time, never too late.

The afflictions by which the Lord has brought me down, and laid me aside from my loved work for a little season has been of a very serious and dangerous character.

On Saturday morning, November 16th, I expectorated a little blood for the first time in my life, which continued throughout the day. I was just leaving my wife and children for Cambridge, by the five o'clock p.m. train, when I coughed up more blood, and then more and more for nearly half-an-hour. Whilst my family were alarmed, I was not in the least, but was more concerned lest I should lose my train, than by the loss of my life blood. The hemorrhage having ceased, reason and prudence said, You must not go to Cambridge. But the Gospel said, You must go. I felt altogether unnatural, or I could never under such circumstances have left my home, which I did, six o'clock at night, a distance of 57 miles. I felt that I could not disappoint you of hearing that Gospel that I had promised to preach to you on the following day. Of course I am blamed very much for having risked my life! I can bear the blame when I know that what I did I did it for the sake of Him who gave His life for me. To Him, and His dear Church, and to you as part of the Church of Christ, I have

given myself. Well, I came to you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling, and preached the blessed Gospel of Christ, in which I do rejoice and will rejoice. "Blessed be God, His counsel shall stand, and he will do all His pleasure."

If the preaching of those sermons, that might have cost me my life, should be the means of *soul life* to some poor sinner, that will be my reward, and my justification for preaching the Word of God that day, Nov. 17, 1872.

Whilst I was preaching in the evening, and having spoken thirty-five minutes, I felt the blood coming up from my lungs into my throat! I concealed the fact from you, fearing to alarm you. I concluded the sermon, and while you were singing a hymn I brought up a good deal of blood; I then closed the service by prayer, and was driven to the kind and hospitable home of my dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Thoday, whose kindness to me during my affliction I shall never forget. My Master will reward them; and also my dear friend Mr. Beall, whose attention to me during such a critical time was of the greatest moment. Mr. Beall then went for Dr. Latham, who, when he had examined me, found that I had ruptured a blood vessel on my right lung! That kind physician, by his skill and constant attention, was the means, under God, of my recovery. I then went to bed, and there remained during the week. During that time I brought up a pint of blood! My gracious Lord was my refuge and my strength in the day of my trouble, for I felt it was well, either for life or death, that I had no choice only to do the will of the Lord, and could say, as my late dear wife said, when on her dying bed. Directly she was informed that she could not live till morning, she replied, "I am prepared to go any moment."

At times I did desire that I might depart to be with Christ. But my gracious Master said—

"Not now, my child—a little more rough tossing—
A little longer on the billow's foam—
A few more journeyings in the desert-darkness,
And then the sunshine of thy Father's home.

Not now—for I have wanderers in the distance,
And thou must call them in with patient love;
Not now, for I have sheep upon the mountains,
And thou must follow them where'er they rove.

Not now,—for I have loved ones, sad and weary;
 Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile?
 Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely sorrow;
 Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while?

Go with the name of Jesus to the dying,
 And speak that name in all its living power;
 Why would thy heart grow chill and weary?
 Canst thou not watch with Me one little hour?

One little hour!—and then the glorious crowning,
 The golden harp strings and the victor's palm—
 One little hour! and then the hallelujah!
 Eternity's long, deep thanksgiving psalm!"

I then exclaimed, "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" Father, I will—then give the needed medicine; be by my side, only Thy face don't hide; I'll drink it all; it must be good. 'Tis thine!

On the following Lord's-day my farewell sermons were to have been preached at Pimlico; the Lord ordered it otherwise. I was laid low in affliction in Cambridge, and on the first Lord's-day in the present month I was to have preached my first sermons to you as your pastor, my pastorate commencing on that day.

But I am thankful that my gracious God has once more made me a witness of His love and power, "that His arm is not shortened that it cannot save"—

"Tell of His wondrous faithfulness."

The healing hand of God has raised me up, with every prospect of a perfect cure; my lungs are sound, and I am in a healthy condition of body, and there is no reason why I should not be as well as ever. It will be very important that I should be more careful of myself for the future than I have been. In twelve months I have preached 300 times. During October last I preached thirty-four sermons. But I believe the principal cause of my illness has been from trouble upon trouble, and thorns and wounds that have pierced me through with sorrow upon sorrow. Nevertheless the Lord has given to me the shoes of iron and brass, and strength according to my day, so that I am able to say, "Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day."

CHAPTER LVIII.

New home at Cambridge: First Sermon as Pastor at "Eden": Report of the Recognition Services: A seal to my ministry: Decision to build a new "Eden": Services at the laying of the Memorial Stone, &c.

THROUGH the tender mercies of the Lord we are now settled in our new home in Cambridge.

On Lord's-day, 15th, I was able to preach in Old Eden Chapel for the first time as pastor of the Church, having been laid by from my loved work three weeks. My first text on entering upon my pastorate, and from which I preached with liberty and with much of my Master's presence, was Rom. xv. 30, "Now I beseech you, brethren, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and for the love of the Spirit, that ye strive together with me in your prayers to God for me."

I shall now relate a few important incidents in connection with my work in Cambridge, and pass by those of a more personal character.

The following account appeared in the *Earthen Vessel*:—

"MR. McCURE'S RECOGNITION AT CAMBRIDGE.—On Thursday, the 16th January, 1873, Mr. John Bunyan McCure was recognised as the chosen pastor of the Church assembling for the worship of the Trinity in Unity, in Eden Chapel, Cambridge. Mr. T. Jones, of London, Mr. McCure's oldest ministerial friend, was invited to preside on the occasion. Three hundred persons sat down to a magnificent tea, the preparation and gift of the ladies, who consulted all possible tastes in the variety and delicacy of the accompaniments.

"At the hour for the public meeting, the chapel, which was built for the late Mr. John Foreman of honoured memory, was well filled with persons who joined as in one earnest voice in singing the 512th hymn, Gadsby's Selection. A devout prayer was offered to the Head of the Church for His presence and blessing, and a portion of Scripture was read. After giving a short address on the nature of the occasion, and including a testimony to the new pastor's steady adherence to truth, authorized by many years' acquaintance, the chairman read the Church's letter of invitation, Mr. McCure's acceptance, and lastly an exceedingly kind Christian letter from the Church at Rehoboth, dismissing Mr. and Mrs. McCure to the Church at

Eden, with high commendation of both as consistent, sincere followers of the Lamb. Mr. McCure gave in brief a history of his Christian life, his call to the ministry, his doctrinal views, his reasons for resigning the Church at Pimlico, where he had been favoured of God, and had met with much affection from the people; recounted the circumstances under which he was led to Cambridge, and concluded with an appeal to the flock at Eden for prayerful sympathy and zealous help in the discharge of the solemn duties to which they had called him.

“The congregation listened with almost breathless attention to this recital which many, no doubt, heard for the first time. The senior deacon, an old disciple, in the name and on behalf of his brethren, took the hand of the new pastor; expressed his thanks to God for sending them an under shepherd, after a long period of trial, of faith, and patience and prayer; and expressed ardent hopes that the union of the day may be the union of many years of happy fellowship, ministerial success, and much blessing. After another hymn the chairman addressed the Church and its pastor, congratulating each and all on the good providence which had brought them together; gave a few brotherly counsels to the pastor, the fruits of many years’ ministerial work; exhorted the Church to watch unto prayer, to stand fast in one spirit, with one mind, striving together for the faith of the Gospel. Finally he commended the pastor, the Church, the congregation, the old and the young, to the loving care and guidance of a covenant God; that life, love and peace may abound among them; that Cambridge Eden may compare with the first Eden, ‘Like the garden of the Lord;’ that joy and gladness be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody.

“Thirty-three years I have been preaching the Gospel of Christ, and have never preached any other from March 1, 1840, till March, 1873. God has honoured my labours; very, very many have been the souls born again, both where I have stately laboured, and in those parts where I have gone forth: at home and abroad; on the land and on the sea; souls have been blessed and souls have been delivered from the power of Satan. Since my return to England I have had many dear souls given to me as seals to my ministry. My lot is now cast in Cambridge, in a large field for Gospel labour, where I stand alone as to ministerial help and co-operation, but not alone as to

Christian love and acceptance among my own people; above all, not alone as to the help and grace of my loving and faithful Master, who has not only given me very great liberty and power in the Gospel in Eden Chapel, but that precious Gospel the Holy Ghost has blessed to very many. In this I do rejoice, and will rejoice, for that is the great object of my preaching, viz., the exaltation of Christ in the salvation of souls; for this I have travelled and travailed in birth, and God has brought forth children: praise ye the Lord!

“This Cambridge door is now opened; I never sought it! I never spoke one word to any person, neither did I in any way influence the minds of those who were very desirous that I might become the pastor of Eden Chapel. I felt determined from the first not to touch a latch in opening the door in my coming here. Indeed, I did not want to come; I did not want to leave Pimlico, and yet I felt constrained to act as I did. From first to last necessity was laid upon me. Under that necessity I determined not to take upon myself the responsibility of building a new chapel, but return the moneys to the subscribers—which was done—and then seeing that the door was opened for me (but not by me), I felt constrained to accept the invitation of the Church to the pastorate. Well, have signs followed that it was Heaven’s will that I should come to Cambridge? An important Church and congregation of honoured renown, without a ministerial leader, with discordant elements, in a state of convulsion that was likely to rend both the Church and congregation, is now in peace, and united together in the Gospel; and, including myself and wife, eight members have been received into the Church since I accepted the pastorate. Three have come forward for baptism, declaring their souls have been blessed.

“One who came to the chapel on that Lord’s-day evening when I was so ill in the pulpit, Nov. 17th (see my letter)—that sermon that might have cost me my life—God blessed it to her soul and brought her to decision. That was the first time of her coming to Eden chapel. Blamed I have been for preaching in the state of health I was then in: but I felt that necessity was upon me. Contrary to nature and all natural consideration I left London ill: I believed that there was a need-be; I must go for the Gospel’s sake; and was willing to sacrifice my life for my precious Jesus, who gave His life for me. He

gave me enabling grace, the answer of a good conscience, and a precious soul; a seal, confirming that I was doing the will of the Lord. Last Lord's-day, March 2nd, was my anniversary of thirty-three years' ministry of the Gospel. Never in my life have I been blessed in the pulpit more than I was on that day. It was to me in power, in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance. What a history the thirty-three years past of the wonders of providence and grace; how the Lord stood by me, and employed me just where He pleased—and only there I have desired to be. He has always guided me, and opened the doors Himself. I have never once during my ministry invited myself among any people, never have I asked any minister or friend to obtain for me a pulpit, and never have I been unemployed for the want of Gospel work since God called me to preach His precious truth. And that Gospel is now to me more precious than ever. O for grace! that it may be my meat and my drink to do the will of God, and stand complete therein. I do feel more and more my entire dependence upon the great and almighty Minister and Glorifier of Christ, GOD, THE HOLY GHOST, without whom I can do nothing. My constant cry is, 'Power, Lord!' endue me with power! Send forth Thy precious truth with power—life-creating power! life-supporting power! soul-delivering power! for without the power of God, the Almighty and Eternal Spirit, all means are lifeless and vain; but with the Lord's power, then the weakest instrument in the Gospel shall win the day, though death and hell obstruct the way. 'For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God, to the pulling down of strongholds.' Ruffinus reports that at the Council of Nice, a godly man of no learning was the instrument of converting a learned philosopher, whom the bishops, with all their arguments, could not persuade; of which the philosopher himself gave this remarkable account:—'While you reasoned with me,' said he, 'against words I opposed words; and what was spoken, I overthrew by the art of speaking. But when, instead of words, POWER CAME OUT OF the mouth of the speaker, words could no longer withstand TRUTH, nor man resist the POWER OF GOD.' May the Lord endue all His servants with this power in the prayer of my heart."

My hands have found a work to do, I did hope would not again fall to my lot; but so it is, and it must be done, and

that too with decision, perseverance and determination. The old chapel is in a state of decay; we have not sufficient accommodation, and neither have we a room for the Sunday school.

Nov. 3rd.—The building committee have decided to build a new chapel and schoolroom, &c., on the freehold site of the old building. I have commenced this great work at the throne of Jehovah's grace, and have felt great liberty and confidence. One thing have I desired of the Lord, and that will I seek after, viz., that the chapel and school be opened *free of debt*. I know that with the Lord there is nothing impossible; therefore I will look unto "Jehovah-Jireh, the Lord will see or provide." "Save now, I beseech Thee, O Lord: O Lord, I beseech Thee, send prosperity."

Fifty years ago the late John Foreman laid the first brick in the old chapel.

May 14th.—This day I have laid the foundation of the new chapel, in the name of the Holy Trinity.

June 10th.—The memorial stone was laid by my dear friend and brother, W. Crowther, of Leeds. The solemn services were fully reported in the *Cambridge Express* and the *Earthen Vessel*, which I have copied.

"The settlement of Mr. John Bunyan McCure in the fine old university town of Cambridge, and the efforts now put forth in the erection of a new Strict Baptist chapel in that town, have given a new impetus to feelings and actions Antichristian and unworthy the peaceful age in which it is our favoured lot to live, by those who are prejudiced without a cause, so far as Mr. McCure is concerned.

"We considered Mr. John Bunyan McCure would have escaped anything like hostility from those who may in some things differ from him. For over thirty years he has been one of the most devoted missionary labourers and useful ministers which we have been honoured to enrol among the members of our denomination. He has travelled and preached the Gospel in nearly all parts of this his native land. Several times has he crossed the dangerous deeps, and in Geelong, in Sydney, in the different colonies of Australasia, he has been the Lord's servant in building chapels, planting churches, and publishing the good old Gospel news to hundreds of thousands: how many souls God has given him for his hire will never be known until the

day shall declare it; but even now we know that everywhere believers meet him with the pure and grateful testimony that, through the Lord's blessing his testimony to their souls, they had been led to Jesus; in Him they obtained forgiveness and peace. Even in the university city of Cambridge, Mr. McCure is by all classes highly esteemed, although envy, jealousy, and an unholy prejudice endeavour—behind the scenes—to hinder the great work to which the Lord has constrained him most undauntingly to put his hand, and which, we believe, will be crowned with a permanent and prosperous issue before the year of our Lord 'Seventy-four reaches its end, when, we trust, the Church in her new Eden will celebrate her

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and commence a new era, going forth in the name and strength of the Lord, lengthening her cords and strengthening her stakes, witnessing the truth of that grand old prophecy, ‘ The Lord doth build up Jerusalem; He gathereth together the outcasts of Israel; He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.’

“ The Eden Church in Cambridge have now, in the person of their present pastor, a man of long, tried, and varied experience; and if all the real Baptists were to rally around him, he would have a Church and congregation second to few, if any, in that part of the kingdom. All he will require will be the constant unction and power of the Holy Ghost, keeping him, as Mr. Crowther observed, watchfully and incessantly waiting upon the Lord, and those who are with Him, to strengthen His hands, and encourage Him in His work, by prayer and love.

“ Wednesday, June 10, 1874, was a most auspicious day for the Eden chapel friends in Cambridge. We reached the ground on which John Foreman's old Eden did stand and on which John Bunyan McCure's new Eden will soon be raised, about three o'clock. The concourse of persons assembled both inside and outside the grounds was beyond our calculation. The crowds spread far and near. The windows of the surrounding houses were filled; and many from London and all parts of the country were to be seen, anxious to behold and to listen.

“ We silently thanked God that such valuable men as William Crowther, Esq., the patriarchal Thomas Jones, and many others

of the valiant men of Israel had come forward there that day to cheer the heart and strengthen the hands of His servant, Mr. McCure, and the friends in connection with him in Cambridge, who are banded together to build up a commodious house for the worship and honour of the glorious Trinity of Persons in the Godhead—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.”

The Cambridge Express, of June 13, gave a fair and interesting epitome of the day's proceedings. It says:

“The old chapel, known as Eden, built some fifty years ago, has done its work, and with an increasing population, and an increasing congregation, there came the necessity for a new structure, and with that indefatigable perseverance which marks the character of Mr. John Bunyan McCure, aided by a Committee equally energetic, the project, so far as preliminaries are concerned, has been brought to a successful issue. Last Wednesday witnessed the laying of the memorial stone of the new edifice, and the proceedings were of that interesting character as to make them worthy of prominence. The old building had fallen into decay, it was deficient in accommodation and unsafe to assemble in, and therefore the erection of a new and more suitable place came as a necessity.

“The new Eden will be a neat brick structure, with stone dressings, and of a style characteristic of the denomination itself. The whole length will be about 65 ft., and the width nearly 42 ft., and will, when finished, accommodate nearly 700 persons. A schoolroom will be built underneath the chapel, about 38 ft. by 40; as also kitchen, vestries, and heating chamber. On the ground floor, besides the chapel proper, will be a minister's vestry and deacons' vestry.

“Mr. McCure gave out the first hymn, which having been sung, Mr. Thomas Jones offered prayer.

“A well-delivered address by Mr. John Bunyan McCure was then given, illustrative of the foundation and progress of the cause of the Strict Baptists in Cambridge. He said that on Jan. 16, 1820, Mr. John Foreman, who had been labouring in Laxfield, preached for the first time in Cambridge. A Church was formed in Green Street Chapel, and his labours being owned and blessed of God, the piece of land upon which the old chapel stood, and the present one was to be erected, was purchased. The Church consisted of only six persons; they felt called upon in the providence of God to extend their borders by seeking

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another place. The trustees bought the piece of land of Mr. Burleigh for £72, and in due time erected a chapel upon the present site. The contract for the chapel with Mr. Barber was signed March 24, 1825. Mr. Foreman laid the first brick in the foundation of Eden Chapel, March 30th in that year. On October 19th the chapel was opened, when three sermons were preached. The cost of the chapel was £800, and there was collected before it was opened £408, so that there was required about £400 to free the place from debt. Mr. Foreman continued to labour until 1827, having then been here for the period of seven years; he was called to a Church in London.

“They had set apart that day for laying the memorial stone, which was a very important and solemn occasion. In the name of the Committee he had to present Mr. Crowther with a mallet and silver trowel, hoping he would be pleased to accept the same as a memento of his laying the memorial stone of our new chapel this day. Mr. McCure then presented the trowel, which was beautifully and chastely ornamented, and bore the following inscription: ‘Presented by the Building Committee to William Crowther, Esq., on the occasion of laying the Memorial Stone of Eden Chapel, Cambridge, June 10th, 1874.’

“The whole of the company were evidently interested to the highest degree at the presentation of the splendid silver trowel and mallet; also at the quiet, business-like manner in which Mr. Crowther proceeded to the adjustment of the Memorial Stone, on which the following lines appear:—

EDEN CHAPEL.

THIS STONE WAS LAID BY W. CROWTHER, ESQ.,

June 10, 1874.

JOHN BUNYAN McCURE, MINISTER.”

CHAPTER LIX.

THE OPENING OF EDEN CHAPEL.

Nov. 25th was to me a day of days, of sorrow and joy. Sorrow on account of the very serious illness of my son and daughter. My son being laid up with hip disease. I was obliged to leave them both, not knowing that I should find them alive on my return home. How true,

“Where faith is not right, it never can fight,
The wilderness trials will alay a man quite;
But when the Lord's grace a sinner embrace,
The wilderness proveth a blossoming place;
So may I be found, when trials abound,
And learn to walk steady on wilderness ground.”

And my joy was indeed great, not only because of the opening of our New Eden and school, which we did on Wednesday, Nov. 25th, 1874, just twelve months from the time we commenced; but because the Lord granted me all that I had asked, viz., to open the chapel *free of debt*. We required £512 on the opening day, which amount was subscribed, and the chapel and school and furniture, which had cost £2,000, was all paid for, and presented a free-offering unto the Lord, and a freehold for His people for ever.

The following report of the opening services is copied from the *Cambridge Express* :—

“At a cost of about £2,000, the chapel known as Eden, situate in Fitzroy Street, has been built, and was on Wednesday last opened and dedicated to its sacred purpose. The building, though a plain one, is a credit to the contractor, and an ornament to the neighbourhood. It is approached by a flight of steps, has a fine schoolroom, vestries, and class-rooms, and kitchen for supplying tea upon public occasions. The chapel is quite an improvement on the old-fashioned, inconvenient, ill-ventilated place of worship erected upon the site some fifty years ago. The whole of the ground available has been occupied, and the building, of course, is much larger than the old one, and, constructed with all the modern improvements, is one of the most admirable of the kind. It will comfortably accommodate 700 persons, and the seats are on the incline, giving the hearers a good view of the minister. It has a raised plat-

form, and behind is a rostrum; and near to it is a large pew, with table, for the accommodation of the choir. Here we may observe that, as a Dissenting place of worship, Eden has always been noted for its superior staff of singers, and we were glad to learn that the choir has been strengthened. It is under the able leadership of Mr. H. Benton. No instrumental music is used, but the best of all music—the human voice, is heard to perfection. The gas-fittings were supplied by Messrs. Cox and Son, of London, and the corona in the centre well lights up the fine galleries. The furniture is in keeping with the building, being of the best material. The acoustic properties are excellent, and the congregation worshipping at Eden can boast of one of the most suitable, convenient, and appropriate edifices in Cambridge.

“To the indefatigable minister, Mr. Bunyan McCure, the building committee, and deacons, much praise is due. A word of praise is due to Mr. F. Thoday and his son, builders, who, notwithstanding the strike with the masons and other artisans, succeeded in completing the works in a little over six months. The chapel was opened with a debt upon the outlay of only £512, and before the day's proceedings were over, this had been removed in promises and cash paid. To erect a new place of worship out of debt is the exception and not the rule. In this respect the good people worshipping at Eden enjoy the enviable distinction of assembling in a new place of worship free of debt, which, though in many cases unavoidable, is at the same time a burden which no religious society ought to be troubled with.

“At eleven o'clock in the morning the chapel was formally opened; the ceremony was devoid of show; in fact, there was nothing to characterise the opening proceedings from an ordinary service, excepting that special hymns were printed and special preachers engaged.

“Notwithstanding that the weather was unfavourable, the chapel was soon filled. The preacher on the occasion was William Crowther, Esq., of Gomersal, Leeds, who, after delivering an earnest prayer and the reading of a chapter, took for his text, Titus i. 3: ‘But hath in due time manifested His Word, through preaching, which is committed unto me according to the commandment of God our Saviour.’ The sermon was a clear exposition of the text.

“After the service there was a luncheon in the schoolroom, at which 250 sat down.

“In the afternoon the sermon was preached by Mr. Thomas Jones, of London, who selected for his text John xvii. 1, “These words spake Jesus, and lifted up His eyes to heaven, and said, Father, the hour is come, glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son also may glorify Thee.” The sermon was a very earnest exposition of the fulfilment of God’s promise to His people that every mercy flowed from the merit and excellency of Jesus Christ.

“There was a crowded assembly at tea; so large was the company that there had to be three parties, and, considering the large number, much credit is due to the lady friends who undertook the superintendence of the tea tables.

“The public meeting, which took place in the chapel at seven o’clock, was presided over by the pastor, Mr. John Bunyan McCure. The chapel was overcrowded, and many could not find standing room.

“Mr. Deeks gave out the first hymn.

“Mr. McCure said that the words which described the feelings of his heart were—

‘Dissolved by Thy goodness I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I have found.’

He then alluded to the circumstance of the foundation-stone of the old chapel being laid some fifty years ago by his dear friend and brother the late John Foreman; he having laboured here for some years, was called to London. Others succeeded him until it pleased God to direct him (Mr. McCure) to the pastorate of the Church, which he accepted with a conviction that it was of God, believing that God had a work for him to do in Cambridge. The truth of that conviction is fully borne out to night. ‘The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad.’ The Lord had been in their midst, souls have been blessed, and now the Lord has blessed them with a comfortable place of worship and good school accommodation. From first to last ‘It is the Lord’s doings, and it is marvellous in our eyes.’ With regard to the object that had brought them together—the opening of this place of worship—when it was first mentioned to him to build a new chapel and school he demurred, he having had to build chapels in Australia, at an

immense cost of labour and anxiety. But he could say that what he had done in that great country he had not done it for himself. And in relation to the great work now accomplished, he could say that his 'eye was single' in the matter; he had worked for the Lord and His people, although he hoped he might not again be engaged in chapel building. But when he saw the kind of building they then worshipped in, and the want of school accommodation, seeing the necessity and feeling fully persuaded in his own mind that it was the will of God, he went to work in faith and determination—with that faith that laughed at impossibilities—and says it shall be done. By faith and prayer he went to work, and God worked for them, preserved the lives and limbs of the men engaged in the erection of the building, and opened the hearts of the people, so much so, that they had paid the builder £1,125 before the opening of the chapel. In regard to the cost of the building, the contract sum—including the materials of the old chapel, and all the rolled plate glass, the liberal gift of Mr. Norman, of Leicester—was £1,500. From the commencement of the work, including the memorial stone, subscriptions had been coming in very liberally, and they had that morning but £512 to raise, including all the working expenses, furniture for platform, pulpit, vestries, and school. Towards that amount he had received £56 from those in different parts of the country to whom his ministry had been blessed. That morning he had received a cheque for £22 from his dear friend, the Rev. Dr. Doudney, sent through him by several friends to help to free them from debt; and he had also received from a lady, whose name must be secret, the sum of £50 (£40 for the new chapel and £10 for himself). With the collections of the morning and afternoon, they now required about £250, then they could present it a free offering unto the Lord, which he hoped they would that night do. For that he had prayed, and he believed the Lord would answer his prayers.

“The members, friends, and supporters of Eden are indeed to be congratulated. Such an instance as that of raising by cash and promises the large sum of £512 in one day, as was done on Wednesday last, is unprecedented, and is worthy of record as an example to all the Christian Churches throughout the land. It was a true verification of the axiom ‘That unity is strength,’ and that where there is real sincerity in a cause

there is power. In about six months the people of Eden have designed, built, and paid for a chapel. Energy, activity, and faith have produced their fruits. Let other Churches in difficulty show the same zeal, and the same good results will follow.

“This concluded one of the most successful chapel openings ever known. The old chapel was taken down April 14th, and the first brick was laid by the pastor May 14th. The memorial stone was laid June 10th, and the chapel was opened and paid for Nov. 25th.”

The following letter will express my feelings and gratitude to God and His people:—

To my many friends throughout England, who have helped in the great work that is now accomplished, I am most grateful to God for your sympathy and help. You have helped, the dear people of my charge have helped, friends far and near have helped to pay the full amount of the cost of our new chapel and school on the opening day. It was a grand demonstration of the faithfulness of the Lord. Before the meeting closed in the evening the entire amount required was subscribed, and the chapel declared free of debt! Lord's-day, Nov. 29, 1874, was a high and holy day. In the morning I preached from Rev. vi. 2:—“And I saw, and behold a white horse; and he that sat on him had a bow: and a crown was given unto him; and he went forth conquering, and to conquer.” In the evening, Matt. xxii. 42:—“Saying, What think ye of Christ? whose Son is He? They say unto Him, The Son of David.”

I never preached with greater liberty, being favoured with very much of the Lord's presence. Saturday night I was cast down on account of the illness of my son and daughter. I felt I could in no wise lift up myself. The Lord did lift me up upon the “white horse;” He sat me upon His own “beast and brought me to the inn,” and gave me “oil and wine,” which He poured into my poor wounded and broken heart. I felt to be perfectly cured, and went on my way rejoicing and blessing the Lord.

The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad. Yes, the Lord has done it all. I can see nothing but the Lord in what is now accomplished. It is from first to last the Lord's doings; it is marvellous in our eyes.

It was the Lord who put it into our hearts to build Him a

house for His holy name. It was the Lord who gave the faith, and also the prayer, and all the strength and determination to persevere in the great work unto its completion.

It is the Lord who has honoured His own faith: the faith that laughs at impossibilities and says it must be done; and has answered His own prayers; for He taught and inspired those prayers I am quite sure; for often I have been lost to everything around me while in prayer, and have felt persuaded the Lord would grant me that that my heart was set upon—that His house might be paid for on the opening day.

It was the Lord who opened the hearts of His people, even as David said, "O Lord our God, all this store that we have prepared to build Thee an house for Thine holy name cometh of Thine hand, and is all Thine own."

Lord's-day the chapel was crowded in every part. While in prayer I presented the house and school unto the Lord a free-offering paid for by His people.

It having been advertised there would be collections, the people were astonished when I announced the house of God was paid for. Thus the Lord has performed His word. He said to me, "Ask what ye will and it shall be given you; and all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." I said, Lord, if Thou dost leave it with me to ask what I will, I will choose to ask that the house that we are building for Thy name may be opened free of debt; that the builder, the men, one and all who are working on the building, may be preserved, limbs and lives, and the buildings all finished and opened by the time appointed; and the house filled with worshippers and consecrated with the presence of Jehovah—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—and the entire cost subscribed on the opening day. For this I asked, for this I prayed, and all this I believed the Lord would grant unto me; and so He did most graciously.

"Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty; for all that is in heaven and in earth is Thine. Thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and Thou art exalted as Head above all. Now, therefore, our God, we thank Thee and praise Thy glorious name. But who am I, and what is my people that we should be able to offer so willingly after this sort? for all things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee."

My prayer now is that the Lord will glorify Himself in our new Eden, that very many may be born again to sing within its walls:—

Salvation through electing love;
Salvation through redeeming blood;
Salvation through the Holy Ghost,
To glorify the Lord of Host.

The following lines express the feelings and desire of my heart, in relation to the great question—"What think ye of Christ?" from which text I preached on Lord's-day evening.

I think I hear the worldling say,
"I've heard enough of Christ to-day;"
But turn the picture, then you'll see
There's none but Christ will do for me.
In secret prayer I often cry,
Oh, give me Christ, or else I die!

Tho' He slay me, yet will I trust,
Tho' but a worm, and nought but dust,
In Him I trust I do abound,
From Him I know my fruit is found.
In secret sighs of bliss Divine,
I say this precious Christ is mine!

Oh, for a bright, celestial ray,
To chase all gloomy doubt away,
And look to that auspicious day,
When I shall hear my Saviour say,
"Arise, My love, and come away."
Till then I'll with the ransomed cry,
Oh, give me Christ, or else I die.

How very remarkable! after opening the new chapel in Sydney, I baptized eleven believers; and now, after the opening of the new chapel in Cambridge, I have also baptized eleven, in the name of the Holy Trinity. On the following Lord's-day I received them into the Church, with four others, making a total of forty new members received into the Church during my pastorate in Cambridge; many are seals to my ministry, and souls the Lord has given unto me. How evident the Lord had a work for me to do in Cambridge, not only to build a new chapel and school, but to build up the Church of Christ, through the preaching of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God.

During the early part of my ministry in Cambridge very many were the trials I experienced from some who ought to have helped me; but I shall not speak of them here. If the

Lord had not stood by me and strengthened me, and if the Church and congregation had not upheld my hands and encouraged me, I should have given up my work and returned to London. To their praise I will record it, they have nobly, faithfully, and lovingly stood by me, from the first day of my coming amongst them until now. The Lord grant that they may continue faithful unto the end. I have been enabled, through the grace of the Lord—which is always sufficient for every trial, good word or work—to live down many unkind spirits, and to stoop to conquer, without turning to the right hand or left. In the pulpit I have never been more blest in my life than during the three years I have preached in Eden Chapel. When I came, it was not with excellency of speech, or of wisdom, declaring the testimony of God, for I determined not to know anything among the people, save Jesus Christ and Him crucified. And I have indeed been amongst them in weakness and in fear, and in much trembling; and my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but I do rejoice that it has been in demonstration of the Spirit, and of power.

And now, dear reader, in remembering all the way which the Lord my God hath led me in the wilderness these forty years (Deut. viii. 2), from the age of thirteen until now, I may truly say with the patriarch Jacob, "Few and evil have the days of my life been." Yet the Lord "hath commanded His loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night His song with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life." Ebenezer—"Hitherto hath the Lord helped me."

If the Lord should be pleased to bless the reading of this my humble testimony, I entreat you to ascribe unto Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—the glorious Trinity in Unity, and Unity in Trinity—all the glory, for this man is a sinner.

Praise God the Father for His love,
Praise God the Son for precious blood,
Praise God the Holy Ghost for grace,
Wrought in the chosen blood-bought race.

CHAPTER LX.

A NARRATIVE OF THE WRECK OF THE "ALL SERENE," BY ONE OF THE SURVIVORS.

I HAVE been requested to publish in my "memorial of the lovingkindness of the Lord" the account of the wreck of the ship *All Serene*, which took place while I was in Sydney. I received some of the survivors into my house, who related to me all the particulars which will be found in the following thrilling narrative.

This wonderful instance of God's miraculous preservation of the poor sufferers ought to have appeared in its proper place in this work, at the time when it occurred. But I then decided not to publish it in these pages.

I have now complied with the wish of those who are anxious that its history might be preserved. I have therefore placed it at the end of this volume.

The narrative itself, written by one of the survivors, carries us into the midst of the heart-rendering scene; every incident, told with unaffected simplicity, comes home with a terrible vividness: the protracted misery, the madness, the intolerable thirst, the cry for help, the wishful looking out for land, the illusive dreams, the fight with death, the heroism of brave hearts battling with famine and despair, the deliverance, the conduct of the natives,—present pictures which will not soon be forgotten.

It seems almost incredible that a punt, made of a few boards insecurely nailed together, in which were crowded thirty-one persons, should have contested successfully with the waves and winds for nearly twenty days. But so it did; and we cannot but see the hand of God and rejoice in the miraculous deliverance wrought in the hour of need.

The ship *All Serene* sailed from Victoria, Vancouver's Island, for Sydney, on Sunday, November 29th, 1863. The principal part of her cargo consisted of light pine lumber, but her deck was loaded with heavy spars, and these were piled up to the height of six or seven feet. There were also eighteen passengers on board, besides the captain's family, comprising his wife and two children.

Owing to the unequal stowing of the ship, she had a very visible list to starboard, and this, together with the great weight of her deck load, made her very tender and dangerous, and even in a light breeze she laid over considerably; and before we had been out to sea many hours the officers and seamen became fully aware that it required great watchfulness and skill to manage her. After getting clear of Puget Sound, we had almost one continuous gale of wind for four weeks in succession. The ship being under close-reefed topsails more than half that time, and more than once "laying to," unable to carry any canvas whatever. When in this condition, the ship would lay over so much that the lee side of the cabin was often under water.

On the evening of Friday, the 11th of December, a heavy squall struck us so suddenly, and in such an unprepared state, that before any of the officers could issue an order, the ship was carried nearly over. The lee deck-load was all afloat, and every one expected to see the masts go, or the ship capsize each moment. But the squall ceased as suddenly as it had come, and the ship righted immediately, having sustained no damage, with the exception of an increase of leakage and the loss of the small sails. The captain said he would have run the ship before the wind during the heaviest of these gales, had it been possible; but it was not so, as we had no sea room, and the wind was blowing towards the American coast all the time.

After an almost unprecedented long passage of seven weeks, we arrived at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, on Sunday, January 17th, 1864. We remained in that port eight days, having the ship caulked, and taking in a fresh supply of water and provisions.

We sailed from Honolulu on the 25th of January, leaving four of our passengers there, they being afraid to go any further, on account of the dangerous state of the ship.

We now had four weeks of fine weather, and steady, favourable winds, and (during that time) nothing occurred worth mentioning here; but on the afternoon of Saturday, the 20th of February, it looked gloomy and threatening, and during the night the wind kept steadily increasing. At three o'clock on Sunday morning the ship was put under close-reefed topsails and foresail. About this time it commenced to rain heavily, and continued so until late in the afternoon of this

day. The ship was running before the wind at a great speed. About ten o'clock in the forenoon (the wind in the meantime having increased to a gale) the mizen top-sail was taken in. Violent squalls now commenced to strike us. About half-past twelve o'clock the captain called all the seamen aft, telling them that he expected to have a hurricane, and that he wanted the royal and top-gallant yards and masts sent on deck, and urged them to do their best, and send them down as quickly as possible.

Every man sprang up the shrouds, in the face of the angry elements, and each went to his particular post, evidently determined to do all that men could do, they knowing well the critical position in which the ship then lay. But, owing to the stupidity of those on deck, there was no one to second the gallant fellows aloft. And while they were calling for the assistance that ought to have been rendered by those on deck, the precious moments were lost. They were only able to send down the three royal yards and fore-top-gallant yard, it being impossible to remain any longer up aloft.

The ship still ran before the wind, but the sea was now lashed into such a fury, that it broke continually over her stern, and the water thus shipped had no chance to run out, the deck being so completely blocked up with timber. It was also impossible to get rid of the deck load at this time, each spar weighing from five to six tons. The pent-up water caused two large iron tanks (which before leaving Victoria were placed abaft the wheel, one on each side of the rudder-head) to float, and, breaking adrift, one of them knocked away the after-hatch companion, and after breaking in the after part of the cabin, it floated against the lee bulwarks, breaking a large hole therein, which admitted the free ingress of the water. The captain now gave orders to stave them in. Tools were brought, and holes cut in the tanks, but it was found to be impossible to get them over the side, on account of the depth and force of the water on deck. It was also found to be impossible to repair the damage done to the after-hatch, so that the ship was fast filling with water.

The fore-top-sail and fore-sail now tore completely away, the wind at this time veering round to the south-east, and blowing with terrific violence. One of the floating tanks now struck against the wheel, breaking several spokes, and smash-

ing it so that it was useless. The ship came round to the wind in an instant, bringing the main-top-sail aback: an effort was made to clew it up, but the clews had been lashed down to the yard some time before, which rendered the attempt unavailing. The ship was now laying over very much, the lee deck-load being still afloat, and the cabin half full of water.

Every man on board (with the exception of three) was now on deck, clinging to the weather rigging. One of these three was the mate, and he was supposed to have been trying to get the captain's wife and children out of the cabin. The other two are supposed to have remained in the passengers' houses, and were never seen afterwards. Extreme terror was depicted on almost every countenance. The captain seemed paralysed and for a while he stood viewing the terrible scene without speaking a word; at last he gave orders to cut away the mizen mast, but the axes were not at hand, neither did any one know where to find them. After a long search one was found and brought to the captain. He struck but one blow and paused, seemingly unresolved whether to strike again or not; but while he paused the crisis had come, and the doomed ship (already laid down to her bearings) could stand no more, and the howling tempest and the maddened sea seemed at that moment to have united their force and combined their fury for her destruction, and every one felt that all efforts of human skill were then too late to save her. Too late! Too late! Over, over went the stately ship, till her tall masts disappeared from sight beneath the angry waters.

Ah! who shall tell the unutterable anguish of that moment! Then was heard the wailings of despair. Then was heard the earnest appeal of poor, suffering, helpless humanity in prayer to Him who holds the ocean in the hollow of His hand. And there also might be seen the truly brave, whose lips gave utterance to no sign of fear, but who looked their expected fate calmly in the face, and silently prayed. The ship went over so gently that all of us had time to get on her weather side, and every one was now clinging either to the fore, main, or mizen chains.

While the ship was laying in this position, three tremendous seas swept over us, tearing many from their hold, and washing them in among the floating timber; but most of them managed to get hold again, although many were badly bruised. The

ship must have laid in this state nearly half-an-hour, and the force of the waves, and the furious pelting of the rain, had all but exhausted our strength, when she showed signs of righting. But she only rose partially: what was left of her starboard bulwarks being on a level with the water.

We now got in on deck: a dismal scene there met our gaze; almost everything had been swept away. The main and mizen masts were gone, and the fore-top mast was broke by the cap. The deck-load was all gone, and had taken with it the passengers' houses, the cabin, and the top-gallant fore-castle. It had also carried away the starboard bow, and most of the starboard bulwarks, so that the sea swept along the deck unopposed. We lashed ourselves to the weather-rail and counted our number; there were thirty-one remaining, and eight had been drowned. The captain's wife and children had never left the cabin, and it is very likely that they were drowned even before the ship went over. It was sickening to look along the bare deck: the boats had been all swept away, and we could not get even a piece of canvas to shelter our shivering bodies from the pitiless storm. Many then abandoned themselves to feelings of despair, and gave up all hopes of life. Yet even then, in the midst of this dire calamity, "sweet hope" had not deserted all of our number; for while we cowered behind the bulwarks, the cheering words of encouragement would occasionally greet the ear, as comrade whispered to more desponding comrade. As the shades of darkness closed around us, our terrors increased: then followed a night of horrors. Although the weather had moderated greatly during the afternoon, the sea still ran very high, and the heavy spray and the water that swept the deck, kept us cold, wet, and miserable all that never-to-be-forgotten night.

At length the morning dawned upon our misery. Cheerful morning, bringing God's own blessed light ("of spring of heaven firstborn"), which must awaken brighter thoughts even in the minds of those condemned to die. All this day and night we had a stiff breeze, and the starboard, unprotected side of the ship, was laying to the wind, from which position it was impossible for us to change her: we were all again compelled to leave the deck and take to the rail and fore-rigging. In the evening, as darkness again drew near, several of our number erected a temporary platform, by laying some scant-

ling from the stump of the main mast to the rail. On this they managed to pass the night, while others lashed themselves to the fore-rigging, and passed the night there.

On Tuesday morning the weather was fine, and we were all again enabled to get down on the deck. Hunger and thirst now began to be felt, and we agreed to try and break up part of the deck to get at the water casks in the fore-peak. This we accomplished with an old gouge and some broken chisels that were picked up on deck. It was a laborious undertaking, but before evening we had tried every cask, and had the mortification of finding every one of them salt. Some of our number had also been trying with a pole and hook to reach some provisions by the after-hatch; but they were unsuccessful. On this evening we extended our platform to the stump of the mizen mast, making room for every one to lie down.

On Wednesday morning the weather was still very fine, and the sea was quite smooth. Our thirst had now become tormenting, and water was almost the only theme of our conversation. There were still two iron tanks in the fore-peak that we had not disturbed on the previous day: we could see that one of them was spoiled, as the lid of it was gone; but the other, to all appearance was in good order, the lid being screwed on, and the white lead round its edges seemingly unbroken; but it was impossible to get it out without cutting one of the ship's beams. This was a work of considerable difficulty, on account of the unsuitable tools with which we had to work. Our parched lips and tongues, however, were sufficient incentives to renewed exertion, and again we went to work with the chisels and gouge. But, during the forenoon, the cook's chopper was fortunately found, and this tool (although in very bad order) was a great help to us, both at this time and afterwards.

By noon we had the beam cut through in two places, and the tank floated. We soon had it on deck: every one of us was pressing around it, and regarding it with longing and envious eyes, expecting soon to have our raging thirst allayed. The lid of the tank being downwards, we had to cut a hole in its bottom: then the second mate took the first drink, and to our dismay pronounced it salt. None, however, would believe it, until each had tasted for himself, and even then some drank several ladles full, which tended only to increase their suffer-

ings. After this disappointment many again relapsed into despondency, from which state all attempts to cheer them were unavailing.

But the eye of God was upon us, and His watchful providence was made manifest to us that evening in a plenteous shower of rain, which He sent to relieve us in this dark hour when despair was clouding our hearts.

We caught the sweet cooling water in oilskin jackets, which two or three of the seamen had the good fortune to save, and in small pieces of canvas that we had cut from the wreck during the two preceding fine days. We drank it as fast as it was caught, and we saved none, as the rain ceased before our inordinate cravings were satisfied. I ought to have mentioned that the sharks had become bold and numerous around the wreck, and that we had caught one on the previous day. We hauled it in on deck, but as we had no means of making a fire to cook it by, it tasted so nauseous that none of us could eat more than a mouthful.

One or two of our number searched the lazarette with pole and hook, in the expectation of finding some provisions; at last their perseverance was rewarded by the discovery of five small bags of flour. They succeeded in getting it on deck, and we husbanded it with great care, and again our hearts acknowledged the gracious providence of God in thus giving us the means of prolonging our lives. We mixed the flour thin with salt water, and drank it thus. We also agreed to make an allowance of about two ounces of flour daily to each man.

The expediency of building some kind of boat or punt to carry all of our number had been frequently spoken of, but the captain and carpenter discouraged the idea on account of having no instruments wherewith to direct our course, and they thought that under these circumstances the chances of being picked up were more favourable on the wreck than in a punt.

Eight of our number now formed a company, with the intention of building a small punt to carry that number only. The captain gave us permission to use any loose pieces of lumber on deck for that purpose, but he would not allow any of the cargo between decks to be disturbed. We found four suitable boards for the bottom of our punt, and piled them on the after deck, intending to commence building it on the following morning.

I have now a most painful circumstance to narrate: would that I could pass it by unrecorded, but I have imposed upon myself the responsibility of giving a true and faithful account of all the incidents that transpired, so far as my memory will serve me, and I cannot pass by such an instance of moral turpitude in silence. During the afternoon of this day the starboard side of the deck being above water for the first time since the wreck, a leather bag filled with gold coin was found — no money or valuables of any kind were saved, with this exception. The bag and its contents were immediately claimed by a Jew; he identified it, and the money was counted and given over to him by the captain. During the night some one was heard at the bag, and next morning it was discovered that a considerable amount had been abstracted from it. The thief was soon found out, the missing money was discovered in his boot; he was one of the crew, an Italian. This crime, committed by one of our number at such a time, had a most dispiriting effect on our minds. There we lay in a helpless condition, far from all human aid, on a shattered, and rapidly weakening wreck, the only thing between us and eternity, likely to be destroyed by the first commotion of the elements.

During this night the wind and sea arose again, and Friday morning we found that the boards which we had collected on the previous night were all gone; we could not replace them, as there were no more on deck, and the captain's order was imperative, that nothing should be taken from between decks. But our continued importunities had the effect of changing his mind, especially as we succeeded in inducing the carpenter to favour our plans, and on the afternoon of this day he told us to take all the lumber we wanted, but at the same time he said he would not leave the wreck.

On the morning of Saturday we commenced to make preparations for building a punt. We had to tear up some of the after deck, and cut two of the beams to enable us to get out the necessary material. On the previous day we had been very fortunate in picking up a good many old nails; we also found an old saw blade; it was very weak, and half eaten through with rust, but it proved to be of great service to us, as without it it must have taken us several days longer to build the punt, and this would have been ruin, as we had not a minute to spare.

We were now compelled to adopt the semblance of harsh

measures towards the listless, by threatening to stop their allowance of flour unless they would assist in the work. This had the effect of rousing most of them for a little while, but they soon resumed their prostrate position on the platform, and relapsed again into dreamy indifference, angry if remonstrated with, and desiring only to be left alone. The carpenter was one amongst this number; after helping us about two hours his energies failed him, and he left us to do as best we might.

There were only eight of our number who took a prominent part in the building of the punt; the rest evinced no anxiety or wish to have it built. And, I believe, that had any of those eight men given way to discouragement at this time, not one of us would have left the wreck alive. I have been prompted to write these words in justice to their memories; for some of them are now dead. On this evening, before retiring to our cold and comfortless bed, we had the satisfaction of seeing the bottom of our punt nearly completed. The next day being Sabbath, some objected to work on that account, but the well-timed representation of the extreme urgency of our case had the effect of overcoming their scruples, and we worked all day. It was well we did so, because, during the night, the wind arose, and continued to blow hard all Monday, the sea washing over the wreck so much that it was impossible for us to pursue our labours. We also had cause to fear that the labour we had already done would prove in vain, as our half-built punt was in great danger of being destroyed by the sea.

All this day was passed by us on the platform, where we lay entirely prostrated in body and spirit, lamenting the hardness of our fate. It was a heartrending scene, and even the consuming thoughts of our own miseries were forgotten as the wandering eye scanned the wan and haggard countenances of our comrades, who were slowly dying from cold, and hunger and agonizing thirst. During this night the wind continued to blow with unabated violence, and the cold spray showering over us added greatly to our wretchedness; at the same time we were conscious that our perils were increasing every hour, as the hull was visibly weakening very fast.

The light of morning revealed a sight that awakened us to renewed exertion. The bows of the ship were swaying to and fro, opening and closing again like two massive portals. And

the deck was showing unmistakeable signs of breaking up along its whole length. The weather had moderated but a very little, but we could see that to remain inactive one day more would be certain death. We worked under every disadvantage on this day. We had the punt laid from rail to rail, just abaft the fore mast, and it was very difficult to keep it propped under the middle, on account of the rising and ever moving deck, and the sweeping waves that washed the props away continually. Exerting ourselves to the utmost of our strength increased our thirst to an almost intolerable degree. We worked all this day without resting a moment, and ceased not until the darkness of night compelled us to desist. We knew that we must have the punt ready for launching this night, or never, as the bows of the ship was now gone, and the cargo was leaving her fast, and floating away, forming one unbroken line upon the water.

We could not build the punt near so strong as we wished, as our nails ran short before we had it half completed. The ends being particularly ill-fastened, two nails only being driven in each board. Neither had we time to caulk it properly.

Thus you may judge of the frailty of the bark to which we were going to trust ourselves. Although it was now quite dark, the captain advised the immediate launching of the punt, but it was well for us that his counsel was overruled, as the experience of the following day taught us, because we had made no preparation for baling it out, and the water would certainly have overcome us in the darkness of night. Most of us passed the night in the punt, but to sleep was impossible. The creaking of the weakening timbers of the ship, the noisy dash of the waves, and the saddening dread of the immediate future banished repose, and we longed in anxiety for the light of morning. In the early morning, while it was yet dark, the alarming cry was heard that the fore mast was falling. It was the carpenter, who was on his feet all the night, that gave the alarm. We started up, and there immediately above our heads hung the swaying mast, liable to fall each moment, and destroy our only means of escape from death. We jumped out in haste. The lashings were cast loose, and before the threatening ruin had fallen, we had the punt in the water. A hurried scramble to get into it now ensued. The sea was running very high, and it was with difficulty that we kept the punt from

striking and breaking up against the wreck. There were several amongst our number still suffering from severe bruises. There was also one man in a state of madness, caused by drinking salt water during the past night. The getting of the men off the wreck was a work of great difficulty and danger, as they could do nothing to help themselves. But we all got in without an accident, and were now crowded together with little more than room to stand.

Our vessel resembled a huge open box; it was twenty-four feet in length, eight in breadth, and the sides and ends were four-and-a-half feet in height. It took us a long time to get clear of the wreck, as we had no time to make oars, and all we had to pull with were some pieces of heavy scantling, with which we could make but very little progress. The punt also leaked to an alarming degree, requiring the greatest exertion to prevent it from filling, and caps, and boots, and every available article were now used for baling. But in the course of the day we succeeded in stopping several of the worst leaks. And in the afternoon we divided ourselves into separate watches of two hours each, so that half of our number could rest whilst the others were baling; we also got up a mast and a small sail.

You may know well that the position we now occupied was one of extreme hazard. Here were thirty-one human beings floating almost helpless on the bosom of the pathless ocean. Cooped up in a frail and narrow box, that worked and twisted with every wave; without a nautical instrument of any description to guide us; without a single drop of fresh water; and going we knew not whither.

When the ship capsized we were supposed to be in about 24° South latitude, and 176° West longitude, but no one knew how far, or in what direction we had drifted since.

We intended to steer North-west, or as nearly in that direction as possible, but we were entirely dependent on the caprice of the wind, as the punt would run no other way except right before it. But fortunately during the first two days in the punt we had a strong south-easterly breeze, which was directly in our favour, and we must have come a good many miles during that time. When busily engaged in baling, our minds were, for a while, diverted from brooding over our miseries. The nights we passed in the punt were truly horrible. During

the first two nights we had nowhere to lie down, but had to sit on the bottom amongst the water, which was several inches deep all the time.

The man whom I have already mentioned as being in a state of insanity never recovered his senses, and after three days spent in maniacal ravings, he died. We soon consigned his body to the deep, and this melancholy spectacle awakened fearful forebodings in the minds of all who witnessed it, as each one thought that he himself might be the next partaker of the same sad fate. And, strange to tell, those who assisted to put the body over the side were all afterwards thrown over. The dawn of the third day brought disappointment to many, as we had felt almost sure of seeing land before this time. The wind, on this day, was also unfavourable, we were making no progress, and hope was again dying within our hearts.

This was now the ninth day since we had any water, and the pain of our never-ceasing thirst was most intense. Our bodies were also covered with boils, and our feet (from the burning rays of the sun and the action of the salt water) were covered with ulcerous sores, which caused us much pain. On this day we put up a kind of bed amidships, to enable some of us to lie down above the water; we only had one board to make it of. This we split in four pieces; we laid the separate pieces about a foot apart, and slept across them. But it only gave room for eight of us to lie down, and this miserable couch afterwards proved to be the cause of much contention between the strong and the weak, as selfishness and envy in their most hideous aspect were here openly displayed. On the afternoon of this day we caught a shark, out of the many that were following like bloodhounds on our track. This, in our now famishing condition, afforded us a sumptuous feast; a few drops of the blood being particularly relished.

But the catching of one of these monsters was accompanied with great danger, on account of the frailty of our punt, that we were afraid to try it any more, except with the smallest among their number.

Day now succeeded saddening day, and night and night followed dreadful night, but no land was visible to our straining and anxious eyes, and the impress of despair was becoming stamped on every countenance. The wind was baffling, the sky was overclouded, and sometimes (when for a moment we

caught a glimpse of the sun) we would discover that we were sailing in the same direction from which we had come: at such times as these we had to take down the sail, and wait for a change of wind.

Several more of our number had now gone raving mad, and laid themselves down on the bottom of the punt, drinking greedily of the salt water.

Many rain-clouds had passed within a few miles of us, showering down the precious element, for the want of which we were dying; and the sight of this added greatly to our already excruciating torments. Our tongues were now swollen to such a degree that we could scarcely articulate a word, and the wish would sometimes prevail in our hearts that death would speedily come and release us from our agonies. Two of our number sought to take their fate in their own hands, and threw themselves into the sea; we succeeded in getting one of them into the punt again, but he only lingered in torment three or four days and died miserably.

On the afternoon of Sunday, the twelfth day since we had any water, we were again mercifully relieved from this eternity of suffering. We had several showers of rain, and every one had a good drink. Oh! how delicious the pure cooling water tasted, and how soothing its effect on the fevered brain; it seemed as though it was a draught from the bright waters of paradise, re-awakening in our hearts implicit trust in the will of Him whose power is omnipotent to save.

But relief came too late for some, and on this evening the bodies of two more of our number were given to the hungry sharks, who still followed us with unerring instinct, and continually regarding us with longing and wistful eyes.

But the presence of these monsters of the deep had now ceased to annoy us. The mind had become accustomed to the thought that the body would be devoured by them, and the very familiarity of the thought had divested it of all its terrors.

We had now light, and sometimes baffling winds, for several days in succession, and made little headway. Thirst again assailed us. Madness seized daily on fresh victims. All of these lingered on for several days, after being stricken with insanity, before death came to claim them for his own; none of them ever recovered their consciousness, but a few hours

before they died they generally became quite tranquil, their spirits passing peacefully away.

There were, however, several exceptions to this rule. Some, in their madness, threatened to break up the punt, and others displayed the most fiend-like hatred towards each other even in the dying hour, and in one instance, two of them were seen striking at each other with pieces of iron. Another hour passed, and the angel of death had clasped them both in his cold embrace.

Each one of us now felt weakness of mind and body steadily increasing, and the spring current of life slowly, sadly, ebbing away. Each day seemed lengthened into a year of agony, and the dark hours of night were spent in cruelly tantalizing dreams of gushing springs of water, and the shadiest groves of trees bending to the earth under their load of luscious fruit.

But such reveries as those were suddenly ended by fearful wakings to the terrible realities of our position. We were often deceived now by the illusive appearances of land. These appearances were generally visible in the light of the early morning: they were the cause of many disputes amongst us, as some were always wanting to follow the illusion, which invariably vanished with the advance of day.

Still many appearances tended to strengthen the belief that land was near. The birds that visited us daily, the fishes that sported in the wave, and every withered leaf and piece of seaweed that floated past us were considered as unmistakable evidence of the immediate neighbourhood of the much-desired shore. One of our number also picked up a small crab that had attached itself to a little piece of pumice stone, and floated out to sea. But in the midst of all these encouraging signs we felt that our position was desperate, as we knew not in what direction to go.

The weather during this week was cloudy, and we could see neither sun, moon, nor stars; we were also so low on the water that land must have been very close before we could have seen it. Another Sabbath came and passed. The depressing influences of "hope defeated" were settling around and darkening the very soul. Still we baled away, more like mechanical automatons than living, breathing creatures, and kept afloat.

All was silence now, hours would pass by without a word being exchanged between any of us; but Monday morning dawned and brought us a renewal of life and hope: rain again descended in refreshing showers. It was a piteous sight to see the swollen and burning tongues stretched out to catch the first cooling drops. But this rain had nearly proved fatal to us all, as, in our eagerness to drink, the baling was neglected, all order was lost, and we were in imminent danger of being swamped. On this day we caught another small shark. This appeased the gnawing pangs of our hunger, and again our hearts were filled with gratitude to our Almighty preserver.

This food was timely sent, as on this very morning a proposal had been made to feed the living on the bodies of the dead. I have much pleasure in remembering that this horrid proposal was almost unanimously rejected, and called forth expressions of loathing and abhorrence; and those who made it were for some time regarded with peculiar dislike.

It now became the general impression that we were keeping too far to the north, and it was resolved that should we not see land in one day more we should alter our course, and try to keep more to the west. The weather continued gloomy, no land was seen, and on Wednesday we kept off a little more to the west; but in the course of the afternoon the clouds, which during the preceding ten days had enveloped the whole face of the sky, rolled away, and there in bold relief, and in the very direction from which we were trying to turn away, stood a majestic mountain, clothed in deepest gloom. Land! land! welcome, welcome sound; our hearts bounded with joy.

But this gladdening prospect of deliverance elicited not the noisy demonstration which it would have done had it occurred during an earlier stage of our sufferings. No shouting was heard; scarcely a word was spoken; each heart was in communion with God, and our hands were clasped in the fervency of prayer.

This was a bright and lovely evening. The moon, which nearly approached the entrance of her third quarter, and seen by us for the first time, shone in unclouded splendour.

The morning dawned, and again our gladdened eyes could feast on the emerald beauties of the island to which, borne by a gentle breeze, we were gradually approaching. The day was

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particularly fine. Already we could fancy ourselves reposing beneath the lofty cocoa-nut and spreading banana trees, eating of their delicious fruits; and drinking at our pleasure—without even moving from our recumbent position—from the crystal streamlet that murmured at our feet. And new joys seemed already returning to our exhausted hearts.

On this day the captain died; he had lingered long in pain, and suffered greatly. He seemed to be broken-hearted from the first, as ever since the wreck he had evinced no desire to save his life; indeed he was several times heard to say that he had no longer any wish to live. He overheard us speaking of the land, he raised himself and gazed in the direction of the shore, but the film of death was on his eyes, and he could not see it.

As the day wore away, we came nearer and nearer to the desired haven. And now the tracery of the luxuriant vegetation on the shores became distinctly visible; but it was evident that we could not reach the land in the light of day. Already the shades of night were falling, but as on the previous night the sky was without a cloud, and the cheering moon relieved us from the dread of darkness.

We could see the white surf as it glistened in the moon-beam, and heard its angry roar as the sea broke over the reefs of coral which environed the shore, and which seemed to threaten us with destruction should we attempt to pass. But we determined to run ashore at all hazards, as we knew that death in a worse shape would speedily overtake us if we now turned back. We succeeded in wearing the punt round a steep rocky promontory, and gained the mouth of a small bay, at the head of which we could discern a faint flickering of light. We tried hard to pull the punt up this bay, but the current was too strong for us, and we drifted to leeward, straight on to the reef. Fortunately for us there was little or no wind at the time, if there had been we must inevitably have died here, as none of us had sufficient strength remaining to swim ashore.

As soon as the punt struck on the reef we all left it, many fell down at the first step they took on the uneven surface of the coral. The Jew forsook his gold, and left it in the punt, but it was afterwards recovered, and again the glittering dross awakened the cupidity of him who handled it. A foul robbery was committed, at the recital of which the feelings of humanity

must revolt; the perpetrator of this detestable crime was a Portuguese sailor. He is now in Sydney.

We were only about three hundred yards from the beach, but a terrible ordeal lay between to be passed in our exhausted state; and while I write, the remembrance of that passage makes me shudder with horror. The sharp lacerating coral pierced our unprotected feet. Everything seemed running around before the eye in one giddy whirlpool; we kept falling at almost every step; some tried to crawl on their hands and knees, but they were continually getting into deep holes, from which with difficulty they extricated themselves. But in the midst of this trying scene there was one touching instance of kindness occurred which must not be allowed to be forgotten. It was where three of our number, although nearly exhausted and in the last extremity of suffering themselves, still toiled and were successful in their endeavours to save another that was more helpless than they; and the remembrance of this generous action will leave a bright spot in their memories only to be erased by death.

At last we all stood on the dry sandy shore. We were saved, saved from the very jaws of death; and only those who have been in peril, and preserved miraculously, can fully understand what were then our feelings. Tears of gratitude fell from our eyes. Twelve had died in the punt, nineteen were spared to reach the shore, but the young man who had been got on shore with such difficulty died two days afterwards. Six or eight of the strongest now went up the beach, in the hopes of meeting with some natives. We knew not in what island we were, nor whether the natives were civilized or savage, but our urgent necessities forced us to seek them, although we knew that if they were in a savage state we could make no resistance. All our doubts were, however, soon dispelled. After we had gone about a mile, we came to a native house. The inmates seemed very shy at first, and gave no answer to our repeated calls, but we afterwards discovered that their timidity arose from a suspicion that we were slavers. At last we succeeded in attracting the attention of one of them, as he was leaving the house by the back door. He saw our helpless condition at a glance, and in a few minutes many more came from their places of concealment and gathered around us. None of us could speak a word of their language, neither could

we understand anything they said, with the exception of one word, it was the word "missionary;" but this word made us feel perfectly safe. They conducted us to a small village, leading and supporting us all the way, and seeming to vie with each other in their unremitting attentions to us. The kindness of these natives was remarkable. They took us into their houses, and they seemed to anticipate our every wish; and evinced the greatest delight in being allowed to minister to our wants, holding the reviving cup to our lips, and supplying us with abundance of food. We succeeded in making them understand that there were more of our comrades still on the beach, and many of them went with torches (as the moon had now gone down), and brought them to the village.

On the following morning some of the natives went to tell Mr. Nettleton, a gentleman belonging to the Wesleyan Mission, and residing twelve miles from the village. He came to see us on the next day—this was a happy meeting; he prayed with us, and we cried like children. We learned from him that we were on the island of Kandavu, one of the Fiji group, and that we must have come between four and five hundred miles in the punt. He also told us that had we not made this island we must have perished, as this is the outer island of the group, and we had struck on the most southern point of it. The natives showed great reluctance to part with us, but Mr. Nettleton took us all away in boats to the mission stations. He left half our number, about eight miles from where we had landed, with his brother missionary, Mr. William Fletcher, and took the others to his own place.

We remained nearly two months under their care. Would that I could speak in terms of praise equal to the merits of these two gentlemen and their most amiable ladies. All I can say is this—they administered solace to our wearied spirits; they supplied us with many temporal comforts; they clothed our nakedness and healed our wounds. It is but justice to the few white inhabitants of those islands to say that they treated us with uniform kindness. May God bless them all!

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