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Rev. Daniel West



John P. Daniel, M.D.

(American)



THE
LIFE AND JOURNALS
OF THE
REV. DANIEL WEST,
WESLEYAN MINISTER,
AND
DEPUTATION TO THE WESLEYAN MISSION STATIONS
ON THE
GOLD COAST, WESTERN AFRICA.

BY THE
REV. THOMAS WEST.

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TO THE
REVEREND JABEZ BUNTING, D.D.,

AS A MEMENTO OF ONE
WHO, WHILE LIVING,
CHERISHED FOR HIM SENTIMENTS OF
PROFOUND RESPECT AND CHRISTIAN LOVE,
AS WELL AS
ADMIRATION OF HIS LONG AND VALUABLE SERVICES
TO THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.



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PREFACE.

THE writer of the following pages at first intended to do nothing more than edit the interesting "Journal" of his beloved relative; but, on further reflection, it was thought that a record of some incidents in his life and ministry in England might be both interesting and profitable, and would fitly introduce to the reader of the "Journal" the person and character of its departed and lamented author.

It has also been his aim to make the book contribute to the still too small stock of Missionary literature, and to enlist the sympathies of the church yet more fully in sustaining and extending the important work of evangelizing Western Africa.

If these two objects are attained, the purpose for which the mournful task was undertaken will be accomplished, and God will be glorified.

LONDON, *August*, 1857.

CONTENTS.

Chapter i.

	PAGE
EARLY LIFE AND CALL TO THE MINISTRY	1

Chapter ii.

HOME MINISTRY—AYR: HOUGHTON-LE-SPRING: SOUTH SHIELDS	27
---	----

Chapter iii.

HOME MINISTRY—HULL: LIVERPOOL	56
-------------------------------------	----

Chapter iv.

HOME MINISTRY—SHEFFIELD: LONDON: BIR- MINGHAM	93
--	----

Chapter v.

CLOSE OF HOME MINISTRY, AND DEPARTURE FOR AFRICA	123
---	-----

Chapter vi.

WESTERN AFRICA AND WESLEYAN MISSIONS ...	138
--	-----

Chapter vii.

JOURNAL—THE VOYAGE OUT.....	158
-----------------------------	-----

Chapter viii.

	PAGE
JOURNAL CONTINUED—FROM GOREE TO CAPE COAST	172

Chapter ix.

JOURNAL CONTINUED—CAPE COAST TO ASABO, ETC.....	195
--	-----

Chapter x.

JOURNAL CONTINUED—CAPE COAST CASTLE, ANAMABU, AND LEEWARD STATIONS	213
---	-----

Chapter xi.

CAPE COAST DISTRICT-MEETING — DEPARTURE FOR ENGLAND—DEATH	247
--	-----

Chapter xii.

CONCLUDING REMARKS—AN APPEAL FOR MIS- SIONS	271
--	-----

THE LIFE AND JOURNALS

OF THE

REV. DANIEL WEST.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE AND CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

DANIEL WEST was born at Glasgow, on the 30th of April, 1815. He was nursed in the bosom of a family at whose head was a father of no ordinary mind. He had passed through many strange vicissitudes; and his life at the time Daniel was born was one of devoted and useful piety in the church of God. His mother, too, was a woman of no common character; and in her history, as well as in that of the father, numerous and remarkable illustrations of the providence and grace of God might be found. Daniel, therefore, was trained in the ways of holiness from his earliest years; and by the restraining grace of God he was saved from all those vices and follies which too often wither the blossoms

and quench the bright sunshine of many youthful days.

It was likewise Daniel's high privilege to grow up side by side, for a time, with one who was emphatically of the "Father's right-hand planting." We allude to his brother Thomas, who was two years younger than himself, and who died at the early age of six years. Many no doubt will be disposed to smile ineredulously when told of such an instance of infantile piety. Nevertheless, Thomas was a truly happy and heavenly child. When only four years of age, he could read and understand the Scriptures with a clearness and apprehension far beyond his tiny appearance and age. Next to the Bible, the hymns of the Sunday school were his constant delight and song. Many of these he committed to memory entire; and, although but an infant, he did what he could, not only to please his parents and brothers around him, but to benefit others beyond the family circle. He might have been seen on many an occasion, sitting by the feet of a poor blind woman, whom he was in the habit of visiting for that purpose, reading to her from the book of God. But it seemed as if Thomas was of too pure and angelic material to mix with earth and earthly concerns. This precious and delicate flower could only flourish and unfold in the clime of paradise; and therefore angel hands plucked it, and planted it in the "better land," where there is light and immor-

tality. Little Thomas suddenly sickened, and the sickness was unto death. But child as he was, that death-bed scene was one of happiness and peace. Shortly before his departure, his faltering tongue repeated the whole of the beautiful hymn beginning,

“When little Samuel woke,
And heard his Maker’s voice,
And knew the voice that spoke,
O how did he rejoice !”

These, indeed, were the last words of little Thomas on earth. His spirit soon sped upward to see the face and hear the voice of that Saviour who said, while on earth, “Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not : for of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

The benign and hallowing influence of such a scene was well calculated to rivet itself on the memory, and cling round the heart, of Daniel, who was then about eight years of age. No doubt, under God’s blessing, it gave a tone to his future character through life, of which he himself may not have been conscious at the time, although he was led to reflect upon it and speak about it in after years.

Nothing further of a remarkable kind occurred in the youthful history of Mr. West, until he came under the ministry, and formed the friendship, of the Rev. John M’Lean. That honoured servant of Christ was the first who persuaded him to meet in Class ; and he was also the immediate instrument

in leading him to a personal trust in the Lord Jesus for salvation. To those who knew the facts of the case, there was an apparent appropriateness in the instrumentality employed. Several years before the period of Daniel's conversion, his uncle knelt by the side of Mr. M'Lean, whilst he was penitently seeking the Saviour, and rejoiced over him as over a son, when he found peace with God. From him Mr. M'Lean received clear views of Christ and His salvation, and the most suitable instructions at that interesting period of his useful life. Mr. M'Lean's interest, therefore, in young Daniel's conversion was of the tenderest kind; and the friendship then begun between them was mutually continued through life. But perhaps it will be more pleasing to the reader if we supply an extract of a letter from Mr. M'Lean bearing upon this subject. The communication is important, on account of the light it throws not only on the conversion of Mr. West, but also on some of the characteristics of Scottish Methodism at that time.

“ My first remembered conversation with Mr. West was about the year 1828. He was then a half-grown boy, perhaps about thirteen years of age, with a pale, thoughtful countenance, and a striking frontal development overhung by long white locks. I had been visiting his mother, then recently become a widow, and Daniel accompanied me to the door. My heart yearned over the fatherless boy,

the son of my old friend; and taking him by the hand, I persuaded him to make a speedy closure with Christ. Whether he did not at that moment embrace the Saviour, I will not take upon me to say; for he was brought up in one of the best schools of Wesleyan piety which I have ever known either in England or Scotland, and he must have been ready to make an intelligent use of whatever suitable words I was enabled to let fall. At all events the important transaction could not have been long delayed. Balmanno Street, or, as it used to be called in my younger days, 'Deanside Brae,' was then a consecrated street. A company of holy and intelligent Wesleyan families had clustered together,—several of them in the same 'land,'—who never allowed any person with whom they had influence to rest until they had submitted to the 'righteousness of God;' and whose zeal was so tempered with knowledge, that they never pushed any one to a premature profession, or presumed to supersede the Holy Spirit in His office of Comforter.

"For many years these excellent Scottish Wesleyans—most of them the fruits of Irish Methodism—were, next to the Saviour, the comfort and strength of my own heart, both as a young Wesleyan, and subsequently as one of their Ministers. They are nearly all gone to their rest. But there were your uncle Ross West, a singularly clear and able theologian, with his seraphic wife, whose humi-

lity, sanctity, intelligent, loving, unwearied zeal, and faithful labours in the elureh would have done honour to the apostolic age;—Mr. Kelley, too, and his wife; wise, grave, and devout, the one; strong-minded, active, clear-headed, and of weighty and affectionate discourse, the other;—Josiah Shields and his loving Baptist wife. All these lived, according to our Seottish fashion, in different flats of the same building, and went out and in before each other, exhibiting and emulating the perfect graees of the Christian charaeter. There were also several humbler persons in the Soeiety at that time, such as good John Duff and gentle Thomas Wheelan,—men who were mighty in prayer and full of the Holy Ghost. The Deanside Brae families were then the heads of our Soeiety in Glasgow; but they never disdained the eordial and constant intereourse of their more lowly brethren in Christ Jesus. It was in this nursery that Daniel West was reared; and it is not strange that he should have turned out so valuable a Minister.

“ The week after the above interview, Daniel joined my Class, and remained with me as long as I remained in the Circuit. I took oecasion at different opportunities to put him on his guard against some of the errors into which all Seottish Wesleyans are in danger of falling, owing to the prevailing opinions and institutions of this part of the kingdom, and from which I had myself with difficulty

escaped. I have reason to think that in this I did not labour in vain. He always acknowledged me as his spiritual father; and I could not but rejoice in such a spiritual son. But if I was his father, the blessed Wesleyan church then in Glasgow was his mother; and if we had such companies of believing families, as were then in that city, scattered over the towns of England and Scotland, we should not lack numerous spiritual children of enduring vigour and of the loftiest stature."

Doubtless there are many such holy and blessed families in our land. There are many Bethanys where Jesus delights to turn His sacred footsteps, that He may foster and bless the religion of the family fireside. The genial and sanctifying influence of family religion is one which in its very nature permeates the secret springs of life, and touches every relationship with the sympathy of a heavenly love. It clings tenaciously to the memory and heart of even those who may have wilfully stifled or striven against their convictions. Perhaps in no case is it totally erased from the mind. Often has the wanderer from the paternal home been startled in his dark and thoughtless moments, after years of folly and sin it may be, by a recollective gleam of youthful days, when his father's instructions and his mother's prayers have flashed upon him their vivid light and melting power. How many have felt the strong drawings of the Spirit of God acting

through such recollections, when perhaps both father and mother have been for years gathered home to the world of spirits! Who then but must pray that such families of faith, and love, and prayer, as dwelt at Deanside Brae, may be abundantly multiplied throughout the world?

It is to be lamented that an able and competent pen has not caught up and embodied the portraiture of some of the honoured dead, to whom such striking allusion is made in the above graphic reminiscence of Scottish Methodist piety. Their praise is still in the churches where they lived and died, as well as the continued savour of their well-remembered example; but in another sense

“Their record is on high.”

Perhaps if more had been written about the warm-hearted Methodists of Scotland, the cause of Methodism in that country would have been more valued and better understood; and it would necessarily have been much more successful than it has hitherto proved. The Methodism of Scotland is by no means that cold, frigid, and repulsive type of religion which so many suppose it to be; nor have its fruits been so stinted and scanty as at first sight we are led to think them. We hesitate not to say that the soil has yielded an ample return, and in measure correspondent to the labour spent upon it.

It will be observed that reference has been made to the death of Mr. West's father. His call to

another world was very sudden; but he was fully ready either for the duties of life or the struggle of death. In the midst of his usefulness in the church he was taken away, after an illness of about two days, in the forty-eighth year of his age. He left a family of six sons and one daughter; and another daughter was born five days after his decease. Of these children Daniel was the fourth, and he was then in his thirteenth year. The two eldest sons had departed some time before their father's death for America, to settle there. Having been somewhat successful in their pursuits, and hearing of the father's death, they at once advised the removal of the family to their locality in the New World, with the intention of making the United States the country of their adoption. Accordingly arrangements were made, and the family sailed for New York in the beginning of the year 1830, followed by the earnest prayers of many warm and affectionate hearts. The fact that the safety and welfare of this family were made special subjects of public prayer in God's sanctuary every Sabbath day, from the time of their departure until the intelligence of their arrival "on the other side of the water" was received, speaks volumes as to the feelings of affection and Christian sympathy with which the separation was regarded by those they left behind.

To young Daniel the trial was peculiarly severe.

He had, in the desolation of his own home, and in common with the rest of the family, become knit in love to his revered unele and his saintly wife. Besides this, he had already bound himself by the ties of Christian fellowship to the church of his fathers; and he keenly felt and deeply mourned when these were severed at a stroke. Although so young, he was an active and most successful Teacher in the Sunday school. So highly were his services esteemed by all in the school,—although he was then only fourteen years of age,—the Manager and Teachers met together and presented him with a handsome Bible, with a suitable inscription expressive of their love to him personally, and as a lasting remembrance of the happy and useful hours he had spent among them.

Nor were the prayers and sympathies of God's people unneeded or unanswered on behalf of those on the mighty deep. A marvellous interposition of Divine Providence marked the history of the voyage. When about midway across the Atlantic, the ship took fire during the night. There were about three hundred souls on board. A great number were female emigrants, who occupied the fore-part of the vessel. Their shrieks and cries were terrific when the alarm was given; and the scene of confusion and agony, as witnessed by the widow and her children from the front poop cabin which they occupied, was most appalling.

The fire was in the after-part of the ship; and the Captain therefore ordered all the women in the fore-castle below, and fastened down the hatchcs. Under the circumstances, this was no doubt the most prudent course to adopt. The presence of so many women on the deck, frantic with fear, would have interfered with, and would, most likely, have prevented altogether, the efforts made by the crew and male passengers to meet the emergency. All these, young and old, were mustered at once, and instant measures were taken to master the fire. These, under the Divine blessing, proved successful. After several hours had been spent in hard and terribly exciting labour for life, the fire was extinguished. But how marvellous the escape! A quantity of gunpowder formed part of the cargo; and when the ship's carpenter went below to examine the damage done, he found that the fire had stopped in one place within three or four inches of the nearest keg of powder. So it is that the lives and eternal destiny of hundreds often depend upon the issues of a single moment; and there may be one amongst the number in jeopardy on whose account the swift and mighty hand of God works a silent and unseen miracle. Who will say that the deep and agonizing prayers of the widow and her praying children did not prevail with God, and save that living freight of human beings from the scorching flames and the devouring deep? Twenty years

after this event, the steam-ship "Amazon" was burnt at sea with an awful loss of human life. Mr. West, at that time Secretary of the Methodist Tract Society, drew up a most touching and thrilling narrative of the event, in which he says, in allusion to the circumstances just related, "The compiler of the following account was himself, some twenty years ago, on board a burning ship in the midst of the stormy ocean, far from human aid; and, though a gracious Providence interposed to save, the occurrence is one never to be forgotten. The scene of alarm and confusion is indelibly printed in his memory, and the echo of those agonizing shrieks, and dolorous farewells, has not yet died away. He has thus been in some degree qualified to sympathize with the parties in this catastrophe, and to appreciate the thrilling interest of the scenes he here endeavours to describe."

The fire was not the only painful incident connected with the voyage. The crippled state of one of the masts, and a long calm on the banks of Newfoundland, lengthened out the period of the voyage so much, that for a considerable time before the arrival of the "Roger Stewart" at her destination, the passengers were placed on an exceedingly short allowance both of provisions and water.

At length, however, the family landed in health and safety at New York, and from thence began all

the excitements and trials of a long journey of above four hundred miles into the interior of the country. In those days such a journey was full of romantic interest and adventure. The whistle of the locomotive had not then scared away the feathery inhabitants of the western forests to wilds still more remote. Populous towns and villages now scattered along the route had then no existence, or were just beginning to start up. Slowly sailing along through the gorgeous scenery of the Grand Erie Canal, the traveller had ample opportunity for observation, and could feast his eye and mind on the beauties of the ever changing landscapes around him. All these scenes were richly enjoyed by our young voyager; and being at that time exceedingly fond of and proficient in music, he spent many an hour in waking up the echoes of the overhanging cliffs with his plaintive performances on the flute. Indeed, the sprightliness and gentleness of his character made him a favourite with all his fellow-passengers, and his musical genius tended greatly to enliven the tedious monotony of the canal boat.

Having reached the town of Buffalo, an incident occurred quite illustrative of Mr. West's character in after years. At that time a large tribe of Indians were assembled in the town and its immediate neighbourhood, for the purpose of receiving their annual supply of blankets and other articles from the American Government. The house occupied by our

family adjoined a field where numbers of the Indians were encamped during the night. Daniel, as was his usual practice, played his flute in the evening twilight; but the Indians, hearing the sound, rushed to the house, and crowded round the doors and windows, to the great alarm of his mother. She begged him to desist from playing; but he only smiled pleasantly at her fears, and seemed greatly to enjoy the manifest wonder and excitement of his swarthy and savage-looking audience. Several unhappy collisions, however, taking place between the wild Red Men and the inhabitants of the town, the flute performances were abandoned during the remainder of our stay in Buffalo.

Having arrived at their destination, a beautiful little village on the banks of Lake Eric, Daniel did not lose his religion nor his youthful zeal in the new sphere in which he now found himself. The following letter speaks for itself, and is the best index to the state of his heart at this period of his life.

“ASHTABULA, *July 8th*, 1830.

“DEAREST UNCLE AND AUNT,

“YOUR letter which we received this day has communicated to me, and to us all, the most unfeigned pleasure. You complain that you both feel so lonely and sorrowful; but O, my dear uncle, how I lament there is no dear uncle to give us his

kind advice, to gather us together and send up the song of thanksgiving to Almighty God for His mercies, and to take us to church, with all the appearance of a kind father! O uncle, you are now far away from me, and from us all; but though it is so, our hearts are knit to you by the most endearing ties. I trust we shall meet again. I feel the want of you both, and of my Christian friends. But I know God is here as well as with you, and He is mine. Remember me to Andrew Kelley, my only companion,—the only one, except my relatives, to whom I could freely open my mind. I hope he continues in the work of the Sabbath school. I am going to one that is here on Sabbath; but as I know not how they proceed, I can tell you nothing of it, but I may at another time. Tell Andrew to remember me to the Teachers and Manager of the school, and to all my old friends.

“Yours in great love,

“DANIEL WEST.”

But the residence of the family in America proved to be of short duration. As neither the habits of the people nor the climate of the New Country seemed to agree with the feelings or health of the beloved widowed mother, an immediate return to their native land was at once determined upon; and another letter from Daniel to his uncle in Scotland will show the state of his mind, with the

prospect before him of a speedy return to his kind kindred and Christian associates.

“MONROE, *April 13th*, 1831.

“DEAR UNCLE,

“I AVAIL myself of this opportunity, being down at Monroe, of writing a few lines to you, knowing it to be my mother’s desire. The principal reason is to let you know that we cannot, in all probability, start from Ashtabula before the middle of May. The ice will not be off Lake Erie, nor will the vessels begin to run before that time. I am happy at the prospect of again seeing my uncle and aunt in my native country, with all those Christian friends whom I love. But yet when I look at the great dangers which lie in the prosecution of the journey, my heart would almost fail me. I look at the mighty ocean, its tremendous waves, from which I am separated only by a three-inch board;—the advancing wave seems threatening to engulf our crazy bark. I tremble, but suddenly I remember the God of heaven and earth is everywhere present. I trust in Him, and my soul is calm on the tumultuous waves. My confidence is in Him. He can and will, I believe, conduct us safely across the Atlantic. Pray for us, and may the Lord bless you both! Mother, as you may suppose, will feel a good deal at parting again with her two oldest sons. It will be a trial to her, but she considers she is in the way of duty. In my

mother's name I give you her kind love and affection. May the Lord be with you and us! I long to see you all.

“Your unworthy

“DANIEL WEST.”

Such were the sentiments, and such the feelings, of a lad of sixteen. He was now beginning to act the part of a father to his younger brothers and sisters, and that under circumstances which required the grace and prudence of mature age.

The return to Scotland was accompanied by a simple, yet to the parties concerned an interesting, incident. Some time after the settlement of the family at Ashtabula, Mrs. West dreamt that she and her children should sail back to their native country in the same ship in which they had but recently arrived in America. There was at the time no intention or expectation of a return home. Nevertheless the dream literally came to pass. Returning to New York in due time, Daniel went along the busy wharves of the city, leading the writer by the hand, on the look out for a suitable vessel about to sail for the mother country. In the distance through the forest of masts, the well-remembered figure-head of the “Roger Stewart” was soon seen. She was just “laid on” for the Clyde, and was to sail in a week's time: cabins were immediately secured; and once more the home

of the family was on the mountain deep, in the same ship, and under the same Captain, with whom they had voyaged before.

It may be well to pause here, and mark the hand of Providence in all these movements. Most probably Daniel West would never have been known as a Wesleyan Minister, had he been settled down in the wilds of the American woods. To all human appearance, the rough work of forest life and agricultural pursuits, such as he must have engaged in to some extent had he remained in America, would have checked at once the unfolding of those principles and talents which he already possessed. At all events the churches of his fatherland would have been deprived of those valuable services which he rendered in after life. And, above all, had he become a "Baekwoods-man" of the far west, he had not won on the strand of Africa a Missionary's honour, he had not been buried in a Missionary's grave, nor would he have been decked with a Missionary's crown of victory and glory. God was now leading His servant "by a way he knew not." *His* purposes—all unseen by human eye and unknown to human mind—were ripening fast. The Lord had work for His servant to do, very different from clearing a forest or making a fortune.

The wide Atlantic, then, has been once more crossed in safety; and having been thus restored to the sanctified intercourse of his pious relations

and friends at "Deanside Brae," it was not long before the subject of our memoir was called into various fields of usefulness. In a short time he began to exhort and preach in the numerous towns and villages then included in the Glasgow Circuit. Like his beloved friend and brother, Mr. M'Lean, he also was deeply indebted to the clear and powerful instructions of his uncle for his correct and discriminating views of Divine truth, and of the doctrines and discipline of the Wesleyan body in particular. He well knew how to profit by the counsels of such a friend, and they proved a lasting benefit to him, both as a Christian and as a Wesleyan Minister. At length the openings of Providence seemed to indicate that he would shortly be called upon to act in the latter capacity. He therefore applied himself to earnest and assiduous preparation for his "high calling of God in Christ Jesus." He devoted a large portion of his time to the study of the Greek Scriptures and the acquirement of an extensive fund of biblical knowledge. He had a faculty of quick perception and rapid as well as lucid condensation of thought; and this, together with the possession of a retentive memory, enabled him to acquire and retain all the varied information which came within his reach. He did not, however, run before he was sent. He felt that a call to the work of the ministry was a most solemn

thing, neither to be rashly entertained, nor lightly esteemed.

The following letter to his uncle fully discloses the working of his mind and the inmost feelings of his heart at this eventful period. At the time the letter was written Mr. West was not quite twenty years of age.

*“ Monday night, twelve o’clock,
“ March 2nd, 1835.*

“ VERY DEAR UNCLE,

“ I WAITED in from the Prayer-meeting, and came down to your house, for the purpose of talking with you on a subject which has for a considerable time occupied my mind. I did not meet with you, and therefore I now write, because you are the only friend with whom I can communicate on such a subject; because I am persuaded of your concern for my true interests; and because I think you are capable and will be willing to advise me in such a case. I shall be as brief as possible. I am calm and serious, and the matter has been a subject of incessant and earnest prayer to that God with whom I have to do.

“ You are aware that when I began to preach, and for some time after, I was considerably perplexed in my mind as to whether I was in the way of duty. Mentioning this to you, you said I could not know

till I tried. I did try, and am as satisfied of doing what God required of me in preaching, as that I draw the breath of life; and I think I may venture to say *to you* that God has borne testimony to the fact. But to the point. For the last six or eight months especially it has been deeply and powerfully impressed on my mind, that God calls upon me to give myself wholly up to this great and holy work. This impression was made and renewed under various circumstances, as in the country places, while in private pleading with the Lord that He would bless my feeble labours, or while hearing some particular part of a sermon, or while studying at home, or in seasons of retirement and meditation: at each of these seasons a powerful conviction was wrought in my mind that such was the will of God concerning me. Still I endeavoured to smother or to banish the thought from me. This I might accomplish for a short period; but again it would recur with redoubled strength. I became uneasy and thoughtful. Still I mentioned it to no living soul, nor had any one spoken to me about the subject. I then made it a subject of earnest prayer before God. The purport of my prayer was, that if this impression was from Him, He might deepen it, give me some evidence of it, and open up my way accordingly; or, if such was not the case, that He would be pleased to deliver me from the feeling and from the distraction of mind

which it caused. Owing to my thinking this latter view might be correct, I feared often even to make it a matter of prayer, lest I should by that means protract such thoughts as were not in accordance with the Divine will. I continued in this spirit to plead for Divine direction on a subject which I now felt involved my present peace of mind. Night and day have I poured out my soul to that God who seeth in secret, beseeching Him to show me His will.

“Mr. Illingworth, the last time I had any particular conversation with him, mentioned the subject of his own accord, asking me if I had no thoughts of going out to preach. I could not say, ‘No.’ He said it was so impressed on his mind that this was my duty. Little more was said upon the subject. He has since written about it in the letter which he sent to me from Bristol. Mr. Chettle next spoke to me about it, and to him I opened my mind very freely. Next Mr. M’Owan spoke of it. He said that I acted right in making it a matter of earnest prayer, and he assured me that it need not give me any painful feelings, for God would surely direct me. Mr. Mithel also has frequently conversed with me about it. Now I must just add here, that each of the above-named persons seemed to think that I was so called, and that, previous to their speaking to me with reference to it, I had never mentioned it either to them or any other living man.

“The result of all these conversations with the Preachers was, that I became more confirmed in those impressions, taking this as some kind of answer to my prayers. It had now come to a crisis. I had a thousand objections to offer. But here was the impression daily gaining strength; and daily as I prayed to God about it, I thought He, by the working of His Spirit on my mind, pointed out the path of duty. One Tuesday evening lately I went into Calton Chapel rather accidentally. Mr. Constable was preaching. We walked from the chapel together, and I mentioned my thoughts to him briefly. He requested me to call and have some conversation, which I did. He asked me many questions, and finished in this way: that I was right in acquainting him with it; that it had sometimes passed through his own mind; that he knew of no objections; (though, I think, I could have furnished him with a few of these;) and he concluded by saying that he thought it very probable that God did so call me to devote myself entirely to this work. Now, my dear uncle, I have given you a brief history of the case as it stands. If any expression in it is too free, I may just say, that it is more so to you than it would be to any other person. And now I am as earnestly praying to *Him* who has said, ‘In all thy ways acknowledge the Lord, and He will direct thy paths.’ I am as willing as ever to be anything or nothing, to be a public or a private

member in the Church of Christ; this one thing provided, that I be what and where God would have me.

“ I have addressed you in this way because I was disappointed, when I came down to your house, in finding you busily engaged, and fearing lest I should not have an opportunity of conversing at large with you this week, owing to other engagements; and I cannot refrain any longer. May God guide us each with His counsel !

“ Yours affectionately,
“ DANIEL WEST.”

Thus powerfully was his mind wrought upon in reference to the great work of the ministry, and thus humbly and tremblingly did he seek for both heavenly and human guidance. His bias toward it was not the heedless rush of youthful ardour, nor the self-confidence of conscious ability. He felt all the weightiness of the subject,—all the solemnity of its responsibilities, as well as the glory of the toil and the exceeding greatness of its final reward. That ministry will never be unacceptable or useless which has followed and is accompanied by such preparatory exercises as those described in the above letter. The man who can say, in reference to any subject or any transaction of his life, “ *Night and day I poured out my soul to that God who seeth in secret, beseeching Him to show me His will,*” will be guided

by the Divine Wisdom, and the rich blessing of God will assuredly rest upon all his undertakings.

About this time Mr. West was introduced to the notice of Lord Brougham, who, on several subsequent occasions, manifested his interest toward himself personally and in his ministerial work. But amid all his great success and popularity as a Local Preacher, he maintained his humility and simplicity; and he gathered around him the affection and respect of the entire Glasgow Societies, as well as the admiration and love of the whole of the Circuit Ministers, whose names have already been given. Two of the number have passed away to the sky, and three are still honoured workmen of the Lord Jesus. He who was then the subject of their prayers, deliberations, and hopes, has finished his course before them, and entered into his reward.

At the time he was thus called into God's vineyard, Mr. West's bodily constitution was but feeble, and he felt he would be but ill able to sustain the toils and travels incident to a youthful itinerancy. This latter consideration, and the tender love of his surviving parent, made it no easy task for her to surrender her son to the service of God. A mighty struggle arose in the bosom of his widowed mother, between duty and maternal affection. Her husband gone to heaven; her two eldest sons settled in a distant region of the earth;—and now another of her choicest treasures must be laid upon the altar of

sacrifice. She well knew the honour God was putting upon her; but she felt keenly, more indeed than she dared to express, at seeing one after another of her beloved children leaving the happy circle of home. Filled with these harassing thoughts, the mother wept and prayed for her son, and for herself that she might have grace to give him up to God. One day, distracted in mind, she sought the holy sanctuary. She was proceeding to her usual place of worship,—the Wesleyan chapel,—but an unseen influence from on high turned her feet aside on that occasion to another place of prayer. There two Missionaries were being solemnly ordained, and sent forth to their distant labour in a foreign field. The Minister, Dr. King of Glasgow, proceeded with the service, and, turning to the congregation, he exclaimed with pathetic vehemence, “Is there even a widowed mother in this congregation who would refuse to give up an only son to the glorious work of preaching the Gospel of the ever blessed God?” These words came like the voice of inspiration itself from heaven; and in that solemn moment she resolved to give up not only one, but all her sons to God, if He should require such a sacrifice at her hand. Thus the last barrier was removed which seemed to obstruct the entire devotion of Daniel West, during the remainder of his days, to the work of saving perishing sinners, by the preaching of “Christ and Him crucified.”

CHAPTER II.

HOME MINISTRY—AYR: HOUGHTON-LE-SPRING:
SOUTH SHIELDS.

MR. WEST received his first appointment at the Conference of 1835, he being then about twenty years of age. As is well known, that year was a memorable one in the history of Wesleyan Methodism. In Scotland its doctrines as well as its discipline were tested to the utmost, both by friends and foes; and it will be readily supposed that any one beginning, during such a time of commotion, to devote a lifetime to the service of Methodism, must have studied the subject well, and must have engaged in its ministry from a deep conviction of its scriptural character and general efficiency. Independently of all other considerations, the stirring events of those times forced the study of Methodism upon all who had any regard for, or interest in, the work of God.

The Glasgow Societies were not exempted from the general devastation carried beyond the border by the disaffected disturbers of Zion's peace. Indeed, Scottish Methodism generally has never to this day thoroughly rallied from the ruinous consequences of that unholy religious strife. Many

hundreds were swept away by the torrent of perturbed and unsanctified public opinion; but the subject of our memoir stood fast in his attachment to Methodism.

The following letter may be regarded as a specimen of the rancorous feeling then abroad in the Glasgow Societies. It was addressed to Mr. West's uncle, to whom allusion has already been made, by one who occupied a prominent position in the church.

“GLASGOW, *April 14th*, 1835.

“SIR,

“So you were trying upon Monday last to convert brother Gilfillan. Poor body! you might have saved your breath, and reserved it to bark in the Leaders'-meeting, where you appear as an oracle, at least in the estimation of the *gulls* and *mutes* who form that illustrious assembly. ‘Coming events cast their shadows before them;’ and if you was not blindly devoted to Conferism, you might open your eyes to the march of events that are daily transpiring, not to the honour, but to the deep disgrace, of the modest Priests and their obedient *cats*. I consider you as conceited and bigoted a *cat* as is among them,—a very mighty man in your own way. Well, go on. Cleave to Methodism *as it is*, and I wish you much joy of your choice. Recollect, the day is approaching, (mark well my

words,) it may be near, when Methodism *as it ought to be* shall yet appear and bless our country. Wishing you a change of mind from Conferential conservatism to laical radicalism,

“ I remain yours,

“ R—— U——.”

So far from living to see the fulfilment of his words, the writer of the above virulent epistle soon saw his error, and was glad to return to the ark of safety, from which he had incautiously ventured forth on the troubled waters of factious division and the strife of tongues. Happier indeed were they who, like Daniel West, remained calmly walking with God. Whilst the tumult was great without, he continued to cultivate inward holiness; and his determination was unshaken to devote the remainder of his days to the service of his Heavenly Master, in that particular section of the Christian church thus malignantly attacked. He solemnly and prayerfully “counted the cost;” and having taken his stand in the ranks of Wesleyan Preachers, he never swerved in after years from the maintenance of the principles he had espoused.

It may be well to observe here, that Mr. West was always more inclined to conserve than to loosen and liberalize—as that term is understood by some—the peculiarities of Methodism. He had a liberal and independent mind, which prevented him from

being either bigoted or captious in his enforcement of these peculiarities; but having seen the fearful results arising from misguided clamour, he was always disposed to deprecate any sudden or extensive and crude innovation on the landmarks of Methodism.

The Ayr Circuit in Scotland was that to which Mr. West was first appointed. He commenced his labours there August 23rd, 1835, and he left on the 15th of August, 1837.

As a general rule, Wesleyan Ministers of all grades of intellect, and whatever may be the ecclesiastical position they ultimately reach, begin in a rough school. The system of Methodism necessarily compels its young Ministers to "endure hardness as good soldiers" of the Lord Jesus. The Circuit to which Mr. West was sent was an extensive one, and, being poor in temporal matters, the journeys were most toilsome. Footsore and weary, he had frequently, and even in the winter, to travel twenty or thirty miles to his appointments. It was indeed very questionable at times whether he would not sink under the labour devolving upon him. He not unfrequently fainted in the pulpit, overcome by mental excitement and physical weakness. He was, however, amongst kind friends; and he had the happiness of seeing many souls saved under his ministry. To one instance of conversion his esteemed Superintendent, Mr. Hudson,

referred in a letter sent to Mr. West a few months after his departure to another sphere of labour. Alluding to several Circuit matters, only interesting to the parties concerned, the letter proceeds: "Maybole is improving a little. We do not intend preaching there on the week-nights this winter. The last time I was at Girvan, John Davies informed me that he had the week previous attended the funeral of a man, whom he visited during his affliction. He was a member of the Established Church, but knew nothing of saving religion, till a few months ago, while hearing you describe the way of faith, he saw the way, and was enabled, before you closed the service, to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ unto salvation. He retained the possession of it, and died in its happy enjoyment. *The long walks were not all in vain.*"

We do not mention this one case of conversion because conversions under Mr. West's ministry were rare and unfrequent, but because it was somewhat peculiar; and it is suggestive of a fact worth noticing in connexion with the ministry of Wesleyan Preachers generally. It was peculiar, inasmuch as it was the direct and immediate conversion of one, whilst listening to a discourse in a Methodist chapel, who had been trained up all his lifetime in the rigid school of Calvinism. It is also suggestive of the fact, that an unknown amount of spiritual good is accomplished indirectly, by the influence of the

Wesleyan ministry, within the borders of other Christian churches. Take, for example, the history of Methodism in Scotland. We must not look at the numerical strength of the Wesleyan Societies there, and regard that as the gauge or measure of success. Many in that part of the kingdom who never join themselves to Methodism are indebted to its ministry for the life and power of genuine religion which they possess, and the fruit of which is carried with them into the churches to which they belong.

The last sentence in the extract of the letter we have quoted, might well be inscribed as a motto in the study of all young Travelling Preachers: "The long walks are not all in vain." The certain salvation of even one soul is surely a sufficient reward for hours of wearisome travelling and exhausting pulpit exercises. Although Mr. West had often been tempted to think the tax upon his strength extremely severe, and he had been ready to despond; yet he was permitted for his encouragement to see the blessed fruit of his labour, and he therefore persevered in the duties of his high calling; but he did so by dint of extraordinary physical effort.

Considering the feeble state of his health, and the proximity of the Ayr Circuit to Glasgow, Mr. West was kindly permitted to pay frequent visits to his friends by way of relaxation. Returning on one occasion from Glasgow to his Circuit, he was

mercifully preserved by a kind Providence amid circumstances of imminent danger. The statement of them will be found in the following brief letter addressed to his mother.

“AYR, *September 20th*, 1836.

“DEAR MOTHER,

“I MERELY drop you this note to inform you of my safe arrival in Ayr. For this I ought to feel thankful to God. Everybody did not come from Glasgow to Ayr on Saturday whole and sound. The coach met with a rather serious accident, when about four miles from this place. We came in contact with a cart laden with timber, one piece of which, as it projected from the cart, ran right through the side of the coach. One man had his leg broken, and now lies in the inn. Many of the other passengers were hurt, though not so severely. I thank God for my escape without injury. This is another call to devote myself entirely to the service of God. May He help me so to do!

“I remain your affectionate Son,

“DANIEL WEST.”

We have already intimated that Mr. West's ministry in the Ayr Circuit terminated at the close of the second year. During that time he had won the love and esteem of all the Societies; and he was highly respected by Ministers and members of other

denominations. He was known by the name of the "First Bishop," and he was playfully so called for several years after he had left the Circuit. This incident is mentioned merely to explain the occurrence of the word in the following letter, addressed to Mr. West by a lady in Ayr, whose name will long be revered and loved by the religious public at large in that town. The letter is interesting, because it affords us an insight into one of the commonest phases of Methodist life and usefulness; and because it shows the hold which Mr. West had upon the affections of the people. The letter is dated two years after his departure from the Ayr Circuit.

" ST. JOHN STREET, WALLACETOWN,
" *August 21st, 1839.*

" DEAR MR. WEST,

" I HAVE only time just now to acknowledge the receipt of yours, which gave me great pleasure; but I am disappointed at your not coming this way. I must reconcile myself to this, as I do many of your friends here, by thinking, if I am spared, 't is only a pleasure deferred, and that next year you may find it more convenient to visit us. But I must not let you leave Glasgow without giving you a line, if only to say how glad I shall be to hear from the 'Bishop' when he is settled at his new Station. May all your endeavours to bring souls to Christ be crowned with success, is my earnest prayer. As I know you

feel interested about her, and all that are dear to me, you will be glad to hear that Mrs. Cunningham has been wonderfully supported and comforted through her heavy loss.* My daughter begs to be most kindly remembered to you. She is going about as usual, doing good. She visits the County Prison three times every week, when the weather permits.

“I have been begging for the Missions ever since March, and shall continue to do so until the time fixed for the Missionary Meeting. I am now called the ‘Ayr Beggar.’ I tell them, with all my heart, I care not. ’Tis in a good cause. I have managed to get together a respectable sum for this place. I do sometimes meet with *soft answers* and *mild glances*; (Do you understand me?) but that is a trifle. I seldom come away without a mitc. I am asked many questions; and the last one generally is, ‘I hope you won’t come again?’ My invariable reply is, ‘O yes! once a year, please God, if I am spared.’

“My love to your dear mother, and every branch of your family. Always think of me as your

“Sincere and affectionate Friend,

“H. ARMSTRONG.”

The time and worldly means of this excellent lady, and of her truly pious and philanthropic daughter,

* Major William Cunningham, H.E.I.C., died at South Lodge, Ayr, on the 11th of August, 1838.

were always at the disposal of the poor and needy around them, and they delighted in daily works of mercy and Christian benevolence. Many are the works of charity, such as are described in the above letter, only known to Him with whom we have to do; and, although lost to human eye, they are all recorded in His book, and they shall meet with a full reward at last. How few in number, nevertheless, are the young and educated ladies who would count it no dishonour to be regular visitors of a common gaol, so that they might make known the Saviour to some of the fallen and most degraded of mankind! What a pleasing picture of practical family religion does the above letter present!—the aged mother devoting her time to begging from door to door for means to send the Gospel to the perishing heathen abroad, whilst the daughter may be seen frequenting the prison-house of civilized heathens at home on errands of mercy. Surely whilst our country can boast of such mothers and daughters, and in proportion as they are multiplied in the land, we need fear but little as to the perpetuation and advancement of our religious national character. And who would not rather see our “Sisters of Mercy” trained round the family altar, and making that the central point of their operations, instead of the damp cloister and the priest’s confessional?

On leaving Ayr, Mr. West was appointed to the Houghton-le-Spring Circuit, where he commenced

his ministry, September 3rd, 1837. In this Circuit it pleased God to favour him with increasing bodily strength; nor had he to undertake the toilsome journeys to which he had been accustomed in Scotland. Shortly after he arrived, his preaching services were in great demand on various special occasions in the adjoining Circuits. Among other places he was invited to preach at Sunderland; and it appears that, knowing the importance of the congregations there, he went with a fearful heart. In the pulpit, no one was ever more unflinching and fearless in preaching the truths of the Gospel; out of the pulpit, no one could be more keenly sensible of insufficiency and unworthiness for the solemn work. He trembled to meet the large congregations to which his lips were now to speak the words of salvation. Having mentioned his fears in a letter to his uncle, which is unfortunately lost, he received the following characteristic reply:—

“I see you have some fears about preaching in Sunderland chapel. Fear not. You will not, I hope, seek to please men in your ministry. Your business is to save souls; and Sunderland sinners are just like others. Aim at the heart. Try by every possible argument to reach the conscience, and bring sinners to repentance: and as He has promised to be with you wherever you go, you have nothing to fear. You are not at Athens or Ephesus, but in England, where the scandal of the Cross has

ceased in a great measure. No doubt a large house and crowded congregation is appalling; but you must lose sight of outward things and circumstances, and remember your commission and message from God: 'Son of man, I have set thee a watchman to the house of Israel.' See, then, that you attend to this, and this only. 'Surely whatsoever the Lord gives me to say to this people, that will I say, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear. The blood of their souls shall not be required at my hands.' If you maintain such a spirit as this, I have no fear of your succeeding in the great work in which you are engaged; and I am certain you will secure the affections and approbation of God and of good men. But remember also what has been said to you about your health. Take care of that."

These godly counsels were not in vain. Mr. West's chief object in every sermon he preached was to reach the hearts of his hearers; and the burden of his prayer was, that God would revive His work. The Societies in the Circuit needed a quickening from above. Much evil had resulted from the divisions of 1835, and the troubled sea was still throwing up mire and dirt.

The following letter to his aunt will place before the reader his own feelings at this period, as well as the state of the Circuit:—

“HOUGHTON-LE-SPRING, *April 21st*, 1838.

“VERY DEAR AUNT,

“I HAVE just finished my pulpit preparation, and would now devote a few moments in concocting a brief epistle to my Glasgow friends. Since I last wrote, I have been more out of Houghton, and more busily engaged, the little time I have been in it, than I ever was before. We have had a most delightful Missionary Meeting. The people say it was the best by far of any they ever had in Houghton. For my own part I think, take it altogether, it was the best I ever had the pleasure of attending. God was eminently present with us. The speakers were the Rev. Messrs. Keeling and Jackson of Sunderland, Mr. Morris, Presbyterian Minister, of Houghton, Mr. Macdonald of Sheffield, and, of course, my Superintendent and myself. During some parts of Mr. Macdonald’s speech, there did not seem to be a dry eye in the congregation. It was full of information, argument, eloquence, and holy feeling. Mr. Macdonald preached also in the afternoon before the public meeting. His subject was, Christ betrayed by Judas,—a most searching and impressive discourse. I am prepared to say that there never was half the people assembled at a Missionary Meeting in Houghton, as at these services, and there never was more than a fourth of the sum raised for the Missions. To God be the praise!

“Notwithstanding the many things with which

we have to contend in this small town, I believe we are rising as a people. But still it is amazing what a small amount of influence we have. We seem to have little or no hold upon the public mind. The position and influence of the Church in this quarter of the country is very high. Still I think we are advancing. We are slowly sapping the prejudices of the people, and laying hold of their sympathies. I doubt not that Methodism will yet be here what it never has been. The darkest feature I see in the survey is, that while our congregations are improved, there is no addition of members to our society. O that this mournful spiritual barrenness and death were at an end!

“There is also another evil existing throughout our whole Circuit. We are beset with Radicals and their tabernacles. Although they have ceased from open hostility, (at least, speaking generally; for they sometimes from their pulpits still call the members by opprobrious names, and the Preachers ‘devils,’) they yet do us, as a people, and they do religion in general, incalculable mischief. Nevertheless they are not making much progress now. In imagination I see written on their “tabernacles,” ‘We that are in these tabernacles do groan, being burdened.’ Some of them are casing them of their burden, and seeking a quiet berth again in the ‘old ship.’ May she gallantly float and bear them to heaven!

“You have no doubt before this time heard of the glorious work at Leeds. The Good Shepherd is there bringing home His sheep by hundreds. Mr. Rattenbury appears to have been principally instrumental in this great revival; and the Sunderland friends have requested him to visit them next month. Dr. Bunting and Peter Jones are to be there at the same time. They hope that Mr. Rattenbury will bring some of the holy fire with him. If it get to Sunderland, I have little doubt we shall soon have it in Houghton. My God, my God, revive Thy work! I can scarcely refrain my emotion. For want of conversions my work is almost becoming a burden. I mean to preach on this subject to-morrow morning in Hetton chapel before the Love-feast. My text is Judges vi. 13. I have preached every night this week.

“I have to do so thrice to-morrow as usual, and a Love-feast in addition. On Monday I have to attend the Missionary Meeting at Durham. On Thursday I have to re-open a chapel in South Shields, &c., &c.: so you see my mind and time are fully occupied.

“I remain, dear Aunt,

“Yours affectionately,

“DANIEL WEST.

“P.S. I forgot to mention that we are about to commence a Wesleyan week-day school in our old chapel. We have engaged a Master,—a Local Preacher,—and the chapel is fitted up. We have

got the names of about one hundred and twenty scholars to start with. The routine of the school will embrace the ordinary branches of English education. It will be, however, a semi-religious seminary under the superintendence of the Methodist Preacher and a Committee. You cannot equal this in Glasgow !”

The great subject of day-school education in the Wesleyan body was about this time beginning to attract serious attention. At the Conference of 1837, the first Committee was appointed to consider and report upon the necessities of the case, and to suggest the best plans of operation, as well as to watch carefully the various schemes brought under the consideration of the Government of the day. It is certainly pleasing to find that Mr. West so energetically and successfully entered into the work; and that long before the matter had begun to stir up the mind and heart of the Connexion at large, he had, in conjunction with his colleagues and friends, been busily engaged in raising up a flourishing school in the town where he resided.

The memorable Centenary movement was very fitly simultaneous with the Educational. In the month of December, 1838, one of the central meetings in aid of the former scheme was held at Newcastle. In this Mr. West took a special and practical interest. In a letter to his uncle about it, he said :—

“As for my hundred pounds and my speech next week at Newcastle, I am sure I should speak with more energy and pathos if my uncle were to be there. I really am exceedingly mortified that, having received the President’s letter, you are not to be there. I need not to you descant on the character of the meeting. It will be altogether of an unusual nature, and one like to which we shall never have another opportunity of attending. It will be a glorious time. Do try and come. You speak of my putting in a word for you in my intended speech. I will say to you, as Dr. Bunting said to Mr. Sands at Manchester, ‘Well, but what will you give? Just give me the commission, and my speech will be all the more telling.’”

The meeting at Newcastle, and those held in the course of the year throughout the whole country, gave a new impetus to the progress of Methodism. The remembrance of the “Hundred Years ago” fired the Wesleyan Ministry with renewed zeal and vigour, and prompted the united prayers and the princely benevolence of the churches, for the sustenance and spread of scriptural holiness throughout the land.

From Houghton-le-Spring Mr. West was removed at the Conference of 1839 to South Shields. Here he was kindly received and entertained, for some time, at the house of Christopher Wawn, Esq., with whom he remained on terms of friendship to the close of life. But it appears that during the interval

of Conference he visited Glasgow, and some of the scenes of his boyish preaching; and he witnessed there what, no doubt, had a most gracious influence upon his ministry in his new sphere,—the wonderful revival of religion in the town of Kilsyth. We give the details from one of his own letters to a dear friend in the Circuit he was just leaving:—

“After a most delightful passage from Liverpool, I enjoyed the untold pleasure of a mother’s welcome. My time in Glasgow was spent with more than usual happiness. I preached, in all, eight times to delightful congregations. And as if the friends had kept their children for the purpose, it fell to my lot to baptize somewhere near a dozen little ones. I visited the town of Kilsyth, where a very extraordinary revival has broken out in the Established Church. I will rather tell you the results of the work than detail the particulars. Many persons, old and young, at the conclusion of Divine service, fell down in the aisles and pews of the church, crying for mercy. They were conveyed into the vestries, where it pleased the Lord to turn the sorrow and fear of many into joy and confidence. The spirit of conviction and prayer spread through the town, and for two days no business was done: the very shops were closed, the inhabitants betaking themselves to the various places of worship, while many groups were gathered in the glens and woods, and earnest prayer was continually made before

God. Nor did He fail to answer. Many scores, and hundreds, were converted and added to the church. O! it must have been delightful to have heard those glens resounding with the songs of praise, and the mountains echoing to the voice of prayer! The work has spread to all the Dissenting communities in the town. And such has been its effect in allaying or removing religious party feeling, that Ministers and people of all denominations are meeting together, mutually to advise and pray for a continuance of the gracious work. I engaged to preach to them on the Wednesday evening; and, as it was supposed that our own place of worship would be too small, our friends applied to the Minister and Elders of the parish church, who said they would willingly let me have the church, only they had service in it themselves at the same hour; but they would do the next best thing for us; I should have their new parish school-room, capable of accommodating at least double the number our own chapel would. This place accordingly was crowded, I doubt not, with, for the most part, prayerful hearers. At the close of the service we held a Prayer-meeting. It was a very gracious season."

It would seem that Mr. West carried back with him to his new Circuit some of the hallowing influences of this Scottish revival. Immediately on his arrival, in describing the state of the Circuit, he

wrote as follows:—"There are all the signs of the beginning of a good work in this place. The congregations are increasing. The Prayer-meetings are well attended. Several have been awakened, and a few have obtained the pearl of great price." And, but a few weeks after, many conversions took place. In a letter, dated "November 4th, 1839," he says, "It is matter of great thankfulness that the Lord is very graciously working among us. In Shadwell Street chapel we have Prayer-meetings every night of the week; and I dare say for the last ten days there have been three, four, and five set at liberty every meeting. Last night there were eight. To God be the praise! At Chapter Row, too, we are all on the move. On the Centenary day, the power of the Lord was manifestly among us. We had a Prayer-meeting at seven in the morning: about one hundred present. I preached at half-past ten from Psalm lxxxix. 15. The children of all our schools were met in the afternoon, to be presented with Centenary medals. With the congregation and children, the chapel was crowded to excess. After I had addressed them, we marched up to the market place, and formed into a circle. The singer and I stood in the centre. The whole company then joined in singing the Centenary Hymn. It was a charming sight. In the evening I preached again, from Psalm exxvi. 3. It was a time to be remembered.

“On Monday we had a tea-meeting, 530 present. After tea a Band-meeting was held, and at the close of that a Prayer-meeting in the school-room. About twenty persons were in deep distress. Five of them found peace and joy through believing. We are all united; we are all praying, looking up and waiting for the residue of the Spirit. Lord, pour it out!”

In the same letter Mr. West mentions, that in the course of his pastoral visitations he met with an awful case of spiritual darkness and distress. The lady had been for some time under deep conviction of sin, and utter despair of Divine mercy. Her friends sent for Mr. West to come and pray and converse with her. He describes her state in the following terms:—“While I was with her, her distress was beyond description. In giving me some idea of her state of mind, she used expressions the most horrific and affecting. I shall never forget them. ‘O!’ said she, ‘prayer is now of no use. I have rejected Christ, and He casts me out. I have sold myself to the devil, and he has taken possession of me; and body and soul will soon be in the fire of hell. The sky is dark; the sun, and moon, and the stars are dark. I can see nothing around me but fire and flames,—all sorts of strange appearances,—monsters ready to devour me. I cannot live; I cannot die. O God, what will become of me?’ I reasoned with her; spread before her

the merey of my God, and the bleeding love of Christ. Again and again we prayed, one after the other. At length she seemed feebly to lay hold of the promise, and said she was happy in the love of Jesus. I left her composed. As I looked upon her, I thought of the demoniae, who was seen sitting at the feet of Jesus clothed and in his right mind. May God preserve her!"

The progress of his own soul in grace at this period was unmistakable, and his usefulness was commensurately great. Never did Mr. West allow the bustle and activities of his public life to lessen the ardour and devotedness of his private piety. We cannot do better than illustrate this by several extracts from his letters to different friends.

"This is a chequered scene. After all, our great business and highest wisdom is to be ready to meet our Lord, and so to enter into His joy and sit down on His throne. I called to see Mrs. D—— yesterday. She is now out of danger, and appears to be in a good state of mind. She is quite resigned; but complaining that she has not those feelings of joy and holy triumph which many of whom she has read and heard possessed. This, though desirable and delightful, is certainly not essential. Let me have confidence in the merey and promise of my God; let me feel that I grasp the cross of Christ, and it is enough. My feet are then on the Rock of Ages. I cannot be swept away with the flood.

I shall then be lifted upwards through the gathering gloom, to the light and the glory of heaven.

“The work of God among us appears steadily going forward. We have had several conversions at Chapter Row and Templetown; and a similar work is going on at Shadwell Street. Last week revival-meetings were held every night in the Scotch Secession church. I attended one of them, and addressed the people. It was a very good meeting, and well attended. It is a new thing under the sun for members of the Scotch Secession to hold revival Prayer-meetings. Either the world or Satan’s kingdom is coming to an end. I believe the latter is the fact. What need there is to work while it is called to-day! I am more and more convinced that a clear and comprehensive knowledge of the Scriptures is intimately connected with, indeed essential to, our growth in grace. I have lately been reading more than usual; being assured that if I would have my mind a rich treasury, out of which I might bring things new and old, I must feed and adorn it from day to day. I have lately been musing over my intellectual deficiencies. I have not half knowledge of history. My acquaintance with general literature is, to a great extent, superficial. My knowledge of science is not more than a tithe of what it should be. Well, then, I must be up and at it,—devouring books.”

In Mr. West's case, these were not idle aspirations and fruitless intentions. It is true he never was given to sedentary and scholastic seclusion in his study; but neither was he desultory in his acquirement of knowledge. His physical constitution and mental temperament unfitted him for long continued application in his study; but he left no time unemployed. Amidst the round of his Circuit duties and pastoral visitations,—to which he was most attentive from the commencement to the close of his ministry,—and his numerous special engagements in other Circuits, he found time to enrich his mind with more than a common share of solid learning, and a practical acquaintance with all the popular branches of science. These he employed to the best advantage in all the Circuits in which he was called to travel, both in the instruction of the young, and the edification of the church at large in his ordinary ministrations of Divine truth.

At the beginning of 1840, Mr. West received, almost by the same post, both painful and pleasing intelligence from his family at Glasgow. The writer of this memoir then lay dangerously ill of a fever of no ordinary violence; and at the same time another brother, who died happy a few years afterwards, was soundly converted to God. Mr. West's allusion to it shows not only his deep interest in the spiritual state of his relations, but the lasting

impression made upon his mind, when young, by the example and prayers of his pious father. He wrote:—"Soon after I received the letter containing the account of Tom's dangerous illness, I had a box from home, containing a letter, which on perusing, I did not know for a time whether I had most cause for weeping or rejoicing. It gave a statement of my brother William's conversion. Praise the Lord! Many a time I think of my father's prayers. At the family altar he was wont to plead for the salvation of his children. But he died without seeing one of us turned to the Lord. Now, glory be to God, there are five of us serving and loving Him! Surely 'the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.'"

In this same year Mr. West was united in marriage to Elizabeth Allan, granddaughter of one who has a traditional reputation among the early Methodists of that District, and eldest daughter of William Allan, of Shiney Row,—one of the most respectable members and warmest friends of the Wesleyan Society in that neighbourhood. An interesting Memoir of Mr. Allan, Senior, appeared in the "Wesleyan Magazine" for the year 1824. Both the parties have passed away from the earth, and we may therefore, without any breach of decorum, give one extract from Mr. West's letters bearing upon this subject. It is, doubtless, of the utmost importance that a Minister of the Gospel should act

with even more than common prudence in such a transaction. It not only concerns himself, but the churches of God over which he may be placed in charge. That the subject of our memoir made a happy and judicious choice, will be manifest from what follows.

In a letter to his uncle he wrote:—"My first Sabbath in the Houghton Circuit. I was at Shiney Row in the afternoon, and, after preaching, gave tickets to the Society; in doing which, my attention was deeply interested by a young lady then present. Not that I fell in love with her,—nothing of the sort; but her peculiar modesty, unaffected simplicity, and the relation of her experience, which evidenced a deep and genuine piety, could not be other to me than subject of admiration; especially as I have had the opportunity of seeing and hearing so many of the dashing and gay, the superficiality of whose experience, and the flippancy of whose spirit, were not likely to make any but an unpleasant impression on a mind somewhat philosophical, and, I trust; sufficiently imbued with Christian principle to inquire, 'What is the chaff to the wheat?'"

That he never had occasion to regret his choice, will sufficiently appear in the course of this narrative, and especially in the touching record which will be found in his Journal in a subsequent part of the volume.

A rather amusing incident attended the celebration of the marriage ceremony. When the necessary papers were being filled up, and the question of profession was asked by the old Clergyman who officiated, he was told to enter, "Wesleyan Minister." "Wesleyan what?" "Wesleyan Minister!" "I don't know what you mean. I don't know that. What is it?" After considerable arguing *pro* and *con*, the gentleman seemed more and more bewildered, until at length Mr. West said, "Why, don't you know yet what a Methodist Preacher is?" This at once threw a flood of light upon the old Clergyman's mind; and he proceeded to fill up the entry with what he, no doubt, thought a new and unwarrantable ecclesiastical title for the ministerial descendants of John Wesley. Even at such a time Mr. West was one who could thoroughly enjoy a scene like this. His was a bland and cheerful piety. At the remotest distance from rude and unseemly gaiety, he had the art of throwing into his conversations and letters a quiet and happy mirthfulness, which rendered both his presence and epistles a delight to his friends, and made him a pleasant and beloved, as well as a useful, guest, wherever he went.

We shall close this chapter, and the record of his South Shields ministry, with the following spirited and humorous account of one of his usual Circuit excursions:—

“It seems quite a long time since I had occasion to write to you; and yet one must not undervalue epistolary correspondence. A lame man may not speak contemptuously of his crutch, nor a man with one leg sneer at a wooden substitute. The one may go limpingly, and the other stiffly; but both would be much more awkward without such help. I would rather receive from and send to one the expression of sentiment and feeling on paper than not at all. Well, let me tell you something about my journey from Shincy Row to Hepburn last Monday. I ran nearly all the way to the station, and managed to get in time. We proceeded as far as the bridge, when, behold, the engine—old ‘Jacob Perkins’—got off the way. After whistling for a while,—somewhat as sailors do in a calm, only *rather* louder, and perhaps not quite so melodious,—we touched, by the wailings of our distress, the sympathies of the ‘Owen Williams,’ who came to our relief; and no sooner did he see our deplorable case, than he drew us right back for at least two miles,—perhaps it might be to take us out of harm’s way. Having arrived at the switch-way, one of the firemen, who does not appear to have been over well furnished in his upper apartments, very deliberately,—whether to gratify his teasing propensity, or to lengthen out the fun, and so to deprive me of my tea at Hepburn, I will not take upon me to say,—at all events, he turned the switch, only on the wrong side, and with

great ease to himself, and sufficient mortification to us, turned two of the carriages off the rails. This was too bad. After a little, or rather a good deal, of scolding, which we very plainly saw did not at all affect the luckless position of the aforesaid carriages, we turned out for the purpose of lifting them on to the line. This we effected in a few minutes, and we then proceeded at a charming rate, and passed poor old 'Jacob' on the bridge, who was puffing and blowing as if he had done a great work. At length I arrived safely at Hepburn, and got into the chapel as the Chairman was 'letting off' his introductory speech. It was a most delightful meeting; and I afterward rode home in a long cart."

CHAPTER III.

HOME MINISTRY—HULL : LIVERPOOL.

THE Conference of 1842 was held in London, and Mr. West was privileged by attending its sittings. The occasion was all the more interesting to him, because it was his first visit to the British metropolis. He carefully noted down day by day an account of his employments and excursions to the most interesting and important points of the great city; but, amid all the sight-sceing, nothing made so deep an impression upon his mind as the enormous amount of Sunday desecration. It is quite possible that strangers, contemplating the unfavourable aspects of a Sabbath-day in London, forget to make sufficient allowance for the existence of some evils which must be unavoidable where such a prodigious population is wedged together. But still, admitting this, and granting that, when thus viewed, a Sunday in London may be as religiously kept as it is elsewhere, there is yet ample ground for the deepest Christian abhorrence and holy indignation. We cannot wonder that Mr. West should write down his feelings and impressions in terms like these: "I have been shocked above all things with the open and uncalled for

violation of the Sabbath. Not to mention the shops of butchers, bakers, barbers, and druggists, there are shoemakers', booksellers', ironmongers', brokers', and even toy-shops, regularly open on the Lord's day. At the same time one's ears are saluted from every quarter with the cries of milk, fish, apples, shrimps, &c. Such unblushing profanation I never saw, and could scarcely believe."

Within the Conference he was equally observant. Amongst his papers there are copious notes of the various Conferences he attended during his ministry; and at this one he seems to have been greatly amused in observing the effects produced by the labours of the "Stationing Committee" on those brethren who, in the course of Methodist rule, were changing Circuits. He himself was amongst the number; and he wrote as follows to Mrs. West in reference to his own appointment: "We have to-day resumed the question of Stations. There is no business so deeply interesting to the brethren. It is highly amusing to see some of their countenances, as their appointments are read, or changes proposed. Their faces assume all shapes in quick succession. I am glad to find, from the tone of your letter, that you are not uneasy about ours. If we are only where the Lord would have us be, all shall be well. I am not the least anxious or uneasy myself." His own appointment, however, was very unexpectedly altered. During the whole

of the Conference his name stood for Newcastle; an appointment which, had it been confirmed, would have been very congenial to his own feelings, as it would have enabled him to continue amongst old friends, and in a neighbourhood where, as we have seen, his ministry had been greatly owned of God. Believing that his destination was fixed, he left the Conference a few days before its close, and, on reaching home, made immediate arrangements for proceeding to Newcastle. But the following post brought him intelligence that he had been put down for Hull West Circuit; and, not doubting for a moment but that Providence was pointing out his path, he cheerfully acquiesced in the call of the church, turned his face from Newcastle, and entered his new Circuit with an ever increasing measure of zeal and devotedness to God and to His people.

The earlier period of Mr. West's ministry in Hull was toned by feelings of sadness. Death had entered the family circle, and snatched away the first-born son, Daniel Bruce. He deeply felt the afflictive dispensation; for no man was more ardent in his domestic affections. But at the same time these were tempered and controlled by Divine grace. Some months previous to the painful bereavement, we find him writing thus to Mrs. West:—"There is danger of our too strongly setting our heart upon this great but uncertain treasure. May God's

grace preserve us from every improper feeling, and qualify us to train him up for the Divine service!" In another letter to the same, from the Birmingham Conference of 1844, he said, "I am thankful to God in reviewing the past. All, indeed, has not been bright and pleasing. Our little loved one God took away. But he is in heaven; and we have had innumerable mercies and much enjoyment." Thus it is that the Christian's faith prepares him to contemplate calmly every contingency of life; and when he passes under a cloud, and

"Sorrow's waves around him roll,"

the cloud is lit up with heavenly brightness, and he remembers that his God "sitteth above the water-floods." He is enabled to "endure as seeing Him who is invisible," since he is well assured that

"Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face."

During Mr. West's residence in Hull, the town was visited by the Rev. James Caughey, from America, in connexion with whose ministry a wonderful revival of religion took place. The movements of this gentleman are well known to the Wesleyan community generally, both in Ireland and England. But in Hull especially everything operating for good and evil in his ministry was fully developed; and the result was that an open rupture took place between Mr. Caughey and many of the Wesleyan Ministers of this country; and

ultimately the Conference of 1844, held at Birmingham, interfered in the matter, and decided that many of the acts and proceedings of those Ministers who favoured him were at least imprudent and unadvisable. Of course no action could be taken with Mr. Caughey himself in this country, he not being amenable to any of the Connexional tribunals, although he was occupying the pulpits of various Preachers for lengthened periods; and although the tendency of much that he said and did, at least in Hull, was to lower and so far damage the influence and authority of the regular Ministers. That such was the fact in Hull is well known to many, and to the writer personally, who was there on a visit to his brother during the time of the revival. But we only introduce this topic so far as it involves the character and preaching of Mr. West. He abominated all that was ostentatious, whether in profession or style, and whether that ostentation were found in private members or in public functionaries of the church. Few men could have a higher view of the sanctity and sobriety necessary in all pulpit ministrations; and when these were infringed, he was always bold and faithful in giving expression to his opinion and feelings, when duty required him so to do. There was much in the pulpit exercises of Mr. Caughey which seemed to him to be of this kind; and whilst thankful for the apparent good accomplished, he did not fail

to express his opinion as to some of the means employed, both to Mr. Caughey in person, and to others whose official duties made the consideration of this matter obligatory upon them. At length Mr. West preached a sermon in the regular course of his ministry, which gave great dissatisfaction to some of the officers and leading members of the Society. Immediately after the delivery of the sermon, when Mr. West had retired into the vestry, it was announced that Mr. Caughey would preach upon the same subject, and correct the erroneous doctrines to which the audience had listened. An open rupture was of course the immediate result, and this event among others ultimately led to the action taken by the Conference of 1844, to which allusion has already been made.

At the March Quarterly-meeting of 1844, and notwithstanding these painful occurrences, Mr. West received a most unanimous and heartily expressed invitation to remain a third year in the Circuit. Although some differed from him in opinion, no one doubted the honesty of his convictions or the purity of his motives; and all were convinced of the value of his evangelical and heart-stirring preaching. In anticipation of the subject being introduced at the above-named meeting, Mr. West had carefully considered the whole case, and had determined to decline their request. Indeed, he had prepared in writing a statement of those

reasons which impelled him to this course. From that paper we take the following extract, as containing in substance the merits of the whole case:—

“Some time ago I preached a sermon in Waltham Street chapel, which caused considerable uneasiness to some, and gave to others much offence. The Leaders'-meeting, held immediately after the delivery of that sermon, deemed it right to make it subject of discussion. Thoroughly satisfied as I am that all the sentiments of that sermon were scriptural and Wesleyan, I am prepared to abide by it. The soundness of the discourse was admitted by one party, but by another it was denounced as unscriptural and anti-Wesleyan. To the latter I have to say that there is a tribunal appointed for the trial of Preachers of unsound doctrine; and there I am quite willing to appear and answer their charge of heresy. I am deeply grieved by what has occurred; but I am not willing to learn Wesleyan theology from a Leaders'-meeting, nor to be dictated to by it as to what I shall preach, or when I shall preach it. And after the Leaders have assumed such a position, I am sure it would not be to my own comfort, or their benefit, if I should remain another year.”

These and similar explanations and remarks were received by the Quarterly-meeting in the same spirit in which they were given,—the spirit of fidelity and love; and the result was that the whole affair was left to the decision of the ensuing Con-

ference, and Mr. West was induced to change his determination and accept the invitation. His appointment for a third year was accordingly confirmed, and the remainder of that time was spent happily and usefully amongst a loving and warm-hearted people. But before we dismiss this subject, we shall give an extract from one of Mr. West's letters, dated "April 6th, 1844," showing what were his exact views and sentiments regarding the revival.

"Our revival movement is not yet at an end. Between two and three thousand persons have professed to obtain good in these special services. But a large number of them have been previously members of our Society: so that the numerical increase will not be anything like the above number. In the East Circuit, at the last renewal of tickets, they admitted above two hundred persons as full and accredited members, and gave notes on trial to above three hundred. In our Circuit we shall not have an increase of members to report, but we gave notes on trial to five hundred and thirty-three persons. The congregations attending the services are as large as ever. Hundreds night after night cannot gain admission to our largest chapels. Some of us begin now to enter into the meaning of those words: 'Your hearts shall fear and be enlarged.'

"The preaching of this stranger I cannot pretend to describe to you. It is not like anything to which

I ever listened before; and I would almost say I never wish to listen to such preaching again. This I would say unfalteringly, only I see such prodigious effects. Well, if multitudes are saved, by whomsoever it may be done, glory be to God! O that those who have been brought in may be steadfast! May God preserve them to life everlasting!”

We have not dwelt so long on these revival proceedings, and the part Mr. West took in relation to them, for the purpose of re-opening a vexatious question settled long ago. But, coming in the regular course of our narrative, we could not pass it by in silence; and we certainly must defend, as both judicious and scriptural, the course which Mr. West adopted. When any Minister, be he who he may, gives forth an impression that he has some spiritual inspiration and discernment beyond his fellows; and when, by reason of his superior success in moving the public mind, he proceeds to undermine the proper influence and position of others, then it becomes the duty of those who have the power, however painful and difficult it may be, to restore the overflowing waters to their usual and safer channels. God forbid that we should say a word against genuine revivals! But then, to be genuine, they must be begun and sustained by the operation of the Divine Spirit. The excitement of sinners seeking mercy must be from the influence and power of the Holy Ghost. It must not be merely the result of strokes

of human wit, outrageous declamation, fanciful doctrine, or theatrical tact. God works by means, and those means are varied, but they are never derogatory in their character to the honour of Him who uses them.

Before we follow Mr. West to his next sphere of usefulness, we shall place before the reader some extracts from a letter addressed to him by a leading friend in Hull. It is valuable not only for its expression of private friendship, but also because it contains some fragments of Methodistic history worth placing on record.

“ HULL, *February 19th*, 1846.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ I HAVE delayed writing to you till I could give you some account of the re-opening of Great Thornton Street chapel, after the disaster which occurred there a few months ago, with the particulars of which you are no doubt fully acquainted. It was agreed by the Trustees to invite the Rev. S. D. Waddy to preach two sermons at the re-opening, which took place last Sunday. I need scarcely say that the congregations were immensely large, and that the sermons were of the most profitable and practical character. On the previous Friday a most interesting and profitable Tea-meeting was held in the large room adjoining the chapel; and at that meeting a sum bordering upon £300 was promised

for the Sunday collection, as a thank-offering to God, through whose especial providential care and interference no person was at all seriously hurt by a calamity which might have been attended with the most lamentable loss of life and limb. In fact, the ponderous piece of ornamental work which fell down soon after Mr. Osborn commenced his missionary sermon, descended at the *only place* where, and at the *only time* when, it could do the least amount of injury : and this has excited our gratitude and astonishment in the very highest degree. In addition to the £300 above named, the congregations generally were most liberal in their offerings ; and, with the produce of the Tea-meeting, I think we shall realize £450. Mr. Waddy was evidently not prepared to witness two such collections as followed his very excellent sermons. He said that he had never witnessed anything of the kind before, and he could scarcely hope or expect to see anything like it again. I trust, however, that such scenes may occur again in connexion with that blessed cause which is so dear to many hearts ; and that He, to whom belongs the silver and the gold, may pour out an increasing spirit of Christian liberality on His people, making them willing and ready, as in ancient times, to consecrate their substance to the cause of Him who gave His only begotten Son to redeem a fallen world. May He pour out His Spirit more copiously, and abundantly revive His work both at home and abroad !

“ I should be the medium of offering the love and affection of many in Hull, both to yourself and Mrs. West, if it were known I was writing to you. Wishing you health, happiness, and great prosperity in your Divine Master’s cause,

“ I remain, dear Sir,

“ Your very affectionate Friend,

“ T—— H——.”

From Hull we now follow Mr. West to Birkenhead, in the Liverpool North Circuit, where he commenced his ministry in 1845, having for his colleagues the Rev. Edward Walker, an old friend of his family, and the Rev. George Osborn.

In the month of October of that year, the writer was appointed by the Missionary Committee to a distant station in the Mission field: and, accompanied by his mother, he spent a few days at his brother’s house, until the time of parting came. It did come, and the scene was one with which strangers meddle not. We envy not the man who at such a season feels no melting influences, no overpowering gush of hallowed and sanctified natural affection. There is the beloved mother, her heart rent with contending emotions of joy and grief; around her stand her two sons and their wives, consecrated to the noblest of all earthly toils. The moment has come; there is the silence as of death; and then the voice of the elder begins the parting

prayer. The earnest and impassioned prayer of that hour shall never be erased from the writer's memory. It arrested every rising murmur, and calmed the agitated spirit into hallowed peace. The mother wept as she looked for the last time on the face of her departing child,—the seventh of her sons. But she remembered in that hour of trial her solemn vow recorded in the earlier part of this volume; and, difficult as it was to render the sacrifice, it was nevertheless made by the help of grace Divine.

More than ten years of separation then intervened between the writer and the subject of our memoir; and the reader will observe that the succeeding part of the narrative, concerning that period, is principally compiled from letters addressed to the former during his residence abroad. These letters were exceedingly copious, and, but for their great length, might have been given entire, as models of beautiful epistolary correspondence. They are full of personal Christian experience, ministerial reminiscences, and the passing events and incidents of Wesleyan history. In them the writer portrays unconsciously his own character and history. And “what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him?”

Six months after his arrival in the Liverpool Circuit, we find Mr. West writing thus:—

“BIRKENHEAD, *February 3rd*, 1846.

“I LIKE my Circuit well, and find the friends increasingly kind. I am sorry that I have not much to report as to Circuit prosperity; and yet we have much to cheer us and to encourage our hopes for the future. We have no increase of numbers, but we have an increase in all the congregations in town and country. Several have been brought into the fold of Christ, and we have all three” (referring to himself and colleagues) “had seals to our ministry. Would that there were many more! I increasingly feel that it is necessary to aim directly at the conversion of men to God. I covet the wisdom by which souls are won to the Saviour; and I covet to be at the last among those who, having turned many to righteousness, ‘shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.’

“You will, no doubt, feel interested in the progress of the Evangelical Alliance movement. I am glad to report that it goes on satisfactorily. There are many difficulties, some of which we have already met: and blessed be God, who has most signally helped and guided His servants. The children of Israel, in days of old, were neither more certainly nor more manifestly guided in their movements, than we have been in the various inquiries and arrangements which have occupied the attention of the two ‘Conferences on Christian Union’ which have been already held. With the proceedings of the

first Conference, held in Liverpool last October, you are already acquainted, and I will now confine my remarks to the result of the second Conference, which was held three weeks ago in the same hall."

It may be thought by some quite unnecessary here to give the detailed account of the proceedings referred to; but we may observe that Mr. West entered with all his heart into the catholic spirit and objects of the Alliance; and so far as his influence and abilities went, he served its interests whenever duty called or opportunity presented, both by his pulpit ministrations and by powerful platform pleadings. He thought it no mean honour even to have his name associated in any way with those of the noble and great in Christendom, who had banded themselves together in laying down a moral electric telegraph, that should pervade with common sympathies, and bind together, in one spirit of life and love, the entire family of Him who is "Head over all things to the church, which is His body, the fulness of Him that filleth all in all."

The first and second Alliance Conferences were grand and unique assemblages. The most gifted and large-hearted Christians of the present age were gathered there, for the purpose of giving unity and form to a scheme of practical spiritual brotherhood in Christ, such as should rise above all the comparatively paltry and unimportant distinctions and

differences of sectarian views and denominational names. The record of those meetings is a matter of modern church history; but it cannot be too well known or too widely circulated: and the letter from which we are about to quote, gives us a condensed but striking view of the entire proceedings, in which Mr. West himself took an active part.

“The Chair was occupied by Sir C. E. Smith. There were present Ministers and laymen from all parts of the country, and of all religious denominations. The first business arose out of the question, ‘What shall be the constitution of the proposed Evangelical Alliance?’ A long, earnest, and anxious consultation followed this question. The result may be briefly stated. There is to be an Annual Conference. The first will be held in London, next August, (1846.) The persons composing that Conference, together with all such corresponding members as shall not be present, but shall signify their approval of the measures adopted by the Conference, shall constitute for the time being the ‘Evangelical Alliance.’ Perhaps, however, my best plan will be to give you the Resolutions which were adopted. ‘1. That the parties to be invited to the Conference in August shall be the members and corresponding members of the four divisions of the Provisional Committee in all parts of the world.’ ‘2. That the four divisions of the Committee be requested to use their best endeavours to increase

the number of their corresponding members, so as to include all those friends of the projected Alliance—whether Ministers or laymen—within their several Districts, whom it may be desirable to invite.’

‘3. That corresponding members of each division of the Committee shall be entitled to sit and vote at any meeting of their own division, or at any meeting of the aggregate Committee at which they may be present.’

‘4. That, postponing for the present any more complete and extended organization, it be recommended that the Alliance shall consist of those members of the Committee and corresponding members who may be present at the Conference in August, and concur in the course then resolved upon; and of such absent members and corresponding members as shall signify their approbation of the same.’

‘5. That a doctrinal basis of union is indispensable; and the present summary of principles shall substantially be the basis of the projected Alliance.’

“The Rev. Edward Bickersteth then read a series of Resolutions in harmony with the instructions of the Conference to the Provisional Committee, to use their best efforts by all suitable means to awaken attention to the subject of Christian union, to explain the objects, and, as far as possible, to diffuse the spirit of the Conference. The Resolutions were six in number. ‘1. That in seeking the correction of what we believe wrong in others, we desire, in

humble dependence on the grace of God, to obey ourselves, and, by our practice and influence, to impress upon others, the command of Christ, to consider first the beam that is in our own eye. That we will therefore strive to promote, each in his own communion, a spirit of repentance and humiliation for its peculiar sins, and to exercise a double measure of forbearance in reproof, where reproof is needful, the faults of those Christian brethren who belong to other bodies than our own.’

‘2. That when required by conscience to assert or defend any views or principles wherein we differ from Christian brethren who agree with us in vital truths, we will aim earnestly, by the help of the Holy Spirit, to avoid all rash and groundless insinuations, personal imputations, or irritating allusions, and to maintain the meekness and gentleness of Christ by speaking the truth only in love.’

‘3. That while we believe it highly desirable that Christians of different bodies who hold the Head, should own each other as brethren by some such means as it is hoped the proposed Evangelical Alliance will afford, we disclaim the thought as injurious and uncharitable, that those only who openly join this Society are sincere friends to the cause of Christian union. That, on the contrary, we regard all those as its true friends who solemnly purpose in their hearts, and in any way profess that purpose with their lips, and fulfil it in their prac-

tice, to be more watchful in future against occasions of strife, more tender and charitable towards Christians from whom they differ, and more constant in prayer for the unity of the whole body of Christ.' '4. That we therefore would invite, humbly and earnestly, all Ministers of the Gospel, all conductors of religious publications, and others, who have influence in various bodies of Christians, to place on public record, in any way they prefer, their serious purpose to watch more than ever against sins of the heart, or the tongue, or the pen, towards Christians of other denominations; and to promote more zealously than hitherto a spirit of peace, unity, and godly love among all true believers in the Lord Jesus Christ.' '5. That while several reasons may hinder Christians who belong to the Society of Friends, and to other denominations, from direct union or co-operation with the Provisional Committee, we desire to acknowledge all those of them as Christian brethren who—except with reference to the "Divine institution of the Christian ministry, and the authority and perpetuity of the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's supper"—adhere to the same basis of evangelical truth, and manifest in their lives the fruits of righteousness; and to practise towards them, no less than towards believers of other bodies, the same maxims of forbearance and love.' '6. That since we are commanded by the Holy Spirit to add

to brotherly kindness love, and are bound to pray that all who profess and call themselves Christians should be led into the way of truth; we earnestly recommend to the members of the Provisional Committee of the proposed Evangelical Alliance special prayer for all merely nominal Christians holding those errors which the basis of this union is designed to exclude, as well as Jews and Gentiles throughout the world.'”

Mr. West attended the Conference above referred to, held in London, August, 1846; and of it he states, in one of his letters, “Some of the scenes I then witnessed I shall never forget. A few of the speeches were magnificent. We are meeting with a good deal of opposition; but our full conviction is that the movement is from the Lord, and has hitherto been conducted by His counsel.”

Leaving, however, these great and mighty movements, in which of course Mr. West could only take a somewhat subordinate part, where there was such a galaxy of intellectual and spiritual nobility,—let us once more follow him to his more immediate circle of daily influence and toil.

Under the date of “July 24th, 1846,” Mr. West again wrote as follows:—“As to the work of God in our Circuit, I think upon the whole I may say it wears a favourable and an encouraging aspect. Our congregations are good, and some are being converted and added to the church. Perhaps you

may be aware that we are in Liverpool burdened with heavy chapel debts. At our last Quarterly-meeting, we resolved to form a Circuit Chapel Fund. This promises fair, and, if successful in its working, it will be an unspeakable blessing. I may just add, that this subject is increasingly engaging the attention of our Connexion. In several Circuits in various parts of the country the most vigorous and successful exertions have been made. I am persuaded there is nothing more needed among us as a body. The Church and the Papists are building places of worship on all hands, and increasing the number of their agents; and unless we bestir ourselves, we shall be caten out of the land.

“I have lately been doing a little in the way of sermonizing. I don't know whether I should tell you, I have had sundry votes of thanks for them. I should be very glad to change notes with you; but there is no chance. I hope you will give me some idea in your next letter of the character of your work; your style of preaching to the natives; what sort of a house you live in; what you eat and drink; and whether you are imbibing any of the cannibal propensities of those amongst whom you dwell. Well, now I must conclude. My dear brother, let us live to God, and do good in the world. Our great business is to save ourselves and them that hear us. I see more and more distinctly, and feel more and more deeply, the connexion

between personal piety and ministerial usefulness. I see, too, the possibility of being the official keepers of other men's vineyards while we neglect our own. May God save us both from this! O that at the throne of our Redeemer and Judge we may be able to say, 'Here are we, Lord, and the children whom Thou hast given us!'

“BIRKENHEAD, *October 14th, 1846.*

“WE are favoured with an opportunity of sending what you desire by our new missionary ship, the 'John Wesley,' which is expected to sail for the South Seas in about a fortnight. I am not in the best mood for letter-writing, but of course I cannot let this opportunity slip without writing you. But what shall I write? To begin with Conference. You will be aware before this reaches you that the Rev. William Atherton is our President. He made quite a characteristic speech on taking the Chair. Among many other things, he observed, that he was the oldest preacher who had ever been elected President; (as much as to say, 'It's no credit to you that you did not make me President sooner.') He believed himself the only man who had been called to the Chair, who did not come to the Conference with a full persuasion that he would be so. To him it was altogether unexpected. In consequence of this, he laboured under peculiar disadvantages. In the first place, his coat was not in keeping with the

dignity to which they had raised him. Had he known, he would have provided himself with a good suit of clothes, and a coat to do credit to the President of the Wesleyan Conference. (Two days afterward he appeared in a bran new suit.) In the next place, if he had expected to be President, he would have made a new sermon. But he feared that as the case stood, instead of his being able to address them as the sons of Levi ought to be addressed, he would be under the necessity of addressing them as sinners of the Gentiles. He was aware of his infirmity,—a tendency to be sharp and sarcastic: he would therefore begin by asking pardon of the Rev. Joseph Fowler in particular, and of everybody else in general. He then proceeded with the ordinary business of the Conference; and everything was done with great dispatch. We were sorry to find that our connexional increase during the year was so very small. What is to be done? That something must be done I am certain. I don't think that Methodism is less adapted to the spiritual wants of the people now than it was thirty years ago. But it is certain we are not making the impression upon society made in former times. O that the Lord may show us His way, and revive us again!

“I have been trying to sit in judgment upon myself,—trying the question in relation to my own ministry. I am endeavouring to humble myself

before God; and I am aiming more directly and more constantly at the saving of souls. I never felt the force of these words as I do now: 'Remember, it is not your business to preach so many sermons, but to save as many souls as you can.' Last Sabbath morning I preached from 2 Peter i. 10, 11. The object of the discourse was to stir up the church to greater industry and zeal. In the evening I preached from Luke vi. 46. The object of this discourse was to exhibit the practical inconsistency of multitudes who profess that they know God, but who in works deny Him; who hold the truth in unrighteousness. Both sermons, I have since found, were greatly blessed. To God be all the praise! Of the latter discourse the following is the bare outline.

"The words of the text imply an acknowledgment on the part of the hearers, 1. Of the authority of the teacher; 2. Of the truth and importance of his doctrines; and, 3. Of the duty and advantage of following his instructions. The text involves a charge to the effect that the practice of the hearers is inconsistent with their profession; and this charge is immediately followed by a declaration of the folly of such conduct, and of the final ruin in which it is certain to result. I mention this, not for any value there is in it, but to make my poor letter the more like life intercourse, by giving you a peep at the workings of my mind. Shall I give you a few more passing thoughts? On Monday night last I preached

from 2 Kings vi. 14-17. An historical introduction. Under the circumstances of the case nothing could be more natural than the servant's alarm, or more extraordinary than the tranquillity of the Prophet. No danger could be greater or more manifest than that which now threatened him. And yet he is wholly unmoved. Not a single anxiety, not a solitary emotion of fear, disturbs for a moment the deep peace of his soul. Whence this wondrous self-possession,—this mysterious calmness? Elisha was confident that the God whom he served would take care of him. He was strong in that 'faith' which 'is the evidence of things not seen.' He was well assured that even now ministering spirits were encamped around him to deliver. 'Fear not,' said he: 'they that be with us are more than they that be with them.' There is a spiritual world around us. Faith is to the soul what the eye is to the body. By the latter, we perceive the existence of objects around us,—beauties to admire, dangers to shun, &c. There is a spiritual world around us, but the natural man perceiveth it not, any more than a blind man perceives the verdure of the trees, or the ten thousand various objects in heaven above, and in the earth beneath. He has no more, he can have no more, than a general persuasion of their existence, consequent upon the concurrent testimony of others. I take Elisha to be a type of the spiritual man, who has the faith which is the 'evidence of things not

seen.' I take his servant as a type of the natural man, who discerneth not the things of the Spirit. Elisha lives by faith,—his servant walks by sight. And faith was as good to the Prophet, as sight was to his servant. The one was as fully assured of the presence of the heavenly host by his faith, as the other was of the same fact when his eyes were opened and he saw them. And the assurance of faith was as tranquillizing as was the assurance of sight. See the tranquillity of the one in danger, the excitement and alarm of the other ; and learn that there is a difference between him that serveth God, and him that serveth Him not. Mark the inviolable safety of God's people. But, finally, they are safe, and peaceful in consequence, only in proportion to their faith.

“So much for sermonizing. I am sorry to say that in our Circuit we do not appear to be making much spiritual advancement. Our congregations are very good. There seems to be the spirit of hearing ; but there is a lack of unction with the work. Sinners are not converted ; and our numbers do not increase. I am sorely perplexed about it. I cannot perceive any cause in operation sufficient to account for this state of things. Is the Lord restraining His Spirit, and teaching us to cease from man and trust only in Himself? Are we resting upon the excellency of our church system, and the number and adaptation of our agencies,

and so not in a condition to give God the glory due to His name? O that God may shine upon His work and upon us! We have determined to make a few changes in the working of our Circuit. Each of us shall be confined to one chapel as to its week-night services,—Mr. Walker at Brunswick chapel, Mr. Osborn at Great Homer Street, and myself at Birkenhead. We think the arrangement will establish a better acquaintance and stronger sympathy between the Preachers and their respective charges. At all events, we mean to make the experiment. I think I shall like it well. I intend immediately setting about preparing a series of lectures on the worthies of the ancient church.”

Turning from these grave and important matters, we now give an extract of a different kind from the same letter. The writer had written to England for a magic lantern, with suitable slides, for the instruction and amusement of the Friendly Islanders. The lantern was duly received, and proved a most useful addition to the Missionary’s means of instruction; and the writer has more than once witnessed the effects so graphically described in the following picture:—“By the way, Tom, what are you going to do with that magic lantern? I am afraid you have some design upon the natives! You will be exhibiting to them the ghost of some of their great-great-grandfathers, ‘as large as life, and twice as natural.’ Now be sure you explain

to them the magic of the business, or else you will have to be put down among the necromancers. I can fancy a great stalwart Friendly Islander, entranced with a scene in your phantasmagoria. See how his strong frame is bowed and leans forward! Look at his eyes,—what expression! Look at his mouth,—how wide!—the ends of it going round to his ears, to invite their attention also to the marvellous scene! But wo, my funny steed! we have had a gallop! Here am I in my own study again, looking out on my little garden. The leaves of the trees are russeting and falling; only a flower here and there,—and they begin to look pinched with the cold. They smell the approach of winter, and look sad. And ‘we all do fade as a leaf!’ It is at present a solemn truth with us in this place. Many are dying. O that we may be ready when our summons shall come! O cherish as your highest privilege, and the source of your purest and loftiest joys, communion with God. Let the maintenance and improvement of your personal piety be your first concern,—the saving of others your second. Forgive me if I urge this on you. It is with a brother’s affection I do it.”

During the year 1847, Mr. West’s health seriously failed, and great fears were entertained by his friends that his work on earth was well-nigh accomplished. Shortly after the Conference, he

was compelled to retire for a time from his active ministerial labours. The kindness of his colleagues, and the Liverpool friends generally, at this season of personal affliction, made a deep impression on his heart; and, under God's blessing, the means employed for his restoration were successful. His disease was an affection of the throat and chest, and general debility. He was recommended to proceed at once to a more genial climate, and accordingly he left for France on the 27th of November. He was absent from his Circuit for about four months. For various reasons he did not remain long on the Continent, but preferred taking up his abode at the Isle of Wight, where he remained during the greater part of the above-named period.

What now were his views and feelings, away from the excitements of public engagements? He was earnest and indefatigable while in health; what were his feelings now that the Master had laid him low, and seemed to require his services no longer? These questions are amply and delightfully answered by his own invaluable letters, from which we select but one.

“ISLE OF WIGHT, *January 1st, 1848.*

“MY DEAR BROTHER,

“YOU will no doubt be curious to know the reason of my present abiding in this nook of the

earth. I have been here for about six weeks, for the benefit of my health. Shortly after the last Conference, I felt as if worn out, and unable for my work. I still, however, struggled on till the last week in October, when I caught a severe cold, and then I lost my voice. The friends in the Circuit were as kind as could be. They told me I must at once get away for a season to a warmer climate. I first thought of somewhere in the south of France; and so far I acted on that thought. I reached Boulogne-sur-Mer at the end of November. But the weather was cold and gloomy. I was alone among strangers. My knowledge of French was somewhat scanty; and the customs of the people were to me novel, and not the most congenial: in a week I was tired, and left. I think now there was a kind Providence in this. I came to this island, and my health has been restored; so that now I hope in the course of a few weeks more to resume my labours. I cannot tell you how or what I have felt while laid aside. It has been a time for examination and review; and I trust the whole will be so sanctified to me, as that I shall be a better and more useful man and Christian in the time to come. I am quite sure that He whose I am, and whom I serve, has had some gracious end in view. And, if I do not greatly mistake my own heart, I am more concerned that this end should be fully answered, than I am that my affliction should

be removed. Not that I am careless of this. For O, how I long to be restored to my place in the vineyard of my Lord! But I mean that, before such restoration, I would feel that the purpose of my Heavenly Father's love has been fulfilled.

“ I like this place very much. It is delightfully situated, and is sheltered from the north and east winds. It is warm and genial. Though this is the month of January, there are many geraniums, stocks, wall-flowers, roses, and other flowers, blooming in the gardens. The scenery is very pretty; and there are some spots of great beauty. I have rambled about as much as possible during my stay. Indeed, I have been under the necessity of adopting every possible means of keeping me alive,—I am so tired with doing nothing. Every little thing has been an important incident, and exertion has been a relief. We have here a little chapel, and I have very closely attended it since I came. The supply of the pulpit has not been very choice. The Sunday before last was to me a day of sore temptation. We had as our Preacher for the day a brother who was certainly the poorest preacher to whom I ever listened. And, what was worst of all, his affectation and conceit were altogether intolerable. The pompous nothingness of his sermons beggars all my power of description. I am very much mistaken if he has a call to preach. It is not his plainness or small abilities of which I speak; but the utter

emptiness of the sermons, and the insufferable affectation of his absurd manner. O, the plain truth about my Saviour's love and grace would have been to my spirit as the stream of the water of life. Last Sunday we had a delightful contrast to the above. Mr. Blackwell, late a Missionary in the West Indies, preached morning and evening. The sermons were capital; and I was much blessed. I hope good was done!

“At the last Conference we were all very much grieved to find that there had been a decrease in our numbers during the year of about two thousand. This is a very sad affair. Something is wrong somewhere. I am decidedly of the opinion expressed by the Clergyman of this parish, who called upon me yesterday, that there is a general and lamentable want of Divine unction in our public ministrations. Probably there never was a time when, both in the Established Church and out of it, there was a greater number of able and faithful men. There never was a time when so extensive an agency for good was at work. And nothing can be more remarkable or humbling than the scanty results. It is a season of spiritual drought. I am fully convinced that one great sin of the time is creature trust. The Spirit is not honoured. Our agency is so extensive, our plans so wise, our men so able, our apparatus so perfectly adapted to the desired end, we must succeed; and yet we fail.

I think I can hear, as of old, a voice saying, 'The people that are with thee are too many for Me.' We require to be humbled, and shorn of our strength. We are not, indeed, to be independent of means; but O, we must look through them to God! O that the Achan in the church may speedily be discovered, and the days of our triumph and conquest restored!

"I remain your affectionate Brother,

"DANIEL WEST."

A week or two before the date of the above letter Mr. West had purposed returning to his Circuit, although but partially recovered. In addition to his own eagerness to resume his ministry, he well knew the difficulty connected with the merely temporary supply of the Circuit during his absence; and he was, therefore, most anxious to return. The anxiety, however, of his friends in Liverpool was of a different kind, as will appear from the following Resolution forwarded to him from the Quarterly Meeting, held December 28th:—"Resolved, that this Meeting sincerely sympathizes with our esteemed Minister, the Rev. Daniel West, in his affliction; they rejoice to hear of his returning health; but they earnestly request he will not abridge his stay in a climate so favourable, until he has good grounds to hope that his return to his labours will not endanger his future health."

Such being their high estimate of his labours, and the kindly sympathies existing between them and their beloved Pastor, can we wonder that, having been spared to return amongst them and complete his term of residence, he should place on record the feelings of his heart in these terms? “In the review of the three years in Liverpool North Circuit, now completing, I am humbled and yet thankful. Many deficiencies, much amiss, and yet I have been useful. I have lived in the affectionate regards of my people, and I shall ever praise God for three years’ habitation in this Circuit on my way to the heavenly home.”

We shall close this chapter with two incidents which occurred during Mr. West’s sojourn in Liverpool. Were the writer disposed so to do, he might intersperse the narrative with many amusing events; but his task is too mournful to permit the introduction of such material to any great extent.

One evening, during Mr. West’s illness, he was returning in a most exhausted state toward the Birkenhead Ferry. There was no conveyance near, and he felt almost unable to hold on his way. At length he heard the noise of an approaching vehicle, which in the darkness seemed something like an omnibus. The driver pulled up, and hailed him: “Will you have a ride, Sir?” “Yes.” He at once dismounted, opened the door, and *locked* him in. There was no light, but Mr. West fancied the

“bus” looked rather dingy and queer. At length it stopped near to the Ferry, and, on Mr. West getting out and offering the fare, the whole mystery was explained. He had been accommodated with a seat in a *prison van*; and the driver, a Wesleyan, said, “There is nothing to pay, Sir: I saw who you were, and that you were looking very exhausted, and therefore I pulled up, and offered you a ride in one of Her Majesty’s carriages!”

The other incident we shall give in Mr. West’s own words, in a letter addressed to Mrs. West. He was accompanied in the journey of which he speaks by the Rev. William Willan.

“DOCKWRAY NEAR ULLSWATER,
“ June 20th, 1848.

“MY DEAREST LIZZIE,

“I WROTE you a brief note this morning just to inform you of my whereabouts. Since writing that note we have had a good day’s travel: a bright sky, a rather broiling sun, and seventeen miles’ walking through lovely and richly diversified scenery. We had a very interesting incident by the way. Having walked from Ambleside to Patterdale after breakfast, a distance of ten miles, we were disposed to gratify our inner man with something in the shape of dinner; but not being willing, for various reasons, to patronize the inn at Patterdale, we walked on, expecting to meet with another. Having pro-

ceeded about a mile of up-hill road, and made inquiries of some persons we met on the road as to how far it was to the next inn, we learned it was seven miles. What a dreary prospect for two tired and hungry travellers ! But we had coffee with us, and we thought we might go into some cottage or house by the roadside, and get them to boil us some water, and give us a little bread and butter. We accordingly made our application respectfully ; but the persons were churlish and inhospitable. We told them our case, but they were impatient. We offered them money,—but no, we could not be accommodated. We turned from their door with the intention of walking back to the inn at Patterdale, but caught sight of a little cottage on the other side of the road. It was a very humble affair, but the old body was very kind. She made up the fire, boiled the kettle, brought up some capital bread and butter. We gave her a cup for herself, and she said she had never tasted anything like it. We left her some for a future occasion, and gave her a shilling cash, with which she seemed in a state of high delectation. At the close of our repast, an old hawker came in with a wee basket full of laces, and pins, and tape,—value in all fourpence, (her own valuation). Mr. Willan gave her fourpence ; and I, catching the twang of north side the border, immediately opened out my broad Scotch. The poor old woman was amazed and delighted. We talked to her about good things,

and she was evidently well read in the Bible, and familiar with Christian truth. She then gave us thanks, and with great exultation said, ‘Noo, Sirs, thanks to you and to God who sent me ti ye! I hae enough to get me some supper, and pay for my bed.’ As she was going, I gave her an odd four-penny bit: the tears started into her eye, and she said, ‘An noo, Sirs, I’ll hae a cup o’ tea;’ as if that was a thing with which she had long ceased to be familiar. We gave her some of our coffee, and O, if you had only seen her! Altogether, I shall not soon forget the cottage of Betty Grisdale.

“Yours, as ever,

“DANIEL WEST.”

CHAPTER IV.

HOME MINISTRY—SHEFFIELD : LONDON :
BIRMINGHAM.

WE now approach an eventful period in the history of Methodism, with which, more or less, the character and position of all its Ministers stood intimately connected. We shall endeavour carefully to avoid any discussion of the various measures of a public nature which distracted the Connexion ; but, at the same time, we must not compromise the truthfulness of our memoir by withholding Mr. West's views upon these subjects, or failing to describe the course of action he took.

He removed from Liverpool to Sheffield at the Conference of 1848, and it would seem that, although sufficiently restored to health to warrant his entering a new Circuit, he had at times serious apprehensions that his career of usefulness in the church of Christ would soon be terminated. Under the date of "April 27th, 1849," we find him expressing his feelings thus :—

"As for myself I hardly know what to write. During the last twelve months, my health upon the whole has been pretty good. And yet sometimes a lowness of spirits creeps upon me, and I think my

day of ministerial toil will soon close. But Christ is my Saviour, and I am journeying to heaven! I see the hand of God in my appointment to this Circuit! The friends are very kind. Since I came here, I have laboured hard, and not in vain. My colleagues and self are of one heart, and God condescends to bless our united labours. At Christmas we had a small increase of two hundred and fifty, with upwards of two hundred on trial. In several of our country places the Societies have been doubled, and even trebled. To God be the praise! and I pray God that He may strengthen me for His work, and daily make me more meet to be employed in it. I suppose you will not have much time for miscellaneous pursuits on the Mission field. You have higher and holier objects to engage your attention, and to which you have consecrated yourself, and been set apart by the church of God. At the same time a little recreation, in natural and experimental philosophy, is perhaps necessary, and, where there is a taste for it, will serve to prepare the mind for a more vigorous application to those other and higher pursuits. I sometimes feel, for my own part, as if a very brief period would serve to wind up my public labours, were it not for recreation of the sort referred to. Such is the wear and tear of mind and body, that every now and then I feel unstrung. And mental repose, or pleasurable recreation, becomes to me essential for the restoration of elasticity and

vigour. Only in my own case I don't happen to enjoy a vigorous body; and what might perhaps be necessary for me, would be hurtful to another, or, at all events, unnecessary."

The above extract seems to suggest that this is the proper place to offer a remark upon the mechanical and scientific genius of Mr. West. This characteristic of his mind was developed in his early years, and gave him unceasing and increasing gratification through life. In most, if not all, of the Circuits in which he travelled, he had an apartment set aside as a sort of workshop, although he had never been taught any mechanical employment. His knowledge of such matters was entirely the result of careful reading and observation; and whatever was new in science or art, he endeavoured to understand thoroughly by reducing it, where practicable, to experiment. He constructed various useful and amusing optical and other philosophical instruments. But he did not pursue these inquiries and experiments for merely personal purposes. He made them contribute to the cause of the Gospel, many handsome sums from Missionary bazaars, &c., having been the fruit of Mr. West's ingenuity and kindness. It may also be added here, that the plates illustrating this volume are from photographic pictures taken by himself during his journeys in different parts of Western Africa.

There is, no doubt, a danger with regard to

Ministers of the Gospel, lest such engagements should encroach upon time which ought to be otherwise spent; but it is clear that, in Mr. West's case, these pursuits were kept in their proper place, and were made useful auxiliaries to his more important spiritual work. And the possession of these acquirements gave him an influence and power, more especially over the younger members of the various Societies where he laboured, which he well knew how to employ to the best advantage. There are numbers of young persons, in various parts of the country, who will not soon forget, if ever, the deep interest he took in their mental and spiritual improvement.

In the same letter from which we have just been quoting, Mr. West refers at large to the Connexional affairs of the day. As one of the members of Christ's mystical body, he was keenly sensitive to every blow struck at God's Ministers and work, and more particularly the attempts so strenuously made to damage the Mission cause,—a cause which, from the very commencement of his ministry, had been dear to his heart, and to the advocacy of which he had devoted much of his time. Referring to these attempts, he wrote thus:—

“We have been greatly disturbed, during the Methodistical year, with ‘Fly Sheets,’ ‘Refutations,’ and ‘Vindications,’ &c.; and a whole heap of correspondence in the ‘Watchman’ and ‘Wesleyan

Times.' The 'Fly Sheets' are, no doubt, an abomination. Their spirit is slanderous and wicked; but I am fully convinced that we, who think so of them, have magnified their importance by the trouble we have given ourselves about them. Not that I have ever written a line on the subject; but it is surprising what a disposition has been shown to meddle in this affair. A spirit of knight-errantry has come on many. A campaign, too, has been undertaken against the Mission funds; but I trust the storm will soon blow over. I think, upon the whole, that the people are somewhat disposed to settle down; and I hope the ultimate issue will not be very serious."

These hopes were doomed to painful disappointment, as the sequel will show. But, in the mean time, we must follow the subject of our memoir to a new field of labour. Mr. West's residence in Sheffield was terminated at the close of the second year, solely in consequence of the serious indisposition of Mrs. West, for whose sake a more suitable climate further south was sought. Mr. West had many seals to his ministry during those two years; and not the least interesting conversion occurred whilst he was preaching his last sermon in Carver Street chapel.

A young gentleman was present on that occasion, who had pledged himself to a Clergyman of the Church of England, that he would assuredly be a

Churehman when he became of age. His determination, however, was changed, when, under the discourse referred to, he felt "the powers of the world to come." His conscience was reached, his heart and life were changed, and he gave the affections of the one, and the energies of the other, to the people amongst whom he had received these spiritual blessings. He shortly after began to meet in Class, and blessed God, that through attending the Methodist chapel, and hearing that sermon, he was saved from the danger of being, as some of his fellow-students then were, namely, at Oxford, on their way to Rome.

With such encouraging testimony from his Great Master to the continued usefulness of his pulpit services, did Mr. West leave Sheffield, and, at the Conference of 1850, proceed to the Hinde Street, or Sixth London, Circuit. He had many forebodings of coming mischief, and went to his new appointment with a heavy heart, but determined, nevertheless, to be more than ever a preacher of "Christ and Him crucified."

But we must tread lightly here, and trace with as delicate a touch as possible the bare outline of painful events at the period and in the place of which we now speak. Nay, will it not be better to let the curtain of oblivion fall over the picture of disturbance and ecclesiastical anarchy which might be drawn? The surges of passion, and the sounds of

revolutionary elamour, swept over the face of the entire Wesleyan community, but nowhere with greater force, or more fearful havoc, than in the Circuit where Mr. West's lot was cast in the order of Divine Providence. But we refrain. Those principally concerned, at least, of the Ministers, have passed away. The very solemn reflection is pressed upon us, that Dr. Beaumont and Mr. West, the two who stood most prominently forward in the conflicts of the day, had each a remarkable and deeply affecting close of ministerial toil. Whilst their sun seemed yet high in the firmament of life, they were called to their great and glorious reward. We behold the brilliant and useful career of the one terminated by a sudden visitation from God, in the very presence of those who were catching from his lips the words of life and salvation; and we see the other almost as suddenly, and at least as unexpectedly, called from earth to heaven. To a Christian's mind there was something grand and impressive in the fall of both. They fell with their armour on, and the chariots of heaven, and the horsemen thereof, carried them at once from the field of their activities and toils to the eternal calm and peace of heaven.

Their actions and opinions were made subjects of public scrutiny, and received from the contending parties either animadversion or praise, as the case might be, whilst they lived. But the irreversible award of the Great Judge of all has been affixed

since then: and we feel that if it could be done without any compromise of character, or of the great principles of truth and righteousness then at stake, any desire either to vindicate or censure the conduct of those concerned who have departed from the earth, might be at once discarded. Still we cannot forget that the actions of public men, and especially Ministers of the Gospel, leave their lasting impress in public records and upon the public mind, and that they sway that mind for good or evil. Whilst, therefore, we may be tender, we must be faithful.

Dr. Beaumont was, in early life, intimately acquainted with Mr. West's relations in Glasgow; and, however they may have differed as to matters of church discipline at the time of which we now speak, no doubt they aimed at holding the "unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." And where they failed to do so, we must regard the failure as the result of difference in judgment, and not of principle. We think it better, however, to let Mr. West speak for himself, and leave the reader to form his own opinion on the general merits of the case, and not as it bears upon any individual character.

Under the date of "January 21st, 1851," Mr. West thus wrote down his feelings and views:—

"To my grief and sore trial I am stationed in this Sixth London Circuit. In these times of Methodist agitation and turmoil, it is no joke to be in

an important Circuit. I hardly know whether I should pursue this subject further. And yet, in the newspapers which I have sent you, there are many strange accounts, some of which concern myself. I am trying to do my duty as a Methodist Preacher, but it has been my fortune to receive in this Circuit insults, hard names, and torrents of abuse. I am called now to *suffer* the will of God. You would scarcely believe the scenes which I and my colleagues have witnessed in meeting Classes and in Leaders'-meetings, &c. As far as I can judge, an extensive division here is inevitable. And I wish the crisis hastened on. It is, indeed, fearful to think of a Minister wishing for a division in the church of Christ. But the spirit of suspicion, slander, and strife, has so entirely possessed the disaffected, that, independently of their mistaken views of church polity, they blight, and must blight, the work of God. O that the Lord may mercifully interfere on our behalf!.....You will see from this what an anxious and worrying time I have of it; and yet I am a wonder to myself. God has been very, very gracious to me. I enjoy His presence and love, and He mercifully keeps me in a measure of health and strength to labour in His work and for His glory. In the midst of all the uproar I am cheered with some evidences that my labour is not in vain. I have had, blessed be God, a few seals to my ministry even here. O that they were multi-

plied an hundred fold ! Our friends in the Chelsea Circuit have been holding a series of special services. They have been well attended, and highly satisfactory. I preached to them on Friday night last. Several persons, during and after the sermon, professed to find peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. O, how much better this is than fighting with those who are 'given to change !' O that the strife of tongues might be superseded by the cry, 'Men and brethren, what must we do to be saved ?' "

Again :—

" I really have of late been tempted to wish that I was like you in the Friendly Islands, far away from this din and tumult ; but I suppose every situation, yours not excepted, has its difficulties and disagreeables. And I know that He, in whose hands my times are, does all things well, and good must come out of even this. I am going to-night to a place where we have a nice little chapel, and a snug wasps' nest. When I was there in December, meeting three of the Classes for tickets, one of the Leaders stopped his supplies. On my asking him why he did so, he said, Because he saw so much need of reform. 'Look at the Mission House,' said he : 'I am far from being satisfied with its affairs.' Among other things he said, 'I suppose, Sir, it's no sin to be poor ?' 'O dear, no : the Lord Jesus Christ was poorer than either of us.' 'Well,' said he, 'there's my wife and me, we've been trying for

this ten years to get a chest of drawers, and have not been able; whilst in the Reports for the last nine years upwards of seven hundred pounds have been spent on the Secretaries for physic!’ ‘Well, but,’ said I, ‘you don’t think surely that those poor fellows have swallowed all that physic?’ ‘What do I know? The physic’s been got, I suppose; for there’s the money charged in the Reports for it.’ I explained, of course, that this was not for the Secretaries’ own use, but for the use of Mission families and thousands of natives on various foreign stations. But it was of no use. He was determined to find fault. I wonder it did not strike him, that if the authorities at the Mission House had really swallowed so much medicine, the supposed evils of which he complained would certainly have been cured long ago!”

At length the state of the Hinde Street Circuit was fully and separately examined into by the proper ecclesiastical courts of Methodism. An organized schism existed in the Circuit, comprising many officers and members of the Society; and the persons comprehended in this organization had disturbed the peace of the church, prevented the due administration of Methodist discipline, superseded the Ministers in official meetings, and cut off, to a large extent, the ordinary supplies for the work of God in the Circuit, and for the institutions of Methodism in general. There also existed

a serious difference between the Superintendent, Dr. Beaumont, and his colleagues. They felt that the application and maintenance of discipline was indispensable: he thought that none was required, and would exercise none. They attempted discipline by refusing tickets to factious Leaders: he unconditionally gave them their tickets; and thus what his colleagues did, he undid. And, in addition to this, Dr. Beaumont preferred charges, of a disciplinary nature, against his three colleagues, and especially against Mr. West. All these matters were most carefully and faithfully examined and considered by the assembled Ministers; and the entire result of that investigation the writer has before him, in Mr. West's copious and instructive correspondence. Suffice it to say, that his proceedings, in union with some of his colleagues, received the approval of his fathers and brethren in the ministry. That he did not get involved in these matters from any love of controversy, is sufficiently shown by the spirit breathed in the letters from which we have already quoted; and it will be still more apparent in a letter he wrote immediately after the above investigation had taken place.

“LONDON, *March 18th*, 1851.

“MY DEAR BROTHER,

“IN my last letter I gave you some account of the sad condition of this Circuit, and intimated

that in all probability a Special District-meeting would be called. My anticipation has been realized.....A fearful collision and struggle are now before us. We have had many skirmishes since the last Conference; but now comes the great battle. We have now approached the field on which is to be decided, whether a fierce and godless democracy, whose weapons are passion, slander, and falsehood, is to rule the church of Christ; or whether a system of doctrine and discipline, on which the Divine blessing has long and manifestly rested, and for which unnumbered thousands will praise God for ever, is to be upheld and perpetuated. And God defend the right!

“I have used strong language in reference to this faction; but if I were to enter into a detailed statement of their sayings and doings, you would not deem it too strong. Ministers of Christ, whose characters are before the world unblemished, have been called hypocrites, liars, simonists, tyrants, and devils incarnate. This has been done publicly in the chapels and in the open streets. They have also been, as I myself have, surrounded by rabble mobs, and hissed, hooted, and struck. O that God may have mercy upon these poor misguided ones, and recover them from the snare of the devil! It is an awful thing to think how many simple-hearted people will be led away, and in all probability lose

their religion. O it is a time for prayer,—for prayer more abundant and earnest!

“I am very thankful to say that God has graciously sustained me in the midst of these distresses and toils. Blessed be God for all His mercies! But O for some quiet place where I could serve God, and have the satisfaction of seeing His cause prospering, His glory being revealed! In the review of the past year, I feel as if I had been labouring in vain, and spending my strength for nought. Well, it is not to be all light, but lights and shadows here. Hereafter it will be day without night, and a sky without a cloud.

“I remain, my dear Tom,

“Yours as ever,

“DANIEL WEST.”

Such was the disorganized state of the Hinde Street Circuit, and such were Mr. West's private thinkings and actions thereon. We have purposely avoided entering into any complete detail of the public measures adopted in the case, because the character of others would thereby have been involved. Suffice it, therefore, to observe, that whilst the subject of our memoir was firm in repelling the open attacks of the foes of Methodism, he was equally indignant and firm against the wavering and hesitating policy of its timid friends. Nor did he,

as the above letters show, forget amidst it all the duty and spiritual earnestness of a true Pastor. His soul yearned over the wandering sheep; and his earnest intercessions ceased not to ascend up before God, that they might see their error, and return to the fold.

But there were some who stood fast to their post when the ranks of Methodism were being torn and scattered; and perhaps no one did better service in defending and sustaining the Ministers and the general work of God in the Circuit of which we now speak, than the late Captain Phillips. In his early life Captain Phillips had been on very friendly terms with Mr. Ross West, whose name has already appeared in our earlier pages. Their acquaintance probably commenced in Ireland, when they were both young men in the army, in which the latter acted as riding-master in a regiment of cavalry. Mr. Ross West, however, left the army when still a young man; nor did he re-enter it, although he was presented with a handsome sword in the year 1808, by his brother officers in a regiment of volunteers, as an acknowledgment of his valuable services rendered to the corps. These two friends had lost sight of each other for nearly half a century, when the appointment of Mr. West to Hinde Street was the means of renewing the intercourse between them. The following letter, addressed by Captain Phillips to his "old friend," is

one bearing upon the very matters we have been bringing under review.

“LONDON, *December 10th*, 1851.

“MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,

“I GOT your address from your nephew about a year ago, and intended to have written to you. I often heard of you whilst Mr. West and his amiable wife were here; but since his removal to the Islington Circuit, I have been prevented seeing them. Your nephew is a sensible, good, sound, and useful Preacher, whom I was always profited by hearing. But he came here at a most unpropitious period, and therefore he was not so comfortable as I wished him to be; and I considered it a proof of the high esteem that the heads of our Connexion had of him, that he has been appointed to his present Circuit. The disaffected here always expressed themselves satisfied with his preaching; but so much were they in love with reform, that they were at enmity with all that opposed them. The Hinde Street Society was the worst in the Circuit. I have had a very disagreeable time among them. Still I thank God I have been kept in peace in general, though often much tried. I am so confident that Methodism is the work of God, that I never have had a doubt but it will stand, and rise more glorious than ever.

“Now, my dear friend, I trust that the good

work which the Lord commenced in you is continued, with increased cause for gratitude, and in your old age you love Him more than ever. It must be about fifty years since you began in earnest to serve God. What has become of a number that I remember to have communed with us? What a happiness it will be for all who have been united with us in Christian communion on earth to meet in heaven! We must endeavour to keep on. For my own part, after all my unfaithfulness, I trust that I am progressing to the rest prepared for us in the sky. O unbounded mercy! what cause I have to praise Him who has been with me for so many years, and blessed me with innumerable blessings! May God bless you, my dear friend, is the prayer of one who sincerely loves you in Christ Jesus our Lord!

“J. PHILLIPS.”

Within but a short time after the renewal of friendship between those two veterans of Christ, they both finished their course on earth, and joined the hosts above, who for ever praise and adore the “Captain of their salvation.”

We shall now close our record of Mr. West's Hinde Street ministry, by narrating a very romantic incident which occurred during his residence there. One day a dirty and ragged girl applied for some

menial employment at Mr. West's door, and told a tale of suffering and woe such as greatly interested him, joined as it was with something very striking and prepossessing in the appearance and manner of the girl herself. Mrs. West had her properly washed and decently clothed, and she was occasionally employed about the house. Finding, on inquiry, that her tale was a true one, Mr. West interested himself on her behalf, and procured for her employment to look after the children of some humble shopkeeper. One day, as the girl was passing a shop door, two ladies eyed her, and seemed much struck with her appearance. They then suddenly accosted her as follows: "Would you like, my girl, to go abroad with us?" "No," was the immediate answer. "Well, but if you go with us, we shall make a fine lady of you." "O, very well," replied the girl: "if that is true, I will go at once." Without further delay arrangements were accordingly made between them. The girl hastened off to Mr. West, and told him of what had passed. Much astonished, and suspecting something wrong toward the poor girl, he entreated her not to act so foolishly; but her mind was made up, and go she would, although at that time she did not even know who the ladies were, nor where she was going. Nothing more was known until about three years had elapsed, when a handsome and apparently accomplished young lady called upon him, who, he found to his astonish-

ment, was the same girl he had succoured in the time of her need, and who now told him the following "romance of real life." She found that her destination was Sweden, and that the two ladies who had accosted her belonged to the Swedish Court. On arriving there, she was appointed to wait upon a near relative of the King,—a lady who was subject to mental aberration, and whose practice it was to abuse and strike those in attendance upon her. On one occasion her ill usage of this girl went beyond her further power of endurance, and she retaliated by scizing the lady by the hair of her head, and dragging her about the apartment until her strength was fairly spent. Dreading the consequences, she at once found means to make known to the King what she had done, and why she had done it. Upon hearing her explanation, he commended her, and told her he would befriend her. As the result of the King's notice, she was shortly after sent over to England to receive a finished first-class education; and when she called upon Mr. West, she expected in a short time to return to the Swedish Court. Most probably she is there now; and if so, may the Christian advices she received from the man of God preserve her amid the blandishments and glitter of earthly pomp, and the many temptations which must be presented to one so suddenly and strangely raised from the very depths of poverty to a palace life!

The transition from the scenes of Hinde Street to the Eighth London, or Islington, Circuit, to which Mr. West proceeded at the Conference of 1851, was to him exceedingly pleasing. According to his own statement, the preceding year had been "the most distressing year of his life." He had, beyond doubt, endured what an Apostle had once suffered in his Master's service,—“fightings without, and fears within.” And, although he had not suffered the loss of “all things,” yet, in common with many of his brethren, he endured heavy pecuniary loss as the result of the mean and dishonourable measures resorted to by the “Stop the supply” advocates. Certainly, if even the object of the so-called Reformers had been good, the spirit of the men who promoted it, speaking generally, would most effectually have prevented its attainment. It is indisputable that lying, slander, invective, and every species of bitter abuse, were employed to inflict a deadly wound upon Methodism, and upon the character of its ministry; and we cannot, therefore, be surprised that Mr. West should say respecting his residence in Hinde Street Circuit, “If the religion of the Lord Jesus authorizes or tolerates what I have witnessed during the past twelve months, then I could not hold up my face among honest men as its advocate or Minister.”

But, in his case, as an individual Minister of the Connexion, the strength of the tempest was past.

He now entered a Circuit where there was not a single Reformer,—at least, not one in the Hackney division of it, where he resided,—to trouble or rend the peaceful fold of Christ. Under the date of “September 19th,” we find him writing thus:—

“To me the change is most grateful and blessed. All here is peace. I have been but three weeks in the Circuit, and I cannot, therefore, say much as to its spiritual condition; yet I am thankful to see everywhere the most encouraging indications. All seem desiring and expecting a year of prosperity. And O that we may realize here the beautiful description of a holy, happy, and prosperous church contained in Acts ix. 31! I want nothing more, and I feel that I can be satisfied with nothing less. Haste again, ye days of grace!”

From this it would appear, that he had formed a high estimate of the character of the people amongst whom he was now labouring, and that character he found fully sustained during the period of his three years’ intercourse with them. We find him writing again a year later:—

“I am now entering on my second year in this Circuit. We are peaccful, and somewhat prosperous. We have in Hackney an elegant chapel, and a lovely Society to match it,—intelligent, respectable, united, and pious. It is a pleasure to be connected with them. All we want is more of the converting power of God in our midst: and we are looking up for

that. I am happy in my work, and, I think I may venture to say, made a blessing in it. I feel that I cannot sufficiently admire the goodness of God, in bringing me to this place, after my year of conflict in the last!"

Thus it would appear, that, as to his ministry, but one thing caused him anxious solicitude and painful exercise of mind,—the want of more saving effects following his efforts. He could not be satisfied with merely performing the round of duty with pleasure to himself, and satisfaction to the people of his charge. He desired, and he earnestly prayed for, manifest and numerous conversions. He wished to reach the heart, and bring sinners to Christ, as well as to please the fancy, and instruct the intellect.

Among other schemes of usefulness, he delivered a course of Lectures on the History of St. Peter, with the design of improving the week-night congregations. These Lectures excited a good deal of interest, and accomplished the purpose contemplated; for, instead of a handful of people, as on ordinary occasions, the congregations were large and attentive, and, no doubt, much good was effected. A wider circulation was given to these Lectures by their publication shortly afterwards; and they convey a fair idea of the character of Mr. West's pulpit talents. The Lectures are chaste and even beautiful in language; the style is easy and unaffected; the whole being pervaded from first to last with the

pathos and earnestness by which all his pulpit productions were characterized, in bringing home to the consciences of his hearers the saving truths of “the glorious Gospel of the blessed God.”

But, although happily delivered from outward broil and disturbance in the church, trials of another sort were now permitted to overtake him; for, under the date of “June 3rd, 1853,” we find him writing in the following mournful strain:—

“In regard to my own health, it is only very moderate. Of late I have been so feeble as to have many thoughts about retiring from the ministry. Nothing is more painful to me to contemplate than this. And I cannot help earnestly praying,—though, I trust, with becoming submission to Him who doeth all things well,—that it may please Him to strengthen me for His work, and not allow my sun to go down at noon. I am now, through mercy, better than I was some time ago. But my dear wife, also, is now an invalid, and my little boy has had a fever. Indeed, we have had a sick house ever since last Christmas. But we mend.”

The reader may think the record of these matters trivial and unimportant; but would the picture of a life be complete without them? Of such lights and shadows the story of man’s sojourn on earth is made up. It is not enough that we sketch the public position, and portray the public actions and services, of a man whose character we may be delineating. From

the glare of public life, we must follow him into the privacy of his home, and, if possible, we must catch an occasional glimpse at the passing thoughts of his soul in the unreserved and unconstrained intercourse of home life. Certainly, the highest style of religion is that which tempers and controls a man in all his daily concerns. It is evident that the practical piety of Mr. West was deep and absorbing. It enabled him to do well and rightly his public duties, but it did not end there. For his piety did not shine less brightly at the family altar, or when encountering the changing aspects of every-day life.

There are some who seem favoured by Providence with an almost uninterrupted flow of earthly good. No sickness invades their dwelling for years; no dark cloud passes across their path. All is brightness, elasticity, and joy. Time, as it rolls along, seems but to pour additional and increasing blessings and comforts upon them, and their "cup runneth over!" But it was not so with the subject of our memoir. The clouds of God's mysterious Providence were beginning to gather around him. The first shadows of life's evening hour fell upon his dwelling. We have seen that premonitions were now given to his own soul, and in the hopeless affliction of the one most dear to him on earth, that seasons were coming that should try the genuine character of his religion, and test to the utmost the stability of his trust in God.

A short time before Mr. West's removal from Hackney, the health of his amiable and beloved wife seriously failed. To the writer he communicated his feelings and prospects in the following terms :—

“ My dear Elizabeth has now been confined to her room, chiefly to her bed, for the last ten weeks. She is sadly changed since you saw her. She is now quite infirm. Well, it is the Lord! He fixes the bounds of our habitation, and mingles our cup. He is wise and good : blessed be His holy Name! I am very sorry to find myself now in my third year in this happy Circuit. I cannot change for the better, that is certain ; and, probably, must change for the worse. Well, I believe this is right also. But I should like to let ‘well’ alone. I have been favoured with applications from several Circuits, and have replied favourably to Birmingham West. But, of course, this is uncertain. There are few things more uncertain than the appointments of Methodist Preachers. But the Conference, for all so bad as Radicals say it is, has always been very good to me. They will find me a nice place if I behave myself, which, by Divine grace, I mean to do. You will be glad to learn that, of late, I have enjoyed better health. London has certainly agreed with me, and with Elizabeth also, though she is in so poor a condition. She will never be well ; but this south country, and level neighbourhood, agree with

her better than, I am afraid, any other to which we may be removed will."

In the same communication there is an interesting *résumé* of Connexional news for that year (1853-4):—

"On the whole, things are looking brighter in the Connexion. In some districts the work of God seems reviving. And we hope that now, after the years wherein we have been sorely afflicted and plagued, the time to favour us is at hand. The past four years have been disastrous. But God is with us still, and we shall prosper with His blessing. The Reformers, so called, are a rope of sand. They make nothing out, as far as I can learn, in any place. In not a few places where they mustered in considerable strength, they are now extinct. The 'Connexional Relief and Extension Fund' creeps slowly along towards the £100,000. It is now about £80,000. George Steward, having left us, has written a book on 'Church Government,' designed to show his reasons for leaving. It is a most crude, misty, and inconclusive performance. There are two or three strong points well put, and, I think, that is about the highest praise to which the book is entitled. The author has evidently no fixed views of his own. Not one person out of twenty will read the book to the end. I read every word of it; but it was under a feeling of great interest, and a strong sense of duty. It was a great

task. Certainly, whatever defects or wrongs there may be in Methodism, Mr. Steward's book will help nothing towards their amendment."

The period of Mr. West's residence in London now drew to a close; but, during the time he had been there, he had rendered good service to Methodism in several of its public departments, in addition to his ordinary Circuit duties; and he was rising rapidly in the estimation of his brethren, as one who would be well able to rank among the foremost of its Ministers in aiding and supporting the cause. He had, indeed, some expectation that his term of residence would be prolonged by a removal to another London Circuit; but the Conference ultimately confirmed his appointment to the town of Birmingham, where he received a hearty welcome, and became associated with one as his Superintendent, for whom he cherished the highest respect, and to whose kindly influence and instructions he was much indebted at the commencement of his ministry,—the Rev. Peter M'Owan.

But the circumstances under which he entered the Circuit were sufficiently painful to prevent him at once feeling "at home" in his new pastorate.

"I find myself," he writes, "in a very important sphere of usefulness; and, with God's blessing, I will try and make the best of it. Somehow or other I have not that sympathy with this Circuit which I

have hitherto felt, wherever I have been. Perhaps the fault is in myself. It may, in part, be accounted for by the state of my dear Lizzie's health, and the great distance at which we live from the chapel. She cannot walk, and therefore never gets to a place of worship. She has been a great sufferer ever since we came to Birmingham, and the probability is, that she will gradually get worse rather than better. The Stewards, however, have most kindly engaged to get us a house nearer the chapel. What a changing and sorrowful state is ours! One after another of our family have recently been taken away. And yet there is joy on earth worth living for,—the joy that springs from the favour of God!"

That he had that joy in no common measure, will be apparent from the following incident communicated to the writer by the Rev. P. M'Owan:—

"Some time during our residence in Birmingham, there was a large gathering of friends at the house of Mr. Alexander Brogden, at which Mr. West was present. The evening was spent pleasantly; yet many a friendly heart was burdened with the thought, 'We shall never all meet again!' Our kind host and hostess were on the eve of removing to a distant part of the country; myself and family had the prospect of a ministerial change, with all its painful consequences. Mr. West had left his beloved wife ill at home, with but slender hope of

her recovery; and the late lamented Mr. John Brogden was there in perfect health, though there was only a step between him and death. The ninety-first Psalm was read before we separated, and all seemed to draw comfort from its sweet allusions to God's providential care and covenant love. At my request Mr. West gave out, and we all sang, the beautiful paraphrase on Genesis xxviii. 20-22, which begins,—

'O God of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.'

The tune was 'Martyrdom;' and both the tune and the different stanzas of the hymn were in such harmony with our circumstances, that some of us were affected to tears. Mr. West joined in prayer at its conclusion; and, had he foreseen Mr. Brogden's sudden death, the nearness of Mrs. West's departure from earth, and his own early removal to our 'Father's loved abode,' the prayer could not have been more appropriate. It was long. And as he continued to intercede for friends present and absent, he seemed to get nearer and nearer to the 'throne of grace,' and his meek earnestness became more and more importunate, till the place became 'dreadful,' through the felt presence of the God of Bethel. Passages from the Psalms, and portions from the hymn, illustrating the frailty of man, the

uncertainty of life, and the all-sufficiency of God, were brought in with admirable propriety: and thus he went on, pouring forth strains of lofty adoration and lowly confession, of fervent prayer and exultant praise, until he was nearly spent. It was indeed a memorable time; and being followed so soon after by the death of the individuals named and of Mr. West himself, it never can be forgotten."

Slowly, but surely, the wheel of Providence moved round. The ties of earthly love, and the cords of Christian fellowship, were gradually loosening, and some of them were ere long snapped in sunder. God had marked out the path of His servant, and was now preparing him for it. Yet a little while, and a voice from heaven should be heard addressing him, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee." (Gen. xii. 1.)

CHAPTER V.

CLOSE OF HOME MINISTRY, AND DEPARTURE FOR AFRICA.

WAS not the season of heavenly communion described at the close of our last chapter such as Moses experienced, when, burdened with sorrow, he ascended the cloud-capped mountain, and held blessed converse with the Almighty? It is by prayer such as his that the feeblest Christian lays hold upon superhuman strength. The cloud where God is may thicken, and its darkness become deeper and deeper; but

“ Faith lends its realizing light ;
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly ;
The Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye !”

It was so with Mr. West. His faith waxed stronger as his trials increased: and he gathered up all his energies to sustain what God might appoint as the lot of his inheritance. It was enough that he heard the Master say, “ My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.” He was fortified by that promise to meet the afflictive bereavement which now befell him with Christian resignation and even thankfulness.

A letter from Mr. West to the writer speaks thus of the death of his beloved wife: "You will see from this mournful paper, that death has been making more inroads among us. My dear wife, after a long illness, died of valvular disease of the heart on Monday, the 29th of October, 1855. She suffered greatly, but the consolations of Christ abounded to her. Her end was gloriously peaceful. I can wish for nothing better for myself in my last hour than what it pleased God to vouchsafe to her. I mourn, but I dare not but rejoice and give thanks. Mine was once a happy home; but O, it is very, very desolate now."

But, desolate as it was, he was not unnerved for duty, nor was he less willing or competent to work for the glory of God. His ministry was accompanied by an increasingly hallowed unction from on high, and he threw himself with greater eagerness into the various engagements of his high calling. And, more than all this, he was ready for any service his Lord might call him to, however extraordinary. Thus we find that in the same letter which announces his bereavement, he rejoices in the spiritual prosperity of the Societies around him; and then introduces another subject, the explanation and issues of which will occupy the remaining portion of our narrative.

"February 2nd, 1856.

"IN our Circuit we have considerable encouragement. Every quarter ever since I came here, (with

one exception,) we have had an increase of members. Blessed be God, the work of conversion is not altogether a strange one. In several parts of the Connexion the good work is progressing. O that we might this year find an increase in our numbers! This would put new life into our people. I have, during the last two weeks, been greatly exercised in mind; but God has graciously condescended to give answer to my prayers. I have been asked by the Missionary Committee in London to go out as a deputation to Western Africa,—the Cape Coast District. Things are not in the most satisfactory condition there; and they do not hope for sufficient information respecting the state of the Mission on that coast, except by the visit of a deputation from this country. They have thought me a fit person to be asked to undertake this important and trying service. The duties will be very onerous, and the risk to health and life is not small. I have thought carefully and prayed earnestly; and in the end have signified my readiness to go. Until last night I expected to go at once; but I have received a letter from Mr." (now Dr.) "Hoole, informing me that, owing to several circumstances named, and from the fact that the comparatively healthy season was now more than half expired, there would not be time to do the necessary work: they had therefore agreed to postpone my visit until November next.

"Well, you see from this, that I have something

of a Missionary's heart; and that although I have not been honoured as you have been to labour in the high places of the foreign field, I am nevertheless likely to have a little taste of missionary labour in a pagan land,—a land the deadliest on earth to Europeans.”

No one who knew anything of Mr. West could doubt for a moment his love and admiration for the cause of Missions. His speeches on missionary platforms, in all parts of the country, were not the vapid effusions of an uninterested heart. Perhaps no man of similar standing in the ministry had done more in pleading the claims of the heathen world at missionary gatherings; and but few men could equal the interest and power with which he spoke on these occasions. His heart was full of Christ; the necessities and perilous condition of the heathen pressed weightily upon his spirit; and eloquently did he plead the claims of both upon the prayers and liberality of God's people.

Perhaps the shortest missionary speech he ever made was at the Annual Meeting in Exeter Hall, May, 1855. He had preached the usual sermon before the Society on the previous Wednesday evening, and expected to take a prominent part in the business of the great May Meeting. Circumstances, however, prevented, and limited Mr. West to a very brief portion of time. It would be untrue

to say he was not annoyed at the position in which he was placed by the indiscreet occupation of too much time by others; but we believe he gave utterance to the real sentiments of his mind, when he referred to the representation and motto on the seal of the Baptist Missionary Society; namely, an ox, with an altar on one side and a yoke on the other, with the inscription, "Ready for either." This he applied to his own feelings and sentiments;—he was ready for work or for sacrifice. Within a very short time he showed that his word was no idle boast, by undertaking the important mission in which he sacrificed his life.

But let us see by what steps he was led in this all-important matter. With what motive and in what spirit did he meet the call of God's church? and was the beckoning finger of Providence plainly visible, so far as human knowledge can determine? We have no hesitation in giving an affirmative. He received the first intimation of the wish of the Missionary Committee, in a private and unofficial letter from one of the Secretaries, on the 19th of January, 1856, to which he gave an immediate reply, in the following terms, addressed to Dr. Hoole:—

"VERY DEAR SIR,

"I AM in receipt of your letter of yesterday; and I need not tell you how much the contents have surprised me. The inquiry proposed is of too grave

a character to be hastily answered. I trust I have sincerely said to Him whose I am, and whom I serve, 'I am ready for any work Thou hast for me to do.' But I must arrive at a sense of duty before I can fully trust in Him for that grace and protection which the nature of His work may require.

"Let me in the meanwhile say, that I will give this matter my most earnest and prayerful consideration, and forward to you the result as soon as possible. If you could give me some idea of the nature of the duties to be performed, it might assist me to a right conclusion.

"To forward the great missionary cause to the extent of my poor ability will, I hope, ever be my joy.

Believe me yours affectionately,

"D. WEST."

In due time a satisfactory reply was received from the Missionary Secretaries as to the objects of the contemplated mission; and as the intention then was that the deputation should leave at once, no delay was made by Mr. West in coming to a determination. The following is his second letter to Dr. Hoole, consenting to the undertaking:—

"January 24th, 1856.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"YOUR letter of the 22nd came duly to hand; and I thank you for having enabled me clearly to

understand the nature and objects of the projected mission.

“I have carefully, and with much prayer to God, considered the onerous character of the duties on the one hand, and the risk to health and life on the other; and, although there are natural shrinkings from both, I think I may venture to say that, in humble dependence upon the great Head of the church, I shall be willing to obey the call of the Committee, and go out on this business. Of course, I presume some one will have to be sent to supply my place in the Circuit. But it is perhaps premature to enter upon details at this stage of the affair.

“I shall of course be anxious to hear from you as soon as anything is determined. Meantime accept of my thanks for the kindness of your communications, and favour me with an interest in your prayers.

“I remain yours affectionately,

“D. WEST.”

Whilst, however, Mr. West was thus prompt and ready to meet the wishes of the Missionary Committee, it was felt by them that no unnecessary haste should be allowed to increase the risks encountered by the Deputation, in proceeding to such an unhealthy clime as that of Western Africa. Accordingly the following kind and considerate letter was addressed to him by his friend Dr. Hoole:—

“ BATH, *January 30th*, 1856.

“ MY DEAR BROTHER,

“ I WAS obliged to carry Mrs. Hoole out of the smoke and fog of London to save her life; and brought her down here a few days ago. Dr. Beecham happened to be in the neighbourhood, and we spent nearly the whole of yesterday together; and one important subject of our counsels and deliberations was the proposed Deputation to Western Africa. The Committee have given their sanction to the proposal, and have requested the Secretaries to engage a suitable Minister for the purpose. We have succeeded to our utmost satisfaction in your noble and free consent to take the duty and the risk: but we have to consider how the risk may be diminished, and how the duty may be best performed. We have come to the conclusion that both these objects will be best secured by postponing the Deputation till next November. The healthy season on the coast is now about one half spent, and we fear you could not get through your work before its entire expiration. It would be a pity you should be hurried, and not see Lagos, Whydah, Badagry, and other places of note in the Mission, as well as Cape Coast itself, which you may do by taking the whole healthy season for the purpose.....Do not think that we have come to the conclusion of postponement without reasons of the most weighty character. My earnest hope is, that the delay will

not interfere with your consent. I am persuaded nothing could be more satisfactory to the Committee than the mention of your name for this most important service.

“ I remain yours affectionately,

“ ELIJAH HOOLE.”

From these letters, then, it must be evident to all, that the duties of the Deputation were undertaken after the fullest consideration, and with a perfect knowledge of the difficulties and the many risks both to health and life necessarily involved in the fact, that the field to be visited lay in a region the most destructive and pernicious to European life; and that all such precautionary steps were taken, by those directing it, in regard to the time of the visit, as would, humanly speaking, lessen the dangers incident to it. Mr. West was not one to shrink from these, nor to retract his offer, simply because the period of his departure was deferred for so many months. To use his own language,—

“ I have supported the cause to the extent of my resources; I have advocated it after the manner and measure of my poor abilities; and sometimes, when my heart has warmed with my theme, I have said,—

‘ Too much to Thee I cannot give :
 Too much I cannot do for Thee.
 Let all Thy love and all Thy grief
 Graven on my heart for ever be.’

I think these words have not been the mere safety-valve for excited and uncontrollable feeling, but have also served to express my sincere and solemn conviction of what is due from me to Christ, and this department of His cause."

These are sentiments worthy of him who penned them, and they are such as find a response in many a missionary heart. And let it never be said that there is not enough of daring enterprise or self-sacrifice in the agents of Missionary Societies, whilst feelings like these thrill through the bosoms of scores and hundreds of devoted men on the Mission field. The time has not yet come, at least in the history of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, when there has been work to do, however arduous and perilous, for which there have not been found men "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost," ready to undertake it at all hazard, and at any sacrifice. No daring, no heroism in the hearts of Missionaries! Let years of solitary toil, steadily maintained amidst the daily murders and unutterable abominations of savage life,—the countless hair-breadth escapes of Missionaries in the prosecution of their heavenly mission in all quarters of the globe,—and the willingness with which the ranks of Christian heroes, thinned by fell disease and death, have been continuously filled up,—let these facts be the reply to all who would cast the slightest imputation upon the motive and spirit of those who

have gone far hence amongst the Gentiles, "to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ." Has the church ever faltered, when one after another of her noble band of true philanthropists has fallen, and their sacred dust has mingled in the missionary graves of Western Africa? Has she been slow to fill up again the vacant posts? Or, have the churches raised there been forsaken by their shepherds, and left to weep and wander, uncared for and forgotten? No, no! the fall of some has but nerved the hearts and strengthened the faith of others. Many are the willing messengers of the churches who have crossed ocean and mountain to the deadliest climates, and to the most deeply debased of the human race, that they might help to save the spiritually destitute and dying. And as more men may be needed for similar services, God will raise up more.

When a young man departs on such an enterprise, there are many dear and tender bonds which must be broken. But how much greater the sacrifice to be made by one who has spent years of faithful and successful ministry in his native land! He has gathered around him kind friends and important associations on every side; and these must be left. Prospects and purposes of future usefulness in the churches at home must be suspended. His more immediate pastoral charge must be committed to another: and the departure of such an one becomes

a true realization of the scene recorded in Scripture, once witnessed on the shores of the Mediterranean. Amidst the tears and prayers of the Ephesian Christians, Paul wept and prayed, and sorrowfully departed from amongst them : and they, too, “ wept sore, and fell on Paul’s neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more.” How often such parting scenes have been repeated in missionary history ! And O, how frequently the face of the departing one has, indeed, been seen no more !

Whilst Mr. West himself “ put a cheerful courage on,” some of his friends had many doubts respecting the proposed mission, as to whether he was physically fitted for it ; and not a few endeavoured to dissuade him from engaging in it. Being, however, fully convinced that he had a clear call from God, he never wavered a moment, but continued to prepare himself for the work assigned him, with earnest and prayerful solicitude. During several months before his departure, he occupied all his leisure hours in reading extensively, and making himself thoroughly acquainted with every subject bearing on the interests of the countries and Missions he was about to visit. The writer had the opportunity of free and unreserved intercourse with his beloved brother, during a sojourn with him of several months in Birmingham ; and never did he hear him intimate a single desire to do otherwise than heartily and

faithfully accomplish his projected work. There were, it is true, times when the thought that possibly he might not return, filled the minds of both with sadness; but faith in the promised presence of God, and love to the Redeemer, quelled every fear. To one who was anxious lest he was rushing into danger, and who would fain have influenced his mind to retract his engagement with the Missionary Committee, he said, "I should be ashamed of myself, if I were not ready to make any sacrifice for the sake of that Saviour who has done so much for me."

At length the period arrived for his departure from Birmingham. The solemn and affecting concluding services he held with the people were seasons never to be forgotten. He left, accompanied by the prayers of hundreds. It was very gratifying to Mr. West's mind, that the members of the Quarterly Meeting of the Circuit, which met immediately before his departure, sent him the copy of a resolution, in which they signified their high appreciation of his devotedness to the cause of God, and their united determination and pledge that they would offer up constant and earnest prayer that the Divine blessing might attend him in his journey. Such, then, being the case, need it be said that the want of sympathy between Mr. West and the Circuit, of which he complained when he first went to it, had long ago given place to the kindest recipi-

cation of Christian affection and mutual esteem? No man could have won for himself more than he did of the confidence and warm-hearted love of his flock; and his ministry in Birmingham, as elsewhere, had not only been useful to all, but it was soul-saving to many who had once been sitting "in the region of the shadow of death."

On the 17th of October, 1856, a valedictory service was held in the large room of the Centenary Hall and Mission House in London. The venerable and Reverend Dr. Bunting presided over the meeting. It was numerously attended, and a holy influence pervaded the assembly. The number of Missionaries then about to leave the shores of their native land was great, and, on the occasion referred to, they witnessed a good confession. Foremost in that self-devoted band stood Mr. West, and to his mind the meeting was fraught with affecting and overpowering considerations. That very night eleven years before, he had taken part in a valedictory service, at which the writer was sent forth to his distant place of toil; and now, in the good providence of God, the latter was spared to be present, after the lapse of so many years, to witness a somewhat similar consecration of his brother to the Mission work.

Another, and the final, religious service in connexion with Mr. West's departure was held at Plymouth the evening before he embarked. The

occasion was the ordination of the Rev. Alexander J. Gurney, who was to be Mr. West's fellow-voyager as far as the River Gambia, to which station Mr. Gurney had just been appointed. After the ordination Mr. West addressed the assembly with much earnest and solemn feeling. God was eminently present, and it is seldom that a large assembly exhibits such strong emotion and devout interest as was evidenced by all who were then congregated together. The entire service made a deep impression on Mr. West's mind.

He was accompanied to Plymouth by the writer, by his sister, and by the Rev. George Osborn, one of the Missionary Secretaries. These individuals, with the other members of the Mission party, proceeded on board of the "Candace." The last words of affection were spoken, and the last looks interchanged,—words and looks which proved, indeed, to be the last on earth. The shades of evening were falling, as with mournful hearts we took our departure from the ship's side, and committed Mr. West and his companions to the care of that Almighty One who

" Plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

At the hour of midnight the "Candace" glided away from the quiet waters of Plymouth, and was soon tossing on the wide ocean, and cleaving her course toward "Afric's burning strand."

CHAPTER VI.

WESTERN AFRICA AND WESLEYAN MISSIONS.

BEFORE following the track of the "Candace," or placing before the reader the "Journal" of Mr. West's journeys and observation in Africa, it seems advisable, if not necessary, to give a comprehensive view of West African history in general, and of the Wesleyan Missions established at various points, both on the coast and in the interior. Mr. West's journals consist of comparatively brief and rough sketches, written in pencil, and in many parts all but illegible from the fact of having been chiefly written whilst being carried in a hammock,—the usual mode of travelling in the countries he visited, and the jolting motion of which is at times sufficiently annoying. Had he been spared to return to his native land, it was his intention, no doubt, to extend and enlarge what he had written so hastily, that the public might have the fullest information respecting the moral and religious state of the various places and tribes he had visited; and that thus the claims of Africa might be laid upon the conscience of the church of Christ, and an additional impulse be given to all those schemes which have for their object the amelioration of her

many woes, and the conversion of the millions of her sable sons to the faith of Christ.

But the mind that was full of the necessary details is now engaged in the study of those "things which are unseen and eternal" in another world; and the hand that would have penned their record moulders in the dust. We can only attempt to do what he would have done so ably; and if the cause of Missions be at all advanced by the effort, the writer will have at least the satisfaction of knowing that something has been effected toward fulfilling the intentions of him whose loss he now deploras.

It may be said of Africa in general, that it is one of the fairest and most beautiful, as well as the most fruitful, portions of the globe. No other continent surpasses it in mineral wealth or productive capabilities. Its forests of valuable timbers cover thousands of miles, and its fertile plains will raise almost every production peculiar to the tropics, as well as the most valuable products of more temperate climes toward its northern and southern extremities. Some districts of Africa are literally impregnated with the precious metals, and the stores of gold seem to be inexhaustible. It is also intersected by some of the most magnificent rivers in the world. Foremost among these the Niger pours its waters from upwards of twenty mouths into the ocean. Rising in the interior, it traverses the country by a circuitous route for nearly three

thousand miles, and is navigable through almost the whole of its extent. These are natural advantages which place Africa on an equality with the richest and finest regions of the earth. But, spiritually considered, her teeming millions live in a moral wilderness. Their condition, whether regarded physically, intellectually, or spiritually, is the most miserable and degraded; and in those remote regions where modern travellers have discovered tribes with somewhat pleasing traits of character about them, even there Satan has his seat, death reigns, and gross darkness covers the people. The Gospel of Christ, we believe, is the only means by which that darkness can be scattered, and the "light of life" shine upon them. But there are difficulties attending the introduction and continuation of the Gospel in Africa by European agents, of the most formidable character. These arise chiefly from our ignorance of the country, the numerous languages and dialects spoken by the natives, and, above all, the deadly influence of its climate. Of course these difficulties obtain with equal force against every other scheme that may be attempted by Europeans for the regeneration of Africa.

Western Africa, with which we have more especially to do, seems the only general name under which it is possible to comprise the wide range of country, bounded on the north by the Great Desert, and extending along the Atlantic from the Senegal

to the river Benguela. The greater part is known in Europe under the name of Guinea, although Guinea Proper is confined to the shores of the vast gulf so called, commencing at Cape Mesurado. The territories lying between the Senegal and Gambia are by the French called Senegambia; but these names are all European, and unknown to the natives. The entire region is divided into a multitude of states, mostly small, and having no political connexion. This immense range of maritime country is included between the thirteenth degree of south, and the seventeenth degree of north, latitude; and it is bounded at both these extremities by extensive deserts. The breadth of this division of Africa in some places extends to about seven hundred or eight hundred miles; but the division of Western from Central Africa is an arbitrary one, as these are not separated by any precise line of demarcation.

The coast of Western Africa presents, in general, a flat surface, though Cape Verd, and some others, project bold headlands into the ocean. All the great ranges of mountains are in the interior, and their line and position are but imperfectly ascertained. The rivers are the Senegal, which is nine hundred miles in length from its source in the mountains of Kong; the Gambia, which rises in the same chain, and rolls a more powerful and rapid stream than the former, but its course is only about two-thirds of that of the Senegal: the

Rio Grande and the Mesurado are small and unimportant streams; and the waters of the Gold Coast are little better than mountain torrents. But from the western limit of Whydah to Calabar, a space of above two hundred miles, the Gulf of Benin receives a continued succession of estuaries, which convert the whole territory into alluvial and partially inundated islands. We need not here say anything of the rivers further south.

Western Africa cannot be considered as a region within the domain of history. Whether it was known to the Carthaginians or the Romans, is a question which cannot be solved with any certainty. At all events, the coast was entirely unknown to Europe during the Middle Ages; and, until the year 1432, it was thought a great achievement when a navigator passed Cape Bojador. That, however, having been once accomplished, successive voyagers soon discovered the Senegal, the Gambia, the Gold Coast, and Benin; and in the year 1484 Diego Cam sailed up the river Congo. Of all this vast extent of coast possession was taken, according to the usual European pretension, in the name of the King of Portugal. Settlements were formed at all the prominent points, embassies were sent into the interior, and great exertions were made to convert the natives to the Roman Catholic religion. Portugal, however, as her power declined, gradually lost all these territories, and its possessions now are

limited to a few places on the most southerly part of the coast. In 1643, the Dutch drove the Portuguese from El Mina, and about the same time from all their possessions on the Gold Coast; and they in their turn claimed the whole dominion. From this pretension they were forced to give way before the increasing naval power of the English, who, in 1661, took from them Cape Coast Castle, and, having formed an African Company, built a number of forts upon the coast, with a view to trading in slaves and gold. About the same time, also, English settlements were formed at the mouth of the Gambia; whilst the French established their principal station at Fort St. Louis, on the Senegal. At the present time the Dutch still hold El Mina; and the French have their naval station at Goree. The Americans also have a settlement on the coast, called Liberia. Its capital is called Monrovia, and is built on an island lying at the mouth of the Mesurado river.

It is very difficult to form any correct estimate of the population of a territory, the interior of which is so little known, and to which such vague boundaries are assigned. Supposing that the density of the population be at the rate of 26 to the square mile, and estimating the length of coast at 4,000 miles, and its average breadth at 300, then the population would amount to 31,000,000. But considering that there are desolate tracts of very great

extent, this number is probably too high; and we may therefore suppose—and it is only a supposition—that the population of this immense district of tropical Africa is somewhere about 20,000,000.

All the nations along this line of coast have made some progress in the arts which minister to subsistence and wealth. The chief support of the people is derived from a rude and easy kind of agriculture. The principal products for consumption are maize, millet, rice, yams, potatoes, sugar, coffee, and cotton. Farming, however, does not constitute any distinct profession; nor are domestic animals employed to aid the labour of men; and hence it will be concluded that none of the tropical products have ever been raised except for native use. A complete change must take place in the habits of the people, before they will cultivate them to such an extent as can produce a surplus for exportation. The palm-tree, a spontaneous production, yields a juice or wine which has an intoxicating quality; and the oil extracted from the palm-nut is now the chief staple of African commerce. There are other articles, the exportation of which might be considerably extended: of these the most important is gold. Some gold is brought down from the mountain districts at the head of the Senegal and the Gambia; but the most ample store is found in that part of Guinea which, from the abundance of this product, has received the name of “the Gold Coast.”

The greater part is brought from some distance in the interior. The articles received by the Negroes in return chiefly consist in cotton goods ; and brass, iron, and steel are in considerable demand.

The natives have a few rude manufactures amongst them. Cotton is spun and woven into garments for domestic consumption. Fine cloths are said to be made in the interior ; but, generally speaking, the fabric is of a very coarse texture. The gold of the country is worked into various ornaments, which excite the admiration even of Europeans. Mats are woven, or rather plaited, with considerable neatness and skill, and are used for sitting and sleeping upon, and also to form partitions to the houses. A few articles of earthenware are also made with considerable ingenuity and good workmanship.

The character of the native population must of necessity vary extremely, according to the variety of situation and government among such a multitude of small communities. In general the people have made very little progress in that which constitutes improved and civilized life. They are strangers to literature, the ornamental arts, and refined luxuries. Yet, whenever adequate objects are presented, they display energies sufficient to show that they are capable of reaching the highest degrees of mental culture. In conducting the affairs of their own popular governments, they display an

eloquence, address, and activity surpassed by few of the most civilized nations. Even in their absolute monarchies, we discover a regular subordination, polished manners, and skill in the art of war, which, among a people destitute of arts and letters, cannot but appear surprising. There is no reason whatever to suppose that, if placed in favourable circumstances, the Negro would not attain to as high a degree of civilization as the men of any other race. It is said that the Negro presents much that is amiable and pleasing in his domestic character; and that he is naturally cheerful, gay, and kind-hearted. But if so, the influence of all these good qualities is blighted and destroyed by the existance amongst them of every superstition which can degrade and sensualize the human mind.

Of religion, as embracing the belief in a supremely wise and good Ruler of the universe, and in a future state of moral retribution, the inhabitants of Western Africa have but very obscure conceptions. To express generally what is sacred, what is forbidden, what is endowed with supernatural powers, either beneficent or malignant, they employ the term *fetish*. Almost everything which strikes the fancy of the Negro is made his *fetish*. The grand or national *fetishes* are rocks, hills, or trees of remarkable size and beauty. There are likewise fantastic objects of veneration, which each individual adopts and carries about with him; such

as a piece of ornamented wood, the teeth of a dog, tiger, or elephant, a goat's head, a fish bone, or the end of a ram's horn. Some merely carry branches of trees, or a bunch of cords made of bark. They set up these *fetishes* in the houses, the fields, or the centre of the villages, erect altars to them, and place before them dishes of rice, maize, and fruits. The formation of these fantastic objects of African worship,—*fetishes*, *gree-grees*, and *charms*,—and the selling them at an enormous price, is the chief occupation of the African priesthood. It is supposed by the heathen that all good fortune arises from the favour of the *fetish*, and that every evil proceeds from offence taken by it. It is usual for every man to fix upon some act of self-denial, something from which he is to abstain, in honour of his particular *fetish*; and the engagement thus contracted he will, in many cases, sooner die than violate. This superstition is frequently employed as an instrument of terror in judicial proceedings, which are so conducted as to involve an appeal to superior powers, who it is expected will instantly interpose to discover truth and punish falsehood. It frequently happens, indeed, that when tests are propounded, the most hardened criminal at once confesses himself guilty, rather than encounter the terrible alternative implied in the denial of his guilt. The people cherish the general belief of a future state; but it is little connected with any

thought of moral retribution. According to the popular idea, the future world will be a counterpart of this, will present the same objects to the senses, the same enjoyments, and the same distinctions of rank in society. Upon this belief are founded proceedings not only absurd, but of the most violent and barbarous description. For example, a profusion of wealth is buried in the grave of the deceased, who is supposed to carry it into the other world; and human victims are sacrificed by hundreds, under the delusion that they will attend as his guards and ministers in the future mansion. This savage superstition prevails to an enormous extent in those great monarchies in the interior, which, in other respects, are more civilized than the rest of Western Africa.

The principal amusements of the Negro are dancing and music. The former is invariably performed in the open air. As soon as the sun declines, and its intense heat abates, there is dancing from one end of Africa to the other. The sound of musical instruments may then be heard on every side; but there is no refinement in the art. Their performance consists chiefly of violent and grotesque movements,—leaping, stamping on the ground, bowing their heads, and snapping their fingers. In their music noise seems to be the thing most studied, and of that there is generally enough to satisfy very speedily the itching ears of strangers;

for, according to some travellers, a whole bale of cotton would be required to stop the cars. Their drums and horns produce a horrid dissonance, which the sounds of their flutes and musical tongs, &c., cannot counteract.

In the countries of which we speak, polygamy is universal, and is only limited by a man's ability to maintain a considerable number of wives. By the great it is carried to the utmost extent their means will allow. The system, too, forms in most cases a source of wealth; for, except the principal wife, who is mistress of the household, and the sacred wife, who is consecrated to the *fetish*, all are made to work hard, both in tilling the fields and in manufacturing mats and cloths. But otherwise the polygamy of Africa is an unmixed evil, and is accompanied by crimes of the vilest and foulest description.

We have thus briefly endeavoured to portray the general features, both physical and moral, prevalent throughout the whole range of Western Africa. We shall now proceed to show what has been done to rescue these numerous races from their deep degradation, and to speak more particularly of those points where Christianity has been planted.

We shall say but little here of those agencies which have been tried, independently of Christianity, for the civilization of these barbarous nations in particular. Abundant evidence might be adduced to prove that every scheme, however

humane and plausible, which ignores the Gospel, or would place it in the position of a mere auxiliary, has hitherto failed, and must of necessity fail, because the evils to be cured and the miseries to be assuaged lie more deeply seated than the mere externalism which the hand of mental and physical refinement can touch. It has been said by one writer, and we can from long experience amongst savage tribes verify the statement, that "civilization does not possess attractions, or furnish motives, powerful enough to induce savages to forsake their course of life for its sake. Civilized life is too tame to charm the barbarian, and his superstitions are generally found opposed to any change in his accustomed mode of life. The higher motives of the Gospel must be brought to bear upon his mind, and he must be made to feel the great and important truths of religion, before he will discover anything desirable in the quietness and sobriety of civilized life, or will dare to break through his superstitions in order to pursue it. The charm of the superstitions of the heathen would alone, in many instances, be powerful enough to prevent them from forsaking the customs of their ancestors merely for the sake of civilization." We believe it to be the exclusive province of Christianity to touch the conscience and regenerate the heart. By this means only can a higher standard of morals be attained, and the countless evils of heathen life be swept away.

What then has Christianity done for Western Africa during the three centuries which have elapsed since Europeans first had intercourse with those countries? Alas! alas! the whole history of missionary operations on the coast may be comprised within the limit of a very few years. Men's eyes were dazzled too much with the visionary glitter of expected gold and commercial wealth to think any thing about the souls of those who trafficked with them.

The earliest modern effort of a missionary kind was made by the Baptist Missionary Society in the year 1795; but the attempt, from various causes, was speedily abandoned. In the year following a united trial was made by the Scottish, the London, and the Glasgow Missionary Societies. This, however, owing to sickness and dissension, was attended with no better success. In the year 1804 the Church Missionary Society commenced its labours; and several important posts were occupied for a time. But it was not long before all these stations were abandoned, excepting the one at Sierra Leone. Here signal success blessed their persevering efforts, and their Missions have latterly been much extended both in the vicinity of Sierra Leone and at other points on the coast.

The Missions of the Wesleyan Society in Western Africa were commenced in the year 1811 by the appointment of a Missionary to the colony of Sierra

Leone. This was followed by the settlement of a Missionary at the River Gambia in 1821; and this again by the commencement of the Gold Coast Mission in the year 1834. Each of these Missions has had to contend with the peculiar difficulties arising from the unhealthiness of the climate and the many obstacles existing to any extensive intercommunication with surrounding tribes and nations. For some years all the stations were classed under one District; but it was ultimately found necessary to divide them into three. Bathurst is distant about 300 miles from Sierra Leone, and Cape Coast Castle lies beyond that again a distance of about 750 miles. Thus the propriety of the division made is justified on geographical grounds, if there were no other reasons. The stations were too remote from each other to warrant their being placed under one management. Let us now glance at what has been accomplished in and around each of these central stations, beginning with the Gambia.

The Gambia is almost entirely an English river, the attempts to form settlements upon it having been confined to that nation. The James Fort is erected in the middle of the river, and by it a full command is obtained over the entrance from the sea. There is also another English settlement at Macarthy's Island, which is situated about two hundred and fifty miles up the river. The north bank of the river is bordered by several small but

flourishing kingdoms. That immediately on the sea is called Barra, and it contains perhaps about 200,000 inhabitants. The capital is called Barra Inding: but the chief place of trade is Jillifrey, where the King has a custom-house to levy duties on vessels passing up and down. Boor Salem is a still more extensive kingdom, situated on a small river which falls into the Gambia, and containing, it is said, 300,000 inhabitants. Above this, again, occur successively the two smaller kingdoms of Yani and Woolli. The inhabitants of all these states are chiefly of the Mandingo race, and carry on a considerable trade with the natives of the remote interior. But little has yet been done for these populous districts, although in such proximity to the Mission residence at Bathurst. The labourers have been few, and of these few some have died, and the residence of all has been but brief at best. At Bathurst and at Macarthy's Island, however, flourishing Missions exist; but the latter has been for several years placed under the care of native agents. The work there was begun in the year 1833. The total number of church members in the Gambia District at the present time is 750. About 700 children attend the various schools established at the different stations.

Proceeding south-eastward along the coast, from the Gambia towards Sierra Leone, we pass several native tribes and kingdoms, many of which are still

unvisited by the heralds of salvation. Arriving at the mouth of the Rio Grande, we find a number of islands situated at that point, which, with a group opposite to them in the open sea, form what is called the Bissagos Archipelago. The inhabitants of these islands, sometimes called Bijugas, are a tall, robust, and warlike people, who have driven out the peaceable race of Biafaras, who originally dwelt there, and have compelled them to remain on the continent, where they now occupy the banks of the Rio Grande. At one time attempts were made by the English to effect a lodgement on these islands, but without success. Yet more important nations of Negroes lie toward the interior; as, for example, the kingdom of Foota Jallon, said to extend about 350 miles in length, and 200 miles in breadth. The inhabitants are Foulahs, and are of the Mohammedan faith. They carry on a trade with Timbuctoo and Cassina: and their wars with their neighbours are very frequent and sanguinary. Another kingdom, to the south of Foota Jallon, is called Soolimana. The people there, also, are warlike and numerous. Some of the inhabitants are followers of the false prophet, but the great bulk of them are in pagan darkness. There is also another district of country called Koorango, inhabited by the Mandingoes; and, still further down, we find the Timmanees, a most depraved race, whose country borders on that part of the coast where Great

Britain has founded the colony of Sierra Leone, at which a most interesting and flourishing Wesleyan Mission exists.

A glance at the Missionary Reports of the Society will show with what pleasing and general prosperity this Mission has been blessed. True, it has been costly in the expenditure of many valuable lives; but God has greatly honoured the self-sacrifice and persevering toil of His church. His messengers have not fallen in vain. The number of church members is large; the chapels are good and commodious; the schools, numerous and well attended; and there is a Training Institution, which has done good service in sending forth well-qualified teachers of schools, and successful Preachers of the everlasting Gospel. And yet, when we remember that there are various nations contiguous to Sierra Leone, speaking different dialects and languages, for whom but little has yet been done, we are forcibly reminded of our Saviour's impressive saying, "The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few."

Proceeding once more along the coast from Sierra Leone, we pass many important tribes and nations entirely heathen; the dark picture being but partially relieved by the American settlements in Liberia, already referred to.

Finally, we arrive at Cape Coast Castle. The native name of the Cape Coast territory, as given to Mr. West, in the handwriting of the heir appa-

rent to the native government, is, *Egooh*. The present King, of whom a portrait is given, is called Quaecoe Attah. He was born in the year 1818. For some years the operations of the Missionaries on this station were confined to the immediate vicinity of Cape Coast Castle. But the enterprise of the Society's agents, and especially the journeys of the Rev. T. B. Freeman into the kingdom of Ashanti, soon led to the wide extension of the places comprised within the District.

At present the posts occupied by the Cape Coast Mission extend a distance along the seaboard of about three hundred and fifty miles, from Dix Cove on the windward or westward side, to Lagos on the east. Some of the stations reach one hundred and fifty miles into the interior. The various stations included in the District may be classified as follows: 1. The Windward Stations, from Cape Coast Castle, and its immediate neighbourhood, along the coast, as far as Dix Cove; 2. The interior of the Ashanti country, as far as Kumasi; and, 3. The Leeward Stations, including Akrah, Whydah, Badagry, Abbeokuta, and Lagos.

It will thus be evident to the reader that, bearing in mind the recent origin of the Mission, and the numerous climatic difficulties in the way, the extension of the work has been most rapid, at least, as to the admission of the Gospel into pagan kingdoms, which before were entirely and jealously

closed against it. "Great" doors have been opened in the providence of God for the introduction of Gospel light; but whether they shall be "effectual" must be determined, in a great measure, by the zeal and activity of the church of Christ. If not entered, they may again close, at least against us. As yet, the seed of the kingdom has been but thinly, although widely, scattered; and the full harvest of spiritual fruit has yet to be reaped.

CHAPTER VII.

JOURNAL—THE VOYAGE OUT.

THE duties of Mr. West's particular mission embraced the examination of the entire state of the District, and the personal visitation of as many of the more important places as his limited stay on the coast would admit. His attention was to be more especially directed to those stations to the leeward included in the kingdom of Dahomey, whose Monarch has recently given permission for the introduction of Christianity amongst his barbarous and savage people. It is said, that the horrid and sanguinary deeds of the Ashantces are even exceeded by those perpetrated in the extensive territories of Dahomey.

It was Mr. West's intention to have visited Abomey and the Dahomian King; but the unsettled state of the country, in consequence of an impending war, as well as his limited time, forbade the project. His Journals must now tell their own tale. They show the determination and assiduity he displayed in doing his appointed work. Doubtless much important information has been lost to the friends of Missions by his lamented decease; but enough is here placed on record to show that

the same high qualities of mind, and the same deep piety of spirit, and generosity of heart, were carried with him into his West African mission, as were displayed in the duties and practice of his home ministry.

SAILED from Plymouth, for Cape Coast Castle, on Friday, October 24th, 1856, on board the steam-ship "Candace." After considerable confusion and vexation in the allocation of the cabins to the passengers, during which a good deal of fume and steam were let off against agents and owners, for mismanagement; the ship herself joined in, and got up steam. The anchor was weighed, and we started on our West African voyage, with a favourable wind, at eleven P.M. The day had been a lovely one, and the night was equally serene and beautiful. The contrast was great between our recent excitement and bustle, and the feeling of isolation, somewhat approaching to that of melancholy sadness, which steals over the mind, with irresistible force, at the commencement of a long sea voyage. I found the company on board more numerous than select: some, indeed, profane. One young man, especially, who appears to be an officer in Her Majesty's service, cannot speak without an oath: a most foul-mouthed man. How strange that a respectable man, a gentleman, as he may be presumed to be, should be

addicted to a habit so vulgar and disreputable ! Not to speak of the profanity of the thing, it is so low that a gentleman ought to be ashamed of it.

We have, in addition to our own Mission party on board, the Rev. H. Townsend and his wife, together with three young men, in the service of the Church Missionary Society, on their way to Abbeokuta, Lagos, and other stations.

Saturday, 25th.—Weather fine, wind fair: ship making good progress. In addition to the ordinary disagreeables of a sea voyage, there are several on board this ship peculiar to itself. The saloon is lighted—or an abortive attempt to light it is made—by four oil lamps, one in each corner. When operating in their very best fashion, our friends are only dimly seen. The viands composing dinner are only known by the taste; sight affording no aid in distinguishing whether we have got fish, flesh, or fowl. Reading in the saloon is out of the question whilst the Steward and the Captain are philosophizing upon the reckoning. Even conversation is next to impossible, the noise made by the tiller and screw being intolerable. They drown, with their constant and horrible clatter, every other sound. The blocks go, thump, thump, thump; and then the tiller responds, rap, rap, rap. Louder thumps the block, determined to be uppermost; then replies tiller, with increased and amazing energy: and thus alternate thump and rap, night and day, and day and

night, till the man whose head does not ache ought to have a patent. Surely this might be remedied, at least as respects the noise from the tiller. Either substitute rope for chain, or, if that is objectionable, let the chains run in thick gutta percha tubing. The nuisance might be diminished, if not entirely destroyed, by some such means.

The ship has been rolling very much. Half of the passengers are sick; some of them very ill indeed. I myself am not absolutely sick, but inclined to be so. Hope it will go off. Retired to rest early.

Sunday, 26th.—To-day we have most beautiful weather. I rose much refreshed by a long and sound night's sleep. But O, how different a Sabbath at sea and on shore! The Lord be gracious to the assemblies of His people to-day. May He put forth His power to save! We are prevented by the sickness of the passengers, &c., from having Divine service.

We are skirting the Bay of Biscay. It is unusually calm; and we hope to make Cape Finisterre by midnight. Several birds have been flying about the rigging and decks. Poor little things, they have lost their reckoning, and are now too far from land to effect a return. If they only knew enough, they might leave us, and get on board a homeward-bound ship.

" Bird of the greenwood !
 O ! why art thou here ?
 Leaves dance not o'er thee,
 Flowers bloom not near.
 All the sweet waters
 Far hence are at play :—
 Bird of the greenwood !
 Away, away ! "

Monday, 27th.—Twelve months to-day my loved one passed away from earth to heaven. A perfect calm, and a cloudless sky. The analogy between these, and the manner of my dear wife's death, is complete. " Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like *hers*."

Had a long conversation with an African merchant, native of Anamabu, respecting the sad and mysterious end of L. E. L.....His admiration of Governor M'Lean was boundless. " He worth more than one hundred Governors, and four times as many soldiers."

This gentleman also stated to me respecting Cape Coast, that it is a dear place to live in. The people are indolent. Instead of raising their own poultry, they depend upon the inhabitants of distant villages to bring them supplies. They have every facility for producing the necessaries of life for themselves, but cannot bear the trouble. Hence the high prices at the Cape Coast market.

Already we begin to feel and look as in the

tropics. There is no breeze, but our good ship holds on. At twelve o'clock, we were in lat. 42° , long. $12^{\circ} 14'$ west.

Tuesday, 28th.—To-day we have passed several ships, both outward and homeward bound, all lying or rolling on the water like logs: not a ripple on the ocean wide. What a glorious mirror this of the power and grandeur of God!

After all, there is nothing like steam. Breeze, or no breeze, we career along, leaving the sailing craft behind us. They are dependent upon Providence for the favourable wind: we are dependent on the same Providence for our preservation from many accidents peculiarly incident to steam navigation. Man may modify and apply the endless adaptations of nature and art; but the same hand of Providence grasps and controls the whole.

In the course of conversation to-day, I heard of some amusing Negro metaphors. Mr. Edwards, a solicitor, applied to a Negro for something toward rebuilding a chapel. "No, Massa, me no can give anything. My wife ill; she lie plenty heavy on me hand; me no afford to give." "O, you might, I think." "No, Massa, one finger no catch louse."

Another Negro, in praying for a Minister, said, "Lord, make Massa's heart like one inkstand; and him tongue like the pen of a ready writer!"

Wednesday, 29th.—Most magnificent weather. We have also a fine breeze, and the ship is pro-

ceeding at the rate of nine and a half knots an hour. Thus far we have had one of the most delightful and prosperous voyages possible. Everything has gone on so smoothly, that there is scarcely an incident to record.

I moralized this morning on the ocean in its various phases of calm, ripple, breezy, and rough and stormy. Indeed, in the absence of all exciting occurrences, this sort of mental soliloquy seems to be the only thing one is fit for while at sea.

Thursday, 30th.—Land ahead! seen at half-past seven A.M. The morning, however, is hazy; consequently the view is somewhat indistinct. The land is high and bold.

Early in the forenoon we reached our anchorage at Madcira, and spent the day there. The natural scenery of the island is very beautiful, and even romantic. Some of the houses are very good; but the dwellings of the poor are but most wretched cabins. The people generally present an aspect of squalid poverty and filth beyond anything I have seen for years. No doubt their present condition is partly attributable to the failure of the vintage for several years in succession. They seem likely to abandon the cultivation of the grape, and are now largely substituting sugar-canes. Generally the country looks scorched and barren; and it is far from the paradisiacal appearance which I had expected it to present. The flowering shrubs and

trees are beautiful. The claradendron, now in full bloom, is about the most gorgeous floral sight I have ever seen. It has star-like flowers of the most brilliant crimson.

In the course of my short ramble on shore, I visited the nunnery and the public markets. At the former I bought some feather flowers, lace mats, &c.; the latter are well supplied with fruits, some of them tropical, such as plantains, bananas, tomatoes, pine-apples, figs, &c. The meat market is poor, and the beef wretched-looking. Fish is both plentiful and good.

Numerous boats came off to the ship with goods for sale, such as articles of cabinet work, lace, feather flowers, baskets, shoes, and light straw hats. We were also visited by several diving boys. At first sight the performances of these lads seem rather astonishing. Their object is to induce passengers in the ship to throw pieces of silver coin into the sea, after which they dive, and which they invariably succeed in securing. In this way these boys earn a livelihood. Of course beyond a certain depth the coin sinks but slowly, and, being white and bright, it can be easily distinguished under water. The boys watch, and mark the exact spot where the coin strikes the water, and in an instant spring after it, and soon re-appear with the spoil.

It would seem that the Romish Priests at Madeira

are in very bad reputation. According to the statements of the people themselves, they are an exceedingly licentious class of men.

Friday, 31st.—We left Madeira at eleven A.M. Upon the whole, I have been disappointed in the place. It is pretty, but does not equal the expectations I had formed; but of course my visit was a very hasty one, and I had no opportunity of going into the country around Funchal.

Saturday, November 1st.—We have had a strong breeze all night; but still there is not much sea on, and the morning is lovely. The Peak of Teneriffe was seen at daylight, and it was then seventy miles distant. It was, however, soon lost in the haze. Sometimes said to be seen one hundred and fifty miles off; the Captain has seen it one hundred and thirteen miles distant. Our ship is going now at the rate of eleven knots, and we shall probably reach Teneriffe by two P.M. The Peak is 12,072 feet above the level of the sea. As first seen this morning, the base appeared much wider than I had previously supposed. Probably from some other point it would appear narrower; otherwise it is certainly altogether unlike the pictures of it which I have often seen.

We have a few plants on board in a sort of clumsy Ward's case. On peeping through the glass this morning, I saw a fine rose-bud, which has formed since we came on board, blooming on the

wide waste of ocean. There is a rough sea on to-day; many of the passengers absent from breakfast-table, and there is no difficulty in divining the cause.

What a contrast between the weather here and that in England ordinarily to be witnessed at this season of the year! Cold, thick, clammy fogs *there*: *here* all is bright and warm; no clouds in the sky; a dry, warm wind, and the thermometer 74° in the shade.

We reached Santa Cruz, island of Teneriffe, at three P.M. Cast anchor, but were not allowed to land, as we had come from Madeira, and the Spanish Consul having had a letter stating that there were still cases of cholera there. It was somewhat amusing to see the men in the Consul's boat receiving the letters and parcels for this port. As they were handed over the ship's side, they caught them on the end of a long stick, and then dipped them in the sea, before they gave them to the Captain of the port. It was perhaps all right; but we had a clean bill of health, and were all well on board, and the cholera had ceased at Madeira; so we thought them a shade too particular.

The coast scenery is bold and beautiful indeed; the mountain peaks assuming all sorts of fantastic forms, and rising to a great height. I very much regretted that we could not have a ramble in the town, which looks rather interesting and pretty

from the harbour.* Finding that we could have no communication with the shore, the Captain resolved upon leaving almost immediately, but was detained by taking in coals. We weighed anchor about ten P.M. After starting, a turkey flew overboard; and three hats were soon blown in the same direction.

Sunday, 2nd.—A fine light breeze and a brilliant morning. Church service was read in the saloon at eleven A.M., by Mr. T——. He then proceeded to read a sermon of Merivale's, (preached in the Chapel Royal, Whitehall.) To my thinking, there is no connexion between the sermon and the text, —2 Cor. v. 17. No conclusion was given to the service; not even, "Now to God the Father," &c. Not a single word was added after the last word in the printed discourse; but the officiating Minister took up a glass of water, and left his position at the head of the table; the company not dispersing, till the Captain began to move some of the books, when of course we understood, what we could not understand before, namely, that the service was over. Alas, that the genial and free spirit of the Gospel dispensation should be so bound up in forms; and

* Within a day of the same date eleven years before, the editor of this "Journal" landed at Santa Cruz, whilst on his voyage to Australia and the South Sea Islands. A closer inspection of the town by no means confirms the good impression of it as seen from the harbour. The streets are narrow and winding, and were filled, at least on that occasion, with miserable and very importunate beggars.

that so little of earnestness should appear even in the Minister of it, not to speak of the members! Never surely was there a more lame and impotent conclusion to a religious service.

To-day I have been meditating on the words, "The sea is His, and He made it." The ocean may be taken as an illustration of God's power,—the mirror of His grandeur, and a sample of His resources; and it is His to control its action, and possess its entire capabilities.

Monday, 3rd.—This morning is dull, and the thermometer has fallen to 70°. There is not a patch of blue sky to be seen. All above is one uniform leaden mass, through which the sun is vainly struggling to shine. We have, however, a fine breeze, and with half steam we are going at the rate of nine and a half knots. We have not seen a single sail since we left Teneriffe.

To-day I had some conversation with Mr. Akinney about Anamabu. It appears that the chapel is of a good size, and is well attended. It is built in the middle of the town. Hence the worship is so disturbed, as to render it necessary to remove to some more quiet and eligible site. This, he says, is about to be done.

Tuesday, 4th.—A fine breeze, full steam, ship going all night eleven knots. Sky overclouded. Thermometer, in the berth, 78°. The Captain was showing me this morning the condensing apparatus,

which, though very small, is capable of producing double the quantity of water required for the use of the ship, namely, three hundred gallons *per* day. The tanks contain three thousand gallons. He has also fitted up a small cooking apparatus by steam. This is admirably adapted for boiling of puddings, rice, &c. He told us an amusing tale about the Kroomen on last voyage. They live chiefly on rice, and went as usual to the galley fire to boil it. The Captain conducted them to his new steam apparatus. They could not understand it. He boiled some rice for them. They looked all up and down, but could see no fire, and said, "Where you get fire?" "No fire,—steam," was the answer; and again the Kroomen replied, "No, Massa, black man no for eat fire." The Captain said, "There is no fire in it." They, however, again replied, "O Massa, black man eat that rice, he die! we go galley." "No, you must not cook your rice here; you break all the pots; but no pots break here." "No, Massa, we no go break the pots; we no eat this rice; we no for eat fire; we die." "Well," said the Captain, "you must eat it here, or go without for two days." Well, for one day they ate nothing. During the night they went to the cook, and said, "We no eat all day; we boil rice here." "No," said the cook, "the Captain's orders must be obeyed." But, feeling for the poor men, who were very hungry, he went and told the Captain, who

said, "I cannot break my word; but the men will be ill. You take no notice of them, and they will continue to cook for themselves; and you must continue not to see it done." Nothing could persuade them to eat rice cooked in this, to them, mysterious way. No doubt they thought it the result of some preternatural power, and feared that death would follow eating.

Some flying-fish came on board this morning, one a very large and fine specimen. One came up from the sea like a rocket, and struck with great force the cheek of the chief officer. Neptune also played us one of his pranks; for a chance sea came pouring in at the after port-hole in the saloon, flooding the floor and soaking everything.

Wednesday, 5th.—On waking this morning, found the thermometer in my cabin up to 87°; in the saloon, 82°. The morning very dull; but a very refreshing breeze on deck. By nightfall we were close in with the land; but in consequence of extensive and dangerous reefs, and it being dark, the Captain resolved to lie off all night.

CHAPTER VIII.

JOURNAL CONTINUED—FROM GOREE TO CAPE COAST.

THURSDAY, November 6th.—After a night of terrific rolling, I got up at six o'clock to have my first look at Africa, the land of Ham, of darkness, and of degradation. Once, indeed, it was the cradle of human learning and science. But now how long until Christianity and civilization shall have blessed this region of the earth?

This is a beautiful morning: thermometer, 86°. Looks and feels like Africa. We are now (half-past seven A.M.) steaming in for Goree, a small island near to and south of Cape Verd. This island was given up to the French at the general peace of 1814. They possessed it originally; but, after being taken and retaken by the English and French, it was finally ceded to the latter at that time, and has since remained in their hands.

At nine A.M. I went ashore with the Captain. Would that I could give my first impressions! These were certainly of the most painful kind. The miserable and degraded appearance of the men working on the wharves and beach, the disgusting sights of women, the children of both sexes and of all sizes perfectly nude, and young and old squatted

about in all imaginable postures,—these things gave anything but a favourable impression of genuine African life in its association with white influence and example. I observed that the manner in which the women carry their children is similar to what obtains in many and wide-spread uncivilized countries. The infant is simply wrapped in a fold of cloth, and suspended so as to be carried resting on the hips of the woman. Here too may be seen the art of weaving carried on in truly primitive style. The workmen have their strange machines erected under the shade of a tree, or under a temporary shed; and there they ply their interesting craft with implements the most uncouth and primeval, but which have in them all the elements of modern art, and which to some extent meet the wants of the people as to clothing; but from what has been already described, the poet's words appear appropriate, although perhaps perverted from their original meaning,—

“ Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.”

The dwellings of the people are exceedingly strange, and the town generally has a very ruined appearance. Goree has extensive and all but impregnable fortifications, and it is the rendezvous for the French navy. I visited the church and the market, but there is nothing remarkable about either. In passing along I noticed some women engaged in milling

or beating the native cloth. After it has been washed, some of the cloth is piled up on a little stool or block, and the women then beat it well with a mallet. This is done, in fact, to smooth and soften the cloth. So that the dressing and mangling is as primitive as the weaving. I ought to say, perhaps, that both men and women employ their time in spinning the cotton.

Our run on shore, however, was but brief and hurried, as we left Goree at half-past eleven A.M. We were off the Gambia at nine P.M., where we anchored for the night. The Gambia is said to be one of the finest rivers in Africa. It is fourteen miles wide at its mouth, and its waters are divided and beautified by numerous islands. The river is navigable for about five hundred miles by vessels of considerable burden. Fish of various kinds abound in the river; and after the anchor was let go, we amused ourselves for some time with fishing, and were tolerably successful, having got a good supply for our morning's breakfast.

Friday, 7th.—Weighed anchor at daylight, and steamed into Bathurst. The appearance of the town is very pretty from the roadstead. It is situated on the north-eastern extremity of the island of St. Mary. Bathurst is so called in honour of the noble Lord who was the Colonial Secretary when the building of the town was commenced. The island of St. Mary is about sixteen miles in circum-

ference, and in one place the creek which separates it from the main land is exceedingly narrow.

Mr. Bridgart, the resident Missionary, came on board, and took breakfast with us; after which we went on shore together, congratulating Mr. Gurney on having reached his destination in peace and safety. May God preserve his health and prosper his labours! The boat in which Mr. Bridgart came on board went ashore whilst we were at breakfast, and gave information that there was one Missionary on board for them, and a party of others going to Cape Coast. The result was, that when we landed, we were met by about two hundred children belonging to our people and schools, who danced and cheered with all their might. It was quite an interesting sight. We dined at the Mission-house. The premises are good, but require to be fresh plastered and painted. We visited the barracks, from the tower of which I obtained a fine view of the whole of the town, and a stretch up the country of some twenty miles. Here also we could see the notorious swamps and mangrove thickets. This must be a fearful place in the rainy season.

I could not but be struck with the contrast between the natives here and at the adjoining French settlement from which we have just come. The people here are much better, at any rate more decently, dressed than at Goree: some of them, indeed, are rather picturesque.

I managed to take a few photographic pictures. The natives, never having seen such a process, were filled with wonder, which they variously expressed,—clapping hands, screeching, and jumping, and letting off their extraordinary lingo. One picture was taken from the piazza of the Mission-house. It includes a view of the barrack tower already referred to. The whole structure is handsome and substantial, and contrasts most strikingly with the native houses, by which the view of the barracks is partially shut out.

I slept on board, and returned in the morning to breakfast with one of the English merchants, who had been a passenger from Plymouth. The breakfast, at half-past ten A.M., was very sumptuous.

Saturday, 8th.—At twelve at noon we weighed anchor, and steamed onwards for Sierra Leone, which is our next place of call on the coast, and where we have one of our most interesting and successful Mission stations. I have been highly pleased with the little I have seen of Bathurst; but I am looking for yet greater things at Sierra Leone.

Sunday, 9th.—Divine service was conducted to-day by the Rev. William West. I have been lamed by the falling of my writing-desk upon my left foot. The wound bled profusely, and the pain is severe. But what a trivial thing is this compared with what might have been the accidents connected with our voyage! Thank God for all His mercies!

Monday, 10th.—To-day we had a tornado. The thermometer stood at 86°. We sighted land at two P.M. The cry of “Land ahead!” gave a sudden, but somewhat pleasant, interruption to my letter-writing to friends in England. We dropped anchor off Sierra Leone at half-past six P.M. It has indeed a beautiful appearance from the sea. Freetown stands on the north side of the Sierra Leone peninsula, and on the south bank of the river bearing that name. It is distant about five miles from the sea. The town is built on an inclined plane at the foot of some hills, on which the fort, the barracks, and some other public buildings are erected. Many of the houses are commodious and substantial stone buildings. I was unable to go on shore on account of my bruised toe. Mr. Teale and Mr. May came on board, and Mr. and Mrs. William West accompanied them on shore.

Tuesday, 11th.—I visited the Institution at King Tom’s Point. The premises are large. They are no doubt very suitable for the purpose; but at present their condition is anything but a credit to us. Everything is in a tumble-down state. The furniture in the establishment is deplorable. There are eight students now under training. They expressed their strong attachment to Mr. Reay, who has recently returned to England. We returned to dinner at the Mission house. It also is in a very dilapidated state.

In the evening I preached in Buxton chapel. The congregation was large. The singing was very good. The whole scene was novel to me, and extremely interesting:—an immense crowd of eager black faces, speaking eyes, and shining teeth, and, best of all, warm hearts.

Wednesday, 12th.—Rode up the hill before breakfast to have a good view of the town and neighbourhood. The vegetation is luxuriant, and there is a great variety of tropical fruits. It was cold going up, but awfully hot coming down.

At noon I paid my respects to the Governor at Government House. He is a very affable and gentlemanly man. He was formerly Governor at Cape Coast Castle. In the course of our conversation, he spoke in the highest terms of the Mission at Cape Coast Castle. Dined at the house of Mr. Smyth, Colonial Secretary. In the evening I heard Mr. William West preach in the Bathurst Street chapel; after which I took tea at the house of Mr. William Smith, Circuit Steward.

The heat has been gradually increasing, and now the thermometer stands very high. To say that I am in a state of profuse perspiration, would convey a very imperfect idea of the facts of the case. Every pore of my body seems to have become a sluice, from whence the fluids are pouring in continual streams, day and night. There seems to be no cool thing to touch, and no cool place to reach.

I did feel disgusted not a little by the nakedness of the natives at Goree; but it is not to be so much wondered at with such a heat as this, where there is no strong and invincible love of decency. But notwithstanding this sudden change of climate, I am constrained to admire the goodness and mercy of God in granting me uninterrupted and perfect health. I never was better in my life than I have been since I left England. O for grace to render to Him the love and service which are so justly due!

Thursday, 13th.—Not able to go about much, owing to the pain of my toe. We got on board the "Candace" once more at eight P.M., and at eleven o'clock weighed anchor. We had another tornado during the course of the day.

Friday, 14th.—Beautiful weather. Monrovia, the capital of the American settlement of Liberia, is our next place of call on the coast. It is said that this is a very flourishing town, and that in the vicinity good building stone abounds, and also plenty of shells for making lime, as well as excellent clay for bricks. Timber of various kinds is also very abundant.

Saturday, 15th.—We dropped anchor at the above place. I was unfortunately "tied by the foot," and consequently unable to go on shore. The houses, as seen from the ship, appear to be very good. Some of them are substantial brick buildings. There are 1,500 settlers in the town. I observed that the natives who came off in canoes were, for

the most part, in a state of perfect nudity. Others had merely a small piece of calico round the loins. Their appearance was most disgusting.

The "Gambia," homeward-bound mail, is lying in the bay ready to start for Sierra Leone. At one o'clock we weighed anchor, and steamed off in good style.

Sunday, 16th.—We had Divine service on the quarter-deck, conducted by one of the Church Missionaries on board. We have also, as fellow passengers, the Bishop of Sierra Leone, accompanied by two Clergymen, Mr. Fryer and Mr. Taylor. The former gentleman is the Bishop's Chaplain, and my companion in the cabin. The Bishop is suffering very much from sickness. He appears to be a quiet and amiable man. He came out to the colony originally as a Catechist, but is now Bishop, having been appointed to succeed the late Bishop Vidal, who died so suddenly on this coast.*

Monday, 17th.—The thermometer is now 88° in the saloon. The black cook about noon got hold of a bottle of rum, and drank nearly the whole of it. He is dead drunk, and there are but little hopes of his rallying. At six P.M. the cook was still unconscious. We are now hoping to reach Cape Coast Castle about noon to-morrow.

* Bishop Weeks is also numbered with the departed since this "Journal" was written, and several of those Church Missionaries who accompanied Mr. West on his outward voyage.—EDITOR.

The weather has been fine all the way, and I have enjoyed perfect health. Still, while thankful to God for these things, I am very glad in the prospect of release from this monotonous and lounging life. I find it quite impossible to fix the mind on any given subject, in the way of study. I envy those who can be calm and studious amid all the tossings to and fro of a life at sea.

Tuesday, 18th.—A lovely morning. Thermometer 84°. The night had been excessively close and hot, the feeling amounting almost to suffocation. We are looking out for land, and expect to sight it about nine A.M. The cook is still living.

We cast anchor at Cape Coast at noon. To God be all the praise for His mercy and grace! He has granted me a most pleasant and prosperous voyage; and now in peace and safety, and in the enjoyment of His favour, I am brought to my destination. Blessed be His name!

The sea is comparatively a smooth one, but I can see the rollers going gradually in to the beach, and the huge surf breaking high on the shore. The natives come alongside the ship in great numbers. There are from ten to sixteen men and boys in each canoe. Whatever they may do in landing us through the surf, they show but little skill in managing their rickety craft alongside. And O what a jabber! About eighty naked fellows are at one time shouting Fantee; the uncouth sounds,

uttered with the utmost possible power of lungs, totally preventing any directions from being given or heeded.

A large canoe is now coming alongside from Mr. Freeman. He has sent the canoe for us; and he and others are waiting on the beach to receive us.

And now we are with some difficulty on board of the frail craft. It is beautiful to see the skill with which they paddle, so as to ride over the swelling seas. Sometimes they barely keep the canoe in motion; then all at once every man bends to his paddle, and away we shoot to the measure of a rude chorus. And now, as we near the beach, the breaking surf is at least eight feet high. But the men watch their opportunity, and paddling the canoe on to the top of one of the largest swells, they keep it there, and on the very crest of the wave we are carried high and dry up on the sand. Then comes the debarcation. Two men stand side by side, each take hold with one hand; I sit on their shoulders, and ride away up out of the reach of the next surf. All this is very quickly and cleverly done.

Mr. Freeman gave us a very agreeable reception. With him were several of our Native Agents, and hundreds of children and grown up people, waiting our arrival; the former chiefly belonging to our Mission-schools. We were at once conducted to the Mission-house, escorted, of course, by the excited crowd. Mrs. William West was conveyed there

from the beach in a novel carriage,—a little gig body set upon wheels; a pole in front, with cords fastened at intervals along the sides. Two men take hold of the handle in front, and two on each side take hold of the cords, and away they start,—a stately carriage and six! Horses, it appears, will not live at the Cape, and there are no other beasts of burden.

The Mission premises are large and commodious, and in good condition, and are situated about ten minutes' walk from the beach. My first impression was one of wonder at the number of people about them, of all sorts and conditions. Everything, indeed, seems on a large scale. We went to look at the chapel. It is of considerable size, with an unfinished tower in front. The chapel is too long for its width. Mr. Freeman has arranged for special services to be held every evening this week. After tea we went to chapel. The service was opened by Mr. Freeman; his address being interpreted by Mr. Phynn. My companion, Mr. William West, and myself also addressed the meeting through the same medium. After this a Prayer-meeting was held. The people, all over the chapel, were giving out hymns and engaging in prayer. They prayed in Fantee; but many of them in the most singular manner interspersed English words and phrases. Such a Prayer-meeting must be seen to be described.

Wednesday, 19th.—After dinner I walked out for a short while with Mr. William West; returned to tea, and then repaired to chapel, and preached to a good congregation; my sermon consisting, after the orthodox fashion, of three heads and a conclusion. It was delivered in sections, and then interpreted by Christian Phynn. I stood up with my pale face and delivered the introduction; sat down, and he got up with his black face and “did it” into Fantee; and so section by section the discourse was given and interpreted. I cannot but express my surprise that in these eighteen years no attempt has been made to acquire and speak the languages of the country. This seems to me to be a matter of paramount importance. There are multitudes all around who cannot, and probably never will, speak the English language. And with how much more point and power would the sacred truths of the Gospel apply themselves to the minds of the hearers, were they spoken so that they might say, as others in similar circumstances said on the day of Pentecost, “How hear we every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born?”

Thursday, 20th.—In course of conversation with Mr. Freeman, I told him that I propose returning to England by the February mail, and that I shall be glad to have his assistance in preparing a plan for my visitation of the various Stations. I have suggested the middle of January for the holding

of the District-meeting. This arrangement will enable me to fill up the time continuously in visiting the District, and will save some double journeys. Mr. Freeman will assist me in drawing up a plan of journeys.

Friday, 21st.—To-day I visited Beulah, our missionary agricultural establishment. We journeyed in rather a novel manner; our “turn-out” being a barouche drawn by eight men. We had occasionally to get out of our carriage and walk, while the men dragged it along. At other times, when we got out, the men had to carry the carriage; for example, over a stream whose bed was full of big stones. Still we managed to get both ourselves and the carriage along in some sort of fashion. The road to Beulah seems to be the only one in the country; and although it requires constant labour to keep it clear of vegetation, and to repair the damages incident to the rainy season, it is a tolerably good road—where there are none.

Beulah is beautifully situated, about eight miles from Cape Coast. The soil is fertile and varied. Coffee is the chief product of the plantation. The grape, likewise, is cultivated in abundance; and various fruit-trees and vegetables are scattered over the grounds, such as the guava, mango, sour-sop, sugar-apple, cinnamon, orange, lime, &c.

The cottage is pleasantly built on the top of the hill on which the estate stands. One road through

the grounds is about eight hundred yards long. Mr. Freeman gave me the history of this establishment. There was formerly a preaching-place and school at Bculah, and a little garden laid out in front. In 1849 he was visiting the Danish Mission at Christiansborg, and, finding that they had an agricultural establishment for training purposes, it occurred to him that we ought, having so much greater hold of the country, and a much more prosperous work, to have some such establishment. He therefore set about it immediately, and obtained this land. The Chief to whom it belonged has signed some documents, by which the whole is properly secured; and in the written agreement it is stipulated that we can have as much more land as we choose, on the same terms as those upon which the chief portion has been obtained.

The boys attending the Institution are divided into three classes. They work on the plantation in the morning, and go to the school, which is on the ground, in the evening. They and the villagers make up a population of about three hundred. Nearly all (excepting of course the children) are members of Society. From what I can learn, there has been a great and gracious work of God amongst them. They are, however, a very excitable people. Of this I had some evidence during the service which we held: some few of them were very strangely affected. It is pleasing to hear that the

lads have all turned out very satisfactorily. Many of them have given every proof of a sound conversion to God.

The whole establishment is very popular in the country; and it is the envy of many a village. The people look at Beulah, and long to possess the same advantages for themselves,—chapels, schools, grounds, and religious services; but they are slow to imitate the good example.

The chapel on the grounds is a very creditable structure. The people of Beulah built it themselves. The plastering and the pulpit were done for them by Cape Coast workmen.

I find that property is acquired from the Chiefs in various ways. Sometimes there are documents, which constitute the title deeds; in other cases, the contract is verbal, in the presence of witnesses; in others, the affair is managed as a simple bargain, of which possession is held to be evidence.

Saturday, 22nd.—There has been a special Prayer-meeting to-day. Strangers from all the neighbouring towns and villages are now gathering here. They have come up to attend the Missionary Anniversary, and the examination of the children attending our schools. I observed, in the meeting, a remarkable readiness on the part of the people to engage in prayer. It is absolutely necessary that the person leading the meeting should keep a firm hold in order to prevent confusion.

Messengers from the King of Ashanti arrived, on business with the Governor. I got them to sit in a group, holding their gold-headed swords, &c. I sent one of the pictures to the King of Ashanti, with my esteem and good wishes.

Sunday, 23rd.—Preached at seven o'clock in the morning to a very large congregation of the most interesting description. I can give but a poor idea of its appearance. It was the strangest multitude I ever saw. There was little to be seen, except a mass of black flesh, relieved by bright eyes and ivory teeth, with the scanty garments of plain red and yellow. Many of the people appeared to me to be nearly naked: and this is one thing I shall try and induce Mr. Freeman, and the Assistants, to reform. Dress lightly, indeed, in a roasting climate like this; but pray, do dress so as to have common decency. My sermon was, of course, interpreted; and O, what difficulties arise out of this mode of doing one's thoughts into Fantee! Under the circumstances, I could have wished an Apostle's inspiration.

The Missionary Meeting was held in the afternoon. The chapel was densely crowded. I am told there never was so large a congregation in it before; and, perhaps, there never was in Cape Coast so large a gathering in connexion with any religious service. Every available space in the chapel was crammed. Numbers, too, were on the roof above, peeping in



At the same time...

...from the ...



through the windows there, and as many more at the windows of the side-walls of the building. The Lieutenant-Governor was in the chair. Several of the speakers were native merchants.

[The following was the substance of what Mr. West said on this most thrilling and, to him, singular occasion :—

“ I dare say, your Excellency, I have delivered as many missionary speeches as any living man of only equal standing in the ministry. And it may be concluded from this, that I have acquired some degree of facility in addressing Missionary Meetings. Perhaps I have ; but I never felt myself so much at a loss to know what to say, as I do now. I never saw such a gathering as this. I never attended a Missionary Meeting on a Sunday. I never had any difficulty in making myself understood ; but I now speak to a people of a strange tongue, and never did I more feel the misery and the curse of the confusion of Babel.

“ The English people have gladly given their aid toward the evangelization of the peoples dwelling in this and adjacent countries ; and I venture to affirm that, in this respect, they are not weary in well-doing. They are prepared still, in proportion to their means and your necessities, to supply the agencies which, in harmony with the truth and the revealed will of God, may be expected to effect the great purpose of human salvation. On the other

ness. Mr. Bartell is one of the native merchants. He is a highly educated and accomplished gentleman. His house is one of the largest and best on the coast of Africa. We arrived at six P.M., and sat down to dinner at seven, with a very good appetite, after our short but fatiguing ride.

Friday, 28th.—I preached in Mr. Bartell's large room to about one hundred people. After preaching, I baptized three children. We then went out to pay our respects to his Excellency the Governor, at the Fort. He received us very graciously, and, like a true Dutchman, immediately ordered up Seltzer water for our refreshment. We were just about to enjoy this beverage, when the cry of "fire" was raised. In a minute after, the alarm-bell was going. The drums were beating, and the soldiers getting out various implements for either extinguishing fires, or preventing their spread. It turned out that one of the native houses was burning. We stood and watched it for some time from the ramparts. The soldiers no sooner arrived, than they began with long hooked poles to pull down the roof; and, in the course of a very little while, there was nothing left of this unfortunate house but a smouldering mass of rubbish. We then returned to Mr. Bartell's, and, having lunched, we proceeded in our hammoeks towards Cape Coast, where we arrived just at dark.

The town of Elmina is about four times the size



of Cape Coast, and seems far advanced in many things beyond the latter. It was founded by the Portuguese so long ago as 1481. It is seated on a peninsula, near a navigable river, and its principal trade is in gold dust and ivory. It was taken in 1637 by the Dutch, and was formally ceded to them.

Several ladies from Elmina attended our late services at Cape Coast Castle, and I pleased them by taking their likenesses. But when I went over on this visit, I found that one of them, as soon as she got home from Cape Coast, was so excited as to let it fall and break it. She came to me, and said she would give me any money if I would take another! So it appears I might do any amount of business in this line; but I have something else to do. It is impossible to describe the excitement and wonder which the photographic process creates in the minds of these people.

Saturday, 29th.—I have received the following gratifying letter from Mr. Wharton, our Native Minister, at Akrah:—

“JAMESTOWN, AKRAH,

“*November 24th, 1856.*

“REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,

“ALTHOUGH we are personally unknown to each other, I nevertheless venture to address a line to you, expressive of the thankfulness and delight I

feel at the intelligence conveyed to me, by Brother Gardiner, of your safe arrival at Cape Coast Town; and, at the same time, to bid you a hearty welcome, as the representative of our Committee, to the Gold Coast District.

“Allow me to say, dear Sir, that I regard your visit to the scene of our toils as being pregnant with the most beneficial results to the important work in which we are engaged; and my earnest prayer is, that the great Head of the church may largely impart to you that wisdom which is profitable to direct.

“I trust shortly to have the pleasure of seeing you here. Meanwhile, praying that He who keepeth Israel, who neither slumbers nor sleeps, may have you in His special keeping, affording you all that spiritual and bodily vigour necessary to the discharge of the important duties now devolving upon you; and with warmest Christian love, in which Mrs. Wharton unites,

“I am, reverend and dear Sir,

“Yours very respectfully,

“HENRY WHARTON.”

“*The Rev. Daniel West.*”

CHAPTER IX.

JOURNAL CONTINUED—CAPE COAST TO ASABO, ETC.

TUESDAY, December 2nd.—Having slept at Beulah, we started this morning at six o'clock on a tour through what may be called the windward parts of the District. The first place we came to is called Providence. Here there is a neat little chapel. There is also a somewhat extensive plantation after the manner of Beulah. The land is held under the Chief. No ground rent is paid. There are, however, no documents by which the land is secured to us. I have recommended Mr. Freeman to obtain these, if possible. He concurs in the desirableness of having them.

From Providence we passed on to Abonu. This is one of the most romantic rides. Our path lay through dense foliage, brush, and floral beauties. Giant cotton trees, palm trees, bamboos, &c., presented themselves on every hand. The soil is evidently of the richest description, and is no doubt capable of producing anything in any quantity. At this place there is a school containing about thirty scholars, boys and girls. There are thirty-three members in Society.

From Abonu we continued our journey to Aba-

krampa, where we arrived at half-past nine A.M. Our entrance into the village was quite a sight. The utmost excitement prevailed, and the whole place turned out to meet us. There is a neat and good chapel here. The school is good, and is held in a rented house. There are one hundred and twenty members in Society at present, with eleven on trial.

This ramble before breakfast has been truly delightful. The distance of Abakrampa from Beulah is about ten miles. The whole distance traversed abounds with floral and forest beauties. The appearance of our party, as we defiled along the narrow paths bounded by dense foliage, was picturesque in the highest degree. Occasionally we got out of our hammocks to walk. This would have been more pleasant but for the heavy rains which have lately fallen; and in addition to that we got wet about the feet with the dew of the morning.

I have now obtained a correct notion of travelling in the wilds of Western Africa. I no longer wonder at the number of men and the heavy expense attending travelling by hammock. Everything wanted must be carried by men, such as provisions, candles, liquors, medicine, bedding, mosquito curtains, pillows, &c., besides one's ordinary baggage. The difficulty of moving is great, if there be only one traveller; but where there is a party, the litter and labour is enormous.

I have omitted to say that, in passing through

Abonu, we paid our respects to the ex-King of Cape Coast. He was "removed from the stool," as it is called,—that is, dethroned.

A gracious revival occurred at Abakrampa about twelve months ago, in connexion with the usual Watch-night services. These were continued until two o'clock in the afternoon. About that time several persons, Christians and Pagans, were sitting outside, about midway down the avenue in front of the chapel, and saw a strange appearance in the chapel. Through one of the windows they saw what seemed to be a human being, with a black dress, white at the bottom. One of the Christians who saw the appearance, rose up, and went towards the chapel, to see who or what it was; but as he drew near, the apparition passed away. A pagan man to whom a report of this was made, said he would not believe it on the testimony of the Christians; but he would if a certain pagan man, who was also reported to have seen it, should describe the appearance and affirm its truth. This pagan witness had gone into the bush. He was sent for, and on his arrival was questioned in the presence of the unbeliever by Mr. Solomon, the Native Minister in charge of the place. The man described the appearance just as the Christians had described it. After this the unbelieving pagan was frequently spoken to about religion. He would not, however, embrace it; and, to escape trouble, he went with his wife and

child into the bush. While palm wine was being made one day, a tree fell, and killed him on the spot.

It appears that some of the Abakrampa people who had not previously seen what is commonly called "a revival," would not for a while believe in the genuineness of the work. But when they afterwards witnessed the signs of a gracious change in those who had been converted and quickened, they too were constrained to admire and believe. And thus the leaven is at work abroad as it is at home. True religion—the religion of a changed heart and a renewed and sanctified life—diffuses its own hallowing and saving influence around those by whom it is possessed. The principles and operations of saving grace are the same in all hearts, whether these beat under a white or a black skin.

"One family we dwell in Him."

Having sent a message to the King or Chief of the Abaras, we are now informed that he is coming to honour us with a visit. See! he comes! what a commotion! Amid the crowd of people coming up the street, the first object attracting the attention is the huge umbrella carried by attendants over the head of the King. The umbrella is of bright red and yellow, with a brilliant yellow fringe, and surmounted by a figure of a hand holding a short sword. The King is preceded by his sword-bearers.

They are three in number, and each of them carries a sort of sword of state, with monstrous hilts overlaid with massive gold in the most ingenious manner. On entering our Mission-house, I made my obeisance to him, and, after duly bowing and scraping, we shook hands in a very cordial manner. His several Captains were then presented to me, as also his linguist. I then desired him to be seated, and in a few minutes the house was filled with his attendants and soldiers, armed with cutlasses. I then entered into conversation with the King. I told him how glad I was to see him and his Chiefs in his own country; how I admired the rich and beautiful country through which I had passed; and that I should soon be returning to England, and would not fail to tell the English people all about him, his country, Captains, and people. He told me I had not seen half of the beauties and capabilities of the land. I then paid him one or two compliments as to his personal appearance, which he certainly fully merits, he being one of the finest-looking of all the natives I have seen. He stands at least a head above any of his warriors whom I have seen. He seemed very much pleased with what I said, and I thought it a good time to preach Christ to him and his. I inquired of him if he owned any one as superior to himself in these regions. He answered, "No." "But," I said, "there is One above us all,—the great King in heaven." I told him that I

felt very anxious he should know, and trust in, and love the Saviour, of whom he had heard something, and that this was the only way in which he could be safe and happy. I told him that Christ was altogether worthy of his service and love, because He came into the world, and died to save us. To all this the King and the whole assembly listened with the deepest interest and attention, the King saying, as I ceased, "I thank you."

He had heard of my little doings in photography, and expressed his earnest desire that I should take his likeness. I explained to him that I had not brought my apparatus with me, else I should have taken his portrait with pleasure. On hearing this, he said he would come down to Cape Coast on purpose; and I have promised to gratify him. In the course of conversation I suggested to Otu the richness of his country, and its capabilities for growing everything valuable; and endeavoured to impress upon him the importance of developing all its resources, as a duty to himself, to his people, to the world, and to God. This interview over, we arranged for preaching service at half-past six o'clock.

In the course of the day I visited the school-room and chapel. The latter was opened in the month of August, 1854. It is a neat and substantial erection, and I understand it is well attended, sometimes crowded, on the Lord's day. In the

course of my ramblings I struck into a path leading through a thicket, and was very unexpectedly delighted to hear the sound of a voice. I found that it was one of the elder boys reading out of the New Testament that passage which says, "There came wise men from the east to Jerusalem," &c.

The King has just sent me a present of a fine fat sheep, and a large quantity of yams. I am glad to think from this circumstance that, at any rate, he has taken kindly the conversation and advices which I had with, and gave to, him. After dinner, I felt it my duty to return the King's visit, and formally acknowledge his kind present. Accordingly I did so, and was very much pleased with the opportunity. He received me in the midst of his Captains and attendants. After the interview, I visited his Chiefs in their houses. They were all of them exceedingly delighted. At the house of one of them, I observed a primitive and very curious musical instrument of the banjo sort. It was very rudely constructed of Edoom wood. Over the body was stretched a piece of monkey skin: and above this two rows of strings were stretched; these strings being made of a species of creeper abounding in the jungle, and closely resembling catgut in its general appearance. The sound was, on the whole, pleasant, though not capable of much expansion. I inquired whether any one of them played: one said he could a little, and began; but pre-

sently the principal musician came in, and, at my request, commenced his performance,—the people round beating time by a peculiar clap of the hand, accompanied by a half-dancing motion. At length, one of them began to dance, apparently excited by the music. The movements were strange, but not ungraceful. He danced till, he said, he was tired. I thanked him, and retired. I should have mentioned that, while the musician was making a beginning, I slightly moved my hands and person in time with the music: their delight was unbounded; they clapped their hands, and roared, and cheered their approbation. No doubt, they thought that I was a man of taste, seeing I could appreciate their performance!

After this, I visited the houses of several of our Leaders and members: some of these were good and comfortable. The framework of African houses, in general, is covered with earth, or clay. The roof is formed of poles or branches meeting at the top, and neatly thatched either with leaves or grass. The floor is raised a little above the level of the ground, so as to avoid the damp. The furniture is usually as scanty and poor as the dwelling itself,—consisting of a few seats, drinking utensils, mats, &c.

I preached, in the evening, to a densely crowded congregation, from 2 Cor. xiii. 5. King Otu, and his Chiefs, were present. The scene was deeply interesting. The sermon was interpreted by Mr.

Dunean, one of the Native Assistants. He is a young man of good promise. O that the word spoken may have been effectual in enlightening and saving some!

Wednesday, 3rd.—We started at seven A.M. for Akrofu, a place distant one hour's travel from Abakrampa. We journeyed the whole of the distance by a narrow path leading through a dense jungle. Birds of the most beautiful plumage flew amongst the trees; butterflies of all sizes, and gorgeous hues, flitted around us; flowers of every tint bordered our path; here and there we met with giant grass from ten to twelve feet in height; cotton trees, also, of large dimensions, and Edoom trees towering away to the height of some two hundred feet, and of immense girth. We passed several small villages on our route, and reached Akrofu in time to enjoy a good breakfast.

The chapel here has been repaired and refitted. It is a neat little place, and is usually well attended. There are, at this place, seventy-eight members in Society, under the care of Mr. Colcroft, a Native Assistant.

We again set off for Abaka, where we arrived about noon. Immediately after we had entered the chapel, the people came in great numbers. We then sang a hymn, and I gave them an address. At the conclusion, the Chief of the place ordered palm wine and cocoa nuts for our refreshment. I

merely tasted the former, but drank heartily of the latter. No one knows the deliciousness of what is called cocoa-nut milk, who has not drunk it in the countries where the cocoa-nut grows. The nuts we have in England are old and fusty, fit only, in their best estate, for feeding pigs. The liquor is always thick, or dirty, with a very disagreeable fetid taste. But here it is clear as spring water, and is a pleasant and most refreshing beverage. The man who could drink it in such a climate as this, without being thankful to God for it, deserves either to be choked by it, or to perish with thirst. The Chief has also given me the present of a fine fat sheep. He has also promised to send it on to Akrofu tomorrow, so that we may take it back with us to Cape Coast Castle on our return.

All this accomplished, we started off once more, and reached a place called Dunkwa about two P.M. All the village turned out to meet us. Here, as is customary, the hammock-men had their allowance of rum. They take it neat, and I could not but observe that it seemed to go down quite kindly. I suppose, poor fellows, they will drink water after; else it would do them more good to dilute it.

We have at Dunkwa eighty-two members in Society, and forty-eight scholars in the school. I visited several of the people in their own houses. I find the style is substantially the same in every place; but the appearance of the houses here has

evidently very much, almost incomparably, improved during the last few years. It is delightful to contrast some of the newly-erected dwellings with the appearance of those erected before the introduction of Christianity.

Toward evening, I preached in the chapel to a closely-packed congregation, from Heb. xii. 1. The Chief, being unwell, was not present with us; but sent us his respects. After the service, his head Captain, and others of inferior rank, accompanied by some fifty or sixty of the people, came into the Mission-house. We treated the former to some of our refreshments, and sent a portion to the Chief's house, for which he returned a polite acknowledgment. Among those who came in to see us, was Paintern Quassie, the grandson of the King of Abomey. He has the title of Prince; but though, to look at him, he seems an intelligent young man, there is nothing princely visible.

Thursday, 4th.—We started from Dunkwa at half-past six A.M., for Domonasie. On our way, we passed through Ayerudu, where we have had rented Mission premises. The people, however, are now building themselves a chapel. At this place, there are twenty-seven members, and twenty-two children attending the school.

We reached Domonasie a little before ten o'clock. It is a very pretty village. Our journey to it had not been of the pleasantest description. The roads

were very bad, and rendered exceedingly dirty and wet by the heavy rains of the previous night. I got so wet about the feet and legs, that I preferred walking to riding in the hammock. We arrived, therefore, at Domonasie in a dirty, wet, sweaty, and hungry condition; and O the luxury of a good wash, and a complete change! We found breakfast prepared for us under the shade of the largest fig-tree I ever saw.

At this place, an extensive fire recently occurred, and the Mission premises were burnt down. John Osu Ansah, the Native Missionary, resides in a rented house for the present. It is proposed to convert the present chapel, which has become too small, into the Mission-house, and build a new and larger chapel. We have here eighty-six members, and forty-three scholars.

It was at this place Mr. Freeman made his first attempt in agricultural training establishments. The land obtained for these purposes is immediately adjoining the Mission-house, and is of considerable extent. It was found, however, to be too distant from Cape Coast, either to be well overlooked, or to allow its produce to be available. And as Beulah prospered, being more favourably situated in the above respects than Domonasie, the latter place was neglected. It is still a pretty place, and is capable of being made to yield almost anything.

During dinner, three of the Leaders came to the

house of Mr. Ansah, where I was staying, accompanied by a youth bearing on his shoulders a fine sheep, and another with a basket of yams. Addressing themselves to Mr. Ansah, they told him that this was a present from the Leaders to me. I thanked them, and, whilst doing so, I received intimation that the head men of the place were coming to see me. "They are coming," says my interpreter; and, sure enough, here they are. Some of them are fine-looking men. They came and filed past me, and I shook hands with every man of them. The substance of my conversation with them was as follows: "Delighted to see them; come a very long way to have the opportunity; wish I could speak to them in Fantee:—though I have a very good interpreter, still I could speak to them very much better if I knew their language. We, in England, have long tried the Gospel of Christ, and it has made us wise and happy. Very anxious that they should receive it, and be made wise and happy too." (They answer, "It is very good, and we like to hear it.") "Our colours differ, but God makes no difference. We are all made by the same Being, and redeemed by the same Divine Saviour. We are all brothers; and my desire is, that you may be made holy and happy by the same grace." (They thank me very much, and say, "It is good, and we like to hear.") After this interview with the men, I was visited by all the female mem-

bers. It was a regular levee. They moved past in single file, and I shook hands with each, after which the interpreter gave them a few words. The young people outside during this interview were under the power of ungovernable curiosity. It is now several years since they saw a white man in their village; and, of course, to not a few of the children this was the first time. Our friends had considerable difficulty in keeping them within anything like reasonable bounds.

In the evening, the chapel was full. Mr. Freeman preached from, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." As soon as he had finished his discourse, I went into the pulpit, and gave them an address, partly founded on the gladness of Barnabas, when he saw the grace of God among the believers at Antioch.

Friday, 5th.—Started at daylight for Abuadzi. This village is two hours' journey from Domonasie. The Chief, Yamaki, has recently embraced Christianity, and the following account of some of the circumstances is full of interest. Near to the village stood a very large fetish tree, for generations the scene of superstitious worship. Yamaki, of course, as the Chief, had been accustomed to make his offerings there. He was a devoted worshipper. But now that he had been converted to the faith of Christ, he felt that he had done with all the lying wonders of the fetish. He was also anxious that



Abdullah, the Sultan.

Abdullah Sultan
of Demarane



this tree, around which his own superstitious associations gathered, and which, while it stood, continued to invite the slavish homage of his people to them who were no gods, should be removed. He felt that the evidence of his own conversion was hardly complete, until this tree was cut down. At first, there were some superstitious shrinkings from the task; but, at length, his convictions of truth and duty triumphed; the grace of God made him strong to do what he felt was a right thing. He got some of his men to go with him to the tree, and they began to cut it down. The crowd of spectators are filled with vague terror, as they see the axc and the saw applied. And now, as the tree comes down with a crash, Yamaki exultingly says, "Ay, many a fine fat sheep, plenty ackees of gold and bottles of rum, have you cost me; but now I have done with you." I gazed upon the stumps of this famous tree this morning, with feelings of unspeakable gratitude and thankfulness to God for this beautiful triumph over the strongest and darkest feature of African heathenism.

Yamaki is now building a chapel in Abuadzi: I saw it this morning. The walls are up. They are rudely built, but will be very substantial, and afford ample accommodation for the inhabitants of this very interesting village. On viewing the structure, we observed that no level had been in use, and the eye of the architect had not made up the deficiency;

for the windows on one side were higher than on the other. A spade was obtained, and a line run across, to show them how much lower these windows must be brought. Meantime Mr. Freeman made a level; and now, with this and sundry instructions, they will be able to go along with their work more scientifically.

I preached out of doors at nine A.M., from Rev. xxii. 14, under the shade of a gamboge-tree in the middle of the village. I cannot describe the thrilling interest of the service. And O how thankful I feel to God that in the midst of these many and exhausting labours my health and strength are continued! Glory be to God! Surely He smiles on my mission. After preaching, I drank the refreshing contents of two cocoa-nuts; and then I received a present from Yamaki of another fat sheep and a quantity of yams. I had just made my respectful acknowledgments, and moved a few yards towards my hammock, when I met Gasi, the second Chief, accompanied by two attendants, one having a bundle of yams, and the other with a beautiful black sheep on his shoulder.

The village of Abuadzi is not large; but we have there one hundred and twenty-seven members in Society. Our chapels will no doubt have a place in all those villages occupied by the churches of our own Society; and the day is not distant when all these villages will at least be nominally Christian.

The country is open to us; and we have taken possession of it in our Master's name, and the people are waiting to receive us. "What hath God wrought!"

From Abuadzi we started on our return to Cape Coast Castle. Passing through Akrofu, we looked in to see the new chapel erecting there, and found several things to be altered. The natives seem to have no idea of straight lines, centres, or levels.

We also passed through the village of Asabo, the stronghold of the *fetish* in this part of the country. While we sat under the shade of a tree in the centre of the village, the natives, as usual, gathered round us in great numbers, and we soon got into one of the most earnest and exciting debates with some of the principal men on the absurdities of the *fetish*. The discussion afforded a fine specimen of the excitability of these people. In fact, it assumed all the characteristics of a regular tornado. They said, "God made all thing at the first; and He made *fetish*; and therefore we observe it: but you" (the Christians) "are changing the times." We asked them how it was, then, if *fetish* was so strong, we were allowed to change the times. They could not tell how this was; but they said that if they were going to war, they would cut down some plantains; and boil the roots, and drink the liquid, and that would insure the victory over their enemies. We told them in reply, that we had no doubt of their

bravery; but we could not be such fools as to believe that drinking plantain water would insure a victory over their enemies. Their reply was, that they had kept *fetish* all along, and therefore they lived; they would have been swallowed up by their enemies but for *fetish*. To this we said that we lived, and lived a great deal better than they, though we had no *fetish*. This, and a great deal more, was said during the warm debate. Surely we shall get all these people to Christ very soon. O that the scales might fall from their eyes! They have stood out long against Christianity; but even their knees shall bend to Him who is Lord of all. Very little change has been effected in the village in matters of civilization. Only one house had a few windows neatly framed, close to the spot where we were sitting. Thus the change has at least been begun; and, although but very little yet, it is sure to proceed.

We again started on our journey, and reached Cape Coast at half-past five P.M. This was a long and toilsome day's journey of thirty-six miles. I bore it, however, very well. The forest scenery through which we passed was of the most magnificent description. I observed some bignonia trees in bloom,—perhaps the richest and most beautiful sight of this sort I ever saw.

CHAPTER X.

JOURNAL CONTINUED—CAPE COAST CASTLE, ANAMABU,
AND LEEWARD STATIONS.

SATURDAY, December 6th.—Visited by the King of Cape Coast. He is comparatively a young man, having been born in 1818. He is in poor health, and seems to be suffering from some pulmonary affection. He can speak English tolerably well. I had a long conversation with him on the political relations of the Fantees and the Ashantees. There has been of late considerable uneasiness and apprehension, arising, in the first place, out of the case of a man who had left Ashanti without leave, and gone into the Fantee country. The King of Ashanti immediately imprisoned all the Fantees in his country, until this man was given up. The Fantees, in turn, imprisoned all the Ashantees, until the Fantees should be liberated. Appeals were then made, by both parties, to the Governor at Cape Coast. The King of Ashanti sent messengers all the way from Coomasic to the coast. The result was satisfactory. The King of Cape Coast, in the meanwhile, was absent in the country for the benefit of his health. He returned, however, last week, and yesterday had an interview with the Governor on

the business, that he might know exactly the result of the visit of the King of Ashanti's messengers. And knowing that those messengers had been at the Mission-house, and had been accompanied to the Fort by Mr. Freeman, he called here to get what further information he could.

The King of Ashanti, and especially his great Chiefs and advisers, are anxious to regain possession of the Fantee country, and to rule over its people. They say there must be one more battle, and then it will be finally decided. If the Fantee people under the British Government conquer, then it is settled; if not, the Ashantee supremacy will be declared and confirmed.

The King of Cape Coast, Quaccoe Attah, seems an intelligent man; but in a very amusing manner he declared against being humbugged by the King of Ashanti. He said he was willing to remain at peace, and so were all the great Chiefs of the Fantee country. But if trouble came, which he prayed his God to prevent, then it would be found that Fantee was not, as before, weak because divided, but would be strong and victorious, because they were all united now. "Put twelve needles together, they are very strong," said he; "take them one by one, and they can be easily broken."

Sunday, 7th.—To-day I catechised the children of the Sunday school, and gave them an address. I finished by telling them a little story. To this they

eagerly listened with black ears, sparkling eyes, and ivory teeth. When I had finished, one of the Catechists got up to do the whole into Fantee. He had not proceeded far in the story which I had been telling them, when he broke down in a fit of laughter; and the children all laughed in company. He recovered himself, and tried again, but with no better fortune. The whole school was in an uproar. And after all there was nothing so very laughable in the incidents of the story. I inquired of him afterwards the cause of all this mirth and excitement. He said it all arose out of the way in which he had interpreted my statement about the little boy who could read anything, and who, when asked to read a very difficult chapter in the Bible, containing many hard names, read them off so easily. I was certainly a good deal puzzled to understand the cause of their merriment; but the Africans generally are a very excitable race of people. Several instances of this sort occurred during my visit to Beulah.

Monday, 8th.—I was visited to-day by the King of Cape Coast, who came for the purpose of having his likeness taken. He came in grand state, accompanied by all his Chiefs and head-men, and also his principal household servants and attendants. In his train were sword-bearers, a boy bearing an elephant's tail, and another boy carrying a silver cup. There were also men carrying various silver-

headed canes, or wands of office. A rude band of music gave additional *éclat* to the affair. The hall was speedily filled by the immediate officials of His Majesty, and the outer yard was fully occupied by the band and sundry other members of the noisy troop. Let us look at the general appearance of the King. On his head he wore a circlet, or rather a frontlet, of golden ornaments. On one wrist he wore several large gold bracelets, and the other was encircled with jewels and gold nuggets. A massive gold chain was hung round his neck, and his sandals were decorated with golden bands. He was dressed in a loose robe of white silk, thrown carelessly around him; and in his hand he held his own elephant's tail. A gold-headed sword was borne in his presence. Due arrangements having been made, I took his portrait, to his entire satisfaction,—he and his grinning with delight. Expressions of wonder broke out on all sides. The King purposes sending the picture to England, to have an oil-painting done from it!

After conversation with him.....

Tuesday, 9th.—Slight attack of fever. Hope, however, it will soon go off.

Wednesday, 10th.—Busy writing for the English mail, which is expected here this evening. My fever has abated.

Thursday, 11th.—Visited King Attah, and presented to him his portrait. He was at breakfast



A. G. Rev. Mr. D. H. Tilton.

James A. A. A.
King of the Coast

when I called : his satisfaction and pleasure were indescribable. I had a long conversation with him about Africa. I stated to him my admiration of the country ; and my pleasure in finding the climate so much better than I had reason to expect. "They say," observed Attah, "that it is a bad climate. Just the same if I go to England,—it very cold ; I no breathe cold ; fall sick, and say that a bad country." "Just so," I said in reply ; "England is a cold country, and English people cannot bear the heat of this climate." "Ay, well, let that be understood," said he, "and it is well. If all would talk good and reasonable just so you do, it would be good." I said to him, "Some of my friends said to me it was so bad I should never return." "But," said he, "your friends no your Maker." "No ; my Maker is almighty, the one living and true God, who is everywhere present, and can as easily keep me in Cape Coast as in England. My trust is in Him." I then branched out from this topic, and fairly preached to him the truths of the Gospel. He remained very silent ; and immediately when I had done speaking, he changed the subject. But I shall take some other opportunity of speaking to him again on these momentous subjects.

He then told me that he wishes me to take another likeness of him ; because, if he send this one to England, he never should get it back again ; and he could not make up his mind to part with it.

I told him I was going down to Lagos next week ; but that if I had time when I came back, it would give me pleasure to take another for him.

Among other things, he said, in course of conversation, that he was like King William IV., before he came to the throne,—a great traveller !

I bought some sheep while I was with the King. The animals were brought up into the room in which we were sitting, where the King was having breakfast ! I bought and paid for them ; and they were removed, after they had enjoyed the interview with his Majesty. I guess there are few sheep so honoured as to be conducted into the apartments where royalty is feeding ! Such is a specimen of the strange mixture of barbaric pomp and stateliness with the most primitive simplicity and rudeness found amongst these African Chiefs and Monarchs.

Saturday, 13th.—Prepared to go by hammoek to Anamabu. Being all ready to start, found that some of the hammoek men refused to go. We therefore sent one of the others to take them before the Governor, but they were not to be found. Having mustered the men, they were willing to go without the others, provided we would walk a good part of the way. Meanwhile one of our Assistant Missionaries being sent out to try and get two or three more men, we started ; and, in passing through the town, we found the Assistant with four

additional hands. We were now complete. The road for about five miles is the same as that by which we recently returned to Cape Coast Castle from Domonasié. At a little village on a hill the road to Anamabu turns off. We speedily found ourselves in the thick gloom of a forest, and night setting in. We lit our lanterns, uncovered our guns, and proceeded in single file along the narrow path. Occasionally we heard the rush of some wild animal through the thicket, disturbed by our approach. We were sorely plagued with ants getting up our legs, as we journeyed along. Their bite is severe and irritating. We had many a stumble too, but without falling, over stumps and roots of trees, &c. Our hammock men gradually dropped behind; and when we got out of the forest, we sat down in the middle of a strange little village, by the light of our lanterns, to have some refreshment. Altogether the journey itself, and our brief encampment, presented one of the most singularly wild scenes imaginable. We reached Anamabu in safety about nine P.M.

Sunday, 14th.—Mr. Freeman preached at seven A.M., and myself at three P.M. After the services of the day were concluded, we started on our return to Cape Coast, taking, this time, what is called facetiously the “beach road.” In point of convenience and comfort, or anything like easiness in travelling, there is little to choose between these two detestable and exhausting roads.

Anamabu is a town very pleasantly situated. The chapel is a rude structure, and inconveniently small. Preparations are being made for the erection of a new and large chapel. The people have had a mind to work for some time past. Men, women, and children have been fetching stones, some of them from a considerable distance. These they have deposited in large heaps close to the side of the new chapel.

The Mission-house recently bought is situated in the best part of the town. At present the Missionary in charge of the station occupies a rented house, and the school is taught in the newly acquired Mission-house. The latter will prove a most convenient and desirable residence. Mr. Blankson, from whom it was bought, possessing considerable property in houses, became anxious to dispose of some of it, especially after the severe rainy season of 1853. Under these circumstances, a house which had cost £800 was sold to the Mission for £150. There is a considerable amount of land adjoining the premises.

The chapel is expected to cost £600 in cash. The people themselves have promised £120 toward it. £200 more may be expected from additional subscriptions on the spot and from other parts of the District. The opening services it is hoped will realize £80, leaving a charge of £200 upon the general Mission fund.

Thursday, 18th.—Attended the Prayer-meeting held in the evening at the school-room. During the course of the meeting a child of twelve years of age prayed. Mr. Fynn interpreted the prayer to me, and afterwards wrote out a translation of it, which is as follows:—

“O God, we thank Thee that Thou hast not cut us off. Even a man, when he is good to us, we love him, and very thankful to him. How much more Thou who hast been so kind to us! We would like to serve Thee with all our might, but our strength is short; and as we have none other beside Thee, we therefore pray to have Thee for our all in all. The enemy, who constantly hinders Thy servants, darkens their understanding,—O Lord, put him away from us, and place Thine everlasting throne in all our hearts. Fill us with Thy Holy Spirit. Chase away the darkness from our minds, and fix Thy light in our hearts for ever! We beg Thee, O Lord, to hear us, and forgive our transgressions, for Christ’s sake. Amen!”

Sunday, 21st.—I preached in the afternoon at Cape Coast, from Ephes. i. 21, 22. I also attended the Prayer-meeting in the evening, and, toward the close of the meeting, heard the welcome gun of the mail arrived from England. We had been looking for her ever since Thursday, that being the day on which she was due here.

Monday, 22nd.—Right joyfully read my letters

from England, and am very thankful to find good news on the whole concerning my friends. Prepared at once to leave by the mail in the evening for Akrah and Lagos.

Went on board the "Ethiope" at six P.M. But we did not start until ten o'clock. I found seven Germans and Frenchmen on board, Missionaries belonging to different Societies, on their way to Akrah and Quittah. Surely the Lord will smile upon these endeavours of His people to evangelize these dark and degraded peoples!

Tuesday, seven A.M.—In sight of Akrah..... Akrah Mission-house is decidedly the best finished and most substantial of the Mission-houses on the Gold Coast. There is a good garden attached to it. The chapel is a very good stone building, and there is more appearance of architectural taste in its structure than in any other I have seen. It cost about £700. The side walls will allow for enlargement whenever it may be required.

Christmas Eve.—Anchored off Lagos. On Christmas morning the British Consul, who had been spending some days on board H.M.S. "Prometheus," came on board of the "Ethiope" in his own gig. Mr. Freeman and myself asked him for a passage ashore in his boat, which he very kindly granted. We left Cuffey Sam on board the steamer with our luggage, expecting Mr. Gardiner would be sending off a canoe for us. This, however, after-

wards proved to be an unfounded expectation, as Mr. G. did not know that the mail had arrived, and did not expect us by her, but to come overland.

When we left the "Ethiope," the sea was beautifully calm; now and then only a roller, as they are called, coming in from the vasty deep. But, by and by, we came near the bar, and that looked frightful. There was nothing but broken water,—a whirling, boiling, roaring surf. The Consul, however, and his boat's crew, understood the nature of the difficulty and danger, and he safely and skilfully steered us across. This is managed in the following way. On getting pretty near the bar, the men rest upon their oars until some of the heaviest of the rollers have passed. Then, looking out to sea, they watch for the next two or three rollers, less formidable than those which have passed. Then there is the quick "Give way," and every man bends on his oar, and the utmost exertion is made. The boat, or canoe, as the case may be, shoots over the bar on the crest of one of these rollers: and the dangerous surf being passed, we are in unbroken and comparatively still water.

This Lagos bar is one of the most dangerous and fatal on all the Western Coast. Lives and property are here sacrificed to a fearful amount. This year, the sacrifice has been unprecedented. It is quite the exception to get on shore without being upset. The rule is to be upset, and then it is one of the

greatest rarities for a crew, thus upset, to be saved. Some of them may, but the others are invariably eaten up by the myriads of sharks that swarm in this sea.* To God be the praise, that I have been brought on shore in safety. O, how His mercies have followed me on these journeyings! May my life praise Him!

How strange that nothing is done to obviate the difficulty and peril of this fatal bar! In several ways the case might be met. For example, a flat-bottomed steamer, employed as a lighter, between the river and the sea, for the conveyance to and fro of passengers and goods. This would be safe, and far more economical than the present mode of convey-

* As an illustration of the dread which the natives themselves have of the bar, and also as a specimen of native letter-writing, we give the following, addressed, apparently by a native servant, to Mr. West :—

“ TO MESSRS. WEST AND FREEMAN.

“ REVEREND AND DEAR SIRS,

“ I HUMBLY beg you Sirs to be please to take it upon yourselves, as to beg my master for me, for I have offended him and he drove me, but I get no were to go; I know that if I went into the town, to have a dwelling, the people doubtless will sell me, I have no father no mother here; as to go to, therefore I beg him to pity me as I am deprived of parents in my early youth; I have the Mission for my all and all, and to whom shall I go, I got no one more than you, O master. What cost (caused?) my offending; is because I fear the bar of Lagos, for I have seen it once.

“ I remain

“ Yours truly Servant,

“ F—— A——.”



A. La Renere Litho. J. B. Clapart Sc.

*Dosumu
King of Sago*

ance. There is also a channel, more or less wide, for such a conveyance,—a few miles round about, it is true; but that would be of no consequence with a steamer. Having met with several of the native merchants, I suggested this plan to them. Some of them at once approved, and two of them offered £100 each towards the object.

When we arrived at the Mission-house, Mr. Gardiner had not returned from the Christmas morning service. His surprise, therefore, was great, when he found us in possession of his abode. It has been customary here to have all the Leaders to dine together on Christmas Day at the Mission-house. They accordingly came; and this, of course, gave me a good opportunity of seeing them, and I was very much pleased.

Friday, 26th.—Visited the King of Lagos, who is called Docemo. He is rather interesting in his appearance, and seems to be mild and good tempered. I have ascertained that his great fault is, that he has no mind of his own. He will be very good, if well led. He has been living for some time in dread of a descent upon the town by Kosoco, who was the King of Lagos, but deposed by the English from "his stool," in consequence of his slave-dealing. This he promises to renounce, if restored to the Government. The King and merchants are in great trouble. He has ordered several of them away from the town. He has levied heavy taxes, in

addition to a sort of commutation tax, to which he formerly agreed. The merchants bitterly complain of his oppressive exactions, and the impossibility of their obtaining redress.

Saturday, 27th.—We are getting under weigh for Abbeokuta. I am astonished to find the quantity of preparation necessary. Mr. Gardiner has lent me a small iron bedstead, with mattress and matting to cover me from the dew, and keep off the mosquitoes. So I am likely to rough it in the wild bush. “Under His gracious and almighty guardianship I shall dwell secure.” O for a heart to praise the God of my life and mercies!

Left Lagos, for Abbeokuta, at half-past eleven A.M. The lagoon, through which we had to pass, is a vast expanse of water, everywhere surrounded by the mangroves, which here attain to a height of seventy or eighty feet. We took our own boat, intending to proceed in it as far as the creek; but there were only two Kroomen who could do any thing with the oars, and, tired out, we advised Mr. Gardiner, who accompanied us thus far, to return. He did so, and took advantage of a light breeze to spread his sail. I was afterwards thankful he did so; for we found the distance to the creek so great, that he would have found it impossible to get back to Lagos before midnight. At length, we got into the creek, and I never before saw such a sight. The mangroves here grow in perfection, the trees rising

to a height of from sixty to eighty feet. The roots of these trees form one of the most curious vegetable appearances imaginable. They are perpetually growing down from the parent trees, and striking into the muddy or sandy soil: and there are hundreds of roots to a single tree. From this it will at once be understood how tangled and curiously interwoven the whole mass becomes.

We stopped at the village of Aboje just before dark. The scene was one of the wildest and most singular description.

Sunday, 28th.—Left at daybreak. O, how little to remind one that this is the Sabbath of the Lord! No pealing bells, no worshipping assemblies here, amidst the mangrove boughs and malaria stench. Compelled to travel all day, and in the evening reached Isbeni(?). The name of the Chief of this place is Seahoi, which signifies, "Honour falls upon me." The origin of the name was singular. The Chief found himself unable to attend to all the affairs of different villages and towns, and, to relieve himself, he selected one man to take the responsibility and toil with him, and inaugurated him with the title of "Seahoi." An illustration of the old adage, "What's in a name?"

We dined at this place by candle-light in the open air. Quite a romantic sight. About one hundred people were round about us,—dark, naked figures,—scarcely observable, but by the gleam of

their eyes, or the white of their teeth, as our pale candle-light flashed upon them. After dinner, we had tea. We had given the head-men some of our more substantial repast, of which they gladly partook; but they were not quite sure about joining in drinking this beverage. I drank some out of the basin which we had prepared for them. Upon seeing this done, they were then disposed to drink. The basin of tea was passed round, and all drank. They then said we were a wonderful people. We made water hot, and then put some white stuff into it, (sugar,) and made it more suitable than honey; also white thing, and made a light (candle). I suppose their idea was that, being white ourselves, we have a predilection for the colour in everything.

Monday, 29th.—Started at daybreak. We amused ourselves in shooting birds as we passed slowly up the river. Another day of wearisome travel. Reached Oreh just before dark, and dined under a large and beautiful teak tree. Our candles only served to make the deep sombre darkness visible. The scene, a repetition of that of last night.

Tuesday, 30th.—Again started at daylight, intending to breakfast at a market-place called Tapanu. But, on the way up the river, one of our canoes got behind. As we afterwards learned, some of the honest villagers had discovered that we had left on the beach one of our parcels; and they having hailed the last canoe, it put back to bring it

on. Having once more started, they speedily got aground. The canoeman was John Abbeokuta, so called to distinguish him from my servant, who occupied a place in the same canoe, and whose name was John also. We stopped and shouted, and sent some men back a considerable distance; they at length came up with us, and gave their explanations. Having grounded, the men quarrelled among themselves who should get the canoe afloat. They sat down for a while; but at length came to an agreement, and got under weigh. We were detained an hour and a half by their folly.

Once more on the move, we were told that Tapanu (a market-place) was very near: there, as I have said, we intended to breakfast, and we were now pretty well ready for it. But on and on we went till a little after mid-day, when Mr. Freeman and myself resolved to get ashore at the first place where it was possible to breakfast. At length we arrived opposite a little farm village, consisting of three houses. We ordered our canoemen to stop: but they refused, assuring us that Tapanu was close at hand. This, however, we did not regard: we had been told the same thing so often before; we therefore insisted upon landing. Our head-man, however, urged that the canoemen could not get any thing here to buy for breakfast. "Well," we said, "it does not matter: we will stop here and get our breakfast; and while we are at it, you can take a

canoe on to Tapanu, and get what you want, and return by the time we have finished." Thus it was only by determined assertion of authority that we succeeded. Here we breakfasted, it being nearly one o'clock. It may be supposed that, travelling from daybreak, we were prepared to do justice to whatever we could honestly come by in the shape of food.

About seven o'clock P.M., in a densely dark night, we reached the landing, some seven miles or so from Abbeokuta. Here we found Mr. Bickersteth, and many of our friends, waiting to receive us. There were in all about one hundred and twenty persons. There was neither house, shed, nor shelter, at this spot, of any kind. Our first business, therefore, on landing, was to construct an extempore tent. With long bamboos, mats, and cloths, we contrived to make a tolerable shelter. This we divided into two apartments. In the meanwhile, the servants were kindling fires and preparing our *dinner*, which we certainly ate with the most perfect relish and enjoyment. This was by far the wildest and most romantic scene I ever beheld. The dark faces, the many-coloured dresses, with the lurid and fitful glare of fires and candles, conspired to form a scene which all a painter's art would be required to portray.

After dinner, it being nearly ten o'clock P.M., we gathered all the people round the principal fire;

sang a hymn; after which I gave an address, and Mr. Freeman prayed. We then retired to rest; but not, however, until I had satisfied my curiosity as to where all these people were to find accommodation for the night. Poor simple soul that I was! They spread their mats on the ground, and lay down in groups,—the females in one quarter, and the males in another. A fire was kept burning before our tent all the night, by way of protection from wild beasts, or other unlawful intruders.

As for myself, I never slept better in my life. I rose next morning about half-past four o'clock, much refreshed, and ready for the journey. This part of the way we got over on horseback; and we arrived at Abbeokuta in time for a late breakfast.

After our meal we procured horses, and rode out to view this very large town. It is computed to contain somewhere about 100,000 inhabitants. From the rocks, with which the town is environed, it has the most remarkable appearance. Extending for several miles, nothing is presented to the eye of the beholder but thatch roofs, there being no walls or windows or chimneys visible: nothing to break the dark brown hue of fields of thatch. The houses are all of one story: and where a morsel of the wall might perchance appear, as it is of swish, the same colour as the thatch, no break is made. There are some very singular rocks in the

neighbourhood, under the cliffs of which the natives have often found refuge in time of war.

The country for many miles round Abbeokuta is highly cultivated. Corn, cotton, and beans grow in abundance. The inhabitants seem to be singularly industrious. There appears little about them of the lassitude and inertness of the Western Africans nearer the coast. The market in the town, or, rather I should say, the markets,—for they extend above a mile,—are divided into markets for butchers' meat, vegetables, medicines, cloth, earthenware, &c. Some of the articles of food exposed for sale strike an European as strange indeed; such as ant-eaters, mice, rats, snakes, snails, monkeys, &c. These articles, and many more, are intended for stews. Monkey flesh, especially, is esteemed quite a dainty, fit, indeed, for the table of Kings!

This being the last day of the year, we held our Methodist Watch-night service. It was a time of special visitation from God. It was with difficulty the people could be restrained, while I was preaching. Many could not refrain from giving expression to their feelings. The proceedings were begun with a baptismal service. Nine children were dedicated to God in this His ordinance. At the close of the service, the long pent-up feelings of the congregation welled forth. We pronounced the benediction, but no one was disposed to leave the chapel. Several spontaneously engaged in prayer. Others

were audibly praising God. We sang the Doxology, and never was it sung more heartily; but still the people would not go away. I felt it my duty to retire home; for I was tired out with a hard day's work. But the people remained all the night in prayer and praise. Fourteen persons professed to find peace with God. They broke up at daylight. The Lord was there! Glory be to His Name!

In the morning we obtained horses, and rode through the town and neighbourhood, visiting several of the Chiefs and head-men, as also the King. I had a long conversation with the King. He looks a good-natured man: perhaps no great appearance of energy. He presented me with a fine fat sheep. I suggested to him that there was great want of good roads in his country, especially in the environs of so large a town as Abbeokuta. He admitted the fact, and said that they were rather afraid to make new and spacious roads now, as it might give their enemies advantage; but that when all the *palaver* was settled, and they were no longer in fear of a hostile visit from the King of Dahomey, then they would at once set about making some fine broad roads.

Having completed our round of visitation and inspection, we returned to the Mission-house at two P.M. We had arranged to hold the annual Missionary Meeting at three o'clock, and after that to administer the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

There being still an hour before meeting time, I was anxious to take a few photographs, as this would be my only opportunity. I therefore set about it immediately, and was successful in getting eight good pictures,—one of the chapel, one of the Mission-house, and six of natives.

There was a very large congregation at the meeting; and everybody seemed delighted. The list of contributions, at the close of the meeting, was very handsome: it amounted to two hundred and twenty-three heads of cowries, that is to say, two hundred and twenty-three dollars. We dined after the sacramental service, about eight o'clock in the evening.

Friday, January 2nd, 1857.—Began at daylight to prepare for our journey back to Lagos. We were, however, delayed a considerable time, by having to send a great distance for horses; and our canoes being out of the way, we did not get started till eleven A.M. We rode down to the ferry at Abamayah, and there we had our breakfast.

Having engaged to preach at Lagos on the Sunday, it became necessary to make all possible haste down the river. Poling a canoe is by no means a rapid mode of locomotion. We can only go at the rate of about four miles an hour.

We reached Tapanu just after sunset, and during dinner made up our minds, as it was a bright moonlight night, to push on for another three hours, taking our chance as to quarters for the night. We

got off as soon as possible; and continued our journey until the moon went down. We were then obliged to stop for the night, and, selecting a drift of sand by the river side, we laid down our blanket and pillow; extemporized an awning to keep off the dew, which was falling heavily; kindled a fire, and lay down, under the protection of Him whose eyelids never sleep! The night set in cold and damp; but I slept soundly until daylight, when we again got under weigh.

Saturday, 3rd.—Found the water had gone down very much, and we had great difficulty in getting along. The canoemen were obliged frequently to get out, and drag the canoe over the sands. About eleven A.M., we stopped at a little village to breakfast, and then hastened on, being anxious, if possible, to get to Lagos in time to preach, according to engagement, on the Sabbath. To save time, we ate our dinner in the canoe, and then resolved to sleep in it, and so travel all night. In the early part of the night we had the advantage of bright moonlight, and so far proceeded comfortably. But just as the moon was going down, the canoemen declined proceeding farther. After considerable difficulty they yielded to our remonstrances, and agreed to proceed, provided they were supplied with lights. This we promised, and at once put lanterns and candles in requisition.

On reaching Aboi, it being then about three A.M.,

we were very anxious to enjoy a cup of tea. We therefore went ashore, and tried to get some wood to make a fire. We saw one heap before a cottage door; but of course could not take it without leave of the owner, who was fast asleep. Our servant roused up the sleeper, and asked if we might have a little wood to make a fire. A surly voice from within replied, in a very decided "No." He urged; but the same disagreeable monosyllable was repeated, in a still more decided tone. Again our servant urged, and then we were told that we could not have the wood, because it was *fetish*. "O," said Mr. Freeman, "that is of no consequence, as we ourselves are great *fetishmen*." And immediately taking hold of some of the wood, without intending to take possession of it, he shook it, and made a noise. This brought the owner out in a great hurry. She proved to be a disagreeable-looking old woman. Finally she agreed to sell us the wood, and we kindled our fire. In the mean while the head-man of the village had got notice of our arrival, and immediately came to pay his respects to us. He behaved very kindly.

On going up the river, we stopped at the village on the opposite side of the creek, where a native promised to procure for me, against my coming down, one or two of the household gods. The head-man and Mr. Turner (a friend who accompanied us from Lagos) went across, while our tea was

getting ready, and wakened the man from his sleep, by reminding him of his promise. He got up, and returned with them, bringing one of these little images. He was loath to part with it. He said the woman to whom it belonged lost a child by death, and that she then got this image and sacrificed to it; and that it had been a blessing to her and her house, for it had made her other child to live. To all this, however, the head-man only answered, "You promised it, and you must give it. White man no want many words. Say no, he mean no; say yes, mean yes. You must be true." So he gave me the image. I offered him money in return; but he refused to receive any thing.

On leaving the village, it was very amusing to listen to the head-man's observations about the honour we had done him by landing at his place, and eating there. He would now be much more respected by the people, and by the neighbouring villages, in consequence of the white man having visited him. He should now be safe. Nobody would dare to hurt him. The white man was his friend.

We now did what probably was never done before,—came down the creek by candle-light. The navigation is both difficult and dangcrous. The channels are narrow, winding, and uncertain. Gigantic trees fallen across, in some places, round or beneath which we must pass,—sometimes in day-

light no easy matter. And all this had to be done whilst dense clouds of steam were rising from the all but stagnant waters, and amidst the intolerable malaria stench of the mangroves.

I slept in the canoe; but all I had to cover me was soon wetted through, and I longed for the sun to rise and warm and dry me. We got through the creek just after daybreak, into the broad and beautiful lagoon, and reached Lagos about nine o'clock A.M. Mr. Gardiner we found unwell. He thought we could not reach Lagos till the evening, and had therefore made arrangements for one of the Native Assistants to take the morning service. We were glad of this; for in truth we needed refreshment and repose after our long and toilsome journey.

I cannot express the thankfulness I feel to God for His abounding mercy and goodness towards me, by preserving me in safety and in health. Mr. Freeman says that nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand Europeans would have failed, and probably perished, in doing what I have done. To God be all the praise!

I preached at Lagos in the afternoon to a large and deeply interested congregation.

Monday, 5th.—I visited the King for the purpose of taking his portrait. He and his Chiefs and people were wonderfully excited by the process. He gave us refreshments, and promised to attend our Missionary-meeting in the evening. This he

did, accompanied by his principal men. Whilst with him in the morning, I gave him my smelling-bottle. At first he regarded it with considerable suspicion; but I smelled it, and he then took courage. It brought tears to his eyes, being very pungent. His nose had evidently never been tickled after this fashion before. But I had not got it into my pocket, when he requested it back from me, and had another pull.

The Missionary-meeting commenced at half-past six P.M. The chapel was very much crowded. Several merchants spoke, and some of the native converts. It was a very good meeting; and there was a good collection. The King gave £5. His Chiefs said they would consult together what they would give.

On Tuesday I took a few portraits; and on Wednesday I strolled all over the town, and bought a few odds and ends in the market. The steamer has arrived, and I must prepare to leave.

Thursday, 8th.—At daybreak started for the beach in our own boat. We found, on arrival there, that the bar was so good we might at once go off to the mail in our own boat. This we did, leaving our luggage in charge of a servant, to be brought off as soon as possible. We were highly favoured, and got over the terrible bar with great ease. Our servant and luggage did not fare so well. The sea was getting up before a canoe could

be got, and poor Sam was drenched, and very much frightened. Our luggage also got wet, but was not seriously damaged.

At seven o'clock P.M. we weighed anchor for Cape Coast Castle. The night was clear and beautiful; it had all the charm and brightness of a tropical moonlight. The stars and planets shine here with peculiar brilliancy.

Friday, 9th.—A fresh breeze. If such a breeze had been blowing the night before we left Lagos, the bar would have been a very different matter from what we found it. It is difficult for a person to understand this who has not actually seen it. The huge rollers from the ocean, setting in and breaking over the bar with fearful and irresistible force, turning canoes up on end, and then letting them dash down with tremendous and stunning effect, is a grand sight. If neither broken nor upset, the parties occupying may sing praise to God.

Saturday, 10th.—At two o'clock A.M. the mail dropped anchor off Akrah. At nine we went on shore in the canoe which came off for the mails. On arriving at the beach, we received a note from Mr. Wharton, inviting us ashore to breakfast. The note also contained most cheering news of a gracious revival which had taken place, commencing with the Christmas-day services. Prayer-meetings, attended by crowds, are held every morning at four o'clock, and also in the evening. Besides these,

there are meetings at the house of the Catechist frequently during the day. Many have been powerfully awakened, and a considerable number have professed to obtain peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.

“O Jesus! ride on, till all are subdued!”

We spent a very pleasant day on shore, and returned on board the mail before dark, accompanied by Mr. Wharton, who was proceeding with us to the District-meeting. At eight P.M. we weighed anchor, and proceeded toward Cape Coast.

Sabbath, 11th.—At six o'clock A.M. we were in sight of Cape Coast Castle. We landed in the course of the morning, and got through the surf dry and safe; but a few minutes after a boat was upset. The men were all thrown into the sea, but fortunately none of them were drowned. I find that Mr. William West has been ill of seasoning fever for nearly three weeks; but he is now getting better.

SUCH IS THE CLOSE OF MR. WEST'S JOURNAL.

But we subjoin here one or two extracts from his letters written at Lagos, which supply some information not contained in the “Journal,” and which were the last letters he penned to his friends in England. The first of these was addressed to the writer, the second to his sister, and the last to his only child.

“LAGOS, *January 7th*, 1857.

“MY DEAR TOM,

“I HAVE been waiting here since Monday for the arrival of the mail from Fernando Po, to take me up as far as Cape Coast. She has just now arrived, and we must be on board by daylight in the morning. In this most villanous place there are only wars and rumours of wars. It is now under martial law; and no one is allowed to be out after sunset. Last night, however, was one of such clear and beautiful moonlight, that I was tempted out for a walk. I knew that my European face and dress would protect me from the King’s patrols. Instead of the music and dancing by moonlight, universal in the towns and villages of Africa, there was the silence of totally deserted streets.

“I have been a long way up into the interior; and held a most glorious Watch-night service at Abbeokuta. We began at half-past nine, and finished at daylight next morning. Many were converted. I have been working very hard, and amidst all kinds of toil and peril. I have had to sleep on the sand, with the starry heavens above me for a canopy, while the dew was wetting like rain. I have slept, too, in dismal swamps; and yet, blessed be God, blessed be His gracious name, I have taken no harm. I never enjoyed better health. I am a wonder to myself,—a wonder to Europeans and natives. They don’t know the

secret, that so many of God's people are praying for me.

“I have now completed my visitation of the District, and there only remains the District-meeting, which I have arranged to hold at Cape Coast next week. When that is over, I shall be free to depart for England. My present arrangement is to leave by the February mail, and I hope to reach Plymouth by about the 6th of March. Won't I be glad!

“I have been trying to pick up a few curiosities; but, being so constantly on the move, my opportunities have been limited. I have nevertheless obtained what some of our Missionaries have been vainly trying for years to obtain,—a few devils, gods, and *gree-grees*, &c. They are most disgusting things.

“I am sorry to send you this wretched letter, but hope you will excuse, for I am very busy; and the heat is such as to indispose one to do anything except lie down and melt. Heaven's best blessing be yours, is the desire of

“Your affectionate Brother,

“DANIEL WEST.”

On the same day he wrote to his sister Mary; but as that letter recapitulates some of the circumstances already given, we merely extract what is new.

“I have been a hundred miles up the river from

this place by canoe. It took us four days to go up, and three to come down. My exposure night after night was rather serious; and then there was preaching and holding meetings besides. Yet, after all, through God's mercy, I am quite well. From the peculiarity of my position, I have seen more of the country, and more of the people, than merchants who have lived a dozen years on the coast. In order to be able to leave Cape Coast by the February mail, I have been compelled to give up my anticipated visit to Abomey. Indeed, the political state of the country is such as to make it scarcely prudent to go. In this dismal place we are at this moment under martial law. Kosoco, the late King of Lagos, was deposed, and Docemo elected in his place. Kosoco is labouring to overthrow the government of Docemo, and recover his throne. There are two or three English ships of war in the roadstead, in case of any emergency. At Abbeokuta, where I have been, the people are in daily expectation of a hostile visit from the King of Dahomey."

Under the same date, he wrote the following to his beloved child:—

"MY OWN DEAR WILLIE,

"I HAVE only time to write you one little note. The mail has just arrived on her way to England, and I must get on board of her to go as far as Cape Coast. I should have been very glad to have gone

on with her to Plymouth ; but as I have yet to hold the District-meeting, I must wait until February. I shall not be able to write you again before I leave. The mails, you know, only go once a month. By this January one I write ; and by the February one I hope, if it please God, to be brought to you. And O, what lots of things I shall have to tell you ! I have been among warriors, wild beasts, monkeys, alligators, parrots, Kings, and tigers ! And O, how glad I shall be when I get back to Old England !

“ In some of the villages where I have been, the people have scarcely ever seen a white man, and I was of course a great curiosity, especially to the children and young people. You would have been amused if you had seen them at first running away from me in fear ; but I soon made friends with them, by some of Mr. Reynolds’s bright buttons and by beads.* But I must conclude. I cannot tell you more now. May God bless you ! I was so glad that you were praying to God. O may He save and bless you !

“ Your affectionate Father,

“ DANIEL WEST.”

The above letter displays the strength of Mr. West’s parental affection for one whose face he fondly hoped

* Mr. West was kindly supplied by this gentleman, and by other esteemed friends in Birmingham, with a variety of articles suitable for the natives on the coast.

soon to see. But this proved to be a hope doomed to disappointment. Yet his mind was not unprepared for even such a dispensation of Divine Providence. For when parting with his child in England, he urged upon him the cultivation of prayer and piety, and told him, among his last words, that it was not at all improbable he might never return. He had viewed the matter in all its aspects; and the language of his heart was,—

“Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away :
I come, to find them all again
In that eternal day.”

CHAPTER XI.

CAPE COAST DISTRICT-MEETING—DEPARTURE FOR ENGLAND—DEATH.

IT is quite evident that Mr. West must have required rest, both for mind and body, after the toilsome and hazardous journeys through which his "Journal" has carried us; but his mission was not yet completed, and he could not be at ease until it was. Two days, therefore, after his arrival at Cape Coast, he assembled the brethren together, and completed his official work by holding the Annual District-meeting. The business of that meeting was that for which he was more especially deputed by the Missionary Committee in England; and there the entire affairs of the Mission, both financial and spiritual, were thoroughly investigated. The duties devolving upon Mr. West during the course of his inquiries, were not only delicate, but difficult and, in some respects, painful. They were, nevertheless, discharged with a courtesy and an unflinching fidelity such as might have been expected from a mind so energetic, and imbued at the same time with the spirit of Christian love and generosity. Of this sufficient evidence is afforded by many letters received by Mr. West from various indi-

viduals on the coast, acknowledging the value of his services, and the high estimation they had of the manner in which all his duties had been performed. From these we select the two following. The second document, it may be observed, was accompanied by a handsome and valuable present of several articles of native manufacture in gold.

“LAGOS, *February 6th*, 1857.

“MY DEAR MR. WEST,

“I CANNOT omit the present opportunity of expressing to you, in some humble way, the great pleasure it has given me in making your acquaintance; nor can I allow you to leave our District and this country, without recording the deep sense of obligation I feel to you, for numerous acts of kindness which you have shown me during your sojourn amongst us. Believe me, I shall ever think of you with the greatest affection, wherever our lot may be cast; and I shall also make it a point always to remember you where it is best to be remembered.

“I would also express in this communication my high estimation of the value of your services in this District generally, but especially as the Chairman of our last District-meeting. The business of that meeting you conducted with the greatest fidelity, yet, at the same time, with true Christian courtesy and brotherly love; and its happy and successful

termination reflects the highest credit on your judgment and character.

“Notwithstanding many things of a disagreeable nature which have necessarily come under your notice, whilst investigating the affairs of this District, I hope, nevertheless, you will carry away with you many pleasing reminiscences and mementoes of your journeyings in this country. Be assured you will ever be remembered in this Circuit, as doubtless in others of the District; and you will be followed by the prayers and blessings of our people.

“That God may long spare your valuable life to His church, is the sincere and heartfelt prayer of

“Yours very affectionately,

“E. A. GARDINER.

“P.S. I thought of writing you *officially*; but perhaps this *private* token of my love may suffice.”

“CAPE COAST, *February 9th*, 1857.

“REV. AND DEAR SIR,

“IN the name of the united Wesleyan Societies of Cape Coast, Anamabu, and adjacent stations which we represent, we beg to express to you our sincere thanks for the kind and able manner in which you have fulfilled the important duties devolved upon you as a Deputation to this District.

“We rejoice and are thankful to God for that mercy which has preserved your valuable life amidst the dangers of this climate, and which has enabled

you to labour so incessantly for the accomplishment of the great work assigned you; and bless God that you have had so many opportunities of seeing the nature and extent of the great evangelizing work now in progress here in connexion with our Societies.

“ We shall cherish you continually in our grateful recollections, and we shall be delighted to hear of your safe passage to England; and we pray that Almighty God may continue to bless your future labours in England, as He has been pleased to bless your toils among us during your hasty visit to this District.

“ Please to accept of the accompanying as a faint token of our love, and of the high estimation in which we delight to hold you. We beg also, through you, to thank the Committee in London for their continued interest in the welfare of our District, and for appointing an additional Missionary, our now beloved friend the Rev. William West, our Financial Secretary, to aid in the great work now in progress.

*“ Signed in behalf of the United Wesleyan Societies
of Cape Coast, Anamabu, &c., &c.,*

“ E. J. FYNN.”

Let those who would cavil at missionary operations, and smile incredulously at their avowed success in elevating the physical and spiritual condition

of those who, without them, would be debased and barbarous ;—let them, we would say, ponder well all that is implied and evolved by the interesting document above given. Let them remember that it emanated from the hearts and the pen of Afric's sable sons ; from men who, but for the Gospel, would most likely have been the abject slaves of those mightier than themselves ; and who, at all events, would have been wrapped in the deepest gloom of an ignorant and sensual heathenism : but whose hearts were now inspired with that love to God and man in Christ Jesus, which alone lifts human nature from its lowest degradation up to the highest point of moral excellency, and the perfect enjoyment of eternal glory. Only from hearts filled with a principle of love, and bounding with such a heavenly hope, could a document like this be indited. Doubtless if Mr. West had been spared, he would have treasured it, not as a laudatory commendation of himself, but as the strongest evidence of the power of Christ's Gospel to "save to the uttermost" all who receive it by faith in every nation, and kindred, and tongue, under heaven.

From the close of the District-meeting on Friday the 16th of January until the 11th of February, there is little doubt but that Mr. West's time was fully occupied in arranging and writing out the various documents connected with his mission ; but

it is somewhat remarkable that, after having so regularly journalized his daily proceedings from the time of his departure from England, until his final arrival at Cape Coast Castle on the 11th of January, nothing further in the shape of a journal or notes of any kind was found amongst his papers, excepting such as were immediately connected with the business of the District-meeting. But though we are thus deprived of those records of personal feeling and thought which, under the circumstances, would have been invested with far more than ordinary value and melancholy interest, it is clear he was busy completing and recording those business details so necessary and valuable to the directors of the great Mission work at home. True to his character, he toiled on to the last; and not the less cheerfully that he had received the approval of his brethren, and was followed by the prayers and blessings of the churches he had visited.

On the 11th of February, Mr. West embarked for England on board of the steam-ship "Niger." The writer cannot trust himself to speculate as to what may have been the delightful feelings of his departed relative, as he once more turned his face toward home; or whether there were inward premonitions that his work was indeed done, and that the Master's voice was about to summon him to the sky. Probably there were no such thoughts; for to all appearance Mr. West enjoyed perfect health,

and the prospect of a happy and prosperous voyage was before him.

Of his departure from Cape Coast Mr. William West thus speaks: "He left us in the enjoyment of apparently excellent health. I do not remember to have heard him complain of illness more than once, during the whole of his stay here, and that only slightly soon after his arrival. On his return from Abbeokuta, &c., he appeared to be much better than when he set out on his journey; indeed, I thought that his general appearance had improved by his visit to Africa. His labours and ministry, the short time he was on the coast, were highly acceptable; and when he left us, he was followed by the blessings and prayers of our people, who, for a time, indulged the hope that Western Africa would have found in him a warm and successful advocate with our churches at home. We little thought that he had so nearly finished his course, and was so soon to be called to his reward."

On the 13th of February, the "Niger" anchored at Monrovia, the American settlement in Liberia, and there met with the outward-bound mail from England. Mr. West, anxious to receive his letters, remained on deck until eleven P.M., waiting the return of the mail boat. In the morning he complained of a sudden loss of strength and appetite, and continued more or less indisposed until the arrival of the steamer at Sierra Leone on the 16th,

three days after leaving Monrovia. He was able to go on shore unassisted, and received from the Mission families and medical men there every attention and kindness in their power. But the disease (afterwards by *post mortem* examination ascertained to have been extensive abscesses formed in the liver) was evidently gaining ground, and he had to be carried to the boat which took him on board the steamer on Friday, the 20th of February. The remaining part of this melancholy history we shall give to the reader from a communication supplied by the Rev. J. Bridgart, the then resident Missionary at Bathurst, on the River Gambia.

“The steam-packet ‘Niger,’ on board which the Rev. Daniel West had taken his passage home, arrived in the harbour of Bathurst, St. Mary’s, on the morning of February the 23rd, about half-past nine o’clock. As he had informed me by the packet of the preceding month of his intention to return to England by the ‘Niger,’ Mr. Gurney and myself were anticipating, with great delight, the pleasure we expected to enjoy, in having his company for a day at the Mission-house. We went off in our boat for the purpose of bringing him ashore as soon as the ‘Niger’ dropped her anchor; but words cannot describe our grief and consternation, when, on reaching the deck, we were informed by one of our members, who was returning in the same packet from Sierra Leone, that the Minister from the Gold

Coast was dangerously ill. I immediately went towards his cabin, but, before I reached it, was met by one of the passengers, (Mr. Ward,) who inquired if I was one of the Wesleyan Ministers; and, on my answering in the affirmative, he told me I had better make instant preparations to remove Mr. West on shore, as it would be impossible for him to live long on board ship. He told me Mr. West had that morning, while delirious, risen from his bed, and made his way out of his cabin into the saloon, where he was found, some little time after, kneeling on the floor in the attitude of prayer, but deathly cold, and almost lifeless. The Steward and others carried him, as soon as this was discovered, back to his berth, and Mr. Ward (who told me he had formerly been a member of the medical profession) had administered some stimulants, under the influence of which he had become somewhat better. Scarcely waiting to hear the conclusion of what Mr. Ward was telling me, I hurried into the cabin, and found him in a state of most extreme physical prostration, and perfectly unconscious. Leaving Mr. Gurney with him, I hurried off, without losing a moment, for medical aid, and in a very short time returned on board with Dr. Arrault, and Dr. Hendley, whom we regarded as the best medical men in the colony.

“After a little nourishment and some stimulants had been given him, Mr. West regained consciousness in some degree, and was able to reply, very

feebly, to some of the questions put by the doctors. It was evident, however, that, from his extreme debility, which affected the brain, he could not give any reliable account of his case, nor could any be obtained from his fellow-passengers. The servant, whom Mr. Weatherstone had sent with him from Sierra Leone, and who, I believe, had been as attentive as he could, was only able to say what he had witnessed during the short period he had been in attendance, and did not know what the medical men who saw him at Sierra Leone had said or done. The doctors were puzzled with his case, not being able, in the state in which he then was, to discover any symptoms of positive disease sufficient to account for the extreme physical and mental prostration under which he was labouring. They held out scarcely the shadow of a hope of his recovery, stating that quiet and good nursing, including the almost constant administration of such nourishment as he could take, were the only means by which we could hope to see a favourable change effected.

“ ‘ Quiet and good nursing,’ amid the bustle and inconvenience inseparable from voyaging in a small steamer, filled with passengers, and with no conveniences whatever for invalids, was, we knew, out of the question; so we were exceedingly anxious to get him on shore, where we could do more for him. He objected, however, to being removed; and on my

trying to convince him how much better it would be for him to go ashore, he became very excited about it; spoke of there being need, in connexion with the business of his Deputation, for his immediate presence in England; declared his determination to proceed at all hazards, and forbid me to urge his removal on shore any more. He said he knew that there were but two chances for his life, one of which was to get home as quickly as possible; and he would make the venture, trusting in God.

“I heard this with a heavy heart, knowing from sad personal experience, that if he remained on board, and proceeded homeward in the state in which he was, there would be but little chance of his recovery, humanly speaking. I immediately resolved to go ashore, make such hurried preparations as I could, and accompany him, in order that he might, at least, have some one near him, who, feeling solicitous for his welfare, would endeavour to do all that could be done for him.

“Having administered the prescribed medicines, I left him for a few hours. Mr. Gurney remained with him part of the afternoon, and Mr. Peyton (our Schoolmaster) the remaining part, until I returned. Soon after I went away, he again became delirious. But, during a brief interval of consciousness, he appears to have thought death was probably at hand, as he said to Mr. Gurney, shortly before he

left him, 'There is another and a better world than this;' but, on Mr. Gurney replying, 'Yes, there is, where no sorrow or pain shall exist, but where Jesus is,' he merely pressed his hand, and immediately became again unconscious. He also said to Mr. Peynton, but evidently while partially unconscious, that he knew he was about to die, but would be content if he could only die amongst Christian people, adding, 'You are not Christians.'

"Later in the afternoon, consciousness again returned for a short time, and, after a few words, addressed to Mr. Peynton, he inquired for me, saying, he would be taken on shore, and wishing to see me. As he became unconscious again almost immediately, and it was within a few minutes of the time I had appointed to return, Mr. Peynton did not send for me. Very soon after, I arrived on board with the medical men, and was deeply grieved on seeing how great a change had taken place for the worse during the two or three hours I had been away. Mr. Peynton having told me what he had said, I consulted with the doctors as to the propriety of taking him on shore at once. They advised against it at that hour, because the heavy night-dew would have been falling long before we could have accomplished the removal. I resolved, therefore, to remain with him during the night, and, having arranged with the medical men for them to

come on board again early in the morning,—unless, as they feared, there should be no necessity for their services, in which case I was to let them know,—I took my place beside his berth.

“After I had addressed him by his name several times, he at length replied to me; and on my reminding him that he had been inquiring for me, he said, ‘I am glad you are come; I have been thinking, if it will be better for me to go on shore, I am willing to go; take me as soon as you like; I shall put myself altogether into your hands, and you must write to the Committee about it.’ I replied that I was very glad he had altered his mind on the subject; but that, it was too late for him to be taken that evening,—explaining why, in answer to his question,—and that, if all were well, we would remove him in the morning; to which he assented, saying, if I would assist him, he would make himself comfortable for the night, and begging me not to leave him again, adding, that ‘no one had taken any notice of him;’ and, in the excitement occasioned by the thought, becoming again delirious. No doubt, the effect of disease upon his mind was such as to impair his memory, and give a distorted and gloomy appearance to what had taken place around him. He could not, however, have had much attention from his fellow-passengers, as most of them were invalids themselves; but I believe

Captain Corbett, the Commander of the vessel, had paid him all the attention he could.

“During the few succeeding hours he was unconscious, except at two or three intervals of only a few minutes each; the delirium, at times, being very high. I embraced every short interval of consciousness to give him a little nourishment, which was difficult at other times, and also to ask a few questions on the subject of his Deputation. He could tell me but very little, on account of his extreme feebleness. He mentioned, however, his having visited almost all parts of the Gold Coast District, and his having been out several times during the night in the swamps, while engaged in the long and fatiguing journeys he had taken from place to place; but that his health had not suffered at the time, and that he had kept up well until the object of his mission was accomplished. I mentioned my fear that he had probably tried to do too much, and, though he might not have been aware of any injury at the time, his illness was probably the result of over-fatigue and exposure. He said, in answer to this, ‘Yes, I believe it is the reaction consequent upon it.’

“About ten o’clock in the evening, after he had been for some time delirious, I observed his countenance assume an expression of intense suffering: he sighed heavily several times, uttered several exclamations indicative of suffering, and moved un-

easily about. I asked him if he was in pain. He replied, in an agonized tone of voice, 'No: but God has forsaken me; He won't help me; He won't hear my prayers.' The indications of mental agony he exhibited during the ensuing season of severe temptation,—I cannot give it any other name,—were indescribable. It continued, perhaps, about three-quarters of an hour, though during that period he was evidently at times partially unconscious. I tried the best I could to administer consolation; quoted promises and declarations of Scripture bearing on his case; spoke of its being contrary to the Almighty's usual dealings with His people to forsake them in the hour of need, and contrary to His express promise, &c. But nothing I could say seemed to give him the least ray of comfort. His repeated exclamations were, 'It is of no use; the Lord has forsaken me. I am abandoned of God.' Once he said, in reference to his illness, 'If God had not left me, why would all this have come upon me?' I mentioned the case of Job, and his extreme afflictions, showing that our circumstances of trial and suffering are not to be looked upon as indicative of our being forsaken of God, who may, for wise reasons, which we cannot understand, permit them to take place, and will eventually overrule them for our good, and for His glory, as He did in the case of Job. I then asked him if he did not think God, who blessed Job's latter end more than his begin-

ning, could not raise him up too, and bless him even more than heretofore. 'Yes,' he said, 'I know He can; but He won't. He has cast me off. I have offended Him, and He has forsaken me. He won't hear me.' After a number of exclamations of this kind, he broke out into prayer,—an agony of prayer. Much that he said was inaudible to me, but I heard these expressions repeated, again and again: 'O, if the Lord would but save me! O, if He would but hear me! O God, save me! save me!'

“After some time spent in this way, during which I could do no more than silently lift up my heart on his behalf, he became quite exhausted, and lay silent for a while, probably insensible for the most part. At length, turning his languid eyes upon me, he said, 'How can it be? I do not remember that I ever forsook my God. No; I never forsook the Lord. Why, then, has He forsaken me?' I replied, 'You are mistaken in thinking He has forsaken you. Does He not say, "I will never leave, I will never forsake thee?"' 'O, but He has!' was the answer. Thinking that probably, in consequence of his extreme debility, he was unable to follow out a train of thought for himself, I seized upon the idea his question suggested, and tried to lead him to a different conclusion. 'You have just said, Mr. West, that you do not remember ever having forsaken God. Is it so? Have you never forsaken Him?' 'I never did,'

was the reply. 'Has not your Saviour, and mine, said, "My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me, and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand?" Have you not been one of His flock?' 'Yes, I have.' 'Have you not heard His voice, and delighted to obey it?' 'I have.' 'Has He not known you as His, and given you tokens of His approval?' 'Yes, He has.' 'Have you not followed Him?' 'Yes, I have: for Him I have gone to the ends of the earth.' 'Why, then, He cannot have forsaken you; He cannot act contrary to His own word; He will not leave you to perish. You are in His hands, and none can pluck you thence.' I then repeated the question, 'Who shall separate us from the love of God? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?' (Rom. viii. 35;) and its answer in the following verses. I also repeated a few verses of the hymn commencing,—

'Peace, doubting heart! my God's I am.'

To all which, and also to the precious promise, 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee,' &c., he listened with composure; and once or twice feebly joined his voice with mine in repeating the words.

"After this he lay for a short time delirious, but with words of prayer several times coming from his

lips; and once I fancied he thought himself preaching. About midnight he sank into a stupor which lasted about two hours, at the commencement of which I covered him more warmly, and applied increased artificial heat to his extremities, which were becoming very cold. While lying in that state, his fever became very high, and, soon after one o'clock, he began to perspire very copiously, which I regarded as a favourable symptom, and hoped it would relieve him, supposing, as we all did, that his disease was the usual African fever in some form or other. A little after two o'clock, I went out of the cabin for a short time, but, before I had been away many minutes, was hastily called back by the servant boy. Consciousness had returned, and he was complaining of being uncomfortable through the profuse perspiration. We took measures to make him more comfortable; but the little effort he had to make quite exhausted him, and he sank back almost fainting. After lying still a short time, he revived considerably, and spoke in a stronger voice than he had done for several hours previous, telling me what part of his baggage he wished to be taken on shore, and making inquiries as to where all the various articles he mentioned had been put. Soon after this effort he became weaker than before, and lay in a restless and excited state. Between three and four o'clock he became more calm, and I thought from the expression of his

countenance he was sensible. He said nothing; but I imagined he was engaged in mental prayer, and, without saying a word to interrupt him, watched him attentively. Presently I perceived his lips move, but at first failed to catch the words he was whispering. Bending my head very close to him, I found he was repeating a verse of a hymn,—

‘ ’Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
 Whose Spirit shall guide me safe home :
 We ’ll praise Him for all that is past,
 And trust Him for all that ’s to come.’

As he remained silent when he had repeated it, I said to him, ‘Then you do not think now that God has forsaken you?’ With a face beaming with delight, he said, with great emphasis, though scarcely above a whisper, ‘No—I do not—I am in His hands—and let Him do what He will with me—I will trust Him to the end.’

“These were the last words he uttered, except that about six o’clock, when, after a long period of unconsciousness, I was trying to give him a few spoonful of wine, and persisting in the endeavour, though he seemed averse to taking it, he faintly whispered, ‘Don’t tease me.’

“At seven o’clock Mr. Gurney came on board with the medical men, who said, as soon as they had seen him, that nothing more could be done; and that as getting him on shore could not benefit him,

we had only to decide as to whether we would rather he should die with us on shore than at sea. About two hours previously my anticipation of his recovery had begun to waver, and the last faint shadow of hope now passed away. I felt convinced, and my heart ached at the thought, that all we could now do was to render his last moments as comfortable as possible. Neither Mr. Gurney nor myself liked the idea of his dying at sea; and as the 'Niger' was to sail in a few hours, we determined to remove him while he was able to bear it. The Collector of Customs, M. L. Levey, Esq., kindly lent us his boat, (much larger than our own,) and in it we placed a temporary bed under an awning, to which Mr. West was carefully carried from his berth. The change from the small close cabin to the open air seemed to have a reviving effect upon him, and I thought from his appearance that consciousness had returned. His eyes were fixed upon the awning, and he appeared to be attentively surveying its various parts. Addressing him by name, I asked if he recognised me. He immediately turned his eyes upon me, with an expressive smile upon his features, and faintly moved his head towards me. A number of our Christian people were upon the beach, anxiously waiting to render their services in carrying him to the Mission-house, which was accomplished, without removing him from the bed in which he had been placed, as tenderly and rapidly as pos-

sible. Twice on the way he took a few teaspoonsful of stimulant, which the doctors had ordered, and looked on us after taking it with a gratified expression of countenance.

“ Soon after reaching the apartment prepared for his reception, we saw that he was rapidly sinking. The chill damps of death were on his brow; and though we spoke to him several times, he appeared unconscious of all around him. About half-past eleven o'clock A.M., February 24th, 1857, while we knelt around his bed, Mr. Gurney—as well as tears and choking sobs would permit—commended the departing spirit to God; and while the voice of prayer was being continued by our schoolmaster, Mr. Peynton, Mr. West heaved one or two faint sighs, and his spirit escaped to its heavenly home.

“ The mournful event caused a deep sensation amongst the members of our Society and congregations at Bathurst, and developed an amount of sympathy and feeling from our sable friends, which showed how much they love those who from time to time come to labour amongst them or their countrymen.

“ The interment took place on the following day; and every face among the large number of persons who assembled in the chapel to attend the funeral, wore an expression of deep sorrow and concern; and many tears were shed, as one and another came to

gaze upon the dear remains, previous to the coffin being closed.

“The burial-ground is distant nearly a mile from our chapel. It is usual at the funeral of any one of note in our Society, when there is generally a large attendance, for those accompanying the funeral procession to sing while passing to the burial-ground, as in some of the rural districts of England. The singing on such occasions generally consists of favourite pieces, some of them in broken English; of which our people have a large number in their memories. In many of their pieces a single individual—generally a female—sings a line or couplet alone, and then all join in chorus. Frequently lines are extemporized on such occasions.

“Believing they would wish to follow this custom in the case of the funeral of our dear departed friend, I intimated, on the funeral procession leaving the chapel, that they were at liberty so to do. I shall not soon forget the effect produced on my mind by their strains of wild, but throughout appropriate and affecting, music. They sang of the worth and preciousness of the Saviour in a dying hour,—of the glories of the ‘better land,’—and, as though addressing the spirit of the departed one, of the joys which he had obtained at God’s right hand,—of their determination, by the grace of God, to meet him there,—of his having left home and friends to be a ‘soldier of the Cross’ in their

own native heathen land,—of his having fallen gloriously in the heat of the conflict,—and of the ‘victor’s crown’ which he had obtained.

“As we neared the burial-ground, the singing ceased, and there was a solemn silence for a few minutes. It is difficult, however, for our African friends to suppress their feelings; and, after a few minutes’ silence, one of the women commenced, in slow and broken accents, a well-known stanza, which is chiefly heard on jubilant occasions, but which was thrillingly adapted to our present mournful circumstances:—

‘Here we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again;
In heaven we part no more.’

The lines were taken up presently by the whole assemblage, and several times repeated with the chorus. The effect was overwhelming. The memory of the few pleasant hours spent with the deceased at our meeting on his outward voyage,—the cherished hope of another happy meeting so suddenly crushed and blighted,—the grief and pain and distress of the preceding forty-eight hours,—all rushed back at once on my mind, and, together with the associations awakened by the sight of the tombs a little before us, produced feelings which would not and could not be controlled.

“We came in view of the open grave, some of us weeping over the memory of the past, and some

singing of the joys of meeting to part no more ; and, with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow,—*sorrow* for ourselves and the bereaved friends at home ; *joy* at the thought of the glory and felicity the dear departed one had attained,—we committed all that was mortal of our honoured friend to the tomb, trusting that, when the time of our change should come,—

‘ We, too, our willing heads should bow,
We, too, the prize obtain.’ ”

CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUDING REMARKS—AN APPEAL FOR MISSIONS.

READER! We have been gazing upon the death-bed experience of a true Christian and an eminent Minister of the Gospel;—we have been with him in the small and pestiferous cabin, suffering, deeply suffering, and yet almost unheeded and uncared for by those around; far away from friendly hands and kindred hearts, the icy hand of death has twined around him its remorseless grasp;—we have witnessed in these depressing and lonely circumstances the last onset of him who hath the power of death;—we have seen the deeply subtle and truly hellish attempt made by Satan to baffle the faith and destroy the peace of his intended prey, when the rapid decline of physical and mental powers seemed to insure a victory too horrible to contemplate;—we have looked, with a tearful eye and a heaving bosom, on the short but agonizing struggle, the last effort of an immortal spirit poised on the verge of eternity, conscious of its own utter weakness, but courageous still to lay hold upon infinite mercy and omnipotent strength; and we have seen, as we gazed between hope and fear, the deep, dark cloud roll

back before the blaze of heavenly glory, which receives from our sight the exhausted but triumphant saint to the arms of Christ, and the inconceivable splendours of heaven. What think you, then, of the solemn sight, and its admonitory lessons?

What think you? If one so gifted as he was, by nature, and by grace;—if one so high in the esteem of the church, and whose ministry had been so signally blessed of God to hundreds and thousands;—if he was thus assailed, and beset by the wicked spirit, so that the balance trembled on which the eternal issues of the contest depended, and all that was precious and glorious in the sky hung upon one last successful effort of the departing soul;—“If,” (to use the nervous and emphatic language of the Bible,) “If the righteous SCARCELY be saved, *where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?*” Can you afford to trifle *now* with what may demand of you, even under the most favourable circumstances, an agonizing struggle *then*?

But O, what think you? Shall Christ forsake thee, O thou suffering saint, in the hour of thy extremity and peril? Shall He not be near thee, when thou walkest through the valley of the shadow of death? Shall not angels nurse thee, and Christ sustain thee, when sinking nature shall be well-nigh spent? Look up! Say not, “Master, we perish!” Where is now thy faith? Seest thou not, through the darkness, the radiant light of an approaching

Saviour? Hearest thou not the sweet soft music of that heavenly voice, saying unto thee, "Peace, be still?" Yes! O yes! It shall be so! Listen!

"T is the still voice of Him who expired on the mountain,
 And breathed out for sinners His last dying groan:
 His voice, who on Calvary opened the fountain
 Of water to cleanse, and of blood to atone.
 That voice, O believer! shall cheer and protect thee,
 When the cold chill of death thy frail bosom invades:
 At its sound shall the Day-star arise to direct thee,
 And gild with effulgence the valley of shades!"

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!" *"That it may be so, we must follow Christ. And then, whensoever the end may come, in whatever place death may overtake me, under whatsoever guise he may present himself, and howsoever he may be accompanied, I need not be anxious; all will be well. Light and grace will be afforded me. While earth recedes from my view, heaven will open upon it. While the clamours of earth are hushing into eternal silence, the music of heaven will be breaking in. While loved friends are fast disappearing, angels and the spirits of just men made perfect will be coming into sight. My last look on earth will be instantly followed by my first glance through the skies; and the last sigh or groan of mortality will be succeeded by the first note of the Song of Moses and the Lamb in the paradise of God. And thus, having done and suffered the*

Divine will, I shall, in death as in life, GLORIFY GOD."*

That Mr. West realized, in his last moments, all that he so beautifully describes in the above paragraph, we cannot doubt; but it was not until, as we have seen, a most powerful temptation had been encountered and overcome. To some persons it may seem strange that God should permit His saints to be harassed and distracted at all in their last hours. We would not scan too minutely the ways of God. We know that Infinite Wisdom cannot be measured or even understood in all its arrangements by the glimmering light of human reason. But of one thing we are well assured, that nothing can be contrary to the highest wisdom, and the most perfect love, in whatever God may ordain or permit to come upon His people. We may not be able to give a reason why, but we must believe the fact, that some of the holiest and most useful of men, according to our estimation, have had to struggle hard with manifold and potent temptations in their last hours; whilst those whose faith, and love, and works seemed but feeble in life, have had triumphant joys in the hour and article of death. Doubtless, in both instances, God is glorified, and the best interests of His people are served. We are taught in the one case, among many other important lessons, how absolutely we depend upon

* "Scenes in the Life of St. Peter. By the REV. D. WEST," p. 382.

Divine grace in Christ Jesus for our final salvation. It is "not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He hath saved us." In the other case, we are taught how all-sufficient Christ's presence is to His poor and feeble followers, when they simply and unhesitatingly trust in Him.

It appears to us, that the temptation which harassed Mr. West was peculiarly subtle. It is evident that the apprehension of death was one he did not entertain until reason itself was beginning to waver; and then, when it did present itself clearly to his mind, he seems to have been distracted by the thought, that the work for which he had been sent by the church would, to some extent, be left unaccomplished. He had a natural anxiety, under these peculiar circumstances, to reach once more the shores of his country, and meet with his brethren: and when he knew at length that that was denied him, need we wonder that he should have been powerfully wrought upon, and that the stroke was almost more than he could bear?

Moses, with his face toward Canaan, and his heart yearning to accomplish in person an entrance into the promised land at the head of the tribes he had led so long and so nobly, prayed, "Let me go over and see the good land." But God had determined otherwise, and said, "Let it suffice thee: speak no more unto Me of this matter." The

answer came to Mr. West's prayers in similar terms as to his mission, and for a little while it seemed to wither every joy, and crush every hope. An agony of prayer succeeds, and step by step the vantage ground is gained. The shield of faith at length quenches the "fiery darts" of the wicked one, and in an expiring whisper the note of victory is sung: "*I am in His hands: and let Him do with me what He will. I will trust Him to the end.*" Amid the quiet assurance of a triumphant faith, the released spirit soars aloft to paradise.

It only remains that we should dwell briefly upon some points, in the personal character of Mr. West, and of his ministry, only incidentally brought out in the preceding memoir.

In his private and domestic circle, he shone with as much grace as in his public walk through life. He was loving, cheerful, and kind to all, and at all times. His religion was not a mask to be put on merely for the public eye, or to catch the commendation of men. It was the living embodiment, day by day, of all he taught to others, and enforced upon them.

For his means, his hand was one of lavish charity. He could not turn away from the wailings of distress, if he could contribute the smallest amount of alleviation to it. Many a miserable hovel, and many a heart throbbing with sorrow, has been cheered by his smile, or had the sympathy of a

falling tear. His visits to the afflicted and tempted were always seasons of "refreshing coming from the presence of the Lord." Whilst fitted to move in any circle, and though his presence was welcomed by those in the higher ranks of the Societies with which he was connected, he never neglected the poor of Christ's flock. The sick, the maimed, the halt, and the blind, had each and all, wherever he met with them, his ready attendance, sympathy, and prayers. In his pastoral visitations, he had the happy art of entering at once, and with evident feeling, into the circumstances of those whom he addressed, whether rich or poor, learned or illiterate. A good old pilot of South Shields, who was converted under his ministry, was so filled with love and gratitude, that he actually purposed to walk from Shields to Liverpool, that he might see him once more before he died, and hear him preach!

Few men could compare with Mr. West in the leading and visitation of Classes. A remarkable unction and power accompanied these services. Whilst he was quick to perceive the exact state of those whom he addressed, he was always happy and effective in the application of the doctrines and promises of the word of God to the cases with which he was dealing. He seemed to have the treasures of Scripture at his instant command, and he made every one feel that he had "a word in season" for them. He seemed to throw himself into the

position, and enter thoroughly into the circumstances, of those whom he addressed ; and hence the striking appropriateness of his pastoral advices and prayers.

“ For all ordinary duties in the pulpit, on the platform, in consultation, he was always well and ready furnished. He could not deliver an address at the least important of our manifold (Methodistic) gatherings, without leaving the impression that he was a man of no common mental power. He had a clear and vivid insight into the subject he wished to fix upon the minds or consciences of others. He would give a series of reasons for the position he laid down, each succeeding one more demonstrative than its predecessor ; his ardour increasing, and his eloquence rising all the while, until, by the time he had arrived at his climax, and often before, he would have the judgment of his audience with him. Nor did he deal in arguments alone, but he would make interesting his various statements by figures and illustrations from science, natural philosophy, and art. But while he was so luminous a reasoner, it was in appeal that his great strength lay as a speaker and preacher. Having convinced the understanding, he then laid siege to the conscience, bringing up against it force after force ; making assault upon assault ; and a moral Sebastopol, indeed, must that man’s heart have been which did not yield.” *

* Rev. Thomas Nightingale.

Undoubtedly, Mr. West's principal talent lay in the powerful elucidation and application of Scripture narratives. In these he delighted: and he had the power of giving vivid delineations of Bible scenes and characters to the minds of his hearers, and, with unflinching earnestness and pathos, he urged upon them the various lessons to be drawn therefrom. His appearance and manner in the pulpit was highly prepossessing and engaging. There was the entire absence of anything approaching to affectation or studied effect. In conversation he often expressed his disapproval of that oratorical and dashing style of pulpit address, now so much cultivated; and he thought it the very contrary to what preaching ought to be, if the Apostle Paul's instructions and suggestions were to be deemed authoritative. At the same time, there was in the preaching of Mr. West a quiet gracefulness of manner, as well as the ardour of natural eloquence. His voice was comparatively feeble, but its lack of strength was amply compensated by a clear and distinct enunciation. Usually, at the commencement of his sermons, there was an appearance of great thoughtfulness about his countenance, and at times a carefulness in delivery almost approaching to hesitancy, whilst he gradually worked his way into the subject of his text; but long before the discourse was closed, and especially when applying the promises and invitations of the Gospel to the sinner, his face beamed with delight, and

a full tide of heavenly harmony poured upon his hearers.

One striking characteristic of Mr. West's pulpit ministrations cannot be overlooked,—his amazing power in prayer, and especially the prayer before sermon. Copious, fervent, and full of faith were his supplications; and he thus laid hold upon the feelings of his congregation, and carried them to the throne of grace. The assembled worshippers could not but feel, under the hallowing influence of the Divine Spirit, that the place was "holy ground," and was, truly, "none other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven." Before the sermon had begun, many hearts were softened, and fitted thereby to receive with profit the exposition and application of the preached word.

In addition to what has been already noticed in a previous part of this volume, it may be observed that, whilst Mr. West was scrupulously attentive to his Circuit duties, he, for many years, seldom had an evening unoccupied by some public engagement, in one part or other of the country, on behalf of the numerous Connexional institutions of Methodism. All of them had, in turn, the benefit of his labours; but it was to the advocacy of the Mission cause he was more particularly devoted. He was peculiarly adapted, in some respects, for platform speaking, and the missionary work was that which, from its vastness and general importance, secured his largest

sympathies and ablest services. His speeches were generally most effective, and sometimes they were overpoweringly impressive.

Such was he who, by the deliberations and voice of the church, and of his fathers and brethren, was selected to proceed upon a Mission, in which life itself was not only hazarded, but actually sacrificed. Was the messenger too valuable, or the sacrifice too great? Certainly, these are questions worth deciding; and to both, without hesitation or demur, we would answer in the negative. The church mourns the loss of a useful Minister of the sanctuary, and relatives shed the tear of sorrow, and feel the pangs of natural affection so suddenly and painfully tried;—but to die in such a work was certainly the crowning honour given upon earth to a previously devoted and useful life.

The object of the preceding pages has been of a practical kind throughout; and we therefore crave the reader's indulgence whilst we offer, in conclusion, a few remarks upon the work of Missions generally, and upon the special peculiarities and claims of Africa.

We would observe, first of all, that *not only men of large heart and ardent piety, but men of the highest talent, of the best cultivated and most gifted minds, are those most needed for the missionary enterprise.* Whether as directors, or inspectors, or

as working agents, this department of Christian effort requires the best of men. It is grievous to know that even in our time there exists a popular, and frequently expressed, notion, that "inferior men are good enough to be Missionaries." There never was a greater mistake; and a remark more dishonouring to Christ and Christianity could scarcely be made. There is full scope in every Mission field for minds of the first order, and talents of the rarest and most varied character. Let it not be forgotten that a Minister in Christian lands like our own works upon minds where stores of knowledge are already accumulated; and the implements he employs are ready to his hand,—the Bible, and books and appliances without end; and he may in his teachings presume upon the previous acquirements of his hearers. Not so, however, with the Missionary. He has to lay the very foundations of knowledge, both secular and Divine, not only in individual minds, but for entire tribes and nations. Nor is the work rudimentary only. For when once a savage or untutored mind really awakens to a sight of Gospel truth, he is by no means contented with a mere flimsy outline. His mind, as well as ours, can estimate and comprehend the glorious realities of revelation; and he, too, delights to fathom its depths, or soar to its heights, and measure its utmost boundaries. But to do this he must have the Bible, and he must have it in

his own tongue. Here then is a noble task, worthy the toil of the most learned and able of Christian Ministers; and when that shall have been accomplished, the work may be regarded as only begun. Stores of secular and biblical knowledge must then be brought into constant use; and the Christian Missionary must, in a word, be "apt to teach." He will have demands made upon his knowledge in Mission work such as would never be required in the ordinary and regular routine of ministerial duty at home. Away, then, with the fallacy that inferior talent is good enough for foreign service!

But we would take higher ground than this. Let us measure our love and works by the love and works of our adorable Redeemer. Can any one be too gifted or too valuable for consecration to missionary duties, when it is remembered that He "who was rich yet for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich?"

How often have our ears tingled again, and our hearts been sad, when we have heard candidates for the Christian ministry carefully guarding themselves from the risk or probability of going abroad to the foreign field! Some fancied gift of intellect or power of oratory has, to their minds, marked them out for a popular ministry at home, and quite unfitted them for the plodding toils of the Missionary. Such low views of the ministerial call are humbling in the extreme. It is true there may be provi-

dential and prudential hindrances in a man's way, either to the home work on the one hand, or the foreign work on the other; but the call of God, and the message of Christ in its primary application, know no such limitations and distinctions. The broad command embraces the world:—"Go ye, therefore, into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." The man who would serve Christ must give himself a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God, without reservation or equivocation; and then it will be with an over-ruling Providence, and the inward admonitions of the Divine Spirit, to point out the path of duty. Let him say as Mr. West did, "*I am ready for any work Thou hast for me to do.*"

We would observe, secondly, that *whilst every part of the world needs and craves the services of men of high qualifications such as we have described, nowhere are they more necessary than in Africa.* We may, indeed, be pointed to Asia, as standing first in the order of its claims. But, we would ask, are there not instrumentalities at work in Asia to which Africa is a total stranger? In the commercial and political relationships of Asia, we think we can see elements in rapid operation which, apart from direct missionary labour, will before long shiver to atoms the ancient systems of learned heathenism. For we believe that when the church is too feeble—from

whatever cause her feebleness of effort may arise—to accomplish the task allotted to her, God can and will divide Satan's kingdom against itself, until it shall totter into ruin, and His own Gospel shall have "free course" to "run and be glorified."

But when we look at Africa, we can see in her but few, if any, of these incidental advantages. Her kingdoms are unexplored; her commerce extremely limited; her shores, in many parts, are shunned by the white man; her languages, well nigh numberless, have yet to be studied and reduced to form; no regular or extensive means of intercommunication exist; and her tangled forests, untrodden deserts, and deadly swamps, are but faint representations of her spiritual degradation and necessities. From these considerations, therefore, it is evident that Africa demands men of piety and Christian heroism, as well as men of learning and intellect.

Finally, *Africa has special claims upon the churches of Christ, because of the countless wrongs that have been heaped upon her, and the neglect and scorn with which she has been treated for ages.* Philosophers have wagged their heads, and described her children as mere connecting links between the animal world and human beings. Traders have dabbled in her blood, and have bought and sold her sons and daughters, with greater recklessness

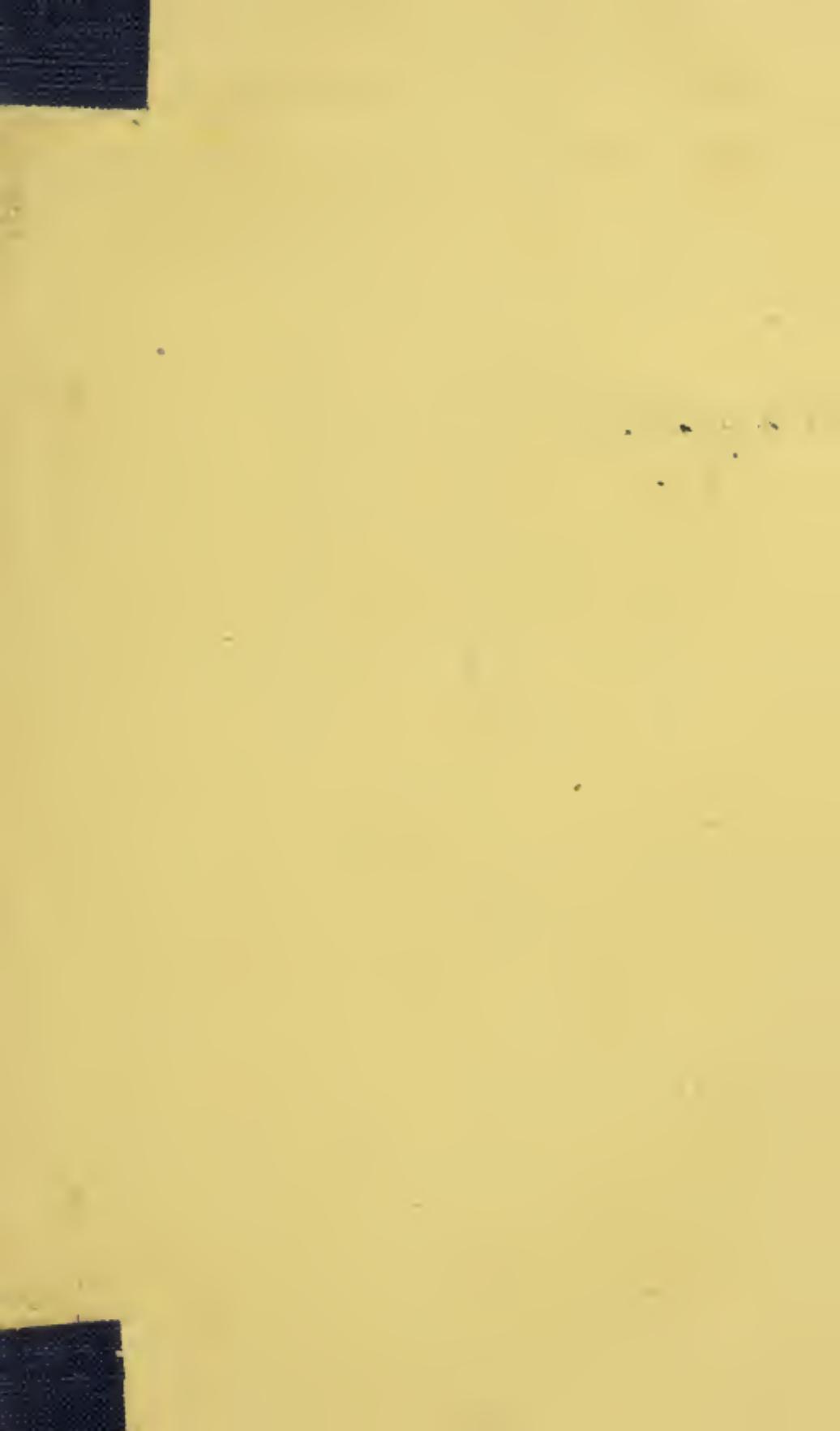
and gold-hunting eagerness than they would have done bales of cotton or calico. That these inhuman and insatiable demands might be met, her own rulers and tribes have preyed upon one another, and hecatombs of victims have annually perished in her intestine wars and heathen orgies. And thus down-trodden, thus burdened by countless woes, and ringing with the sighs and groanings of the oppressed, she seems until recently to have been abandoned even by the disciples of the Lord Jesus. The churches of Christian lands have been slow to move to her rescue and salvation. How limited even now are the attempts made for her evangelization! How few in number the heralds of the Cross! Powerful fleets guard her coasts for the prevention of an unholy traffic in human bodies; but where, where are the fleets carrying to her famished millions the bread of eternal life, and sending through her wide territories the "feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things?" "These things ye ought to have done, and not to have left the other undone." Let us not imagine that the minds of untutored barbarians are slow to perceive discrepancies between the professions and practice of Christian lands. They will appreciate, no doubt, in some degree, the excellence of that religion which can prompt to the vast expenditure of a nation's means and men, to rescue the body from slavery and death; but they will also think strangely

of its principles, and be tempted to doubt its truthfulness and consistency altogether, when they perceive so little done for their souls.

Let us hasten then to redeem our character! Justice to Africa, bleeding from a thousand wounds, and the honour of our holy religion, demand a noble restitution. If there were no other debts to be discharged, there is one we ought never to forget. When He who bore our griefs and carried our sorrows from Pilate's judgment-hall to Calvary fainted under His sufferings, a sable son of Africa took up and sustained the symbol and pledge of the world's redemption. Perhaps, too, his hands even assisted to lift it up on high,—the Cross,—the blessed Cross,—of which the Saviour said, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." Significant incident, and glorious promise!

AFRICA! THOU HADST A SHARE IN THE SAVIOUR'S DEATH, AND THOU SHALT YET GRACE THE REDEEMER'S CROWN, AND ADD LUSTRE TO HIS EVER-LASTING TRIUMPH!

THE END.



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