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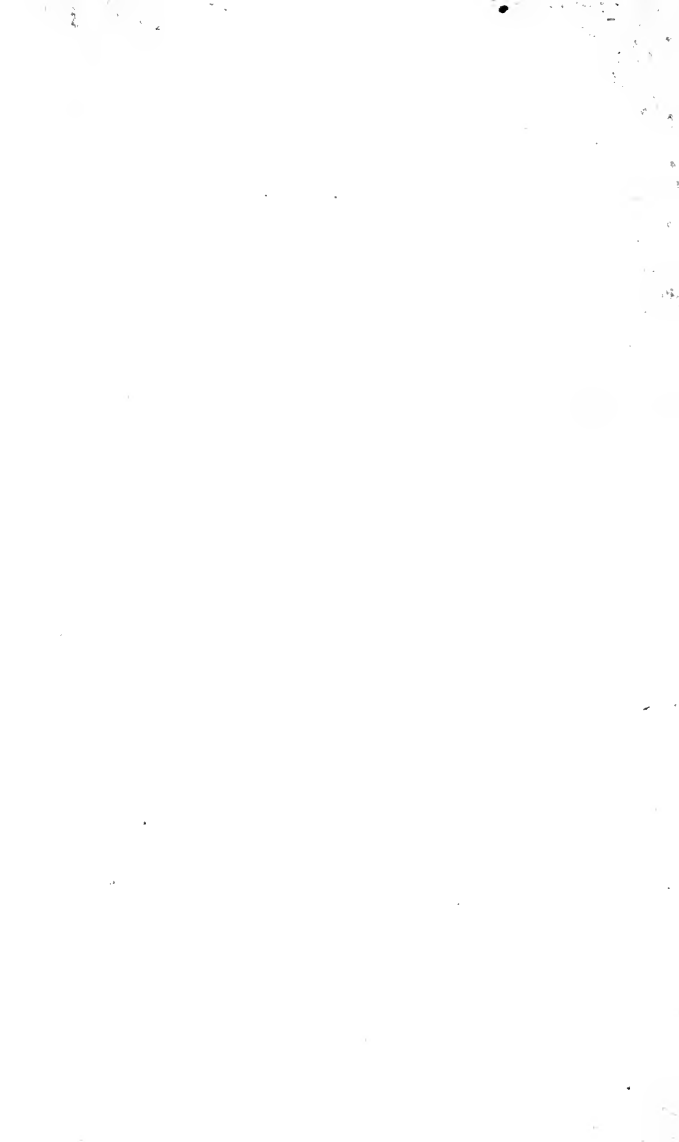
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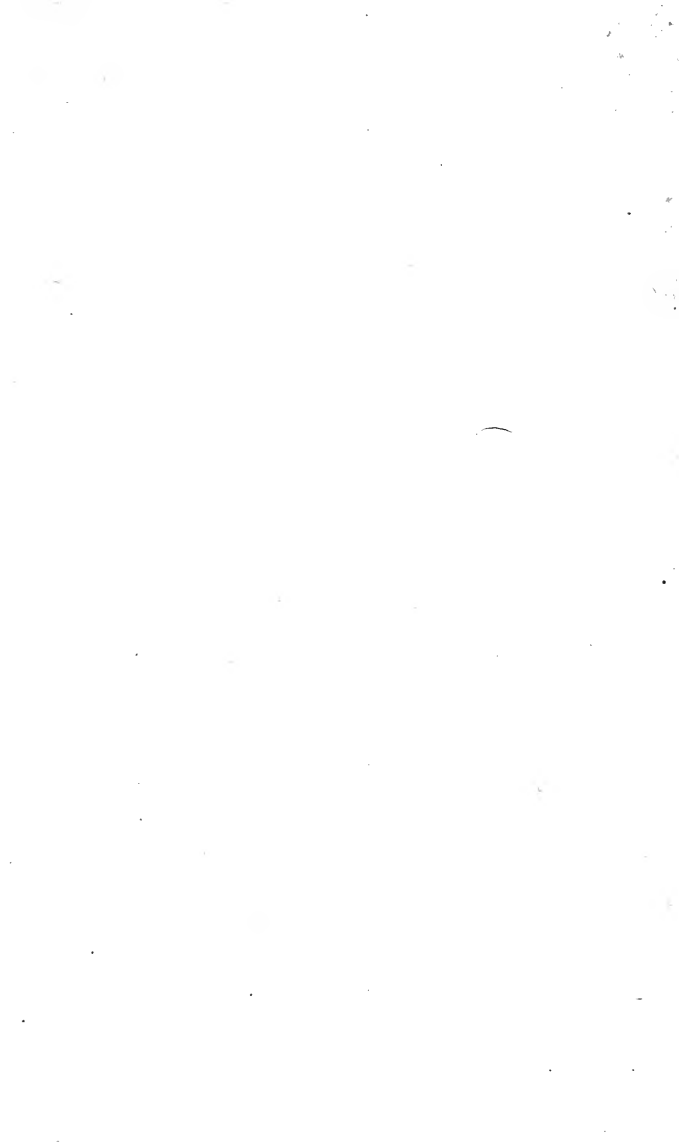
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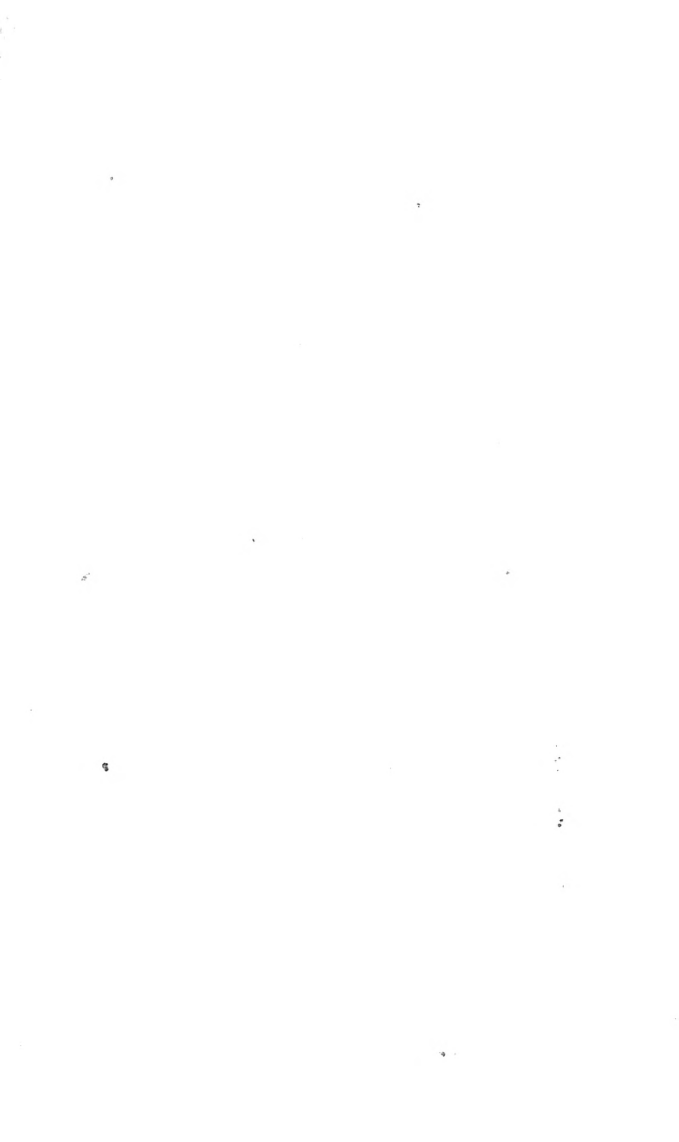
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Memoirs of the life of the  
Rev. William Ward

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REV. WILLIAM WARD,

*late of St. Sampson,*

Died March 7, 1823, Aged 53.

*W. Ward*



MEMOIRS  
OF  
THE LIFE  
OF THE  
**REV. WILLIAM WARD,**

*Late Baptist Missionary in India;*

CONTAINING  
A FEW OF HIS EARLY POETICAL PRODUCTIONS.

AND

**A Monody to his Memory.**

BY

**SAMUEL STENNETT.**

---

A good man, and full of the Holy Ghost. Acts xi. 24.  
Multis ille bonis flebilis, occidit. Horace.

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**LONDON:**

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AND HOLDSWORTH, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

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1825.



TO THE  
BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY,  
AND THE  
FRIENDS AND SUPPORTERS OF MISSIONS  
IN GENERAL,

**This Portraiture**

OF A MAN WHO WAS  
THE ZEALOUS AGENT OF ONE SOCIETY,  
AND THE

SINCERE WELL WISHER TO ALL,

Is respectfully inscribed

BY THE AUTHOR.



## PREFACE.

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THE life of so good and useful a man as William Ward of Serampore, needs nothing to recommend it to the perusal of all who love christian excellence; it may be necessary, however, to say something on the reasons, which have induced the writer of the following Memoirs to become his biographer. Some of these are briefly noticed in the printed prospectus of the work; as, the author's early association with him in his missionary work, and their long cherished friendship, which death only could terminate, and the renewal of which constitutes one of the dearest hopes in

the perspective of a brighter and better world. This intimacy naturally furnished some means of information, possessed by no other writer who has engaged in this service, while, with regard to many things recorded in these pages, the author bears the testimony of an eye-witness to the facts he relates. Through the kindness of several friends, to whom he feels gratified in thus tendering his thanks, he was favoured with a few circumstances not yet made public, and a number of original letters, with free permission to make what use of them he thought proper—a discretionary power, which he hopes it will be found, that he has not abused.

Notwithstanding these claims to attention, he had yet no design of intruding on the public notice, for some months after the tidings of the death of his much lamented friend reached this country; he naturally expected a much more complete

memoir from the associates of his later years, who might be possessed, through his private papers, of many interesting materials, and looked earnestly for the annunciation of some publication of this kind in the principal religious publications of the day. But when a considerable time had elapsed, and nothing had made its appearance, except a short supplement to a sermon, or a leading article in some of the Magazines, he thought himself called upon, both by the claims of friendship and his duty to the community, to attempt something more satisfactory. How far he has succeeded is not for himself to determine; the public will give a more just award; if, however, these pages shall have the effect of making his friend's character more known, and kindling in the minds of any a similar spirit, he will never have cause to regret the trouble he has taken, and the labour he has bestowed.

The paucity of events, incident to the life of a christian missionary, may not perhaps excite that interest, which the lives of many less useful men may command; but for those who feel deeply the state of an idolatrous world, and watch with anxiety the progress of Divine power and truth enlightening and saving it, the modest, unassuming labours of such a man as Ward, will possess attractions far superior to the lives of the most celebrated among men. They will delight to see the workings of a mind so imbued with the sacred spirit of charity, as to abandon all the prospects of this world for the glorious design of blessing a nation of heathens; to trace the operations of a zeal and love of the Saviour so ardent, as to induce the sacrifice of all that is most cherished by man, his country, his home and his friends, among whom religion flourishes and spreads its benign influence over the heart and the



manners, to enter on a vast moral wilderness, where spiritual desolation prevails, and a horrid superstition has blighted every fine feeling of the soul, and given a rank and luxuriant growth to every vice which can degrade and disgrace the character. Such persons will require no apology for the frequent and large quotations from original letters in the following pages; if any be necessary, the author will frankly confess, that he judged nothing that he could say, would so faithfully pourtray the character of his departed friend, as the productions of his own pen, the overflowings of his own heart.

The writer is persuaded, that the few poetical effusions, which he has annexed, will gratify the feelings of Mr. Ward's friends; they are most of them unknown except to a very few individuals of his early acquaintance, and they will thus, it is trusted, be rescued for a

while from that oblivion to which they had so long been consigned. The Monody, that follows, has perhaps little to recommend it but the name to which it is inscribed; if any, however, object to it, they may excuse the feelings of friendship, and that vanity, if it may be so called, which wishes to be associated in the memorial of so much excellence.

Something probably should be added, to account for the delay, which has occurred since the first publication of the prospectus of this work; to this several circumstances have contributed. A little time was necessarily occupied in searching for information, and in the transmission of letters and other materials for the work; in addition to which, the author is so much engaged in his professional and pastoral duties, and the cares of an increasing family, that his moments of leisure are few, and his mind frequently so much distracted, that the

progress of composition is with him very slow. On this latter account alone he has to deprecate the severity of criticism, and while he invites the correction of any errors, that may have escaped him, to commend to the indulgence of the candid and liberal mind a work, the main object of which is, he hopes, the glory of God and the welfare of immortal souls. To that God, above all, he desires to commit it, imploring his blessing, without which, no human effort, how well soever designed and executed, can prosper.



# MEMOIRS,

§c.

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## CHAPTER I.

*Introductory Reflections—Some particulars of Mr. Ward's life until the time of his making a religious profession by baptism.*

IN an age of missionary exertions, when all the energies of Christian benevolence are directed to the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom in the nations of the earth, it is natural, that every thing relating to a missionary should be interesting. An almost involuntary admiration bursts from our hearts, while we contemplate that disinterested love to man, which could

choose a life so distinguished by privations, that heroic courage, which could venture on a course so encompassed with dangers, and that unwearied perseverance, which could press forward through so many obstructing difficulties. With the deepest veneration and most anxious solicitude, we watch the progress of this friend of the human race; we mark the fervency of his spirit, the diligence of his labours, and the patience of his sufferings; our souls sympathize in all he feels and endures, and we are impressed with the persuasion, that, if a Christian is the highest style of man, a Missionary is the highest rank of the Christian, and comes the nearest to the sublime original exhibited in his blessed Master. So strong indeed is this sympathy, that we are frequently in danger of forgetting the great Spirit, that kindles this love, that inspires this zeal, that supports and invigorates this persevering

patience; while we admire the instrument, that God uses in advancing his cause, we are apt to consider the existence of such an instrument endued with qualifications so eminent, as indispensably necessary to the continued success, if not to the very existence of that cause.

There is no event, which so naturally excites this sympathy, and stirs up this struggle between our proneness to trust and stop short in human means, and the conviction that *without Christ we can do nothing*, as the death of one of these highly favoured agents of divine power and grace. Standing at the side of a Missionary's grave, we not only find our minds melting with the tenderest emotions of love and pity, while we retrace the difficulties of his course, and lament, to our feeble conceptions, its premature termination; but we are ready to identify the cause with the man, and to cry in

querulous discontent and unbelief, *My father, my father, the chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof.* Events of this kind are therefore needful to teach us our dependance on Divine aid, and that the work of God will not stand still for want of means, because the feeble, though honoured instrument is taken away in the midst of his labours; while all is under the management and controul of that Omnipotent Worker, whose eternal purpose to accomplish his work is a pledge of the supply of the necessary means.

While, however, we should avoid that admiration of the servant, which would make us forget his Master, or that complaining under the dispensations of God's bereaving providence, which implies a reflection on his faithfulness in fulfilling his promises, we may profitably cultivate the memory of those, who have been cut off in the midst of their useful and ho-



nourable career, as a stimulus to our zeal, and an encouragement to our patience. *The memory of the just is blessed: precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints; and our interest as well as our feelings, if we are believers, call us to be followers of them, who through faith and patience inherit the promises.*

The church of God has lately been called to mourn the loss of many of its most faithful ministers, who had devoted themselves to the preaching of the Gospel among the heathen, and some of them have been taken away in the midst of their usefulness, and at the very time, when we, perhaps, imagined they could be least spared. The loss of some has been recent, and though months may have elapsed since the death of others, the wound seems still fresh and painful, and the chasm, that has been made, is not yet filled up. Of this number is the subject of the present memoir, whose life,

though not marked by much of that kind of incident, which will charm the worldly mind, will be surveyed with deep interest by those, who love and pray for the prosperity of Zion.

William Ward was born at Derby on the 20th of October, 1769. He was the son of John Ward, carpenter and builder of that place, whose father, Thomas Ward, was a farmer at Stretton, near Burton in Staffordshire. Of his father nothing remarkable is recorded, he died while his son was quite a child; but his mother, who used to attribute her first serious thoughts to a discourse by a female Quaker at the Town Hall in Derby, was an attendant on the preaching of the Methodists, and appears to have been a truly christian woman. From her conversations, and particularly from her prayers, his first impressions of the importance of religion and the value of eternal things were derived. It was her custom to converse

and pray with him in private, thus following the injunction of the Apostle, *bringing up her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord*. Her instructions and prayers had the effect of at least preserving him from the vices, to which youth are so much exposed, if not of laying the foundation for those reflections, which ultimately issued in his conversion; thus furnishing another instance in addition to many already on record, of the truth of the wise man's saying, *Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it*. It is much to be feared, that though a general assent may be given by Christians to this part of divine truth, a firm conviction of its certain fulfilment is rarely felt, much less a solid confidence in the promise which it contains. The idea, that we cannot give our children grace, or produce in their minds that abiding impression of the instructions we afford

them, which alone can warrant the expectation of success, added to the conviction of the natural depravity of the human heart, often leads us to consider any attempt to enforce religious instruction, as a reflection on the sovereignty of God; forgetting, that that sovereignty almost always operates by human means, and by those very means declares, *the excellency of its power.*

Young Ward was not merely free from a predilection for the vices of youth, but he appears not to have been much addicted to their foibles and sports. Though of an active disposition, his activity displayed itself chiefly in the improvement of his mind; nor could he be prevailed upon to mingle much in the diversions of his school-fellows. Several of them have been heard to say, that they scarcely ever remember to have seen him play, and a near relation, who used to go with him, when he was very young, to Mr.

Congreve's school at Derby, has declared, that he frequently beat him to make him stop while he played.

On leaving Mr. Congreve's school, he was placed under the tuition of a Mr. Breary of the same place, with whom he continued, till the time of his being put apprentice. Of the nature and extent of his education little information can be obtained; but it may be conjectured, that it was confined to the common branches cultivated in our English schools; for the knowledge of general and classical literature, he was indebted chiefly to the opportunities which his business afforded, and his industrious application in after life. The writer of this memoir can bear witness to his indefatigable industry and despatch; though he was not remarkable for rising extremely early, yet he was constantly employed, and owing to the fluency of his thoughts and the rapidity of his pen,

he accomplished more than many could have done in the same time. From his youth he appears to have aimed at something out of the common way: a person now resident in Derby, who was once his school-fellow and afterwards his intimate companion, says, that he was always composing something, and that they were in the habit of walking out together in an evening, sometimes till late, discoursing on different subjects to enlarge their minds. These circumstances, together with a remarkable steadiness, in which he differed from the generality of young people, impressed the minds of many of his early associates with the idea, that he was a most singular boy, and destined to fill some important station in the world.

On leaving school he was bound apprentice to Mr. Drewry, printer and bookseller of Derby, and at the expiration of his apprenticeship, so useful

had he become to his employer, that he continued with him two years longer, during which time he was engaged in conducting the publication of the Derby Mercury.

He then removed to Stafford, where he commenced the publication of a newspaper, the property of a branch of the same family, and it is said, that he was the person who wrote the prospectus of the work. After this he went to Hull in Yorkshire, where he continued to follow his business as a printer, and for some time editor of the Hull Advertiser. Thus was he early initiated into public life, nor was he by any means ill-qualified for the part he had undertaken. A mind naturally aspiring, which could not altogether brook the plodding course of common business, an ardent imagination, a lively wit, united to a tolerably discriminating judgment of men and things, made him a valuable assistant in the conducting of a provincial

journal; and had he continued to devote himself to these pursuits, he would probably have been highly respectable and successful. It may be observed too, (and it is not frequently the case,) that his talents were never prostituted either to the encouragement of vice, or to the discountenancing of piety and religion; the papers, that he conducted, were never made the vehicles of the ribald jest, or the infidel scoff; he had received early impressions of the importance of sacred things, and he had too just a sense of the malignity of profaneness and infidelity, ever to lend himself to a cause which requires such auxiliaries.

The time, however, was now drawing near, when his religious character was to be more fully developed, and his energies directed to more important objects. Though in consequence of his pious mother's connection with the Methodists, he, when young, constantly attended



their Meetings, and though he afterwards had his serious impressions deepened by his attendance among the Independents of his native town; yet he was very early in life convinced of the truth and obligation of the baptism of believers by immersion. He was a warm and active supporter of the Baptist Church which was formed in Derby, about this time, in its first difficulties and depressions; and during the latter part of his residence there he used frequently to visit the Baptist meetings in the neighbourhood. This part of his history affords a striking trait of his punctuality and zeal; it is said of him, that he often went over to Codnor, to Burton, and even to Nottingham, a distance of eighteen miles, and was there before the resident members. It does not appear, however, that he made a public profession of his faith before his removal to Hull, which took place about the year

1794 or 1795. Here he fell in with a Baptist Church, meeting in Salt-house lane,\* under the pastoral care of the late Mr. Beatson, and, after some time, was baptized by him, and joined the church, of which he continued an honourable and useful member during his residence in that town.

For his worthy pastor he ever felt the highest respect, and the most affectionate regard; and though he conscientiously differed with him in some sentiments, especially those relating to the calls and invitations of the gospel, he was ever ready to bear testimony to his worth, and none more sincerely lamented his death. The writer of this Memoir, who had the happiness of being at that time united with him in his studies, recollects

\* This church afterwards removed to George Street, and is now under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Thonger.

his receiving the tidings, and how pathetically he poured out his feelings in an elegy on the occasion, which appeared in some of the periodical works of the day, and which will be found in the Appendix.

During some part of the period above referred to, he seems to have been the subject of very strong convictions, and distressing conflicts. After his first profession of religion, he was harassed by those temptations, that are often experienced by the Lord's people, while their knowledge of the gospel is yet imperfect. He felt his own spiritual wretchedness to such a degree, that he was led to doubt the reality of his religious character, and to repent, that he had ever made a profession ; a feeling peculiarly afflicting, but, at the same time, indicating a tenderness of conscience, and a high estimate of the influence of vital Christianity, that are truly pleasing to witness. The

following letter, without date, written some time after to a friend suffering under feelings of the same kind, will suffice to exhibit the trials he had gone through, and in what considerations his troubled spirit had found rest.

“ My Dear Friend,

“ I have felt too much of the torture which you sustain, and have reasoned too much like you, not to feel interested in your case. I have reasoned till I have been in a cold sweat ; I have tossed whole nights. I have rued the day when I began to profess religion ; I have thought every body could read the language of my corrupt heart, and see and hear the howling tempest within. I have said to myself, Well, I may indulge, for I have no religion ; I am in a state of wrath, and cannot be worse : besides, I have committed the crime already in my heart, and therefore, the sin will not be much greater,

if it break out. Could you read all the reasonings which passed through my mind, you would be chilled with horror. But I have been better since I came to Hull, than ever I was since the storm commenced. It might be expected, that I should be able to say something to you, having gone through the miry clay ; but I am conscious, from my own case, that you are little capable of quenching the fierce volcano by a sprinkling of words. Yet it might be profitable to read the consequences of sin in the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah, on whom *the Lord rained brimstone and fire from heaven* ; in a drowning world, when *all flesh died that moved on the face of the earth* ; in the extirpation of the Canaanites ; but above all, in the sufferings and death of Christ. Can we expect but to lie down in sorrow, and in eternal pain, if we die in our sins ; when he, who came from the bosom of the Father, sweat great drops

of blood to atone for it? But if the eloquence of his tears be not sufficient for us; let us draw the curtain, let us look down into that pit, where *the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever*. If the fallen angels, and the majority of mankind (grown up) are lost; if Sodom and Gomorrah, and the old world were punished for an ensample to all, who shall hereafter live ungodly; if the earth must be burned up; if it is already depopulated by death (the consequence of sin) every thirty years, and sixty human beings die every minute;—if three fourths of mankind are reduced to the slavery and ignorance of beasts;—if the world be filled with sickness, wars, oppressions, enmities, barbarities, &c. so that happiness is almost excluded from it,—then our ideas of the dreadful nature of sin are infinitely too low; there is a malignity in it, that the faculties of man cannot comprehend.

“ But, my brother, we cannot surely forego the full chorus of the Hallelujah—the scene, when *God shall wipe away the tears from off all faces*—the lessons on the great plan of Providence and grace from the lips of Gabriel? Shall we miss the company and sight of all good men for ever—the company of the Great Philanthropist—all that you can possibly conceive of pure pleasure, with infinity, and eternity connected with it? Shall we calmly pay all this for a drop of flattering sweet, that will end in eternal horrors? Oh, No!

‘ We’ll wield our passions, like our limbs, knowing,  
The brutal powers were only born t’obey.’

“ Yes, my dear friend, I trust heaven will perfect our present friendship.

“ ‘ Thither, when fate has brought our willing souls,  
No matter, whether ’twas a sharp disease,  
Or a sharp sword, that help’d the traveller on,  
And push’d us to our home. Bear up, my friend,

Serenely, and break thro' the stormy brine  
With steady prow; know, we shall once arrive  
At the fair haven of eternal bliss,  
To which we ever steer.'

W. W."

He knew and felt that common tendency of the human mind, to pass from despondency to carnal reasonings and universal scepticism; that disposition, which, when it finds a blank in its own happiness, begins to doubt the very existence of the great source of happiness. Tried in this way he had learned to detect the sophistical cavils of the great enemy, to unravel the net, which had entwined round the captive and dejected spirit; while he could sweetly and successfully plead the infinite beneficence of a gracious God, in soothing the sorrows, and ultimately relieving all the burdens of his children. In another letter, also without date, he thus reasons upon this subject.



“ My Dear Friend,

“ That the earth has an infinite, wise, powerful, just, and good Parent, who governs all intelligences by these attributes of his nature—that man, in his disposition and proceedings, is disobedient to the laws which the great Parent and Governor has laid down for the happiness of his creation—that he, in consequence, needs a Mediator and a Justifier, that he may be brought back to forgiveness and favour—that Jesus Christ is that Mediator—that true faith in him is the channel, in which forgiveness and favour is bestowed—and that a conformity of heart and life to his will is the test of being thus favoured and forgiven—are points, which in our best moments we can no more doubt, than we can the existence of the objects of sight; but by foolishly attempting to read the gospel in the actions of many of its professors, we are led to doubt even whether

the great machinery of nature did not make itself, and whether the immortality, the reason of our nature, did not grow out of the dust of the earth. What is there in this creed, but what nature and experience confirm? Nay, we must disbelieve nature and experience too, if we become sceptical enough to doubt the truth of these leading points of Revelation.

“ Not only is a state of indecision painful, but it is dangerous also. The credit which we give to truth, when our minds are filled with doubt, will be but a broken reed in trouble, and a weak support in the hour of death. Instead of going forward in the Christian course, with intrepidity and zeal, we are stumbling and halting at every step; and instead of laying hold on eternal life, we are enquiring whether the *a*, *b*, *c*, of our religion be true. Such, at least, are the feelings of your friend sometimes; yet,

amidst all the clogs he meets with, he cannot make a surrender of the life and immortality, brought to light by the gospel, at the feet of infidelity; and the very fear of it makes his whole frame shudder.

“ But why these desponding thoughts? Of the Father of our spirits it is said, *He shall wipe the tears from off all faces.* Of whom else—of what human Philanthropist could this be said? If we can wipe the tears sometimes from the cheeks of our dearest friends, our utmost benevolence is then expended; but God shall wipe the tears from off *all* faces! Shall we seek then to another father?—Shall we not give him entire credit for his infinite beneficence?—Yes, my dear friend, in filling, with sincere efforts, that place in the scale of being which he approves—in confessing our defects and unworthiness—in pleading the sacred sacrifice of Jesus—in diffusing the lustre of

his bright example—in gratefully praising him for his sufferings unto death for us—in contemplating the goodness, wisdom and power of his providence—in submitting to his clouded dispensations, and in commending our dear relatives and all his intelligent offspring to his paternal regard, let our whole life be spent, and the end will assuredly be eternal life. Such, or something like it, perhaps, were the feelings of Dr. Watts, when he wrote these lines:—

‘ We’d trace the streets  
Of golden pavement, walk each blissful field,  
And climb and taste the fruits, the spicy mountains  
yield :

Then would we swear to keep the sacred road,  
And walk right upward to that blest abode ;  
We’d charge our parting spirits there to meet,  
There, hand in hand, approach th’ Almighty’s  
seat,  
And bend our heads adoring at our Maker’s feet !’

“ Yours,

W. WARD.”

## CHAP. II.

*Containing a few circumstances of Mr. Ward's life, from the time of his Baptism to his embarkation as a Missionary to India.*

During the time of Mr. Ward's residence at Hull, and especially after his uniting with the Baptist church in that town, he formed some close friendships with a few individuals, of whom he afterwards spoke with affectionate remembrance, and with whom he continued to correspond. Among these may be particularly mentioned Mr. Carlil, a worthy and active deacon of the church, now removed to Haworth; Mr. Greenwood, and the late Mr. Sedgwick; from these gentlemen he received many kindnesses; at the house of the latter especially, he was a frequent and welcome guest, and regarded almost as one of the family.

In the month of October, 1796, we find him in London, whither he went, we believe, to see some of his relatives, who were in trouble. How long he continued there, does not appear; probably, however, it was only for a short period; but his heart was with his friends in Hull, and he seems to have been more closely attached to that place than to any other in which he had resided. Though he was highly esteemed in every situation that he filled, and though he gained an interesting circle of acquaintances every where; yet it was there, that he first found a religious home, and ever after he cherished the most lively recollections of the pleasures he had there experienced. He felt, however, the superior value of the Divine presence to all earthly friendship; and was led to view worldly disappointments as matters of thankfulness, as calculated to wean our wayward affections from sublunary enjoyments,

and to fix them more intensely upon our infinite, and all-satisfying portion. Thus writing from the metropolis to one of his friends, who was smarting under a recent trial of this nature, he says—

“ Nothing can be more certain, than that *all things work together for good to those that love God*; and I am persuaded you will bear your present disappointment with comparative ease, if you can realize in it the compassionate interference of your heavenly Father. If you have chosen him for your portion, undoubtedly in that choice you made an unreserved submission to his will, as your best directory; and if you and I, my dear friend, shall be permitted, after the winding up of the Divine accounts, to examine the sacred book of Providence, I am quite certain, we shall find, opposite to the memorandum of the present occurrence, such a reason for it, as will fill you, at least, with sentiments of the

highest gratitude. A Christian never loses any thing by the interference of Divine Providence. Perhaps in the present case, the disappointment may be connected with the prevention of many sorrows, or the introduction of some superior good. At any rate, submission becomes an important duty, even on the score of self-interest.

“ In all our future course, let us act with a conviction, that he, who administers all dispensations, approves of our conduct; and then if sorrow should be our lot, our conscience will not sting us, and we shall be able to tell him, who can disperse the thickest clouds, all our infelicities. Let us endeavour to live under the persuasion, that the proprietor of all worlds, and the Author of Redemption is our portion, and then we shall not seem to want so many auxiliary joys. Let us recollect, how brittle are our present enjoyments, that in our



efforts to lay hold of them they often pierce us like a thorn, or break by our grasp, or moulder in our hands. The mind's calm sunshine infinitely exceeds all the scorching rays of passion. There are no thorns in the bosom of God. I commend you, my dear friend, to the wisdom and kindness of the friend of sinners, and am unfeignedly yours,

W. WARD."

In this interesting circle of friends, he spent many of his leisure moments, and reciprocal confidence reigned in their intercourse; when an event occurred, that gave a new turn to his affairs, and in a degree changed the prospects of his future life. He had been accustomed for some time past, occasionally, to preside at religious meetings, and to preach the gospel in the villages round Hull; but Divine Providence was now opening the way to his being completely devoted to the work of the ministry.

Through the means of some of his friends he was introduced to the notice of Mr. Fishwick, then of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, a man once blessed with a large fortune, and still more blessed in the possession of a liberal heart to employ it, one of those few Christians, who live up to their privileges, and consider themselves as stewards of the manifold mercies of God. By this gentleman he was encouraged in his pursuit of useful knowledge, and the desire he felt to devote himself to the ministry of the gospel; and his qualifications for that important work having been recognized by the church, of which he was a member, he undertook the expence of his preparatory studies.

No carnal motive influenced Mr. Ward in thus devoting himself to the ministry; worldly gain was certainly not the inducement to his undertaking of this important work, since the situation he filled

probably presented a much more flattering prospect; bodily ease and indulgence could have little influence, as his avocations were not painfully laborious, and a mind like his, habitually active and industrious, could have ill brooked a state of inaction; nor was it a life of mere learned leisure, that he sought, as his general pursuits favoured the acquisition of knowledge. It was a powerful impulse that urged him to resign, if it were necessary, every fair prospect in life, for the love of the Saviour and good will to the souls of his fellow men; and he felt, that, while entering on the work, he was incurring an awful responsibility, from which no human sufficiency could discharge him. In the view of this great undertaking, with all its high and holy duties, he thus writes to a friend:—

“ *July 20, 1797.*

“ I thought I had been fixed at Hull ; I had a pleasant lodging facing the Humber, refreshed by its gales, inviting me to its banks, gratifying me by its passing current, and its stately barks. I was occupied in a situation, in which I often indulged my pen and my fancy, to the satisfaction of my employers. I was surrounded by friends, on whose smiles I sometimes imprudently fed. My mind was calm, and I had some leisure for my friend and my books. Sometimes I walked with Eugenio to the country house of a friend, and we cheered the hours of darkness with the tale of friendship. Sometimes I called upon him for the evening walk ; at other times we exchanged the friendly epistle ; and sometimes I went into the villages, to gladden the hearts of my fellow men with *good tidings of great joy.*

“ In the midst of these employments and pleasures, I received an invitation to go to Ewood-Hall—to leave Hull—perhaps for ever!! Conscience commands me to go—to enter on a new line of life—to combat difficulties and prejudices—to be subject to the cavils of the bigot, and the frowns of the dissipated—to incur the displeasure of the mermaids of professors, half sinners and half saints—to live, perhaps, on thirty pounds a year—to warn men night and day with tears—to tremble, lest I myself should be cast away, and that the blood of damned souls should be required at my hands. Who is sufficient for these things?

“ If you feel any of that sincere regard, which I trust you do, for the person in these circumstances, I hope you will pray for him and advise him. Oh! to be animated with the ardour of Paul; *I am ready not to be bound only*

*at Jerusalem for the name of Jesus, but to die for his sake."*

Your's,

W. WARD."

In consequence of arrangements made by his friends, he was sent by Mr. Fishwick, in the month of August 1797, to Ewood-Hall, near Halifax, in Yorkshire, an academy kept by the Rev. Dr. Fawcett, who had for some years received under his care two or three theological students. This excellent man, whose Memoirs are already before the public, from the elegant pen of his son, the Rev. John Fawcett, united in his character a combination of talents of no mean order, with the most unaffected humility. Having had to struggle with difficulties in his early life, he owed most of the advantages he possessed to the native energy of his mind, and his assiduous diligence in improving it; in this respect

he was no unworthy compeer of a Taylor, a Booth, or a Fuller, names deservedly dear to the church of God for the services they have rendered to the cause of truth. His learning was solid, his reading extensive, his judgment accurate and discriminating, and his knowledge of the human heart, and the operations of its various passions, displayed in most of his published works, was deep and scriptural. Yet while his writings procured him universal esteem, while they wrought his way, unknown to himself, even to royal favour, and enabled him, by his intercession, to snatch from impending death the child of a highly respected friend; while his unfeigned piety, his apostolic zeal, and his rich and useful gifts were highly appreciated by all who knew him, and gave him almost a patriarchal influence over the churches with which he stood connected, he was unconscious of any thing but his infirmi-

ties; such was his humility and retiring modesty, that he shrunk from public notice, nor did he ever ascend the pulpit, where a peculiar unction accompanied his labours, without a diffidence that not only oppressed himself, but all who beheld him.

Under this worthy tutor, Mr. Ward pursued his classical studies, and though the time he spent at this place was too short for him to make very great progress in the learned languages, yet he doubtless laid the foundation of that critical skill, which enabled him afterwards to be so useful in forwarding that great work, the translation and publishing of the Holy Scriptures into the languages of the East. Nor was he inattentive to that course of reading, which was calculated to fit him for the great work, to which he was devoted. In addition to the word of God, he read with much application the different standard works,



which explain and illustrate it; and it was his custom to take notes from the books that he read, and frequently to make short analyses of them. He thus acquired an extensive acquaintance with the great subjects connected with his ministry, while all his acquirements were rendered subordinate to the advancement of his inward piety and growth in grace.

In this situation Mr. Ward continued about a year and a half, enjoying the opportunity, thus afforded to him, of improving his mind and cultivating his talents. His amiable and christian temper endeared him to the inmates of the family with whom he resided. The following notice of him from the *Memoirs of Dr. Fawcett* already alluded to, will show the estimation in which he was held by them, as well as furnish the reader with a pleasing view of his zealous spirit and useful labours at that time.

“ A residence of about a year and a half at Ewood Hall endeared Mr. Ward as much to the family, as his exertions in behalf of the heathen have raised him in the esteem of the public. They witnessed the first appearance of that missionary spirit, which induced him afterwards to relinquish every other engagement for this sacred cause. His most delightful employment was to preach in hamlets, wherever he could collect a congregation; and by the dispersion of short tracts, &c. to lead careless, as well as enquiring souls, to a serious attention to the best things.”

His own feelings with regard to his situation at this time, are thus pleasingly expressed in a letter to an intimate friend: —“ I have longed for your company, and have thought, how happy I should be, if you were coming in, when I have been sitting by the fire in an evening; but in general I am happy. Without

much concern for the future, I think it would be a crime not to enjoy the twelve months, which Providence has given me to be happy in. I find a good air and good men, good companions; I feel no want of the pipe, or wine, or any thing else, but more love to God, and the company of my friends. All the family are obliging, and here is an intelligent young man, that prints for Mr. Fawcett, who makes me a cheerful companion."

While at Ewood Hall, his time was not exclusively devoted to study, nor did he suffer his talents to rust in inactivity; the preaching of the gospel was his favourite employ, and he embraced every opportunity, that offered itself both in the neighbourhood and elsewhere. Allusion has been made to his preaching in the adjoining hamlets, and it may be observed, that he established, of his own accord, a week-day lecture in a village called Midgley, about half a mile distant;

this lecture he supplied regularly during his residence in that country, mostly without any assistance, except in the latter part of the time, when the writer of these Memoirs sometimes took his turn with him. There, elevated on a three-legged stool, with his little Bible in his hand, did he often preach, with fervour and affection, the unsearchable riches of Christ to an audience crowded to the full extent of the little cottage-room, in which it was assembled. It was in these meetings, that his missionary zeal seems to have been kindled and fed: writing to the same friend on this subject, he uses the following expressions;—“ I was preaching last night in a house near this place. We had a house full, and I seemed as if I had been surrounded with a group of Hottentots. I felt much liberty in saying unto the righteous, *it shall be well with him; woe unto the wicked, it shall be ill with him.*”

While thus engaged, he had many difficulties to encounter; in addition to the circumstance, by no means pleasing to flesh and blood, of preaching to a few poor people in a miserable hovel, he had to endure much from the ignorance and, not unfrequently, the opposition of the villagers. Though surrounded with places, where the gospel was preached, none of them at a greater distance than about two miles, they were many of them ignorant of the first principles of real religion; a manifest proof this, of the necessity of carrying the word home to people, even to their doors. The greater part of mankind are not inclined to hear the truth, and frequently the very circumstance, that there are regular places of worship near them, where it is preached, operates as an inducement to delay any present attention to it; as in the affairs of common life, a scene which we can behold every day, and that with little

exertion, we frequently never see at all. Hence, therefore, as the gospel is a subject, that men will not take much pains to hear or consider, it is needful, in a manner, to force it on their notice, to preach it from house to house, to go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in. Encouragements to efforts of this kind are not wanting, and these labours of Mr. Ward were instrumental in adding to the number of the neighbouring churches, and leaving a lasting memorial of him in the hearts of not a few.

Nor was he without invitations to preach to more regular congregations; he occasionally assisted his worthy tutor, and was frequently called to supply more distant and destitute churches, some of which were desirous of his settling with them. Among these may be particularly noticed the church at Gildersome, a village about seventeen miles from

Ewood; here he very frequently preached, and his labours appeared so acceptable and useful, that he was strongly solicited to take the charge of the people; he seems, however, to have made up his mind not hastily to abandon his studies, and therefore, though he continued to supply their pulpit as often as he could, almost to the time of his entering on missionary service, he gave them to understand, that he could make no further engagement, until he had at least continued three years in his present situation. Of the urgency of these invitations, and the acceptableness of his labours, some judgment may be formed from the following extracts of letters, written at the time to one of his friends.

“They would keep me at Gildersome, I rather think, if I would accept of the charge. A Mr. H. is the principal supporter of the cause, though he is a Unitarian, or something like it. He is a

rich man, and goes about doing good. He reads a moral lecture to the villagers every Sunday evening. The young men have been principally instructed by him; the poor are in some measure fed and clothed by him, and he appears very liberal in *mind*, as well as in *purse*. He seemed pleased with my preaching; but I fancy he thought it too evangelical. A sister of Dr. Priestley, who lives with him as his house-keeper, was very well pleased, and seemed quite anxious for me to supply them at least as often as I could. I told Mr. H. my mind was made up to stay where I am at present. I think unless some very inviting situation offers, I shall stay here at least three years."

Writing to another friend he thus speaks on the same subject.

"I go still to Gildersome. The congregation, I hope, is on the increase. I am generally quite weary on the Sunday



evening: I preach three times, and catechize the children, endeavouring to impress on their minds some of the plainest truths of natural and revealed religion. They listen in general with the greatest attention, and I am highly pleased with this part of my work. Never were my rhymes more honoured than in becoming the "Children's Hymn." I suppose we had nearly eighty children at the catechizing last Lord's day.

"Feb. 7th. On Sunday I had a deputation from the church and congregation at Gildersome, inviting me to settle amongst them. I preached in the afternoon to one of the largest congregations they have had for some time. The children sang my hymn at the close of the sermon, (on the duty of parents becoming the religious teachers of their children,) amidst the tears of many of the hearers. In the evening I preached in a house; it was a very comfortable

opportunity—to me—to many. I informed the deputation, that I could not think of leaving my studies. They seemed desirous of my giving them some expectation of settling at length among them. I have almost promised to supply them for the next half-year, without pledging myself any further.”

While thus engaged, he seems to have enjoyed much of the pleasures of religion; he felt deeply the importance of the truths that he preached, and longed after those joys, which he so pathetically described to others. A letter to a young friend, who was occasionally employed in the same delightful work, is so expressive of his feelings on these subjects, that we cannot resist the desire of presenting our readers with a short extract.

“How pleasing in variety! How often we promise ourselves, that a new scene shall bring the bliss, we have sought for in vain amongst objects, with

which we are familiar. Poor man! how art thou tossed by the storms of vanity! We try new pleasures, but we feel, &c. Well! there is a port of rest.

‘To that our labouring souls aspire,  
With ardent pangs of strong desire.’

“Who will show us any good? If peace of conscience—joy in believing—composure amidst a tempest—and prospects of immortal felicity—be good, then Christianity shows us just that good, which every immortal pants after. ‘’Tis indeed,’ as Dr. Watts says, ‘a balm for every wound, a cordial for our fears.’

“On Saturday I walked seventeen miles on a preaching errand, being disappointed of a horse. The rains descended—the winds blew, and the floods came;’ but ‘God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb!’ My feet were sore, and my stockings were wet; in other respects I fared pretty well. Ah! said

I to myself, when will the journey of life terminate? Our views are so obscure, our imperfections are so many, our joys are so poor and short lived, and we can do so little good, that *I have a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better.* Blessed Redeemer! let me not be deceived by any deception, however near the truth; let thy presence gild my eternity.

‘ For I have sought no other home,  
For I have learned no other rest.’

“I cannot think, what is the matter with you. What is the reason ‘you are often very ill?’ Come here and learn to preach. The air of these hills will new-model your constitution. May your heart be comforted, and your mind strengthened in the ways of God. May you be prosperous in the vineyard of Divine Truth. Do not forget me in

your retirements, and be assured of an interest in the prayers of,

Yours, &c.

W. WARD.

Mr. Ward had been at Ewood Hall about twelve months, when in the Autumn of the year 1798, one of the members of the Baptist Mission Committee happening to visit that place for the purpose of gaining an insight into the Printing business, which was carried on there, he held many conversations with him on the important object of that Society. It was probably at this period, that he recalled more forcibly to his recollection what Dr. Carey had said to him just before he departed for India in the year 1793. Having, in one of his farewell visits to his friends, met with Mr. Ward, who was then following the business of a printer, the Doctor said, "If the Lord bless us, we shall want a person of your

business, to enable us to print the Scriptures ; I hope you will come after us." Whatever impression these words might have produced at the time they were spoken, he never expressed his feelings on the subject till the period, to which we are now referring ; in the course of the conversations, which then took place, he avowed his readiness to engage in this great cause, and at the suggestion of the above-mentioned individual, he opened his mind in writing to the late excellent Mr. Fuller, at that time the Secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society. By that gentleman his communication was laid before the Committee, that met at Northampton, on September 20th of the same year, when they unanimously concurred in requesting him to visit them and preach at their next meeting at Kettering, in the month of October following. The result of this interview was so satisfactory, that they resolved to accept him

as one of their missionaries, and determined, that he should go out, with two or three others who had offered themselves, in the spring of the ensuing year.

During these negotiations with the Baptist Missionary Society, Mr. Ward visited several towns in the central parts of the kingdom, where the friends of the Society were very anxious to see him, and very warm in their testimonies of affectionate regard. In the month of November, 1798 he visited Nottingham, a place endeared to him by some of the early incidents of his life; but though he was not insensible to the kindness of his numerous and increasing acquaintance, his soul was absorbed in the thoughts of his new and high vocation. A letter, which he wrote to his friend the day before he left this place, will serve to show his devotedness to the great cause, and his ardent and pious

feelings in the contemplation of it; that though he had a heart formed for the closest earthly friendship, and open to the deepest sensations of anguish at parting with his friends, yet he had been brought to that happy state, in which he felt himself bound to be wholly the Lord's, and that it was of little consequence in what part of the world his life was spent, so that it was consecrated to his service.

*Nottingham, November 8, 1798.*

My Dear Friend,

Providence, apparently, is about to remove me into a new world, many thousands of miles from the market place, Hull; but let the winds rise, let the waves roar; they shall not disperse or overwhelm the sacred aspirations of friendship, which I shall send to you from the shades of India, from my bamboo house at Mudnabatty, nor those you will not fail to send to me from your parlour on a winter's evening.



“I assure you, my dear friend, I should have felt it a peculiar happiness, if Divine Providence had seen good to permit us to live together in the same town. I feel a peculiar freedom in calling you *friend*, and I think that mutual confidence, so necessary to the enjoyment of friendship, has subsisted in both of our minds, and does subsist and *shall* subsist. I hope to spend a few days at Hull before I undertake my voyage, and I trust, in the mean time, you will unite my interest with yours at a throne of grace. Every day's experience convinces me, that 'tis safety, 'tis life, 'tis heaven—to rest in the bosom of our God, and nowhere else but there. I am afraid lest my heart should deceive me; but I feel at present a resignation to the divine will, which I never felt before. Life appears so empty a bubble, (though I feel nothing of vexation) that I conceive it ridiculous to be very much

affected with any of its revolutions; and I feel a kind of pity for the man, however vast his treasures, who is not prepared to live or to die, and to whom it is not indifferent, whether he live or die. With such views, the voyage to India seems but like crossing the Humber. A few more respirations, and the lungs shall cease to play, the pulse to beat, the tongue to move—and then,

‘ What boots it, where the high reward is given,  
Or whence the soul triumphant wings to heaven.’

“Oh, my brother, cleave unto the Lord,—make him your perpetual choice,—make no reserve for ease and interest in the dedication of your soul to him. Let this dedication be your daily work,—always be anxious, that the way from earth to heaven may be open to you, and this life will be the sweetest you have ever known.—Adieu.

W. WARD.”

In the month of December following, he complied with an urgent invitation to spend a few sabbaths at Birmingham, in order to assist the late Mr. Pearce, who was then laid aside by illness.

An intimacy had commenced between them a few months before, when Mr. Ward was in Northamptonshire, and it appears by the following brief extract of a letter to him from Mr. Pearce, which he quotes in writing to one of his friends about this time, that his character was highly appreciated by that excellent man. "I have received," says Mr. Ward, "a pressing request to supply two or three Sabbaths this Christmas for poor dear brother Pearce.—He is very poorly—Perhaps I may comply. He has written to me two most affectionate letters: in one of them he says, 'Do you want time? you shall have it here. Do you want books? you shall have them here. Do you want a friend? be assured, the

hand, that moves this pen, belongs to a heart warmly attached to you. If you love me—come and help me. Come and secure the hearts and the prayers of the hundreds of Birmingham Christians, who only want to know you, to love you too.”

He continued to preach at Birmingham, with a few intervals, until the beginning of March 1799, and a close and ardent friendship was formed between him and that interesting man. No one, who knew them both, could be surprised at this; there was so striking a similarity between them in the genius of their minds, in the warm affection of their natural dispositions, but above all in their consuming zeal for the advancement of the kingdom of Christ and the salvation of souls, that it would have been matter of wonder, if such an event had not taken place. An extract from one of his letters at this time will serve to show the estimation, in which Mr. Ward held his

friend, and furnish so faithful a portraiture of him, that all, who enjoyed the privilege of knowing the original, must immediately recognize it.

*Birmingham, December 31st, 1798.*

My dear Brother,

On Wednesday, the 19th, I left Ewood Hall for this place, to assist brother Pearce, whose efforts for the good of his fellow-creatures have almost worn him out. Thank God, he is better, and, I hope, will still be a blessing to many; he is not yet able to preach, but I hope, he will be in a few weeks. I cannot describe to you what pleasure I feel in communion with brethren Pearce, Fuller and the Northamptonshire Ministers in general; I love them, not only because of their views of the gospel, but on account of their being thoroughly given up, in heart and soul to Jesus Christ, and to promote the eternal welfare of their fellow crea-

tures. Oh! how does personal religion shine in Brother Pearce! What a soul! What a death in his soul to the world! What ardour for the glory of God! What a diffusive benevolence towards all, especially towards all who love Christ and show it by their devotion to his will! Instead of being all froth and fume, you see in him a mind wholly given up to God; a sacred lustre shines in his whole conversation; always tranquil, always cheerful, always bearing about this truth, *‘It is my meat and my drink to do the will of my heavenly Father.’* It is impossible to doubt the truth of experimental religion, if you be acquainted with Pearce. Such is he, as it respects personal religion. He preaches three times on the Lord’s day, and two or three times in the week. He teaches the young people of his congregation the easiest parts of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy. They have a Sunday school,

at which between 2 and 300 children are instructed; a benevolent society, from the funds of which they distribute £60 or £70 a year, or more, amongst the poor of the church and congregation; a circulating library of good books, let out to read at a shilling a quarter, and a sick society, for visiting the distressed in all parts of the town. Here are the expandings of the soul of a Pearce! Great God! let us have a shower of them — that the earth may be filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

“Your’s,

W. WARD.”

A man who could feel so deeply, and describe in so interesting a manner the character of a Pearce, must have partaken of the same mind, and imbibed something of the same spirit: their kindred minds clave to one another; they

were *lovely and pleasant in their lives*, but *in their deaths they were indeed soon divided.*” Exhausted by excessive and abundant labours, and emaciated by disease, in a great measure the consequence of those labours, Mr. Pearce closed his short, but glorious career, triumphing in the truths of that Gospel, which he had so faithfully and affectionately preached, and the news of his decease were among the first, which reached his friend on his arrival in India. ‘Blessed spirits! Short was the date of your earthly friendship, and brief the communications, which ye held in this world of sorrows; but long ere this ye have recognized each other in the climes of bliss, exchanged your congratulations for deliverances obtained, for victories achieved, and for the success with which God has blessed you, and now ye are uniting to cast your crowns at the feet of him, who “loved you and washed you from your sins in his blood.’



On the 7th May, 1799, Mr. Ward was set apart to the work of a Christian Missionary, together with Mr. Brunson, who died in India about two years after this period, at a meeting held at Olney, in Buckinghamshire. The service, which was accompanied, according to primitive example, with prayer and fasting, was deeply interesting; and the reply of Mr. Ward to the questions, which Mr. Fuller proposed to the missionaries respecting their motives and their religious principles, is indicative of such ardent and rational piety and zeal, that, although it is before the public in several periodical works, we cannot forbear giving it a place in these Memoirs.

“I have received,” said he, “no new revelation on the subject; I did not expect any. Our Redeemer has said, *Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature: and lo! I am with you always, even to the end of the world.* This

command I consider as still binding; since the promise of Christ's presence reaches to the utmost corner of the earth, and to the utmost boundaries of time.

“While I was at Ewood Hall, I received an invitation to carry the Gospel and a printing press to India, where brother Carey and others have erected the standard of the cross: I prayed to God and advised with my friends; in complying with this invitation I gave up all other prospects, and devoted myself to that of attempting to bless a nation of heathens. Since that time my peace and joy in God have more and more abounded. Duty and pleasure have in my employment gone hand in hand; and sometimes I have been enabled to say,

“No joy can be compared with this,  
To serve and please the Lord.”

“In his strength, therefore, I would go forth, borne up by your prayers; hoping, that two or three stones at least may be laid of Christ’s kingdom in India, nothing doubting, but that the fair fabric will rise from age to age, till time shall be no more.

“The being and attributes of God, the total depravity of man, free and full salvation by the grace of God through a Mediator, the deity of Christ, the work of the Holy Spirit in regeneration, and the final salvation of all believers, are the doctrines which I believe, and consider as inclusive of all others. It is to the doctrine of the cross, that I look for success in the conversion of the heathen.”

With such devoted feelings and sentiments he embarked on his missionary career, and that, while the prospects of usefulness in his own country were opening upon him. The more he became

known, the more highly he was esteemed and several numerous and respectable congregations would have gladly availed themselves of his labours; but he had “confessed himself a pilgrim and a stranger in the earth,” and no motives of carnal ease, worldly advantage, or popularity, could turn him aside; “having put his hand to the plough he would not look back.”

Writing to a friend in the month of December, 1798, he expressed his cheerfulness in the prospect of the long voyage before him, and exhibits the activity of a mind, that could not readily yield to that lassitude or indolence, which so many feel in such circumstances.

“I expect to be in London in May, and embark soon after for Mudnabatty in the East Indies—I look forward to a six months voyage without dismay; because I hope to have Derham, Rollin, Goldsmith, Johnson, Robinson, Hervey,

Saurin, Mosheim, Cowper, &c. &c. &c. in company with me. With a calm conscience and such company, who would envy the men of noisy, worldly friendship — To be happy a man must be active.” Again on the 23rd. of May, 1799, only four days before his departure from England, he thus contemplates the great work that lay before him, and solicits the prayers of his friends for that divine aid, of the need of which he was ever most deeply sensible.

“ We are now waiting with impatience for the word of command, that we may march against the grand enemy of souls to the plains of Hindoostan. There is his strongest fortress, and there are his strong holds. While we attempt to make use of the sword of the Spirit, I hope you will not be deficient in lifting up the hand of prayer, that the Amalekites may be driven out of the land. Did you ever pray for your friend? now he stands

more than ever in need of your most fervent petitions. Do you love your Saviour? O let the prayer be, *Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth, as it is done in heaven.* Do you love the heathen? let the prayer be, *Let the wickedness of the wicked come to an end.* Do you love me? pray, that the grace of Christ may be sufficient for me, and that his strength may be perfected in my weakness."

He embarked for India on board the *Criterion*, Captain Wickes commander, on the 24th of May, 1799, in company with Mr. Brunsdon, Mr. Grant, and Mr. now Dr. Marshman, and on the 27th of the same month they set sail from Gravesend. Writing to his friend just after they had gone on board the vessel, he says;

"We have just taken leave of our friends with the tenderest emotions. They have poured blessings on our heads, following

us with their prayers and their tears, and heaping on us presents of every kind. We are now in our little cabin, and I snatch a moment from the hurry, to assure you of my unceasing regard, and to bid you a parting adieu. May the Lord bless you—He, who is the proprietor of all worlds and the fountain of all good—who holds the keys of hell and of heaven—whose government and blessedness are unbounded as his own eternity. May he keep you from that gilded piece of dirt—the world—and may you be evidently and eminently his. Oh labour after—stretch every nerve for communion with himself. This will be an absolute specific for all doubts and fears; and the Lord shall bless you and make you a blessing. These, my dear friend, are perhaps my last words to you; I am persuaded, they will be *felt* true in dying moments. By all the doubts and fears, by all the darkness attending a loose

profession, (I mean a being content without living in communion with God,) I entreat you to walk closely and humbly with him.

“Your’s in both worlds,

W. WARD.”



## CHAP. III.

*Including the period from Mr. Ward's embarking for India, to his visit to England in the year 1819.*

That vast portion of the globe, called India, is remarkable for an immense population, exhibiting for many centuries, a striking similarity in manners and institutions. While other nations have undergone so many changes, as nearly to have lost all traces of their earliest origin, the natives of Hindoostan still retain the customs, that distinguished their ancestors three thousand years ago; so that, while amongst them, you may readily fancy yourself transported to the age, in which Alexander carried his conquering arms across the Hydaspes, and boasted the subjugation of a country, the distant fame of which had reached the ears of the western world, but

which few had ever penetrated. The principal, if not the only cause of this wonderful identity, may be ascribed to the genius of their religion, a system, which perhaps has the fairest claim to be accounted the most ancient of all the pagan idolatries, Egypt and China not excepted. The leading feature of this system, which has been originated in it, and is supported by its authority, is, an institution, which fixes every man in the estate, in which he has been born, and while it precludes the possibility of advancement, deprives the human mind of one of its greatest motives to improvement. A Hindoo of the lowest rank can never hope to rise; talents, however great, acquirements, however extensive, avail him nothing in this respect; and as the rank and the occupation are united in the laws of their casts, it too often happens, that natural genius is stunted in its growth and literature, the nurse of

genius is monopolized by the happy few, who, by the privilege of birth are permitted to cultivate it. The Sooder, born to labour, dares not lift his thoughts above his menial services; commerce occupies exclusively those, whose cast has made them merchants; the military have the sole directions of the affairs of war; while the haughty Brahmin looks down upon them all, because to him alone, the paths of philosophy and science lie open.

The greatest evil, however, of this system is, that it utterly forbids *religious* improvement; the cast is a chain, that binds them irrevocably to the religion, that has been handed down to them by their ancestors; it is associated with all its ceremonies, and any change in their religion, especially if it bring with it a communication with European manners and customs, involves them in the loss of their cast, and they sink to the lowest

state of degradation. Hence it becomes a most formidable barrier to a Christian Missionary; not even that martyrdom, which in some ages of the church, has been a necessary consequence of a profession of the Truth, could operate more powerfully, than does this dread of becoming the very outcasts of society; and the mercenary priest, sensible, that this is the strongest bond that confirms his yoke, rivets the chain by exhibiting these terrors in their most dreadful aspect. Nor is it from his nominally Christian brethren in these countries, that the Missionary can expect any assistance in his attempts to break this dreadful bondage; these, drawn thither solely by motives of worldly gain, caring little for the souls of their fellow creatures, so that their bodily energies are rendered subservient to their riches and aggrandisement, have found, or fancied they have found, a thousand nameless, formless dangers in any

attempt to convince the minds of the natives of the evils connected with their established institutions.

On this account, and judging under the influence of these prejudices, they have represented the manners of the people as the very model of simplicity and gentleness, and even their besotted and cruel idolatry has had its apologists, who have descanted upon its hidden meaning, discovered in it all the great truths of divine revelation, and sunk all its real and present evils in the reverence that they have claimed for its high antiquity. In too many instances, also, they have found, that they could levy a tribute upon the people, for permission to observe their most degrading ceremonies, and make superstition itself a source of abundant revenue; it is, therefore, natural to suppose, that they would regard with jealousy the endeavours of any to dissi-

pate the ignorance by means of which it reigned.

Few of these benevolent attempts had indeed been made, previously to the latter end of the last century: the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, had sent out, and supported two or three missionaries; but these were mostly Danes, and they laboured in Danish colonies, and under Danish protection. About the year 1792, the attention of some few individuals seems to have been directed to the state of the natives in the British possessions; the solitary and patient endeavours of the late Mr. Thomas, in communicating Christian instruction, whenever his professional duties, as a surgeon, opened a door for it, led to the establishment of the Baptist Missionary Society; and subsequently the London Missionary Society, and the Church of England Missionary Society turned their operations to the same extensive field.

The precious seed for a long time appeared to be sown in vain, or rather lay buried beneath the ignorance which it attempted to displace; but at length the divine blessing seemed to descend on it; in a few hearts it began to produce some fruit, and their superstitious prejudices appeared to give way. To these effects the labours of another venerable missionary, Dr. Carey, greatly contributed: highly gifted for the work, and acting on the principle of his own exhortations, previous to his going to India, *to attempt great things for God, and expect great things from God*, he conceived the design of translating the Holy Scriptures into the different languages of the East, and set himself sedulously to execute it. While thus engaged, and long before any complete copy of the Scriptures could be furnished, he published and distributed short extracts from them, and these began to open the eyes of a few to the

vanity of their idol worship, and to lead them to seek after the living God. The prospect seemed so encouraging, that these worthy men began to call for more labourers to assist them, and the Society, that patronized them, sent out another missionary in the year 1796, and not long after Mr. Ward and his companions sailed to join them.

Already had the cold spirit of commercial speculation viewed the progress of divine truth with distrust, and this accession to the ranks of its supporters served to excite its utmost malignity. Attempts were made to persuade the ruling powers, that it was dangerous thus to interfere with the religion of the natives; and for a time they proved but too successful. When, after a favourable voyage of twenty weeks, Mr. Ward arrived off Calcutta, he and his companions were prevented from settling there by an order from the Government, and



obliged to land at Serampore, a Danish settlement, about eighteen miles farther up the river. Here they met with a kind reception from the Governor, and Dr. Carey finding that they could not be permitted to join him, relinquished an indigo factory, which he had engaged in Mudnabatty, in the interior of the country, and removed to Serampore, where he found he could more freely and effectually prosecute the great object he had at heart, the translation and publishing of the Scriptures. Mr. Thomas continued his labours near Dinagepore, with occasional excursions, until his death, which took place in the year 1801, on the 13th of October.

Mr. Ward and his companions were highly favoured in the captain, with whom they sailed: he was a truly pious man, a member of a Christian church in Philadelphia, United States, and had often, it seems, felt a wish that, in the

course of his business, he might be called to convey some of the messengers of peace to the heathen; and he rejoiced, that the Lord had granted him his desire. He did all in his power to contribute to the comfort of the Missionaries, and so strong was their sense of his almost fatherly kindness, that they unitedly sent him a letter of thanks on their arrival in India. It may naturally be supposed, that under such a commander they experienced no restriction in their religious exercises; on the contrary, he was ever ready to unite with them in the worship of God, and gave them every opportunity of speaking to, and instructing his crew. During the whole of the voyage they had preaching on deck on the Lord's days, and the regular morning and evening devotion, in which the captain joined; nor were they without some reason to hope, that some of the sailors had felt the power of the word

of truth, the saving energy of the Spirit of grace. "After the cook had read," says Mr. W. in one part of his journal, "he listened attentively to the news of pardon—heaven—hell. I still hope some one or more may bless God in the eternal hallelujahs for the Criterion. Two of the sailors, Spencer and Lewis, worshipped with us in our room to-night. The latter says, he deserves hell—that he is very uneasy—and that those words in the life of Colonel Gardiner, 'Sinner, have I suffered all this,' &c. struck him very much." Speaking of their good captain he says, in another place, "This evening we had a most precious hour at prayer. Captain Wickes read from the twelfth verse of the thirty-third chapter of Exodus, and then joined in prayer. Our hearts were all warmed. We shook hands with our dear captain, and could have clasped him to our bosoms. With what affection did he pray for us—for

our missionary success—for every thing we could wish in our circumstances. The chapter was selected by himself, and was peculiarly applicable.”

On reaching the scene of his future labours, Mr. Ward appears to have been deeply affected with the state of the people around; like the great Apostle of the Gentiles, “his spirit was stirred within him, when he beheld the nations wholly given up to idolatry.” His zeal was not a sudden flame, kindled by the excitement of a missionary meeting and damped by the first appearance of actual labour and difficulty; it was the steady fire that consumed him, roused by the calm survey of the work that lay before him—fed by the deliberate calculation of its difficulties—and gathering new strength, as those difficulties thickened. Of the depth and fervour of his feelings some idea may be formed from the following extract from one of his letters,

written not many days after his arrival in India.

“ *Serampore, October 22, 1799.*

“ Last night I went with a native a walk in the town. In our way he took me to the hut of a Portuguese ; I there found an old man of 73, stretched on his bed and calling on the name of Jesus. He spoke of his dolorous suffering, his precious blood, &c. I did not obtain satisfaction respecting his real Christianity ; but the name of Jesus on the tongue of a copper coloured man here, is like the unexpected meeting of a friend. We went forward in our walk and came to a place in the open air, where the natives were assembled to worship their God, *Ram*, whose history is too long for me to write here. In this worship the priest stood in the midst of a number of natives, who sat on the grass. He had a kind of brush in one

hand made of Buffalo's hair, and in the other two pieces of brass, which sounded like bells by the shaking of his hands. His face was painted, and he had round his neck two or three chains made of shells, &c. During very short intervals of singing by five young men standing at his back, he spoke two or three sentences to his hearers, exhorting them to repeat the name of *Ram*, and to avoid that which was bad. Some of the natives were at work making nets, while they professed to be worshipping their God. On our return home, I saw a man making clay Gods, though he is by trade a washerman. In this settlement, which contains perhaps not more than 3000 inhabitants, there are not less, I suppose, than fifty houses inhabited by prostitutes, though the Hindoos marry very young. I would rather be here to dedicate my life to the conversion of the Hindoos, than in any other place in the world.

“ After entering the Bay of Bengal, brother Brunsdon and I went on shore at a time, when the ship lay at anchor waiting for the tide. The natives accompanied us in our walk; our looks, our questions, our affability pleased them. We were not permitted to enter their pagoda, or idol temple, but in our walk we saw, on a small rising ground, three stones in a rough state laid together, with a little paint on them, and several bits of stick in the shape of dogs. I approached it to examine; the natives lifted up their hands to warn me, that I was treading on forbidden ground. I retired, when they bowed their heads to the ground towards it and said it was their God. So paltry a God I never saw before!

“ We are all happy and have no desire to come to England. God will provide for us, and sooner or later India shall learn the doctrine of the cross, and

sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. I have no doubt of it. Their superstitions are sinking into oblivion very fast even without the torch of truth; but with a Bible and a Press, posterity will see, that a missionary will not labour in vain even in India. There is ‘a time to *break down*, and a time to *sow*, and a time to *reap*.

“ My dear friend, *live near to God*; this is the philosopher’s stone, that turns every thing into gold. I often think of you walking and praying—Yes, the hour approaches, when we shall walk together,

‘ High in salvation and the climes of bliss.’

Your’s &c.

W. WARD.”



As he became more acquainted with the character and state of the people, among whom he was called to labour, he was more deeply convinced of their gross ignorance and superstition, and of the baleful influence of these upon their moral condition and conduct. He beheld instead of the vaunted meekness and simplicity of the Hindoo character which has been the subject of so much eulogium, and almost an object of envy among the modern philosophers, the manifestations of deceit, treachery, covetousness, and the most abandoned profligacy; their religion itself sanctioning, by many of its ceremonies as well as its doctrines, the most unbridled indulgence of the sensual passions. Yet, while many of the same persons, who extol the mild virtues of the heathens, in order to oppose the efforts made to evangelize them, with a capricious versatility, but too common with the infidel impugnors

of Divine Truth, treated these efforts as chimerical; he had too much confidence in the power of the Gospel to despair of its finally triumphing over every opposition. A heartfelt sense of the importance of real religion prepared him to encounter with equal courage the temporizing spirit of worldly prudence, which stigmatizes Christian zeal with the name of rashness, and the taunts of the decided unbeliever, who brands it as nothing less than fanaticism. In writing to another of his friends, he thus describes the state of the vast population around him, and the confidence of his mind in the vocation he had chosen, and the certainty of its ultimate success—

*September 20th, 1800.*

“ We talk of the Divine presence as more desirable than all the beauties of nature and of art, and are ready to envy those, who made an utter renunciation of the world for the sake of a good con-

science ; who *wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins, having no certain dwelling place, being destitute, afflicted, tormented* : I say, we are ready to envy,—and yet I imagine, some of my friends wonder, that I should renounce my friends and country for India. They can scarcely separate the idea of rashness from such a course. Let us, however, believe our thoughts, when they are in the best frame, and not when they are filled with the world. We think experience ought to speak. Let us go to that death-bed, and listen to the accents of that dying father, who is employing his last breath in lispings in the ears of his son ; “ the world’s all title page.” Remember this, my dear friend ; if we are the faithful friends of the world, we are the enemies of God. In what does your religion consist ? in the performance of certain duties, or in the love and service of the *heart* ? If men were to cut out your

tongue, and separate you from your family, the church and your connexions, would the best of your religion still exist, the service of the heart? I trust this would be the case; nevertheless, beware of the world,—of a worldly spirit—of worldly conversation—of worldly connexions. Never be content unless the prevailing bent of your minds be towards God. Be not content with a merely decent religion. Endeavour to form an idea of God, as an amiable being, in connexion with his unsullied justice and hatred of sin.—*Delight thyself in the Lord.*

“ You will expect me to say something of what we are doing, and in fact what sort of a place we are in; and yet I know not, that I can say any more than I have said to others. Here are priests by thousands, but they never preach or instruct their flocks, except in a few ceremonies. Here are temples by thou-

sands, Mussulman and Hindoo; but the praises of God are never heard in them. Here are plenty of doctrines, but none of them mend the heart, or in fact touch it. The three great doctrines, which make such havock of souls in Europe, are universally prevalent here. Both Mussulmans and Hindoos believe, that punishment in hell is temporary, not eternal; there is not a man therefore, that cares about future punishment. Antinomianism is universal. With them it is the easiest matter in the world for God to pardon or pass over sin. Crimes indeed are necessary, they say, and God himself is the author of sin. Deism is, I believe, very prevalent, especially among the most refined of the Mussulmans, and almost every European in the public service is a Deist.

“ The corruption of manners amongst all is dreadful. Instead of Hindoos being that innocent people, which some

have pretended, they are perhaps as dissolute as any people on earth, though there is nothing ferocious in their manners. If any one wishes to see the meaning of the apostle's words to the Ephesians, *without hope, and without God in the world*, let him come hither. The baseness and degradation of the people is so great, that many Europeans laugh at us for thinking of their conversion. It is almost the universal opinion among Europeans here, that our design is utterly chimerical. Here, then, what triumphs will there be for divine grace! It is reserved for the latter days, and for the final triumphs of the Lamb, that Hindoos will be gathered in; as the thief and Jerusalem sinners were among his first triumphs. Doubt not, that our Saviour will certainly famish all these Gods, and lay them prostrate in the dust.

Yours,

W. WARD."

From this period the history of Mr. Ward is much connected, if not identified with that of the Baptist Mission, the details of which are to be found in the interesting publications of the Society; we shall, therefore, take a rather rapid survey of some of the principal events, furnishing extracts at intervals from his letters to his friends. The ranks of the missionaries appeared to be well recruited by the accession of Mr. W. and his companions, and from their known piety and other qualifications, considerable hopes were entertained, that some impression would soon be made on the kingdom of darkness; it pleased the allwise Head of the Church, however, who carries on his designs according to his own will, to reduce their numbers, till, like Gideon's army, they again became a feeble band. Mr. Grant died about a fortnight after their arrival, bearing as pleasing a testimony to the

truth, as the nature of his complaint, which rendered him too weak to utter a word towards the last, would admit; a year had not elapsed, ere Mr. Fountain finished his course, rejoicing in the great salvation, which he had not long commenced preaching to the benighted Hindoos; and in less than another year Mr. Brunsdon was called to enter into his rest, each of them leaving a widow and child to lament his loss. These repeated strokes of Divine Providence tended much to depress their spirits; but that confidence in the Lord, which had led them to embark in this great cause, preserved them from despondency; they were taught more the importance of living by faith, and stimulated to more zealous and diligent exertion. Some judgment of their feelings may be formed by the following extract from a letter to a friend, written in the midst of these afflictions.



*Calcutta, March 24, 1801. \**

“ I am this moment sitting up with brother Brunsdon at this place, whither he has been removed for medical assistance. I think he is not likely to survive many days. I fear these repeated strokes of Providence may discourage some: yet we are not in despair—not one of us—not even our widowed sisters. Sister B. enjoys a happy degree of tranquillity, though very near her lying in, and her husband apparently dying. God is all-sufficient! I do not think the climate of Bengal is pernicious. Brother Carey and others, think it more healthful than that of England; and perhaps it may be so, after a person has been inured to it. The loss of brother Brunsdon will be severely felt. Upon the life of brother Marshman depends, in some measure, half our support by the

\* See Periodical accounts of the Baptist Missionary Society, vol. ii. p. 157.

school. Upon the life of brother Carey depends the translation, and more than I can describe. I am happy in thinking, that if I die, Felix Carey will be able to print. But, I assure you, it cannot be conceived how necessary we seem to each other. Our love to one another grows exceedingly, and every new death makes us cling the closer."

In this lowly spirit did Mr. Ward estimate his own importance in the great work of the Lord; thus was he ready, according to the injunction of the Apostle, *to esteem others better than himself*; his brethren, however, did not so undervalue him; in their view, the station he occupied was second only to that of the venerable Dr. Carey himself. He continued to fill the post and discharge the duties of superintendant of the Mission press, with very little interruption, until the time of his departure into England, and had resumed his official la-

hours in this department with renewed zeal and diligence, when he was called to enter into his rest; and though taken away in the midst of his usefulness, he had the satisfaction (and we can scarcely conceive a greater,) of carrying through the press not less than *twenty* translations of the Holy Scriptures into the languages of the East. It is probably to the research into the oriental languages and manners, necessarily connected with such an occupation, that we are indebted for his principal work, of which we shall speak hereafter, and which is a sufficient monument of his indefatigable industry.\* For though his close, and almost constant attention to the press engrossed the far greater proportion of his time, yet he never forgot his important and high calling, as a missionary, to preach the gospel of Christ. He took his turn in all engagements of this

\* See Chapter v.

kind in the neighbouring places, and frequently made tours into the interior, for the purpose of publishing the glad tidings of salvation.

Undertakings so arduous required much zeal and perseverance, and the long period, that elapsed before any apparent success crowned their efforts was to Mr. W. and his companions a great trial of their patience ; but the time was now approaching, when they were to reap a rich reward. After being once and again disappointed in some, that seemed ready to give up all for Christ, but who could not abide the trial ; in the month of December, 1800, they were gratified in beholding the first decided convert to the faith, voluntarily breaking his cast, and boldly encountering the reproach of Christ. On this delightful occasion Kristno, a converted native, was baptized together with Dr. Carey's eldest son, after having a few

days before publicly renounced cast by eating with the missionaries. This event rejoiced their hearts, and gave them renewed courage to pursue their high, but difficult calling; some of them had now for years patiently waited and prayed for this day; some had entered into their heavenly rest without the gratification of beholding it, and one of them, who hardly survived six months, was carried in an emaciated state to witness a scene so cheering to his soul, that he was almost ready to say with Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."\* Thus was one of the strong holds of Satan broken down, and the way opened for numerous accessions to the church of Christ from this people, hitherto entrenched in prejudices and superstition, and impenetrable to all the

\* Periodical Accounts, vol. ii. p. 123.

convictions of divine truth and the evidences of the gospel. Mr. Ward thus speaks of this joyful event in his journal written at the time.

“ December 32. This day Gokool and Krishno came to eat *tiffin* (what in England is called *luncheon*) with us, and thus publicly threw away their cast. Brethren Carey and Thomas went to prayer with the two natives, before they proceeded to this act. All our servants were astonished: so many had said, that nobody would ever mind Christ, or lose cast. Brother T. has waited fifteen years, and thrown away much time upon deceitful characters; brother C. has waited, till hope of his own success has almost expired: and after all, God has done it with perfect ease. Thus the door of faith is opened to the Gentiles; who shall shut it? the chain of the cast is broken; who shall mend it?

The cast once broken, much attention was of course excited to that, which had occasioned so wonderful an event; the missionaries received numerous visits from enquirers; one of these, who had given up his cast, was baptized on the 28th of December 1800, and during the next three months three women, having given satisfactory evidence of their conversion, were baptized and united to the church. Several more were added to them during the year, and Mr. Thomas, the oldest of the missionaries, had the high gratification of seeing before his decease the fruit of his patient and indefatigable labours; having been, it is supposed, the means under God of bringing Krishno, the first that was baptized, to the knowledge of the truth. Nor was this the only pleasure these men of God were to experience; the first of the native converts, and another, who was baptized in January 1802, ap-

pearing to possess gifts for preaching the gospel, were, after due trial and deliberation, called to the ministry. This employment of natives in preaching to their countrymen, forms an important epoch in the history of the Mission, not only as it is the most efficient means of widely disseminating the word of life, but as it has proved, and will prove more abundantly, the harbinger of a large ingathering of souls to the Saviour's kingdom. Since that time the number of these preachers has greatly increased, and the consequence has been, that the little church first planted at Serampore has not only struck its roots deeply and grown exceedingly; but it has spread forth its branches in every direction, over the country, till not fewer than 26 stations and churches have arisen, to be, we trust, the parent stocks of a numerous and widely spreading offspring, until this once moral wilderness shall become a



fruitful field. Mr. Ward gives the following short, but interesting account of the first attempt of a Hindoo to preach the gospel to his countrymen.

\* “ March 6, 1803. In the evening brother Carey gave out a hymn, and read a chapter, after which old Petumber preached in Bengalee to a congregation of Hindoos, Mussulmans, Armenians, Feringahs, English, &c. His text was a small pamphlet of his own writing, which we printed for him. After praying a short time with fervour and consistency, he sat down, and with his hands joined together and stretched out, he craved their attention. He then spoke for an hour with faithfulness and much propriety, and closed the whole with prayer. We were much pleased with this first attempt. He is the first Hindoo, who has become a preacher. This

\* Periodical Accounts Vol. ii. p. 370.

is another new era in the Mission, for which we have reason to bless God: oh, that he may increase the number of faithful native labourers! This is the grand desideratum, that is to move the Hindoo nation."

Mr. Ward felt a lively interest in these occurrences; the more so, as, towards the latter part of the period, to which we are referring, he began to take an active part in preaching to the people. For some time after his arrival in India, his exertions had been nearly confined to the superintendence of the press, and the English preaching and other religious exercises of the family, occasionally accompanying his elder brethren in their excursions; but having now made himself master of the language of the natives, we find him frequently addressing them, and holding interesting conversations with them, pointing out the vanity of trusting to their gods, and directing

them to the Saviour—in this work he delighted, and nothing could have reconciled his mind to the devoting of so much of his time to the labours of the printing office, but the firm conviction, that he was contributing to the great work of laying a foundation for the efforts of missionaries in ages to come. He preaches the gospel who scatter seed, that has the promise of a harvest attached to it; but he who gives a Bible, and especially a translation of it into a new language, furnishes seed for the sower, that will yield an abundant harvest of spiritual blessings to the latest period of time. Impressed with this conviction, he laboured with indefatigable ardour in this great work, and embraced every opportunity of publishing the glad tidings both in the neighbouring villages, at Calcutta, and in more distant parts. His labours appear to have been much blessed; even as early as the

month of November 1800, he writes in these encouraging terms of what was passing in the family and the church, hinting likewise at the great prospect of usefulness from the translation and printing of the Bengalee New Testament, which was then nearly accomplished.

“ I begin to smatter a little Bengalee. God, I hope, has blessed my labours to the conversion of Mr. Carey’s two eldest sons, and towards the close of January, I expect we shall be joined by 2000 more missionaries, of whose success I dare not indulge the least doubt. In a few weeks I hope we shall have to baptize four persons, a native, Mr. Carey’s two sons and Mr. Fernandez. The native has been raised up under the ministry of Mr. Thomas, and has been in his service twelve months. He renounces cast, preaches Christ, and appears to be truly converted. Felix Carey has begun to preach, having known the lan-

guage from his youth. I hope he will make a useful missionary; I bestow much labour upon him for this purpose.”

From this period the progress of the gospel seems to have been sure, though gradual; and the labours of Mr. Ward and his brethren appear to have excited much attention, and brought many to enquire after the way of truth. Scarcely a day passed without calls from some of the natives, and opportunities of distributing the scriptures; and these circumstances added much to the happiness of the little missionary family, as will be seen by an extract from one of Mr. W's letters, dated Serampore, January 16th, 1802.

“I have hitherto enjoyed uninterrupted health and good spirits. With my dear brethren Carey and Marshman I live in the closest friendship; we are altogether a happy family, considering our bereavements. All our real wants are abundantly supplied.

“ I have acquainted you with the baptism of five natives, I think ; the sixth I baptized a few months ago. Respecting the seventh, a man of the Writer cast, I believe you will be pleased with hearing his history. Two or three months since I accompanied Mr. Short, a gentleman who married Mrs. Carey’s sister, in a journey for his health on the river ; we were out about a fortnight. In that time a native brother and I delivered the gospel message in many places, where the people sat in death’s cold shade ; we also distributed more than a thousand small pamphlets. One of these happened to fall into the hands of a man, whom we did not perceive. He read it with attention, and was convinced, that it unfolded to him the true way of salvation ; he had sought the true way of life many years in vain. The universal wickedness of the Hindoo teachers convinced him, that they had not found the way of life. As soon, therefore, as he

saw this paper and the word Serampore upon it, he resolved to find our house. He came from a distance of about thirty miles. His mind was confirmed in the truth. He returned for a few days to his house to acquaint his friends. After he came back he gave a very satisfactory account before the church, and on the first Lord's day in the year, he was baptized by brother Carey in the river opposite our house, in the presence of a number of Europeans, Portuguese Christians, Hindoos, Mussulmans, and one Armenian. We have made him our native schoolmaster, and we hope to find in him, what we have long wished for, a *christian* schoolmaster from among the natives. Another man and his son give us hopes of being baptized shortly. Many enquire, some from corrupt motives, and some, we hope, with a view to eternity. Scarcely a day passes, but one or other comes to get a New Testament, or some pamphlets.

“ A few young gentlemen amongst the Europeans at Calcutta, appear truly with their faces towards heaven. Upon the whole, the state of religion in Bengal is such, as to give hope, that God is on his way to send the idols of the Hindoos *to the moles and to the bats.*”

The year 1802 was remarkable not only for the accession of several more native converts to the little church at Serampore, but for an event which forms an epoch in the life of Mr. Ward, as it does in that of every other individual. This was his marriage with Mrs. Fountain, which took place on Monday, the 10th of May. They were both single, when they went out to India; but she had gone with the design of being united to Mr. Fountain, to whom she had been attached previously to his engaging as a missionary; this union had not been consummated many months, when Mr. F. was called



to finish his course, leaving his widow to lament her afflicting bereavement. He died on the 20th of August 1800, and not long after his son John Fountain was born, "a fatherless child in a strange land." He, however, who is *the father of the fatherless, and the judge of the widow*, interposed for them, and raised up in Mr. Ward an affectionate protector and a tender parent, one who was not governed by mere carnal considerations, but who felt all the responsibility of the situation, in which he was placed. In the prospect of receiving an increase to his family some time after this, he writes thus :

"I hope to have a little one soon. I know not, whether I feel as others on this subject, but I scarcely ever think of having a child of my own, without immediately fixing my mind on its eternal destiny. In what world is it to be fixed for ever?"

Oh ! that all parents, or those who have the prospect of becoming parents, were possessed with the same solemn thoughts ! How empty would all the temporal considerations, all the worldly projects, which fill the minds of so many, be in the comparison ; and what earnestness and faithfulness would be manifested, in implanting in the youthful mind those principles of pure and undefiled religion, which alone will produce a blessed harvest for eternity. Christian parents, never be for a moment indifferent to this reflection, ‘ The being, that I am rearing is immortal ; I am sowing for eternity, and the fruits of all my care and instruction, will spring up in its everlasting weal or woe !’

The marriage ceremony, which took place at the mission house, was conducted with such primitive simplicity and striking solemnity, that it merits a place in these Memoirs. No vaulted chancel,

or consecrated altar, or priestly stole could have added any thing to a scene so truly patriarchal. The account is extracted from Mr. Ward's journal of this period.\*

“May 10th. This evening sister Fountain and I were married at our house, in the presence of our Bengalee friends and others. This connection had been intended for some time, but circumstances prevented. Brother Carey introduced the business by a few words, and read the marriage agreement. I then took sister F. by the hand, and walked up to the table, saying, ‘We sign this our solemn covenant to each other.’ We then signed it, and about a dozen friends, European and Bengalee, added their signatures. Brother Carey then delivered a very appropriate address to the parties on the duties of husband and

\* Periodical Accounts, Vol. II. p. 277.

wife, and made a pleasing allusion to our family situation, in which all personal interests are swallowed up in the interest of the whole. A short prayer concluded the service. I gave some fruit and a few things of native manufacture amongst the native friends, and thus the marriage was celebrated.”

This union was the source of mutual happiness and much domestic comfort during rather more than twenty years, when the mourning widow was called to experience the pains of a second bereavement, more afflicting, if possible, than the first, as long intercourse had enabled her more fully to appreciate the excellent qualities of her departed husband. Mr. Ward had four children by this marriage, who together with the son of Mr. Fountain equally shared his parental kindness; two of them died young, the others have given much pleasure to their parents by their obedient

and towardly disposition, and the eldest daughter exhibits considerable evidence of her knowledge of the truth, and her conversion to God, promising to be a great support to her surviving parent, and in disposition resembling her estimable father.\*

Though Mr. Ward's time was much taken up by the chief employment, to which he had devoted himself, that of superintending the printing of the translations, and though he frequently preached at Serampore, and the adjacent places, occasionally taking a wider circuit, and engaging in longer excursions; yet he found leisure for a tolerably extensive correspondence. His journals were generally very copious, so that one of his brethren acknowledges to one of his correspondents, that bro-

\* She has lately been united to the Church at Serampore.

ther Ward generally communicated all the news. The following extract from another of his private letters, furnishes a tolerable view of the busy scenes of his life, as well as of the natural activity of his mind.

*Serampore, March 16, 1803.*

“I received yours by the boxes a short time since. I thank you for that continual remembrance of me manifested in it. I cannot think on all those marks of friendship, and on all the pleasure which I have had in your company, without treasuring up your image in my heart. No, my dear friend, my brother, I can never forget you. I never can think of you without feeling a desire to be near you. Oh! that we may be forming for that rational, sublime and eternal friendship, which befits the presence of God above. Why are friends severed? Why are friendships mixed

with so many painful circumstances? If we are to die like the beasts, who can answer these questions? But if the light, which exhibits life and immortality, be the true light, and no delusive meteor, then we have an answer to these momentous enquiries—the house of friendship and of love is above. *They shall no more go out—there shall be no more sorrow—nor any more death.* Delightful intelligence! “Oh! may we live to reach the place.”

“I rejoice in your domestic happiness, Oh! that G. may be very useful to you and make you very happy. I have great hope of him, that he will turn out well. I should like to have a race with him round the table even now, for I am still fond of children.

“During the last year our family enjoyed good health; we have been preserved very healthful and very happy. I have had no interruption of my health hitherto, nor my wife. I do not think

Bengal is more unhealthy to the natives than England to Englishmen, if so much. If Europeans would keep to a simple diet, and avoid the heat and the damp, I cannot help thinking, they also would be very healthy.

“I never was more full of business. I am always in the office from morning till night, with the exception of the dinner and bathing hours.

“I hope the work of God is on the increase amongst us ; we have baptized three this year, and I suppose William Carey will be baptized this month. We have received brother and sister Chamberlain by way of America, yet still we seem as busy as ever.

“I perceive G. G. preaches ; to what extent ? I think I should have liked preaching in England, if I had not had other work to do ; but I sometimes think I should have killed myself. If I preach half an hour here in a tolerably quiet



way, I almost lose my voice. I can talk in a plain way in Bengalee, but very confined; what is preaching without figures, illustrations, and a liberty to enlarge and press home truth? Yet I do rejoice in my destination; I know not any place on earth, where I might be more useful, if I had the piety of a Pearce. I know I have an interest in your prayers. The grace of our dear Lord be with your spirit.

W. WARD."

In the month of May in the same year, he writes in the same strain in a letter to the author of these Memoirs; and as that letter is highly characteristic of the devotedness of his heart to the great work of preaching the gospel, we cannot resist the inclination to transcribe it, though the greater part has already been laid before the public. It was written to the author while he was in Dublin.

*Serampore, May, 1803.*

“Your’s dated from Kettering, I duly received by the boxes, and truly thank you for it. Whatever delay may attend your letters, I am thankful when they do come, and should be happy if they came oftener; but you, who have to preach three times a week, must have your hands and your pen full. I have scarcely any hopes of seeing you at Serampore; the total dislike of your friends to it, and the openings to usefulness in other places will, I suppose, keep you safe at home. Well, my brother, I confess I should have been very happy to have seen you here, and I think you are cut out for the situation, yet I hope God may give you a full reward at home.

“Let the example of Pearce in Dublin be constantly before you;—how he laboured there—how faithful he was to fashionable professors—how anxious to recommend private meetings, &c. Keep

this constantly in mind. You may preach twice a week, and have a great name among certain kinds of Christians for orthodoxy or oratory; but you are a minister of the gospel so far exactly, as your zeal, your gifts, your efforts and your conduct, are calculated to produce the conversion of souls. For my part, I set a very small value upon most modern doctrinal sermons and controversial writings; and I think their value will be less appreciated, when Christians *see as they are seen*. I would not discard controversy altogether; but I dislike the devil (as the Hindoos would say) in its belly; and I fear very few controversial writers could say, while they were writing, *not I, but Christ that liveth in me*. I would not discard doctrinal sermons; but I confess I have seen or heard few, that had either a devotional or a practical tendency; and that, in which there is neither devotion nor

practice, is rather worse than nothing. I confess I am exceedingly guilty, that I do not study my Bible more ; yet the more I apply it to the tempers and conduct of sinners, of ministers and people, and the more I see of what is in man individually and collectively, the more I am convinced of its infinite majesty, if I may so speak, and of its being written under the direction of that God, who directs all his works to some valuable and important end. To you, my brother, I write freely. To some persons were I to write so, it would appear, perhaps, too decisive and arrogant for a young man ; but, my brother, let us study to be *useful*. Every thing is valuable, as it will tell in another world ; separate any thing from eternal duration, call it by whatever name you please ; is it popularity ? is it a clear head ? is it tickling the ears of a thousand hearers at once ? What is this ? Will it ever be

mentioned in the long eternity of pleasure and praise, but as it stood connected with this eternity? Never! There is a going through the outward duties of the Christian ministry with *respectability*; but being *instant in season and out of season*, making frequent and general visits spiritual, constantly devising something for the good of the flock, raising their zeal and efforts to the gospel standard, drawing forth gifts, visiting, relieving and comforting the sick, knowing the spiritual condition of all the members, carrying a warm and fervent spirit into the pulpit, knowing no man after the flesh, so as to excite jealousy by undue partialities, condescending to the prejudices of the weakest of the flock;—many of these things may have little outward show, but they are infinitely more important to the conversion of souls, than the best sermon that ever occupied a week's study.—Study—yes, study to be

quiet—but above all, study to get at the affections, the consciences, and the false refuges of sinners :—study to be useful—then you will become a spiritual father, when, to borrow the strong language of the apostle, *you labour in birth again, till Christ is formed in the hearts of men, the hope of Glory*. If you become a useful, you will first be (as the Puritans said) a painful preacher of the gospel. You will find, as I do, I suppose, that the greatest obstructions to being fruitful, zealous and savoury, are those which block up the way of personal communion with God—recollections when on the knees, which stop the mouth of prayer, and fill the heart with fear to call God our own God, and our only portion. Oh! it was a wonderful help to Paul, that he knew no man after the flesh, and that he was so crucified to all fleshly connexions and indulgences, that he knew not even Christ after the flesh. John would have

been but a barren apostle, I suspect, (I mean as it respects the conversion of others,) if he had had Christ's bosom always to lean upon.—Oh! that we may neither of us be a *cast away* at last! We may, even though ministers, be useless to Christ, and what then can he do with us, but cast us away as not worth keeping, and as being offensive to him on account of our worthlessness; *because thou art neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth.*

“I suppose you hear all the news about Serampore, as soon as it arrives. My journal contains all the particulars that come into *my* recollection. After this I know not what to write. Things lose their surprising quality as soon as they are seen, and hence many things, which would no doubt be pleasing to friends in England, are not thought to be worth detailing. Except heat and cold, riches and poverty, I suppose the

world is much the same every where. Here are no chimnies, no hedges, no flag-pavements; rain only at particular seasons; no instances of men being frozen to death; no snow; hail is not uncommon, and ice may be made.

“ My wife joins in Christian love to you. Little John Fountain talks Bengalee pretty readily; he is very much like his father. Kitty Grant is like her father, and Samuel Brunsdon like his. Oh! that instead of the fathers, the children might be a seed to serve him. William Carey has been baptized; he and Felix will, I hope, be blessings to the Mission. Lately we have had to baptize almost every month; people from a distance, on hearing the news of Christ's death, have come, been instructed, and baptized. We have now members of our church in several parts of the country. It is true, they are like sheep without a shepherd; but their



simple conversations do not seem to be without fruit, and we can neither detain all the baptized at Serampore, nor constantly preside over them at their houses. Happy is it for them, that they are under the care of *the Shepherd and Bishop of souls*.

“I am full of business, what with printing, and other things; God, however, is exceedingly kind to me; yea more than I can ask and think. I dare not ask for uninterrupted health, and yet he has given it me; I have not even tasted affliction. My wife has enjoyed almost an equal measure of health.

“Your’s,

W. WARD.”

In the month of June, the same year, he thus writes, respecting the state of the Mission, their domestic comforts, the progress of the translations, &c. &c.

“ *Serampore, June 20, 1803.*

“Our affairs here are not discouraging, though we have many things within and without to discourage us. We have many cares and anxieties of which you can have no idea, and to explain which would take up a longer letter than I can possibly now write; but if we should hold our peace respecting the goodness of God to us, the very stones would reprove us. We have all lately had good health; I have never been sick. Our love to each other abounds. All our wants are supplied. Our hands are very full. Our church is gradually on the increase; the mission, I hope, is ripening and growing more and more established. We could not expect more personal or domestic happiness in any country; and though we sometimes feel, that we have left many endeared friends behind us; yet it is but for a night, and

in the morning we meet again, where our country, enjoyments and communion will be one and eternal. I think my spirits are upon the whole more regular, than they were at Hull. I begin to have a little more pleasure in talking Bengalee, though I often wish I could tell all my heart to these people. Oh! it is a hard thing to be in labour for souls, and to be unable to speak to them.

“ You cannot think, how hard it is to make up a letter from this country. I think the great deficiency of Bengal, when compared with England, is its want of those sweet meadows and singing birds which you have. I cannot take a walk like that to Cottingham, &c. The heat does not go off till evening, and we have no grass fields; every cow is tied in a lane or in the corn fields; no animal ranges at large; and a few hot days burn up all the herbage, which

the three months of rain produces. We have a pleasant walk by the side of the river, and another in our garden, and we have fine pieces of water to bathe in, in the heat of the day.

“ Since I wrote the above, I have had a slight fever, but I am now well again. My wife also was poorly at the same time; but she has been graciously restored. I am very full of business; we have many things in hand to print. The workmen here are not like Europeans; they want a deal of superintending; and after all, the pressmen never work things clean; so that I have not that pleasure in printing which I might have had if I could have printed elegantly. Yet this is the great thing; we are printing the Word of Jehovah, that Word which is not to return void, but is to answer the purpose for which it is sent, that is, to be the power of God to

salvation to those who believe, and the sanctifying Word to all Christ's true disciples. We shall soon begin a second edition of the New Testament, the translation of which will, I am persuaded, be far better understood than the last.

“ Upon the whole, every thing is better than I could have expected in embracing a missionary life, and we have now had as much success, as I expected to see in my life, or even more ; yet the multitude are not gathered—millions choose a wooden god before the ever-living Jehovah ; sin and a blind god suit their depraved tastes best. Oh ! my dear brother, you know not half, or a hundredth part of the mercy God has bestowed upon you in the circumstances of your birth, &c. nor will you ever know, unless you become a missionary, and come and live here ; then you will bless God indeed, for you Chris-

tian education, for your Bible, for the Christian Sabbath, for the everlasting Gospel.

“ Yours,

W. WARD.”

With a spirit like that, which breathes in the foregoing letters, it may be expected that his situation was no sinecure; with unwearied diligence he applied himself to his great work, and though of necessity he had seasons of relaxation from his closest and most sedentary employment in the printing-office; yet we find these uniformly devoted to itinerant excursions, in order to preach the gospel. As no motive of worldly aggrandisement induced him to choose his vocation, so no love of ease made him indolent and supine in fulfilling its duties; if he rested from labour, it was to watch and embrace every opportunity that offered itself of conversing

with the natives and others, on the great concerns of eternity; if he recreated his worn out vigour and spirits, it was in travelling, sometimes to a considerable distance up the country, to carry the glad tidings of salvation. In the midst of these constant and laborious efforts for promoting the great ends of his calling, the publishing and distribution of the Word of God, he was engaged likewise, as well as several of his brethren, in ministering to the temporal wants of himself and his family, and contributed his full proportion to the supply of those funds, which for more than twenty years past have enabled the Serampore missionaries, not only to support themselves, but to carry on extensive and highly important operations, in establishing stations, sending out native preachers, assisting the poor, &c. The blessing of God crowned these disinterested endeavours, temporal resources were opened

to them of a very unexpected nature, and situations of great trust and literary importance were conferred upon them; so that for the above mentioned period of time, it is a moderate computation to say, that their joint and separate exertions brought two thousand a year into the common treasury; for it must be remembered, they had no separate, no individual interests in this world; they formed one family, with one great object in view, to the promotion of which every sacrifice was made, and every effort was consecrated. It is necessary to render this tribute to the disinterested zeal of these worthy men, since mistaken views of the subject have led to injurious reflections upon them. Some persons, with the best intentions no doubt, yet making no allowance for an eastern climate or eastern manners, and perhaps thinking, because a missionary's life is often a life of great deprivation, it is



therefore unlawful in him to enjoy the comforts of this world, when Divine Providence casts them in his way, have been ready to represent them as living in inglorious ease and comparative luxury; little aware, that the absence of mere bodily indulgence is one of the least formidable difficulties, that such men are called to encounter. The servant of Christ knows well, that his *life consisteth* neither *in the abundance*, nor scantiness *of the things, which he possesseth*; and he can enjoy the bounties of heaven, without setting his heart upon them, or to use the words of an inspired apostle, he can *use the world, so as not abusing it*. The following short extract from one of Mr. W's letters, will serve much to rectify these mistakes; as it exhibits the nature of their work, the peculiar difficulties they have to cope with, and the expenditure they are obliged to incur.

*Serampore, Dec. 14, 1804.*

“ There have been no letters received at the post-office till just now, and now I am writing night and day. However, I am sorry from my heart, that I have not embraced some earlier opportunity. In the hot weather I feel no heart to write letters, and indeed I have been very ill for some time past. I am now in good health and spirits, and so is my little family.

“ You say G. sighs much—If sincere, I have no objection, there is little fear of being religious over-much; I fear more from a worldly spirit, than from spending too much time in prayer and meditation. Excess in religious feelings is to be avoided; but the danger of man is greatest on the other side. His nature, his habits, his companions are sinful; and he who carries real piety to its highest attainments in the strength of God, does

more than conquer a world. I know I have never been in danger of being righteous over-much ; I confess with shame, that my religious feelings have always been too cold and lukewarm ; so that I have often doubted, whether I have been truly converted or not, on this account.

“ Our family has been this year in general in health ; but we have to lament the loss of our dear sister Chamberlain, at Cutwa. She died a few days after her lying-in ; the infant is living. I had for some months an intermitting fever hanging upon me, but I am now in good health, and so is Mrs. W. My little Hannah comes on apace ; she is now 14 months old ; begins to talk, and has a hundred little tricks. She has great spirits, and I am afraid will want frequent restraint. I was once crying over her as a dead child some months ago ; but God revived her.

“We have baptized more this year, than in any former one; but we have had much trouble with some of our members, and one or two have been excluded.

“The chief sins of the natives are lying, covetousness and deceit. They are over-reaching in all their dealings, asking twice as much as they will take. They are very obsequious, where they have any hopes of gain, and very haughty and insolent to inferiors; they are excessively greedy, when they have any prospect of a customer. The market places are called bazaars, and so are the streets, which contain nothing but shops. Hence at Calcutta, there is the lol-bazaar; there is the red-bazaar; the Chinec-bazaar, that in which Chinese things are sold. At these shops, the shopkeepers, standing at the doors, call out to the passengers in broken English, ‘master, got very good ting!’ ‘master, I got my

good stockings ; master, want any ting ; I serve master.’ Some of the natives of Calcutta are very rich. Some ride in carriages like the English, and others in palanquins. Their great expences are at weddings, in worshipping their idols, or in making feasts for the Brahmins. The expence in worshipping idols, lies chiefly in making, gilding and adorning the image, in employing singers and dancers, in feeding all the neighbouring Brahmins, and in making presents.

“ I have lately been out in a journey for about 12 days. I rode in a palanquin carried by four men at a time, called bearers. A number of native brethren accompanied me on foot. I had eight bearers ; first, four carried me a short distance, and then, the other four. The palanquin is a kind of box, with a pole at each end, which rests on the bearers’ shoulders ; it stands on four short legs, is matted at the bottom, and

on the sides are sliding windows or French-blinds. The last day I was out, the bearers carried me 24 miles, and I afterwards came as many more on the river, by boat. Here are no good roads, except what have been made by the English; we are obliged either to ford rivers, or go over in boats; there are no bridges. The method of travelling by palanquin is expensive: I gave the bearers about six shillings and six pence a day; besides them I had to take three carriers, to carry food, cooking things, cups, plates, knives, &c. these three men had about two shillings and six-pence per day. In the palanquins you may either sit or lie down at night. I slept in mine under a hovel, or in a yard perhaps; the men under a tree. It is too hot to walk; if you go on horse-back it would be too hot, and you have no place to sleep in at night. We mostly travel by boat; but in some parts there

is no river, and then you must go by palanquins. I went to see too native brethren, and stayed at their houses two days. On the road I talked at different places, and gave away tracts, and in the places, where our brethren lived, I talked to many. In going to see a native brother, you cannot go and sit down at table with him, and take a bed with him. He eats on the ground, off a dish or a plantain leave, and he has no bedstead, perhaps, but lies on the floor or a mat. He eats food that you have not been used to ; but he can get you fruit, milk, eggs, fowls, sugar, &c. The Hindoos have a great abhorrence of fowls, the same as Mussulmans have of pigs. Because I bought fowls for my food, they laughed at our native brethren and said, I was come to make them eat fowls. They have also a great abhorrence of fowls' eggs. They try to insult our native brethren, by saying to them, ' Ah ! now

you eat with the English—you eat cow's flesh, and fowls' eggs.' These words mean no harm to us; but they reflect great disgrace, on whomsoever they fall, in their eyes. *We live in a state of great ease and comfort; yet I know, we have no superfluities; we eat only that, which we have earned by great industry. No Europeans in this country work as we do. The money sent by the Society does not half meet our expenditure.*

“Farewell, my dear friend. Oh! to meet in heaven! God prevent a disappointment! Oh! to be near to him! Oh! that “for us to live, it may be to and for Christ; then to die will be gain.” Pray for me. Many missionaries go to hell. Remember, let the world take its chance, we bind ourselves to meet in heaven. W. WARD.’

A man, who could write and feel in this way, could be actuated by no mo-



tives of self-gratification, or worldly aggrandisement; neither would he, from indolence, neglect any opportunities of forwarding the great object of his calling. Hence he was constantly engaged, either in instructing the church at Serampore, in preaching in the neighbouring villages, and at Calcutta, where a place had been opened for the purpose, or in taking missionary tours with one or more of his brethren.

Towards the close of the year 1804, he took a journey into Jessore in company with eight or nine of the native brethren, most of them preachers; and so eager was the desire of the people to hear the word, that they all had ample employment in talking to them and distributing religious tracts. On one occasion he says, "Lord's day: People have been coming all day long, and we talked by turns—Krishno Presaud talked well." The result of this tour was, that several

persons were deeply impressed with the importance of the gospel, and soon after went down to Serampore, where, on sufficient trial, they were baptized, and added to the church.

During the year 1805, we find him taking two journies of this kind, one to Dhacca, and another to Jessore, at the latter of which places, a missionary station was soon afterwards established. While occupied in this latter excursion, he writes thus to his friend, affording at once a comprehensive view of the progress of the work, and of the spirit by which he himself was influenced.

*Mission Boat, going into Jessore, Nov. 13, 1805.*

“ I am now accompanying brother Mardon into Jessore ; we have been out a week. We have been obliged to come through the Sunderbunds\* on account

\* Vast forests, infested with tigers, through which the Ganges flows by various streams in its course towards the Bay of Bengal.

of water, as the smaller brooks do not contain water enough for boats. We have a small Budgerow, (a boat with venetian windows,) with four rowers, and a helms-man ; we have also a cook boat with us. We are going to fix upon a spot for a mission settlement. Ten or twelve persons have been baptized from this district, and we have hopes, that the cause may flourish here. We have another mission settlement at a place called Cutwa, in the district of Burdwan. We are just going to form another at Dinagepore, where brother Biss is going.

“ Last Lord’s day week we baptized ten natives, five men and five women, one a Brahmin, another a Kaisthu, and the rest Soodrees. Several of these persons were the fruit of some tracts and a Testament, which I gave away in a village near Calcutta, four years ago ; and one of the women was Anunda, the wife of Krishnoo Presaud ; she dated

her change of mind from a sermon, that I preached at the Bengalee school about four months ago.

“ We have much reason for thankfulness to God for the great portion of health we have enjoyed, and for the happy progress of all our plans. We want only men and money to fill the country with the knowledge of Christ. We have arrived at that point of our labours, that we can make them efficient, so far at least as human means go; we are neither working at uncertainty, nor afraid for the result. We have tried our weapons and we know their strength; the doctrine of the Cross is stronger than the cast, and in this we shall be *more than conquerors*. As we turn all gifts to account, as much as possible, and set our converts to work, as soon as they begin to walk, we have now more missionaries than you would expect. Including brother Fernandez, we have ten

European Missionaries, and ten native Missionaries, most of whom have been useful to others, and some of them preach with great fluency. We shall fix a native itinerant or two at each of the stations, who, though they would be able to do nothing by themselves, yet in connection with an English brother may do a thousand times more than he would do alone.

“A new chapel, in which we shall have the greatest share, will soon be erected at Calcutta. About 8 or 900 rupees are subscribed.

“We are beginning to print a Shanscrit edition of a popular book, called the Ramyan, with an English translation. The College and the Asiatic Society allow us 300 rupees a month for our labour in this work, and we are to have the profits of what we can sell of them. I expect soon to put to press a work on the religion, manners, and customs of

the Hindoos in Bengal. I suppose it will make a quarto volume of 500 pages; the plates will be engraved in England. I have been several years employed in it. I hope it will be of use in exposing the greatest piece of priestcraft, and the most formidable system of idolatry, that ever existed in the world.

W. WARD."

The year 1806 was marked by some circumstances, especially interesting to the subject of these Memoirs: one of these was his receiving the account of the death of his friend, Mr. Sedgwick, of Hull, with whom he had kept up an uninterrupted correspondence, and whose memory he cherished with the greatest tenderness.—He preached a funeral sermon for him at the Mission house, Serampore, on the 13th of April, and thus pathetically bewailed his loss in a letter to his disconsolate widow.

*Serampore, May 17, 1806.*

“In what words shall I express to you my consternation and grief at receiving an intimation of your loss and mine in the fatal bereavement, to which you in particular have been called to submit. Who but Jesus can heal your wounds! Who but Jesus can make up your loss! I was already bereaved, even while he lived, but then I could read his writings, and the expressions of his friendship refreshed my soul. Now—but I must not go on—the *Lord gave*—yes such a friend none could give but the Father of mercies. Here we can easily add, *Blessed be the name of the Lord.*—But to add these words too, *The Lord hath taken away*—this is more than nature. Yet it is he, who says, *Blessed are the dead, that die in the Lord*—Oh! that I could go with you to heaven, and see how happy he is there! how free from the cares of a heavy business; how

free from the burden of a delicate and ailing body; how happy in the church triumphant, freed from the jarrings and uneasiness of the church militant; there no differences of christians distress his loving heart, no sighs over a thin meeting-house; for there the house of God is always filling; there no perplexities about the real meaning of the gospel; there no uneasiness about the shiness of fellow christians; there no sorrows at the sight of sick and dying friends; there no anxieties about a rising family; for the sight of the Governor of the world has removed for ever all his mistrust, and enabled him to repose with unruffled confidence on him as the Being, who does all things well. Heaven unravels every thing, sets every thing straight, and the whole soul is swallowed up in the will of God. Blessed, blessed, *blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.* Oh! my dear Sedgwick, that I could have died with thee,



with the same well-grounded hope of being present with the Lord. Oh! may we both—may we and all our friends be preparing for that world, to which our dear S. is gone.

‘ Oh! What amazing joys they feel,  
While to their golden harps they sing,  
And sit on every heavenly hill,  
And spread the triumphs of their king.’

“ Your’s,

W. WARD.”

In his journal too, at this period, he expresses nearly the same feelings. “ April 13th. I preached a funeral sermon for my dear friend Mr. Sedgwick of Hull. Oh that God may prepare me to follow him! To me, the world gets poorer every day. My friends gone—all the rest is dung and dross!”

Another event of considerable importance to the cause of God, occurred very soon after the writing of the above letter ;

this was the commencement of the printing of the New Testament in the Shanscrit, or learned language of India. This language occupies the same place among the eastern natives, that the Latin does amongst us; it is the vehicle, by which the learned communicate their literary information from one to another, through the numerous nations that people that vast continent, the depository of their ancient records, and of all the science they possess; and what is more, as it gives it a sacred character in their estimation, it is the language, in which the stories of their theology, the exploits of their deities, and the rites of their religion are treasured up; so that it is certain of being cultivated by the literati of every district, and is in no danger of becoming entirely obsolete in any. To translate the Holy Scriptures into this language, therefore, was like laying them up in the archives of the

country, giving them a degree of reverence in the eyes of the people, and making all future translations comparatively easy and certain. This great work Mr. Ward had the privilege of seeing accomplished, and in the month of June, this year, he thus notices the commencement of the printing. “June 6th. We have begun to print the Shanscrit Testament, the publication of which is of great importance, as a faithful translation into this language will render translations into other Eastern languages easy and certain. Every eastern Pundit knows the Shanscrit, and could make from it a good translation into his own vernacular tongue. By translating the scriptures therefore into this language we, in effect, translate them into all the languages of Asia.”

On the 1st of June, in this year also, a mat house or shed was opened at Calcutta for divine worship, on which occa-

sion Mr. Ward preached to a considerable number of the natives. The brethren had for some time been in the habit of visiting that city, which is about sixteen miles distant from Serampore, and so encouraging was the prospect, that they were induced to begin a subscription for the building of a chapel. In this they were kindly assisted by a number of Europeans there, who were favourable to the cause; but so great was the want of religious instruction, particularly in the quarter in which they intended to build, that it was deemed necessary to erect in the mean time this temporary convenience. Thus was tent-preaching commenced in that populous city; for this erection was very similar to the tents now used, being merely a shelter from the heat, open at the sides, with free ingress and egress; so that the natives, whose prejudices were so great, that many of them could never have

been induced to enter a chapel, yet freely approached and even entered this shed. Several of them, brought thus under the sound of the Gospel, were deeply impressed. But in proportion as the work succeeded, the spirit of opposition was roused; the native brethren had to endure much reproach for having renounced their cast, and the Missionaries were abused for inducing them to do it; this, however, was much easier to bear than the insidious attempts of infidels under the christian name; these heartless wretches, dead to every principle of truth and holiness, to every feeling of christian sympathy and benevolence, would have reduced the poor Hindoos to the same cheerless condition with themselves. Mr. Ward thus notices the endeavours of one of these men to subvert the faith of a native who had embraced the Gospel.

“June 26th. The other morning

one of the native brethren, who works as a joiner with a neighbouring European, said to me with some emotion, ‘What men there are in the world.’ A Mr.———who is at my master’s house, told me that the gospel is all false. I quoted to him out of John, that “we must be born again, or we could not see the kingdom of God.” He said, ‘that was all false too, and that my instructors were only ruining me.’ This was an Englishman!

‘Ye brainless wits! ye baptized infidels!

‘Ye worse for mending; wash’d to fouler stains!’

The same spirit it seems had insinuated itself into the minds of some of the executive government; for, in the month of August this year, we find the work of the missionaries receiving a partial and temporary check. On the arrival of two brethren from England to join them in

their labours, they were refused permission to proceed to Serampore, and at the same time an intimation was conveyed from the highest authority to Dr. Carey, “ that he and his colleagues must not interfere with the prejudices of the natives ; that, in fact, they were not to preach to them or suffer the native converts to do so ; they were not to distribute religious tracts, or suffer the people to distribute them ; they were not to send forth converted natives, or to take any step, by conversation or otherwise, to persuade the natives to embrace Christianity.” Though this interruption, through the wise and temperate conduct of the missionaries, and the appointment of the two brethren recently arrived to a foreign station, was at that time removed, yet, in the year following, new attempts were made to restrict their exertions ; so that for a short time they were not allowed to preach in some places, especially at Calcutta. Endeavours were also used

to influence the British Cabinet against them, and measures proposed in Parliament, which were calculated to stop the spread of the gospel among the heathen in our colonial possessions; but the powerful appeals of enlightened and christian men at last prevailed over the ignorant clamours of infidel alarmists.

It was in this crisis, that the powerful talents of that singularly original character, Mr. Andrew Fuller, were successfully exerted; a man, who deservedly ranks high in the estimation of his brethren, and indeed of the whole christian church. Born to a humble inheritance, and favoured with very few early advantages, his mind burst through all the obstructions, which would have confined it; it had rich resources of its own, that almost seemed to preclude the necessity of extraneous assistance, and yet so attentive was the faculty of observation, that every thing relating to men and manners was instantly appro-



priated ; while a habit of close and diligent exertion enabled him to treasure up a fund of useful knowledge, that amply supplied the place of a more literary education. As a preacher, he had few equals ; his manner was entirely his own, not remarkable for gracefulness, but strikingly solemn and impressive ; his matter displayed deep thought, and an extensive acquaintance with his subject ; he seldom touched a text, but he struck out some new and interesting ideas ; close reasoning and accurate discernment of religious sentiments were certainly his peculiar forte, but he was not deficient in imagination ; if its flights were not frequent and extensive, they were bold, and in some parts of his discourses there was a moving pathos, that captivated the feelings of his audience, and drew tears from every eye. No man was more absorbed in the great work, to which he had devoted himself,

or concentrated his powers with more intensity in the one point, to which all his labours tended, the advancement of the cause of divine truth; but when any thing affected or threatened to affect the existence or prosperity of that cause, he was immediately on the alert; no subject was strange or difficult to him, that had even the remotest connexion with this, and he left no branch of human science unexplored, that could aid his efforts in defending it. Hence, though political discussions were not his study, and he ever inculcated unreserved submission from christians to the higher powers; yet when the Mission, the object of so many years solicitude and exertion, was assailed, he showed, that he could feel as an Englishman and as a citizen of the world, he brought all his talents to bear on this one subject, and experienced statesmen found a powerful opponent in the comparatively unlettered minister

of a little provincial town. He wrote a series of pamphlets on the subject in debate, and held frequent conferences with several of the leading members of the government, the issue of which was at once favourable to the cause, and creditable to himself; the question appears to be completely laid at rest, and the christian missionary has, for some years past, pursued his disinterested and arduous course with unrestricted liberty.

Of the satisfactory termination of this matter at both of the periods, to which we have referred, Mr. Ward makes mention in two of his letters to his friends; in one bearing date, December 27th, 1806, he thus writes—

“ The mission goes on as usual; though we have met with a check from the English governor. Brother Biss is going home on account of bad health. We are building a chapel at Calcutta; I might say, two chapels. We baptize

now and then, and the translations are proceeding. Brethren Mardon and Chater are going to form a mission in the Burman empire."

In another, written April 7th, 1808, he thus records their deliverance from the last attempt to abridge their liberties ;—

“ The cause, in which we are engaged, has had some struggles lately; but these tempests have only made it take deeper root. I hope my coming out to India has not been without some fruit in conversions; as a printer, I must leave the seeds to grow up. It is a great consolation, that Christ must increase; no more *wane*. All to come, no doubt, is progress, and the gospel must now take giant strides.”

In the following years it does not appear, that Mr. Ward was engaged, as formerly, in missionary tours up the country. The progress of the transla-

tions and the increasing number of them, rendered his presence indispensably necessary in the printing office, and the accession of brethren from time to time from England, to take charge of the several stations, together with the increasing number of native preachers, who periodically visited these, as well as other places, rendered it partly unnecessary, that the elder missionaries should do more, than direct the proceedings of the whole body. This was a work, which required not a little diligence and care, since these stations were now becoming numerous, and scattered over a wide extent of the country, while new openings for usefulness were presenting themselves on every hand. Besides many places within the limits of the British East India possessions, they had commenced a mission to the Burman empire, a very important post, which required much of their attention to foster the

rising cause, and to encourage the brethren, who were engaged in its superintendence. The concerns of the mission family at Serampore also were multiplying, the calls of the natives for instruction grew more frequent, and the new place, recently erected at Calcutta, for the preaching of the gospel, needed much of their attention; so that it would not have been either practicable or wise for them, to make long excursions from home. In all these engagements Mr. Ward took his full share; he interested himself much in the prosperity of the family, particularly of the younger branches of it; he frequently preached at Calcutta and in the neighbouring places, and his ministry appears to have been much owned; he pursued with ardour his peculiar business of printing and revising the translations of the scriptures, and, in addition to a pretty extensive correspondence, compiled several

short memoirs of those of the natives, who died in the faith of the gospel. Towards the end of the year 1807, it pleased the allwise Head of the Church, to remove two of the most useful native preachers, Petumber Singee and Krishno Presaud; and on this occasion a brief but most interesting memoir of each of them was presented to the public from this pen.\* Of the impediments, which these avocations necessarily interposed, to extensive itinerating, he seemed fully sensible, and he thus speaks on the subject in one of his letters, in which also he shows, how highly he valued the important labours, in which they were engaged, more especially those of his elder brethren. The letter is dated January 14th, 1809.

“ We are advancing in one way or other. I know not, but things are quite

\* See Periodical Accounts, vol. 3.

as prosperous as we could expect: we are frequently baptizing, and the prospect is, that we shall baptize in about a month. Yet our success among the natives is slackened, owing, I suppose, in some measure to our not being able to itinerate.

“ I have reason for much gratitude for personal health and family mercies. My wife and children enjoy good health; I have many dear friends in this country, and receive expressions of affection from more quarters than I can acknowledge. My ministry is, I hope, in some degree successful in conversions, and I am very busy in pushing on the printing of the Holy Scriptures in different languages. My dear brethren Carey and Marshman are well, thanks be to God. We are one heart, and if there were any brethren like them rising up, I should think the Baptist Mission was destined to effect an amazing work indeed; but if all is



to die with the elder brethren, and the translations to rest on the shelves, and to be left half done and half undone; —we can only weep over the apathy of Baptist Ministers and Christians in England.”

His ministry appears to have been generally acceptable, and his amiable manners procured him many friends wherever he went. He could not be insensible to their attentions, or unaffected at the success, with which it had pleased God to crown his labours; nor was he unconscious of the native tendency of his heart to be lifted up by such tokens of divine favour; yet these corrupt workings of the carnal mind found a sufficient counterpoise in a deep conviction of his own wretchedness, and a jealous fear of falling short of the great end of his calling. He well knew, that success in his ministry was no decisive proof of the sincerity of his *own* profession, and he felt the danger of

failing of eternal life himself, while he was instrumental in leading many to the hope of it. Thus in a letter dated January 11th, 1810, he expresses himself in the following strain of mingled pleasure, and humble caution.—

“ I perceive, you have had loud calls in your connexions ; Oh ! that we may be quickened by these calls and prepared for our own removal. I have lost several friends by death here. On account of death I am about to lose a family at Calcutta, which was my home when there, and in which I was exceedingly happy. The ardent attachment and tender solicitude, manifested towards me by this family, could only be equalled by the kindness, I met with from you and my dear S. I have many friends in this country, whose affection is one of the great consolations of my life. When I go to Calcutta, I could spend a whole week in going from house to house, and in every house

I find my friends all eager to make me a guest. When I look over our congregation at Calcutta, and see the number to whom my labours have been (I hope) blessed, I know not how I feel; I hope it is not pride; it is joy mixed with, *Not unto me, not unto me, Oh Lord; but unto Thee, unto Thee be all the glory.* Ah! my dear friend, pray for me, that I may not be a *cast away*, after I have preached unto others. I have more reason to fear this, than I shall ever be able to persuade you. *Hold thou me up, O Lord, and I shall be safe.*”

In another letter, dated March 13th of the same year, he says,

“ We have been blessed with health, harmony and a degree of success in our work, during the year. Several are now waiting for baptism, four of them Hindoos. We have baptized twenty-five the last year here and at Calcutta; eighty at all the stations. Our translation work is making progress.

“ Mrs. Ward and her four children are well ; I have much pleasure in my family, and in my work. My public ministry is blessed with a good degree of acceptance, and I hope it has not been fruitless ; but I have the greatest reason to put my mouth in the dust, that I have not been more zealous in public, and more devotional in private.”

The following letter is valuable, as not only alluding to a memorable instance of divine power and grace, manifested under his preaching, but being very descriptive of the state of his mind, and breathing a spirit of the deepest humility.

“ *Serampore, Feb. 18, 1811.*

“———Ah ! my dear G. can a person, who has been saved by the Redeemer from so great a death—can he think lightly of, and endeavour to un-

dervalue such a Saviour? Is it not impossible? Will he not rather say,

‘ And yet, how far from thee I lie !  
Dear Jesus raise me higher.’

You know something of the dreadful depravity of the heart—your groans under a body of sin and death—your fears, lest this depravity should be absolutely unpardonable—all these things teach you, that, if you are saved, it must be infinite grace and merit united—nothing less, you are sure, is sufficient to reach your case. These are often the feelings of your old friend ; for he does not think himself at all better, than when he used to lament over his fallen nature, and base conduct in your presence. O Lord ! I am infinitely vile, and base, and ungrateful : if I had cleaved to thee with purpose of heart—if I had followed thee fully—if I had kept close to my closet, and had torn every rival from the

throne of my heart—Oh! then I had enjoyed a heaven upon earth; I had, instead of trembling at death, instead of gloomy despondency in looking towards the Canaan, which I would fain love—anticipated the glorious hour of dismissal, and the songs of the blessed had been familiar to me, even in these regions of death. Give me a lift heavenwards, my dear G., by your prayers. I think daily of death, and prepare no more!

“ We are in good health. I think, I could not have enjoyed eleven years of better health in England. Our four dear children are just recovered from the measles. We have had more than twenty at once ill of them, lately, in our house and school.

“ Our additions to the three churches at Calcutta, Jessore, and Orissa, have been considerable. In Jessore alone, more than 30 natives have been baptized

in 1810. Four new volumes of the Scriptures are just coming out of the press; two of them are in new languages, viz. the Mahratta and the Hindoost'hanee.

“I was lately preaching from ‘*Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, &c.*’ A notorious drunkard was impressed under the sermon, and he and his wife are proposed for baptism. This person’s master had used every means in vain to persuade him to become sober; ‘he got drunk,’ he said, ‘because he had nothing else to do.’ After this change, his master was urging him to go to church, and not to the chapel; on which he said, ‘You know, sir, what a drunkard I have been, and how often you have urged me in vain to leave it off; yet by going once to the chapel, I was constrained to do that which none of your remonstrances were able to bring about; therefore it is that I wish to go again.’ His

master told him, he should have to get him a place in the mad-house, if he went there.

“I often enjoy Sabbath evenings at Calcutta among our members. We drink tea, I read missionary and other letters, and we sing and pray. Sometimes we have not less than fifty friends thus sitting round a room, conversing, singing and praying together ; some of them, I hope, the fruits of my ministry. It is truly refreshing, after preaching three or four times, to have such an hour with dear friends.

“Ever thine,

W. WARD.”

The year 1812 was an eventful year for the subject of these Memoirs : several deaths occurred in the mission family, and among others one of his own children, an interesting little girl, about six years old ; -but the greatest calamity



that befel the mission, and in which Mr. W. was most deeply affected, was the loss of their large printing-office by fire, containing the types of all the scriptures, that had been printed, to the amount of at least ten thousand pounds. This was a severe dispensation of providence, not only as the greatness of the loss threatened to overwhelm their feeble affairs, but, which was felt most intensely by them, it was feared that, for a considerable time at least, it would put a stop to the publication of the scriptures altogether; yet that God, who in his infinite wisdom, judged it right thus to try them, appeared for them in this crisis in a most wonderful manner. They were able to recover the moulds for casting new types out of the fire; the sympathy and assistance of their friends on the spot was most affectionately offered, and no sooner were the tidings made known in Britain, than

every heart was alive to the feeling of their situation, and every hand ready to contribute towards repairing their loss. Christians of every denomination vied with each other in the most solid expressions of condolence; so that in a comparatively short time a sum was raised and forwarded from all parts of the kingdom, which more than covered the amount of the damage they had sustained. The delay thus occasioned to the work of the publication of the translations was, however, very distressing; they had to begin much of their labour anew, and had they not found among the rubbish the steel punches of all the Indian languages, uninjured by the flames, years must have elapsed, before they could have replaced the types they had lost. Under the painful feelings excited by these trying circumstances Mr. W. writes thus to a friend, who had also experienced much affliction.

“*Serampore, March 26, 1812.*”

“I rejoice, that you have not forgotten me during so long an absence, and amidst so many changes. You have tasted the cup of affliction, yea, drank deeply of these bitter, though sanctifying waters, and you may now sympathize with your old friend; for he is beginning to sink in deep waters. Mrs. Mardon, an old maid servant, one of the school boys, then my dear, dear child Mary next, brother Marshman’s youngest, W. Ward Marshman, and lastly the infant left by sister Mardon in the care of Mrs. Ward—all these deaths have happened in our family within a few weeks. Add to this, our large printing-office, with all its contents, has been burnt down, by which we have sustained a loss of not less than 70,000 rupees, nearly 10,000 pounds, and all the editions of the Holy Scriptures are put a stop to for the present. We know not how the

fire originated; it began while I was sitting at one end of the office, at the close of the day, settling an account, and when very few of the servants were left. I was almost suffocated in passing through the office soon after the fire began. The only things saved were our accounts, and the writings of our premises.

“ Notwithstanding this loss by the fire so great, I felt much more for the loss of my dear child, than for this; she was a charming child, and had entwined herself round my heart so much, that I seem never to have seen affliction till this child was taken from me. I had never calculated on the death of any of my family; but had always been thinking of being taken from them: this was often in my thoughts, and their situation after my death was not unfrequently a source of considerable anxiety—Ah! my dear friend, I know you can, and will feel for me.

I have now two daughters left, and Mrs. Ward's son by Mr. Fountain; he grows a big boy and is very obedient. I have many comforts left, and am very happy in my family; but I much wish to see the work of grace begun in the hearts of my children, before I go hence. I hope you see some seeds springing up in the hearts of yours: pray let me have an account of each; I can never be indifferent about them. I hope we shall start again in printing the scriptures in a few weeks.

“I am, most truly,

“Yours, &c.

W. WARD.”

Through the merciful interposition of Divine Providence, and the kindness of their friends, they had so far recovered themselves, that in the month of March, the following year, he says, “I have already informed you of the death of my

dear child Mary, and you have no doubt heard of the loss of our printing-office by fire. We are lifting up our heads again ; our presses are more than ever employed, and we have one more press than we had last March, when the office was burnt down.”

The death of this dear child he seems to have felt severely for a long time after ; in the year 1814, he mentions it with the painful interest that a recent event of this kind generally excites ; yet he was far from murmuring at the stroke ; he acknowledged submission to be his duty, and he found it be his privilege. There was one subject, which he felt still more intensely ; this was the *religious* state of his children ; he was pleased, as a parent, with their growth and the developement of their minds ; but his greatest solicitude was for their eternal interests. This anxiety he thus forcibly expresses in a letter

written about the beginning of the year 1813.

“I was much struck with the account of the death of Mr. Kirkbride. What were his last views of religion? I rejoice in the news you received about your Ann; I wish I could see such a work in my Ann. She is too thoughtless, I fear wholly so; she is sharp, and upon the whole affectionate, and I have great reason for thankfulness respecting my children; but every other anxiety is swallowed up in their eternal safety. No thought is so dreadful, as the possibility of their being eternally miserable!”

In the midst of the distressing feelings from this yet recent bereavement, and the still heavier public calamity of the fire, Mr. Ward and his brethren were again called to bear a vexatious interference with the liberty of one of their body. The spirit of infidel policy, which

judged it better to leave the Hindoos in all the darkness of their besotted idolatry, than to disturb their cruel and disgusting orgies by publishing among them the pure, and benevolent, and heavenly doctrines of the Gospel, though on former occasions it had been cowed and shrunk abashed before the light of divine truth, was not inactive, and it now gained a short-lived triumph. Two more missionaries having arrived from England, they were both ordered home, under the pretext, that they had gone out without the consent of the Company, a thing which is continually done by thousands, who go merely for purposes of commerce. The Government relented in favour of one, who was permitted to stay ; but the other was obliged to return home, and abandon all the prospects of usefulness, which were then widely opening before them. Alluding to this circumstance, Mr. Ward thus writes to a friend :



“ The work of God is going on as successfully as ever, though we have had some trying afflictions. I have already informed you of the death of my dear, engaging child Mary; since that time the printing-office has been wholly burnt down; and now one of our brethren, who came out last, has been sent home by Government, because he did not come out with the consent of the Company. Mr. Johns is the devoted victim. He went from us yesterday to go on board the ship : a melancholy day ! Mr. Lawson also was ordered home ; but Government relented in his favour, and listened to our earnest entreaties, that he might stay to improve the Chinese types. Mr. Robinson was ordered home, but he left Calcutta for the island of Java, three or four days before the order was issued for his deportation. Our brethren are charged with no crime ; the charge brought against them of not

obtaining leave of the Court of Directors, is the sin of thousands, who are permitted to live here, and many of them are patronized by the Government itself. They now and then send a man away, whose principles and conduct are inimical; but our brethren could offend in nothing, except in their missionary character. Brother Johns will be the first missionary ordered home, who ever arrived before the religious public in England. Surely something will be done in the new charter, that the Government here, otherwise in general well disposed to us, may not be involved in the guilt of striving against their Maker. Disastrous contest!"

While thus enduring some of the most trying afflictions, public and private, and grappling with opposition, not only of the most powerful kind, but so much the more painful, considering the source from whence it sprung, the spirit of these

men of God was not daunted, or their expectations damped. They plied their arduous labours with redoubled diligence ; so assured were they of the final success of the cause, that opposition only served as a stimulus to exertion ; confident of the triumphs of the Saviour, from the faithfulness of his promises, and the infinity of his power, they rejoiced in the anticipation of that period, when all the millions of the heathen should bow to his sceptre. In this animated and animating tone of confident hope, Mr. Ward writes in a letter, dated Dec. 28, 1813.

“ We are here carried forward, the prospects still widening. Ten presses are going, and nearly 200 people are employed about the printing office—I know not how it would be if conversions among the natives were very numerous, our hands are so full with translating and other foundation work. I am encou-

raged to hope, that the foundation is not thus laying, to such an extent and to such a depth, without reason. I cannot help thinking, that our successors will have a large a building to raise, and that their hands and hearts will be filled with baptizings, building up of churches, rejoicing in the prosperity of Zion. What triumphs await the "Lamb once slain" over the idols, the cast, the festivals and horrid orgies, the religious suicides and murders of India. Our hands are too few, our days are too short, our strength is too small for this prodigious work. Serampore, Jessore, Cutwa, Malda, Dinagepore, Patna, Digah, Allahabad, Agra, Sirdhana, Nagpore, Surat, Orissa, Calcutta, Ceylon, Burmah, Java, &c. &c. are supplied with the messengers of salvation; and now we are called by the Governor General himself to send men to Amboyna. More help is wanted at Java and in the Burman empire, and,

from mount Himalayu to the Cape of Good Hope, nothing is heard but

‘ Lord of the harvest, God of grace,  
Send down thy heav’nly rain.’

“ Pray thou,—pray ye, O ye favored inhabitants of the land of the Druids, to the Lord of the harvest, that he would thrust out *labourers*, hard-working, or as the Puritans (of immortal memory) would have said, *painful* preachers of the word. What a field among fifty millions of British subjects for itinerants, for authors, translators, catechists! What multitudes of christian works will be wanted! We have not been able to print one good argumentative work against idolatry—not one elaborate defence of Christianity. We have let off nothing but squibs; the Hindoo pundits have not yet felt in their learned languages the weight of christian artillery, except in one or two parts of the

Bible. We have not yet had the honour of an attack from one Hindoo scholar. These times are all to come :—they are coming. This struggle will be a tough one; the Hindoo disputants are very subtle, used to dispute; ingenious too, and will insist on a reason for every thing. One of them set me fast the other day by asking me, how the earth was *void*, (*the earth was without form and void.*) How could solid matter be void?"

It will have been observed from some of the preceding letters, that Mr. Ward and his family for several years seem to have enjoyed a tolerable share of health, and to have so much escaped those complaints, which are peculiarly incident to Europeans in a tropical climate, as to give rise to a hope, that they were getting inured to the country. This pleasing expectation, however, was disappointed; for in the month of December, 1814, we find him noticing several try-

ing dispensations, and among others Mrs. Ward's illness from an obstruction of the liver. Writing to a friend at this time he says:

“I think I informed you of the death of my dear child Mary, and perhaps I have mentioned also, that my daughter Amelia has been deprived of the sight of one eye by a neglected cold. Since that time my dear wife has been suffering for many months, under an obstruction of the liver. She still languishes, unable to attend to any active employment, and enduring almost constant pain. She has taken very large quantities of mercury, though she takes it in small doses. She has still a good appetite and sleeps well, and these things give me hopes, that she may be restored to me. These afflictions teach me something more of what life really is—a dream, an empty shade, a morning flower. My daughter Hannah is about ten years old, and, upon the

whole, a very promising and lovely child. But who shall say whether the flower will not wither while we admire its beauties; but “passion be still, and dumb be pride, and fixed my soul, O God, on thee.” She appears to have some relish for piety, though I fear, she is not under saving impressions of religion.”

These fond hopes of her *speedy* convalescence were not, however, realized; the complaint gained ground so much, that in the following year it was judged expedient to try the effect of her native air, and a voyage to England. She embarked in the summer of 1815 with her eldest daughter, and after spending some time among her friends, returned to India so much restored, that Mr. Ward, who had for some time past laboured under a most distressing indigestion, and consequent flatulency in the stomach, finding himself evidently getting worse,



resolved on undertaking a similar voyage. He was partly influenced in this determination, by the desire of promoting an object of great importance which now occupied the attention of the brethren at Serampore. They had long observed, with regret the low state of real literature and science among the natives of the country, and judging, that it would afford an excellent opportunity of instilling christian principles, and furnishing those, who were destined to become preachers to their countrymen, with much useful information, they determined on founding a college, in which every branch of a sound and liberal education might be inculcated. This plan could not be carried into execution without considerable expence, and as the donations of friends in that part of the world, in addition to the sacrifices made by these disinterested men, were not sufficient to meet it, it was committed

to Mr. Ward to plead its cause with the liberal and enlightened inhabitants of Europe and America. Thus intrusted, and followed by the blessings and prayers of his brethren, he left Bengal at the close of the year 1818, and set sail for England, in a very emaciated state of body, but with an undiminished zeal for the promotion of the great work, in which he had engaged.

## CHAP. IV.

*The period from Mr. Ward's embarkation for England, up to the time of his death in the year 1823.*

Our highly valued friend was a true missionary; no change of outward circumstances could divert his mind from the great object which he kept in view in all his labours and travels; whether he was in England or Bengal, on land or on sea, he found a field to cultivate, wherever there were immortal souls perishing in their sins. ( Embarked once more for his native country, though he felt both the painful regrets of leaving his family behind him, and the pleasing anticipations of once more seeing friends, whom he had never ceased to love with an ardour that no distance of place or

time could abate, he suffered none of these things to engross his mind, and make him forget, that he *must be about his master's business*. He was especially anxious to impress on the minds of his fellow passengers and of the crew of the vessel, in which he sailed, the things that belonged to their eternal peace; and the divine blessing appears so signally to have attended his efforts, that several persons, now living, date their first serious impressions from his conversation and preaching during the interval of the voyage. ] Of this very interesting circumstance the following letter to the writer of these Memoirs affords pleasing evidence, while it bears a decided testimony to Mr. Ward's piety and Christian zeal.

“ *July, 1824.* ”

DEAR SIR,

As I made a passage with Mr. Ward on board ship, from India to

England, and consequently had an opportunity of knowing something of his habits, I feel much pleasure in giving you all the information I possess, respecting your departed, worthy friend.

“During the whole of the voyage he sustained the character of a peace-maker, and his whole mind seemed to be absorbed in doing good to his fellow creatures. When any misunderstanding took place between persons on board, he seemed uneasy, until the wounds were healed, which his kind instruction and gentle rebukes contributed, in no small measure, to effect. He always declared the truth to us on the first day of the week, when the weather and his health would permit; at those seasons he appeared much affected, and laboured hard to impress upon his hearers the importance of the Gospel of Christ. The fallen state of man, and the necessity of a Saviour, were doctrines which he continually en-

forced both in public and in private, in the cabin and among the seamen. To the latter he took opportunities of speaking in private, when they were at leisure ; they respected him more than any other person I had ever observed in the capacity of passenger, either in this voyage or any other, and I have reason to believe, that the bread, thus cast upon the waters by that affectionate and exemplary follower of the Lamb, was found after many days bringing forth fruit, which will be to him a crown of rejoicing for ever, more especially as the seed had apparently taken root, where he least expected, in the deepest part of the waters, where the sea was most boisterous, and the prince of darkness had his strongest entrenchments.

“ As a proof of the good, which his Master made him the instrument of accomplishing among that long neglected part of the British community, those

that go down to the sea in ships, it may be observed, that three of the seamen, who returned with him, have been baptized and united to churches; three more of their intimate seafaring friends, and three females in their families have followed their example. More also are now enquiring, and praising the Lord for his mercy and truth, but lamenting the loss of that beloved and distinguished servant of God. He seemed to feel much for the wicked state, in which he found seamen, and on one occasion begged, as a favour, that the steward might be restrained from swearing in the cabin, as it "made his very blood run cold." He pointed out its heinousness in the sight of God, and this had a very good effect, as several of the officers were present, by some of whom it is not forgotten to this day. He lamented, also, very much over the idolatrous state of India.

"His habits were rather retiring; he

read and studied much ; he rose early and perused the New Testament before breakfast, and was employed in his cabin the whole of the forenoons and afternoons ; in the evenings he refreshed himself in the open air, on deck for an hour or two, when he frequently got into conversation with some of the unemployed sailors ; after which he retired to his cabin, where he again laboured until ten or eleven o'clock, and then retired.

“ He spoke much of England, and longed to arrive in time to attend the annual meeting of the Bible Society. He had the interest of his native country much at heart ; when speaking of her grandeur, &c. he used frequently to say, ‘ She is great, she is rich ; oh ! that she may be good ; for she is the highly favoured land.’ )

“ I could write much about his affectionate exhortations, but this will perhaps suffice.

Ever yours, &c.”



The writer of the above has also favoured us with the sight of a letter from Mr. Ward to one of the individuals referred to, as having been impressed by his serious and affectionate admonitions; though short, it is so interesting and characteristic of the man, that we cannot resist the desire of inserting it. It was written at Liverpool just after he had embarked for America.

*The Nestor, Tuesday, October 3rd, 1820.*

My dear Friend,

“ I received with pleasure J. N's letter last night, and thank you for forwarding it. It was a high gratification to me to see you at Liverpool, and especially at the Lord's table. I never thought of you as likely to embrace the Gospel; I thought you far from the kingdom of God; but grace can bring from the greatest possible distance, and soften the heart hard as the nether mill-

stone. I bless God on your behalf, and pray, that you may be kept by his power, even to eternal salvation. Your safety lies in two words, *humility, Christ*. Be lowly—live in the fear of the Lord all the day, and make Christ your whole happiness. Be wholly his; live close to him in your inmost spirit; and seek to taste much of his love.

“May you have a good passage! I shall rejoice, if I find you in Liverpool in April next. The Lord, indeed, bless and keep you, and make you a great blessing to the souls of your crew.

“Your’s &c.

W. WARD.”

Early in the month of June, 1819, Mr. Ward landed in Liverpool, after a favourable voyage; but in so emaciated a state, that his friends, especially those who had known him before he went to India were deeply affected, and great

fears were entertained, that the remedy resorted to would prove in vain. The natural strength of his constitution, however, aided by the universal kindness he experienced, wherever he went, soon produced a wonderful alteration, so that he was enabled to undertake long journeys, in all seasons of the year, in the promotion of the great objects of his mission, and, finally, returned home to his family in such a state, as to promise many years of active and successful exertion. Towards the end of the same month he attended the annual meeting of the Baptist Missionary Society, and preached one of the sermons on that occasion at Zion Chapel, to a very numerous and attentive congregation. Soon after this he commenced a series of journeys through England and Scotland; first, in aid of the general cause of the mission, and afterwards in behalf of the native college, which was building at

Serampore; preaching in every place, and receiving many substantial tokens of regard for himself, and the object, for which he pleaded. For the promotion of this cause, and to obtain information, particularly with regard to the state of the Mennonite congregations on the Continent, he undertook a voyage to Holland, and the north of Germany, where he met with great kindness and support. The result of his observations on this tour he has presented to the public in a small volume of letters, published about the time he finally left England.

In the course of his travels in England he visited the scenes, among which he had spent the days of his childhood and youth, found out his few surviving relatives, and some of them being in poor circumstances, he not only afforded them a temporary relief, but provided for them a more permanent supply. They

remember, with grateful emotions, the tenderness which he manifested to them, and weep over the friend and relative thus untimely snatched from them. He also renewed his former intercourse with some of the intimate friends of his earlier days, and wept with affectionate interest over the graves of those, who, during his absence, had been translated to the land of spirits, the regions of the blest. On these occasions he so much conciliated the regard and esteem of many, that they felt most severely the loss they sustained in his departure, and his own feelings were so tenderly excited, that he stole away unperceived, in order to avoid the pangs of a parting scene.

With a view to promote the object of his voyage to England, as well as to enlarge the circle of his friends, and become personally acquainted with many, whom he yet only knew by correspondence, he determined to visit the United

States of America. He embarked at Liverpool, in the month of October, 1820, for New York, where, on his arrival, he found many friends, who had not yet seen his face in the flesh, moved by a kindred spirit to greet him, as a faithful servant of their common Lord, and to further the cause, which he went to advocate. In this new scene, too, he was not an inattentive observer of the state of manners, and particularly of the state of religion around him; he made many excellent and judicious remarks, some of which he published in the same volume of letters, to which we have already referred, interspersed with the acknowledgments of the friendly attentions he had received. Whether it was in the course of his tour in the western world, that in witnessing something of that extraordinary religious excitement, which has for several years been discovered there, he found his mind peculiarly

interested, or that this impulse was of an earlier date, we cannot say; but it is certain, that at this time he strongly expressed his sense of the necessity of a still more remarkable out-pouring of the Holy Spirit, and was very strenuous in his endeavours to produce similar impressions upon his Christian brethren, and to excite them to ardent prayer for this desirable event. One of his letters is devoted to this subject, and it expresses no other sentiments than those which were continually falling from his lips.

Mr. Ward returned to England early in the month of April, 1821, but he did not make any long stay; the object of his voyage having been answered in the re-establishment of his health, and the collection of about three thousand pounds for the college, he hastened to join the circle of his family and friends at Serampore, to resume the functions of his

ministry among the heathen, and to attend to the concerns of his printing-office, which greatly needed his care. He embarked for India a second time in the *Abberton*, Captain Gilpin, May 28th, 1821, accompanied by Mrs. Marshman, who had spent some time in England, and followed by the blessings and prayers of many, who now felt assured, that they should see his face no more. They might, indeed, from the recent restoration of his health, and from his having but just entered on the decline of life, have expected to hear frequent tidings of his successful labours among the heathen; but it pleased the all-wise Arbiter of all things to disappoint these hopes. He had been scarcely fifteen months in the bosom of his family, when he was called to finish his earthly course.

- Previously, however, to this solemn event, we find him pursuing, with his



usual assiduity, the important duties of his station, and expressing the most anxious concern for the prosperity of the great cause. In a circular, addressed to several of his friends not long after his arrival at Serampore, he gives an interesting account of the progress of the mission, and of the translations, enumerates the several stations in occupation, and describes their state; but as this has been in the hands of numbers already, through the medium of the press, it is only necessary to quote one brief passage, as descriptive of the habitual interest which he felt in the advancement of the work of God, especially among the young. Speaking of the youths in the native college at Serampore, he says :

“ I have much comfort in meeting the students and the boys of the preparatory school, morning and evening, for reading, singing, and prayer. Oh! it is truly

cheering to hear these youths and children singing in Bengalee,

‘ O thou, my soul, forget no more  
The friend, who all thy misery bore !’

“ Two students are already members of the church, and are youths of great promise ; and four more, apparently under serious impressions, have solicited baptism. Between thirty and forty youths and children, born of converted heathens, are thus brought under daily, close, and serious christian instruction. One morning the college native physician said, as we sat down to worship, ‘ Sir, the boys have made a hymn and wish to sing it.’ I sat and listened to the hymn in honour of the Saviour of the world, made and sung by this interesting group, with sensations of delight, which no person, except he had been in the same circumstances, could realize. The sounds

were carried on the bosom of the Ganges to a sufficient distance, to be heard by the Brahmins at their ablutions. *Instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree, and it shall be unto the Lord for a name, and for an everlasting sign, that shall not be cut off.* On the Lord's Day these youths are engaged in catechetical christian exercises, or in public worship."

"\* Since Mr. Ward's return to India," says the writer of his obituary, "his health had been for some time pretty good, but latterly, the complaint, with which he was so much afflicted previous to his departure for Europe, appeared to be returning upon him in so great a degree, as to compel him to abstain from rice in every form, from nearly all vegetables, from beer and every kind of wine, and from most kinds of meat.

\* We quote an interesting obituary, published soon after his death in the *Monthly Friend of India*, and reprinted in England.

“ By strictly observing this course, however, and taking abundant exercise on horseback, his health seemed much improved, as to give us hope, that he might be spared to us for years to come. On the Sabbath preceding his death, he was at Calcutta, and preached in the evening from, *Lead us not into temptation*, in so searching a manner, as to attract particular notice. He also attended the Monthly prayer-meeting held on Monday evening at the Loll-Bazaar Chapel, after having spent the day in visiting, for the last time, the flock he so much loved.

“ On Tuesday morning, March 4th, he returned to Serampore in the boat with Mrs. Marshman; and on the way up read to her a number of extracts from Brainerd, making such remarks occasionally, as sufficiently evidenced the state of his own mind. He appeared quite well the whole of that day, as well as

the next, Wednesday the 5th, in the evening of which he preached the weekly lecture, in the Mission Chapel at Serampore, intended chiefly for the youth there for education, from Mark xvi. 16. — *He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned.* No one suspected that this was the last message he had to deliver in his Great Master's name; but the close and poignant manner in which he addressed them, seemed to excite unusual attention. It was particularly recollected, that in the course of his Sermon, while he was exhibiting Christ as the only Saviour, he repeated the following verse :

‘ The best obedience of my hands  
Dares not appear before thy throne ;  
But faith can answer thy demands  
By pleading what my Lord has done—’

and to impress it the more firmly on his audience, he repeated the verse a second

time. The earnest affection with which he prayed for the salvation of his own children in his last prayer, was particularly remarked.

“ He retired to bed about ten, quite in as good health as usual; about five in the morning of Thursday the 6th, he felt himself affected with a bowel complaint, and instead of taking his usual morning ride, he returned to bed for an hour. At the weekly meeting for prayer, however, (which he and his colleagues established more than twenty years ago, and which, amidst every discouragement and affliction, has not, we believe, been omitted for three weeks in the course of these twenty-two years,) he united with his brethren and sisters as usual. Thus after more than twenty-three years’ labour in promoting this object, in the most assiduous and intense manner perhaps ever known, he closed his public life by uniting in prayer with his bre-

thren for the continuance of the Divine blessing on the work.

“ After the prayer-meeting, which from the beginning has been held at seven in the morning, he breakfasted with his brethren and sisters at Dr. Marshman’s, where it has been for many years the custom of all, with any friend occasionally at the Mission-house, to breakfast together afterwards, and converse on the things which relate to the advancement of the kingdom of God around them. He entered so much into discourse of this nature that morning, that no one suspected him to be at all ill, beyond his having a slight bowel complaint, with him not uncommon. He went into the Printing-office as usual about ten, and among various letters on business, he wrote one to the brethren Peggs and Brampton at Cuttack, in the course of the forenoon; the following extract from which was sent to his afflicted family in an af-

fectionate letter from Mrs. Peggs, dated the 14th March, the day after they had received from Dr. Marshman the melancholy tidings of his removal.—“ In his last note to us, dated March the 6th, he says, ‘ How do you feel in your desires after the Holy Spirit? We can have no hope of success, but as we are brought to a believing dependence upon his influences, and an earnest solicitude to obtain them. Oh how I should like to be among you, though only for one hour, to sing a hymn with my dear sisters and brethren Peggs and Bampton. What hymn should we chuse, ‘ Jesus with all thy saints above?’—or, ‘ Jesus I love thy charming name?’” Mrs. Peggs properly adds, “ We see by this note, what a happy frame of mind he was in just before he was taken ill.” He had indeed been very ill in the Cholera many hours before he wrote this note, although he was scarcely aware of it, and continued



so assiduously pursuing that work of his dear Redeemer, to which he had so many years devoted every moment of his life, not spent in sleep or refreshment. About eleven, Dr. Marshman going into the office and thinking he looked very ill, earnestly questioned him on the subject. Our beloved brother then told him, that he had been quite ill in the morning with a bowel complaint, and imputed it to his having taken a little cold during the night. Dr. M. then begged him not to neglect this complaint, but to have instant recourse to medicine. Dr. M. however had not the least idea of its being the Cholera, as he had not then heard of his having thrown up any thing, which is one of the symptoms usually accompanying this disease. The day after his death, however, he learned with unspeakable pain, that he had thrown up much bile even before breakfast.

“ Our lamented brother continued to go on doing business in the Printing-office till past twelve, in which interval he wrote the letter to brethren Peggs and Bampton, from which the quotation is taken, which so fully discovers the happy state of his mind. After this he began a letter to the Rotterdam Bible Society, which was found unfinished on his desk after his death, from which it appeared, that before he had finished the second line he was constrained to desist, and retire to his own room. Respecting his state then, the following particulars have been kindly given us by his eldest daughter :

“ When my dear father came from the office and reclined on the sofa, I was sitting in the same room writing a letter, and my mother was busily engaged in another room. I supposed he was fatigued, and said nothing about his lying down. When on the sofa, he in his usual affectionate way asked me, what I

was doing? to which I replied, 'writing a letter' He was cheerful, and said something which occasioned us both to smile. Some time after, Mr. Solomon came in and informed him that his child was just dead of the Cholera: my beloved father assured him of his sympathy, and gave directions to another native brother to see that a coffin was made for the child, adding, 'I fear I have something of the Cholera myself.' This startled me; for this was the first intimation I had of his being ill. I asked him to let me send for the doctor. He replied, 'No child, 'tis nothing of consequence.' Happily, however, I did not wait for his leave; but wrote to the doctor, begging he would call immediately to see my father. He came, and my father again repeated his fears that he had a slight attack of the Cholera. The doctor told him there was no reason to think so, and said he would send

him some medicine. Just before the doctor came, I went and told my mother, that I feared my dear father was seriously ill. She was alarmed, and asked him how he felt ; to which he replied, ‘ not well,’ but not as appearing to apprehend any danger. It being dinner time, and my father being asleep, we thought it best to leave him, as he seemed anxious to remain quiet. As soon as dinner was over, I came into the room where we had left him asleep ; but not finding him there, I went into the next room. Some minutes after I heard him make a noise as if calling some one. I approached him, and asked what he wanted ; to which he replied, ‘ Nothing child, only I feel very ill.’ I immediately ran to my mother, begging her to come to my father. She came, and learning from him that he had the cramp, and feeling his hands cold, she burst into tears, and kindly remonstrated with

him for having concealed his state so long. He begged her to make herself easy, adding, 'Call brother Carey and brother Marshman.' I ran instantly to do this, and in a few minutes the alarm spread through the premises, and brought the brethren and sisters from every side. Dr. Mundt had come again, and seeing the disorder gain ground, prescribed and applied what it seemed immediately to require.'

“While Dr. Carey and the sisters were occupied about our brother, Dr. Marshman took the boat and crossed the river to Barrackpore, to bring more medical aid. Meeting with Dr. Grierson at home, who has succeeded Dr. Chalmers there, and who kindly attended Dr. Carey about three months before, he brought him over with him. Dr. Grierson coincided with Dr. Mundt respecting its being the Cholera, and among other things they prescribed a hot bath. This he

took about six in the evening, and seemed greatly refreshed, but felt exceedingly inclined to sleep, or at least to doze. The medical gentlemen then intreated that he might be left to himself, in the hope of his getting a little sleep, adding, that this would do more for him than any medicine they could give. In consequence of this, Mrs. Ward and all his brethren and sisters refrained from conversation with him on the state of his mind, and remained waiting the issue in a state of suspense, which words cannot easily describe.

“ About nine in the evening, he told Mrs. Ward that he felt himself sensibly better, and was not in any kind of pain. This excited great hope, that he would be able to obtain sleep during the night. Four or five therefore remaining with him, among whom was our young brother, Mr. Brunsdon, who watched with

him during the whole of his illness as a son over a father, and Mr. Williamson, who being acquainted with medicine himself, assisted with the two medical gentlemen in consultations respecting him, and remained with him continually to see their prescriptions administered; the rest retired. Our deceased brother remained quiet and free from pain, apparently sleeping, till about ten at night, when he complained of a pain in the right side, particularly when he turned himself. Mr. Williamson immediately went to Dr. Mundt to consult him. He advised a fomentation of the side, if the pain should continue. This was tried, and gave immediate relief. With this exception he was free from pain, and perfectly quiet during the night, appearing in a dozing state and saying nothing; Mrs. Ward and his brethren, from the fear of preventing his obtaining sleep, still forbearing to converse with him.

“As in the morning there appeared very considerable hope of his recovery, Dr. Carey went to Calcutta in the course of his college duty as usual; and Dr. Marshman again went over the river for Dr. Grierson, that he might assist in consulting relative to his case. On Dr. G’s arrival, the medical gentlemen recommended a clyster, as the calomel he had taken during the night, had produced no effect. It was hoped that this would have relieved him greatly; and that as he had for so many hours been free from pain, he would immediately have felt better. Dr. Grierson indeed said, that he thought there was no cause for alarm respecting his case; and to Mrs. Ward’s enquiry, our dear brother himself said, that he felt better. The clyster however produced no effect; but he still continued quiet and easy. Another clyster was then prescribed; but by the time it was ready, he appeared so weak, that



his medical attendants forbore to administer it. He was still perfectly free from pain however; and as late as ten in the morning we had hopes of his recovery. But about eleven Mrs. Ward offering him something directed to be given, he gently put it away with his hand, and with a sigh said, "Oh dear;"—which were the last words he was heard to utter. Though he continued perfectly quiet, and apparently free from pain, about twelve his pulse declined so much as to take away all hope; and about five in the afternoon he ceased to breathe, in so imperceptible a manner, however, that we for some moments were scarcely aware that his happy spirit had left its tenement of clay. Dr. Carey had returned about an hour previously. His step-son Mr. John Fountain, to whom he had ever been the father, Mr. B. and W. Marshman, had arrived from Calcutta to see him, six or seven hours be-

fore his departure; but he was too far gone fully to recognize them.

“ Thus, in the fifty-fourth year of his age, and the twenty-fourth of his missionary labours at Serampore, departed one of the most faithful, disinterested, and arduous labourers in the vineyard of his Glorious Redeemer, that India has ever seen. To enlarge on his character here would be quite superfluous; it is too well known to those who enjoyed the happiness of his acquaintance, for words to add any thing to the impression it has left on the mind. The next day, the news of his departure having been sent early to Calcutta, the Rev. Messrs. E. Carey James Hill, Adam, Schmid, and Jetter arrived from thence to pay the last testimony of respect to his memory, together with Messrs. Penney, Lindeman, Pearce, Kerr, Ricketts, and various other friends. At five the corpse was conveyed to the

mission burying-ground in a hearse, the body together with the coffin being so heavy, that it was feared our native brethren and the friends around, would not be able to convey it, as the distance was nearly a mile. All of them attended the funeral however, with the servants of the printing-office, the paper-mill, &c. to all of whom our deceased brother was like a father. The various gentlemen in Serampore and its neighbourhood were also present, and a number from Barrackpore on the opposite side of the river. Previously to moving the corpse from the house, the Rev. E. Carey engaged in prayer; at the grave the Rev. James Hill gave out the 84th Hymn in the Selection, *Jesus thy blood and righteousness*; after which Dr. Carey addressed the congregation on this afflicting and awful providence, both in English and Bengalee; and Dr. Marshman concluded in prayer.

“ The next Lord’s-day week, the 16th March, Dr. Carey preached a funeral sermon for our deceased brother, at the Loll-Bazaar Chapel in Calcutta, from Prov. x. 17. *The memory of the just is blessed*, to the largest congregation ever seen at the chapel. Many friends of religion, and multitudes drawn by personal esteem, taking this opportunity of testifying their respect for his memory. On Wednesday evening, the 19th, Dr. Marshman preached a funeral sermon for our beloved brother, in the Mission Chapel, Serampore, at which were present the Governor, his Excellency Col. Krefting, and nearly every European inhabitant of Serampore, both Danish and English, with a number from Ishera and Barrackpore. As he had fixed on no passage of Scripture himself, Dr. M. took this declaration of the Apostle’s as expressing the language of our deceased brother’s inmost soul ; *By the grace of*

*God I am what I am.* At the request of the Rev. James Hill, Dr. Marshman, on the next Lord's-day, March 23rd, preached a funeral sermon for him from the same text to a congregation of perhaps six hundred, at the Union Chapel, the pulpit and desk of which were hung with black as a testimony of esteem. In this discourse a few particulars were given respecting our deceased brother; with whom and Mrs. Ward, the preacher and Mrs. Marshman had come from England in the summer of 1799, and whom he had therefore known in the most intimate manner for nearly twenty-four years.

“In reviewing this sudden and afflictive providence various reflections crowd on the mind. The first are, those of almost indescribable distress at the loss sustained, not only by the denomination to which our brother belonged, but by the church and the cause of God at large, particularly

as far as relates to India; for although his family and his immediate colleagues in the work of God, feel the sense of their loss increased by all that recollection of his worth as a man, a christian, a husband, a father, a colleague and brother, which the space of nearly twenty-four years, spent in perhaps the greatest degree of social happiness capable of being enjoyed on earth, must continually furnish; our brother was not a man who confined his regard for the cause of God to one denomination. He loved all who loved the Redeemer, and sought to promote his cause. Hence his death is a public loss to religion; and those particularly, whose spiritual good he laboured to promote, and whose hands he laboured to strengthen by his preaching, his prayers, and his extensive correspondence, whether they be in India, Europe, or America, cannot but feel this bereavement.

“ But while we thus mourn the loss of our beloved brother, and cherish the most tender affection for his memory, it becomes us to beware of sinning against God under this dispensation. It becomes us to recollect, that every thing which rendered him so dear to us and such a blessing to the cause of God, arose wholly from the grace of God so richly manifested in him. This grace still remains an inexhaustible fountain. While we mourn his loss in the deepest manner, therefore, to suffer our hearts to sink in despondency as though the Great Redeemer did not still live to carry on his own work, He who is the Sovereign Head of his Church, and from whom come not only every gift intended for the use of his cause, and all that diligence and love which may enable a man, possessing such to labour even more abundantly than others, but the blessing which must render these gifts and this labour effectual,

and without which even a Paul might plant, and an Apollos water wholly in vain,—would be to sin against God, and to act contrary to the examples left us on Divine record.

“The brethren at Serampore, indeed, have been thus called to renew their trust in God while wading through the depths of affliction, even from the beginning of their course. We do not here allude merely to the fire at Serampore eleven years ago, in which our dear brother, now deceased, was himself almost miraculously preserved, and which threatened to overwhelm us, but which, through the divine mercy, was succeeded by the divine blessing to a greater extent than had ever been experienced at Serampore before. We rather allude to the repeated afflictions we were called to sustain twenty-two years ago, when so many of our missionary brethren were in succession carried to the grave in the



very infancy of the cause here. Within eighteen days after our landing at Serampore, Mr. Grant was carried off in a fever; the four brethren and sisters having arrived on the 13th of October, 1799, and he being removed on the 31st. The succeeding July Mr. Fountain was removed by a bowel complaint, within four years after his arrival in the country, and just as he had become ready in the language. The next July beheld Mr. Brunsdon carried off in the liver complaint, scarcely twenty-six years of age, and the most forward in the language, as well as the ablest English preacher among all the four brethren who came out together.—And, to complete the measure of affliction, the next October Mr. Thomas himself, who had laid the foundation of the mission in Bengal, and had come out with brother Carey seven years before, was taken away, at an age two years below that of our now deceased

brother. At that critical period, that four of the only seven missionaries then in this part of India should be removed, and among them both the youngest and the oldest, the ablest and the most active, was indeed overwhelming, had we looked merely to human aid. Yet nearly all that has been done in this part of India has been the fruit of the Divine blessing since, experienced on humble and persevering effort, accompanied with constant prayer. Surely, then, in every affliction and bereavement we ought to look directly and *wholly* to Him with whom is the residue of the Spirit—who cannot be unmindful of his cause or of his promise—and who has declared that all nations shall be blessed in the Redeemer—and that He, *Jehovah*, will accomplish this glorious work in his own time.

“ Our beloved brother was so endeared to us in every capacity, that had

our feelings been consulted, we should never have suffered him to enter into rest but with ourselves; the work for which God pre-eminently raised him up, was evidently that of printing the Scriptures in India; and we believe, that to him was herein shewn grace and favour granted to very few men before. To the language of the apostle, which the brother who came out with him well recollects seeing in his diary in the course of the voyage, thus applied with reference to his own circumstances, *unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should print among the heathen the unsearchable riches of Christ,*—could he have foreseen the Divine goodness to him, he might have added—“*in Twenty of their languages;*” for the *Twentieth* version of the New Testament in the languages of India printed under his eye, had advanced to the book of Revelation at the time of

our beloved brother's removal; and we believe it has been granted to few men in the church of God, ever to print the New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ in twenty languages spoken among the heathen. But for the preparation of all those founts of types which they required, and most of which had never before been seen in India, was his thorough knowledge of the art, his nice discernment, his assiduity, his indefatigable diligence, his love for the cause of his Redeemer, and the souls of the heathen, peculiarly suited. Yet all these founts prepared, and the difficulties attending these first editions of the Scriptures overcome, the way is now made easy;—second and succeeding editions with the same types, involve so little difficulty, that the various native Christian brethren and others, trained up by our beloved brother for so many

years, can go on with the work under common European superintendence.

“ Seeing, then, that infinite wisdom and love thus guide all things, however mysterious, and that these are ever the same,—what remains, but that we all, who have seen so many of the servants of God around us removed in the past year, adore in humble silence what we are unable to comprehend—take new courage, and go forward in the work of Him, who will cause his church to increase, till, like the stone cut out without hands, it shall fill the whole earth. And to animate us thus to abound in the work of the Lord, and do our own peculiar work in our day and generation, what can tend more than the example and the end of our beloved brother; whose life, at least for the last twenty-four years, amidst all the difficulties and trials he had to share with his brethren, was one uniform course of

of high usefulness and happiness of mind; and who, after so long a course of bodily and mental labour, and spirituality of soul, was in heaven adoring before the throne of the Lamb, within forty-eight hours after he had delivered his last message for his glorious Redeemer below !”

Thus terminated the earthly career of one of the best of men, one who trod humbly in the footsteps of his Divine Master, whose meat and whose drink it was to do the will of his heavenly Father, and who, like him, thought that will could not be better done, than by promoting the eternal salvation of his fellow-men. Though the nature of his disorder precluded all hope of a copious dying testimony, yet enough has been seen of his habitual spirituality of mind and devotedness to the work of God through life, and of his anxiety for the spiritual welfare of his friends up to the very

moment of the last fatal attack, to leave no doubt of the nature of his thoughts in every lucid interval of his illness, of the sincerity of his profession, or of the security of his hopes. Rapture and ecstasy were indeed beyond the compass of his very feeble and exhausted frame; but it may be truly said of him, *Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace.*

## CHAP. V.

*Containing a Brief Sketch of Mr. Ward's Character,  
and a cursory Review of his Writings.*

IN his person Mr. Ward was of the middle size, in the latter years of his life inclining to corpulency, though he was rather thin in his youth. His complexion was naturally fair; but long residence in a tropical climate, and exposure to the diseases incident to such a situation, had induced the usual swarthy sallowness of countenance. His face was finely formed, with a forehead rather high and retreating, a Roman nose, a small mouth, a double chin, and an agreeable hazel eye, beaming with intelligence, and the sweetest expression of benevolence. He had a brown mark over the side of his right eye, but which did not at all detract from the general



pleasantness of his aspect; and his head was bald over the crown, which gave him rather a venerable appearance for his age. Altogether his physiognomy was very prepossessing, and nothing could be more indicative of the genius and temper of his mind.

His talents, of which we have already spoken, were considerable, and his acquirements highly creditable to his diligence and perseverance. He was master of a pleasing epistolary style, as all his letters bear witness; and his public speaking was animated and striking. The habit of holding conversations, and argumentative discussions, which prevails so much in the labours of missionaries among the Hindoos, had divested his preaching of much of that ardent appeal that once characterized it; but there are some still living, who heard him in his younger days, and well remember the impression that was pro-

duced, scarcely, indeed, inferior to the excitement effected by the most popular preachers of the day. A brief extract from one of his letters will give some idea of the bold and discursive flights his imagination would take, when rapt into subjects of great and eternal moment, and what powerful appeals he would make to the hearts and consciences of his infidel hearers.

“How does my soul shrink from the idea of annihilation! How do I shudder at the very possibility of a mistake in my hopes of immortality! But no!—

‘Engrav’d, as in eternal brass,  
The mighty promise shines.’

Give scope, my soul, to all thy unbounded desires; let thy imagination stretch itself; let all the figures in nature be exhibited,—the blazing sun, the glittering firmament, the beautiful landscapes, the swelling rivers, the fine cas-

cedes, the warbling groves, the circle of friends, the most eloquent speakers,—let them all be assembled, and the blessings which they can confer be all my portion,—take them away—*I desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better!* Oh eternity! eternity! eternity! how am I lost in the incomprehensible felicities, which God hath laid up in thee for all those who love Jesus in sincerity!

“See the sceptic, lingering, shivering on the shores of eternity, afraid to launch away! He asks, with increasing anxiety, ‘Is there a God? Is he holy? Will he punish? What is his bar? Is there a place like heaven? Is there such a place as hell? Come, some soul from the higher or lower regions, and resolve my doubts!! What is it, that torments me so in looking over my past life? What are these rising horrors? Are they indications of future punishment?’

“Oh! to what an elevation is the

christian raised! Amidst the howling tempest—the convulsion of nature—the crashing of the elements, he says, ‘The Author of the storm is my blessed Father, and not a hair of my head shall perish.’”

His doctrine was pure; equally free from that spirit which exalts human nature almost above the need of divine grace, and that which disparages the work of grace by reducing man to a mere machine, and lowering the scale of moral obligation. How justly he preserved the equilibrium between these extremes, may be seen from the following expressions in one of his letters.

“An expression in your last would lead me to imagine, that you were departing from orthodoxy. Remember, my dear brother, there is a happy medium betwixt the torrid zone of Antinomianism, and the frigid zone of Socinianism. There is a connecting of doc-

trine, experience and precept together; let us hold these fast together; they are twins that must never be separated; if any one of them be cast away, the other two will pine and die."

He was zealously and experimentally attached to the great doctrines of grace; nor was he indifferent to the ordinances and discipline connected with them; but he had learned, that the bond of christian union is the love of Christ, and where he found this, he recognized the Saviour's image, nor could he withhold his affection. Hence, though in principle and practice he most decidedly held the doctrine of the baptism of believers by immersion; yet he could freely walk with all those christians who conscientiously differed from him in that particular, and much regretted, that differences on this, and other comparatively minor points, should have so divided the church, that it unhappily ex-

hibits little of that unity, for which our Lord prayed, and which is finally to have so powerful an effect on the unbelieving world. (See John xvii. 22, 23.) An extract or two will suffice to shew, what were his views and feelings on this subject, even in early life: the one is from a letter written before he went to India, and the other after he had been some years in that country.

“ *March 16, 1797.* ”

“ The doctrines of the love of God, the atonement, the resurrection and kingdom of Jesus, are, I trust, more and more precious to me. My views of them are more consoling—my faith in them more solid—and my peace and joy more regular. Yet I can part with the dogmas of enthusiasts—with the creeds of bigots, with the utmost ease. If I were asked for my creed, I could soon give it: *God is love. This is a faithful*

*saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. He that believeth, shall be saved. I will shew thee my faith by my works. If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another. He that believeth not, shall be damned.* Were I going to establish a church, I would have such a creed as this, and I would subjoin to it an abridgment of the christian morality, to an obedience to which every one should solemnly bind himself, and its precepts I would regularly enforce on my people at church-meetings.”

“ *March 3, 1810.*

“ I think you cannot abstain from communion with any real christian, whose moral conduct substantiates the truth of his faith in Christ, without a *positive crime*. The first law of Christ is LOVE, and the first law of the infernal regions is *disunion*. Hold the opinions,

which you conscientiously find in the Bible, and give none of them up to please men: but, after all, *the greatest of these is love*; and how you can love christians in a proper manner, and be shy with them, and avoid their communion, merely because their opinions are not all like yours, and because they demand the right of thinking for themselves, as you do, is a perfect mystery to me. I think the shutting out from communion such a man as Doddridge, or Baxter, because he was a pœdobaptist, arises from the same spirit as that, which burnt men alive: this is exclusion; that was exclusion from life. In one respect the injury is small, because the person can communicate with others; but the strict communionist, if he and another baptist, and Doddridge lived together in a country where there were no churches of Christ, ought, on his own principles, to shut out Doddridge from communion,



though he could commemorate the Lord's death nowhere else, and though Doddridge lived in a state of the highest communion with God, while these two baptists, perhaps, were almost too loose to be retained in a christian church. We admit pædobaptists to communion with us; but should the Serampore church change its practice, which, in my opinion, is its glory, I would take all proper occasions to protest against its spirit; but should I abandon all means of doing good, because they acted wrong? Would not my opinions, mildly and properly urged, be more likely to do good, than if I left the church, and placed myself at a greater distance from my fellow-christians?"

For the expression of sentiments like these, or rather for regretting that he had found them so little prevalent in America, on his visit to that continent, he was

attacked by a writer in one of the magazines,\* who piques himself much on the superior purity and stedfastness of the American Baptist churches. But it should be considered, that christian purity consists not merely in correctness of sentiment, nor christian stedfastness in the decided exclusion of those who may differ from us in matters, that do not affect their faith in Christ, from the privileges of the kingdom of God. While the bond of christian union is the love of Christ, which influences all his true disciples, of whatever name or denomination they may be; while it is acknowledged, that the doctrine of forbearance with those, that are *weak in the faith*, is taught in the Scriptures; while it is confessed, that many things must be forborne in christian fellowship, which discover a temper more opposed to the

\* New Evangelical Magazine.

meekness and gentleness of Christ, than many differences upon ordinances, which so sadly separate the church; while it must be granted, that nothing can be scripturally a barrier to communion, which would not afford as justly a warrant for exclusion; in fine, while the christian church is to be considered as a *school*, and believers as *disciples*, to teach and be taught more perfectly the will of their Divine Master; while all, or any one of these things are acknowledged, it will be difficult to resist the conviction, that we ought to *receive one another, even as Christ hath received us.*

The spirit of christian love, displayed in the foregoing extracts from Mr. Ward's letters, breathed through all his writings, and marked all his conversation and demeanour. Though he was by no means wanting in that gravity, which commands esteem, yet he was gentle

and unassuming; though firm in his sentiments, and holding no truth with a loose hand, he was never dogmatical; and even his reproofs of that which is evil, were always tempered with meekness. His disposition was naturally kind; but it was easily to be perceived, that divine grace had done much in sanctifying, refining and exalting it to the noblest objects. The love of Christ was the predominant affection in his heart, and the glory of God in the good of immortal souls, the great aim of all his actions; hence he seldom lost an opportunity of pressing upon the attention of those, in whose company he might be cast, the solemn concerns of eternity, the value and danger of their immortal souls, and the great salvation provided in the Gospel: with the young, particularly, he was very earnest, and his manner was peculiarly

attractive; so that their hearts were gained, and their thoughts rivetted to the great subjects, on which he was conversing.

His humility was no less remarkable than his kindness; as we have already seen, he had an intimate knowledge and a deep feeling of his natural depravity and wretchedness, and not all the good, which he was made the happy instrument in effecting, could tempt him to forget that he was still an earthen vessel. In nothing was this lowly disposition more remarkable, than in the temper with which he received the admonitions of his brethren. A friend having observed to him, that, too much absorbed in the desire of stirring up the minds of christians in England to exert themselves in behalf of the heathen, he had in one or two instances dwelt exclusively on the degraded and wretched state of the *Hindoos*, forgetting that

there are many almost as ignorant and as miserable in every large congregation, even in this enlightened country, who would go away from his preaching without any knowledge of that salvation, which he had so freely and effectually preached in India; and that every sermon should contain, however briefly, an answer to the great question that may be excited in the sinner's mind, *What shall I do to be saved?* he replied in the following terms, strikingly expressive of his meek and unassuming spirit.

*London, September 16, 1820.*

“I take it kind in you, my dear brother, that you should have written to me, and dealt faithfully with me, according to your own views. I am conscious, that I have never yet preached as I would have wished, or as I ought. I agree with you, that it is the gospel

as a message of salvation, which should be in every sermon, and that this gospel should be preached to every creature, accompanied with all the persuasions to accept it, which we find in the apostolic example. Persuade men. Oh! that you may be greatly assisted in your work, and have many seals to your ministry! Beware, however, that you content not yourself with a cold indifferent stating of what the gospel is. I have little hope that you will win souls, except you travail in birth again in prayer and preaching. The idea, that Jesus Christ has committed the success of his mission to human agents, under himself, makes me tremble. How shall such a commission, from such a being, the results of which are connected with the eternal destinies of men, be properly fulfilled? The apostle persuaded, intreated, became all things to all men, if by any means he might save some; he

was not a cold-blooded, official man, delivering a message with stoical indifference, but he was, in his work, like a man in the midst of a perishing crew after a wreck.

“Thine with the sincerest affection,

W. WARD.”

It is needless, after such a view of his character, to observe, that he discharged the relative duties of life with fidelity and affection; that he was a sincere friend, an affectionate relative, a kind husband, a tender parent; that, as far as human infirmity would permit, he was all that could be expected of a benevolent man, a real christian, a follower of him, who was *meek and lowly in heart, adorning the doctrine of God his Saviour in all things*. His feelings in these respects are too unequivocally expressed in the foregoing pages to be mistaken, and many survive him, on whose me-



mory his kindness has made too deep an impression for time to obliterate; who witnessed his virtues and enjoyed his society here, on whom his example has operated, and is still operating to animate them to follow him, *who through faith and patience is now inheriting the promises.*

Mr. Ward commenced his career as an author, we have already seen, rather early in life; his first pieces, however, were mostly essays in different newspapers, and of the poetical class. In this department he possessed a lively, though perhaps not a very powerful talent, and all his effusions were on the side of humanity, morality, and religion. As they were not numerous, and most of them may be unknown to the great majority of our readers, they are inserted in an Appendix at the close of these Memoirs. He had not, however, been long in India, before he conceived the plan of a Work to be entitled *A view of*

*the History, Literature, and Religion of the Hindoos, including a minute description of their manners, and translations from their principal works*; and immediately began to put his design into execution. About the year 1806 it made its first appearance in two volumes quarto; satisfied with the reception it met with, in the year 1815 he published a second edition, abridged and improved, in one volume, in which he was encouraged by the subscriptions of more than two hundred and fifty individuals, of the first rank in the service of the East India Company. This work was afterwards reprinted in England in two octavo volumes, and during his stay in his native country in 1820 he published two additional volumes; so that altogether it appears to have chiefly occupied the intervals of at least twenty years residence among the people to whom it refers. Other writers had pre-

ceded him in his course, particularly the late deservedly celebrated Sir William Jones, and the Rev. Thomas Maurice; but their works, however valuable, were too elaborate and recondite for general perusal; there was wanting a popular treatise on the Mythology of the Hindoos, which should faithfully pourtray its features, and correct the mistaken notions, that too many individuals had been led to form of the simple, mild and virtuous nature of this idolatry; that should show, that, like every other *dark part of the earth*, India also was *full of the habitations of cruelty*, lust and every abomination, This desideratum Mr. Ward's book was admirably adapted to supply. With sufficient research to warrant the authenticity of all his statements, for which he mostly gives his authorities, he never perplexes his readers with long discussions of intricate questions, which, indeed, if satisfactorily

decided, would not compensate for the trouble of the enquiry; and with no bias to make him think lightly of idolatry, or palliate its enormities, he gives a plain, unvarnished tale, and is stayed by nothing, except (and this is not uncommon in Hindooism) the foulness, which would pollute a christian page, and offend a christian's eye.

The author commences with a particular account of the Hindoo theology, in which he satisfactorily shews, that the notion of the unity of God has no existence even in the first elements of that idolatrous system, and that none of the attributes or actions of their deities are calculated to teach it; a fact equally demonstrable of the, nominally, more refined mythologies of Greece and Rome; and that its origin cannot be traced to any instructive design in philosophers to teach science, or in poets to gratify the taste of their hearers and

readers, but to their ancient kings, who wished to please the populace, and frequently to deify themselves. He then takes a view of their *Gods*, relating some of their principal actions extracted from their own authors; by which it appears, that these beings were not behind the classical deities, already referred to, in vice and cruelty; and shows that every object in creation has been adored by them, down to even stones and logs of wood, strikingly illustrating the description given of the heathen nations in holy writ; see Rom. i. This is followed by a description of their *temples, images, priests, forms and times of worship, religious duties and ceremonies*, with anecdotes of their cruel rites of self-devotion, the destruction of infants and aged and dying persons, the immolation of widows on the funeral pile of their husbands, &c. An account of their religious doctrines, mendicant saints, and their different sects,

with some concluding remarks on the extensive prevalence of this superstition, and illustrations of scripture from Hindoo manners and customs, closes the first series of this interesting work.

The two latter volumes comprize remarks on the high antiquity of the Hindoo nation, researches into their history, observations on their civilization, civil and criminal laws and the administration of them, connected with some particulars of the British government, and the various institutions introduced by the British into India. Then follows a description of the manners and customs of the Hindoos, which closes the third volume. The fourth commences with a remark or two on the Bengalee language, translations from some of their sacred books, and philosophical writings; then follow an account of their philosophical systems, and a comparison of them with those of the Greeks and other nations;

the doctrines they taught, are then discussed at large, and an account is given of the books they have published on history, geography &c. The execution of the work is highly creditable to the author's talents and industry, and from the numerous facts which it contains, and the just views it furnishes of the dreadful nature of the prevailing superstitions, it would not be presumptuous to express a conviction, that it will hereafter prove an acquisition to any one who wishes to study the state of that very interesting part of the world.

Previously to the completion of this work, Mr. Ward published several single sermons; two of these were on occasions of the decease of his friends, particularly one preached on account of the death of his intimate friend, Mr. Sedgwick of Hull, on the 13th of April, 1806. Just after he came to England, in 1819, he printed a sermon on the con-

straining influence of the love of Christ, 2 Cor. v. 14, 15. This discourse is no mean specimen of his best manner as a preacher; but its principal excellence consists in the ardent, missionary spirit, that breathes through it; he enforces on all believers the duty of living only to the Lord, and so powerfully contrasts with this the opposite tendency of the human heart to seek its own gratification, that the spirit of selfishness shrinks cowed and abashed before the appeals of this devoted servant of Christ. Whoever wishes to see the zeal of christians re-animated, and a fervent desire enkindled in them for the salvation of their families, their relatives, and their friends around them; to see real benevolence extending itself in widening circles, until it embrace the spiritual wants and welfare of the whole brotherhood of man; cannot better attain his wish than by a wide diffusion of the sentiments contained in this excellent sermon



But the work in which, we confess, we like him best, and which seems calculated to be most useful in exciting that missionary exertion, which is needful to evangelize the world, is that entitled, *FAREWELL LETTERS*, published, as we have before mentioned, just as he was leaving his native country for the last time. They were written partly on his voyage from America, and partly between the period of his arrival in England, and his departure for India; and are addressed to different individuals among his friends, both in the old and in the new world. Some of them are devoted to the description of the state of the heathen nations, particularly the *Hindoos*; in a very lively and affecting manner he pourtrays the present spiritual condition of the world, the superstitions, cruelties and impurities connected with the worship of India, and the state of female society there; and calls upon the friends

of divine truth to a greater union in prayer for the out-pouring of the Holy Spirit. In some others he speaks of the success, which in different respects have attended the efforts to evangelize the Hindoos, and expresses his confident hope of the final triumphs of the gospel over the world. A few of them contain details of the Mennonite churches in the Netherlands, and the general state of religion in Holland, which he had collected during his tour in those countries; and the volume closes with two letters on the progress of religion in America, and the state of the episcopal churches there, and another on the visible answer to prayer in the present remarkable movements among the heathen. They are all very excellent, but if we were to select any, which are calculated to be most particularly useful in stirring up professed christians to a strong sense of their obligations to spread the

knowledge of the Saviour, and a just view of the spirit in which they should prosecute this great work, we should point out letters 2nd. 3rd. 6th. 7th. 10th. and 17th. The style is perspicuous and animated ; indeed if Mr. Ward excelled in any species of writing, it was in the epistolary style, and several of the letters in the foregoing pages are not inferior to any already published. The first edition of this interesting work being out of print, a second has been published, and we cannot doubt that the demand for it will continue.

Soon after Mr. Ward's return to India he drew up, and transmitted to several friends in England, a choice little Memoir of Kristno Pal, another of the native preachers, who had been removed from his labours to his reward, leaving behind him a decided and joyful testimony to the truths he had preached. This little tract has been reprinted in

this country, and is, doubtless, in the hands of many.

The last work, which had probably occupied much of his time, and which he appears to have finished only a very short period before his death, consists of a series of devotional meditations on select passages of holy writ for every day in the year, in two volumes duodecimo. It is a little in the manner of Mason's *Spiritual Treasury*; but the observations are more extensive, and at the head of each portion is the passage selected, with a few various readings, and the particular application of the text. From a very cursory survey of one of these volumes, and the opinion of a highly respected and judicious friend, we see no reason to think that this work falls short of any of his former productions in experimental savour or practical godliness, while the author manifests the same missionary ardour in frequent

allusions to the state of the heathen nations, and other topics so very natural to the mind and feelings of a christian missionary. If, however, an edition of them should be printed in England, and we fervently hope that this will be the case, we would just suggest a hint or two to the editors, subject to the revision of their better judgment. It would seem advisable, that no different renderings should be quoted, except those that are of the most unquestionable authority; the nature of the work not admitting of those critical discussions, which are necessary for the detection of false and erroneous readings, it is not wise to raise a spirit of doubt, when there is no proper opportunity to lay it to rest. We think too, we observed a few misapplications of some parts of the Scriptures, which are subject to the same remark. If in these particulars the work undergo a careful revision, we are persuaded it will

be more acceptable to the readers for whom it was designed, and more unmixed benefit will result from the perusal.

On the whole, considering the age at which he died, and the numerous and important avocations which filled up the principal part of his life, he must have well improved his intervals of leisure to be able to accomplish so much; and it is no small praise, that every thing he wrote displayed the most feeling heart, and was devoted to the best interests of his fellow creatures. Whether his works will descend through many ages of posterity, and secure his name an imperishable reputation in the world, may not be easily determined; but while genuine christianity and ardent missionary zeal shall be held in esteem, his memory will be cherished; his enduring monument will hereafter be found in converted souls, and with those, whose labours have been

owned in *turning many to righteousness, he will shine as a star in the kingdom of his heavenly Father.* Let us remember, that the best memorial we can preserve of him, will be found in the imitation of his excellencies, in *following him, even as he followed Christ.*





# APPENDIX,

CONTAINING

SEVERAL OF MR. WARD'S POETICAL EFFUSIONS,

Most of which were first published in the newspaper at Hull ;

AND

A MONODY TO HIS MEMORY.

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ON THE LOSS OF MR. WILBERFORCE'S BILL FOR  
THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

Say, ye Caligulas in Britain born,  
Ye who, tenacious of your bill of rights,  
Can buy and sell your brother's rights and blood,  
Can coldly calculate and bless your store,  
Gain'd by a thousand murders of your kind :  
What is it sanctifies your daring crimes ?  
We punish here, with chains and certain death,  
The wretch who dares what's good for nothing  
steal ;

And shall ye then escape, who steal mankind,  
Who take the orphan from his mother's lap,  
The husband from the embraces of his wife,  
The father from his home and family,  
And drive them chain'd, to exile and to death?  
Ah! if the widow's prayer, the orphan's sigh,  
Can reach the gracious ear, and raise the arm,  
Divinely just, then are your fetters forg'd;  
Then is your endless slavery decreed!

Have ye not read, ye traffickers in tears,  
That they are bottled\* by the tender care  
Of him who keeps a record of the wrongs  
Of all his creatures!—say, will ye then wait,  
The grand decision of that awful day,  
When the poor Negro's cause shall interest  
Assembled worlds! when wrongs shall be repaid?  
Oh! what a scene of blood, of injuries  
All unredress'd, will India then present!  
Will ye then name your rights of property?

But in a British Senate, shall the cause  
Of human misery be urg'd in vain?  
Shall all the powers of eloquence, employ'd  
To shew a nation that excess of woe,

\* Psalm lvi. 8.

Which Afric's sable sons feel, when engag'd  
In raising luxuries for this christian land,  
Be exercis'd in vain ?  
Shall the recital of those flagrant ills,  
At sight of which a demon would recoil,  
Meet with a hideous laugh,\* in face of heaven ?—  
I blush to own you for my fellow men !

Soon shall the ties of interest be dissolv'd,  
When Justice gives command, and Mercy's reign  
Shall break the fetters of the injur'd slave ;  
Restore him back to friends, to his own rights,  
Possessions and the dignity of man.  
The time approaches fast ; the dawn I see ;  
And the exertions of a patriot band,  
Foretel the exit of this horrid trade  
Of MAN in MAN !

W.

*Hull, March 20, 1796.*

\* This part of these lines was written immediately after the loss of a former Bill of Mr. Wilberforce's, in the debate on which, in the House of Commons, several members laughed, when Mr. Smith was describing the cruelties inflicted upon a poor Negro.

## SONNET.

*To the memory of the Rev. Dr. Baker, late Rector  
of Kedleston, near Derby.*

Not for the glare of monumental fame,  
Not that the gay, the great, should chaunt my name,  
But that some friend, to love, to virtue dear,  
Should sometimes pass my grave, and drop a  
    silent tear.

Not that the jovial board my worth should boast,  
And o'er each damning bowl my memory toast;  
But that my name be found 'mongst those that  
    save,  
From traffic's horrid fangs, the broken-hearted  
    slave.

Not that some bigot should relate my deeds,  
How versed I was in party feuds and creeds;  
But that some kindred mind my path may trace,  
And say, "I saw my Strephon nobly end his  
    race."

Such was thy will, my friend, and still thy name  
    shall live,  
While earth contains a mind, worthy the mead to  
    give.

W.

*Hull, 1796.*

## TO THE REDBREAST.

## A SONNET

*Inscribed to the Memory of the late Mrs. Drewry, wife of Mr. Joshua Drewry, printer of the Staffordshire Advertiser, Stafford, who died Aug. 31, 1796, aged 22.*

*Hull, September, 1796.*

Go, winter songster, to Charissa's tomb,  
 Beneath yon willow's hospitable shade ;  
 Take there thy mate, and build thy future home ;  
 No ruffian hands will dare the spot invade.

There shall your matin song, and vespers sweet,  
 And love connubial, and maternal care,  
 Invite the passenger's enquiring feet,  
 And show the name to all the virtues dear.

Was it with omens dire thou did'st appear,\*  
 To warn the youth of his Charissa's fate,  
 That soon within those walls her mournful bier  
 Should teach, how frail our bliss, how short its  
 date !

Yet shall she live while memory holds her seat,  
 And love and friendship oft her name repeat.

\* This alludes to the circumstance of a red-breast alighting on the communion table, during the performance of the marriage ceremony.

## SONNET.

*To the Memory of Chatterton.*

Ah! hapless youth, how do my spirits sink,  
While o'er thy page I cast a sorrowing eye;  
Oft I recal the gloomy scene, and think  
Why must a Chatterton thus friendless die?

Oh! that to \*\*\*\* thy rescue had been given,  
Not bread alone his hand would have bestow'd;  
From thy torn heart fell Vice had, too, been driven,  
And Virtue's softest tears on thy return have  
flow'd.

Oh! would my country rear a soft'ning shade,  
And for her humble Chattertons provide,  
There should our poet's head be softly laid,  
And there should mine be plac'd to moulder by  
its side.

Yes, hapless youth! thy mem'ry still is dear,  
While o'er thy faults, thy fate, I drop the pitying  
tear.

W.

*Hull, December, 1796.*

## SONNET.

Firm, just, and generous was Amyntas' mind,  
Vast in expansion, form'd to bless mankind ;  
O ! could his hand have reach'd to every shore,  
Laden with bliss—then man had wept no more.

Sure, soft affection with her filial charms,  
And holy friendship, with her fostering arms,  
In his large soul their matchless power had shewn,  
And pity's hand had mark'd him for her own.

“ I have no father,” fair Charissa said,  
And drop'd a tear o'er her fond parent dead,—  
The listening, gazing youth no more delay'd,  
But to his bosom took the plaintive maid ;

“ I'll be thy father”—thus each murmur still'd,  
And all the import of that name fulfill'd.

W.

*Hull, December 27, 1796.*

## TO THE YEAR 1796.

Farewell!—with all thy tragic scenes!  
 Scenes that have made our world a hell;  
 Where not a glimmering intervenes,  
 And death unceasing tolls the knell!

See commerce sleeping on her sails;  
 See labour starving in his loom  
 Or dragg'd, 'midst unavailing wails,  
 To an unconsecrated tomb.

Religion!— they blaspheme her name!  
 She never breathes the angry pray'r;  
 Her torch ne'er spreads the dreadful flame,  
 That lights to ruin and despair.

O G\*\*\*\*\*d! lend a pray'r, a tear,  
 T' avert these horrors from the present year.

*Written while the author is supposed to be standing  
 on the bank of the Trent, in the church yard at  
 Burton, Staffordshire.*

Slow and unruffled is thy silver stream,  
 Fair Trent, as by the tombs it silent moves,  
 While on thy bosom Cynthia's placid beam  
 The madd'ning tempest of my soul reproves.



Ah! when life's storms are o'er, I'll charge some  
friend

To bear my dust to this serene retreat ;  
And bid his peaceful footsteps here attend,  
To hear the grove my funeral hymn repeat.

Here sleeps a youth, who fled from haggard strife,  
Earth's boist'rous joys ne'er led his soul astray ;  
" But down the smooth, sequestered vale of life,  
He led the noiseless tenor of his way."

Yet to his sight pale Sorrow's form was known,  
" And Melancholy mark'd him for her own."

*Hull, January 1797.*

#### ON THE NECESSITY OF SOLITARY CONFINEMENT IN GAOLS.

See in the place. where vice should meet a cure,  
A wretched herd, with hearts and hands impure,  
Form'd in a band to fit for greater harms,  
The young offender fled from virtue's charms.\*

\* How many human victims might be saved in their youth, if separate confinement, labour and religious instruction were introduced into our prisons.

Here he is taught to laugh at weeping friends,  
And gracious counsel which their pity sends ;  
A partner's sorrows, with her infant train,  
Beg for admission to his heart in vain ;  
Or if he listen to their tender plaint,  
And cheer the heart by grief and sickness faint,  
Point their last hope to scenes of future joy,  
When he, releas'd, will all his powers employ  
In the fond charge of father, husband, friend,  
And with his life his future kindness end—  
Alas ! his vows and promises are vain ;  
He but returns to that black band again,  
And all is lost—a father's tender care.  
A husband's pity—all are buried there  
In pois'nous converse, and at length unchain'd,  
(His more than savage passions unrestrained,)  
He falls a victim to that fatal plan,  
Fatal to all the energies of man !\*  
If Britons, then, revere a Howard's name,  
If they would wish t' immortalize his fame,  
Let them adopt the plans his wisdom fram'd,  
To give them which he toils and death sustain'd.

\* “ It is doing little to restrain the bad by punishment, unless you render them good by discipline.”  
Inscription on a house of correction at Rome.—See  
Howard's Appendix to his state of the Prisons in England and Wales.

This monument will shine when stones decay ;  
 Without this, Howard's life is thrown away ;  
 And the inscription of his glorious name,  
 On faithless stones, will but record our shame.

W.

*Hull, March 28, 1797.*

SONNET TO ENVY.

Ah! cruel Envy ! thy malignant darts,  
 Forg'd in the dark recesses of the mind,  
 Dipp'd in the gall and pride of callous hearts,  
 Pierce thro' the soul, and leave the sting behind.

Ah! cruel Envy ! from thy sullen look,  
 Flies modest Merit to her humble shade,  
 There seeks a covert from thy hard rebuke,  
 And on the lap of Friendship rests her head.

But Ah! nor Friendship's generous arms can  
 screen,  
 Nor peaceful shades seclude thy ruthless form ;  
 But still pursu'd by thy insatiate spleen,  
 She sinks beneath the overwhelming storm.

Parent of black designs ! yet will I not complain,  
 Tho' I may feel thy wrath, if I escape thy reign.

*Hull, April 1797.*

## SONNET,

*Addressed to the Poor and Stranger's Friend Society,  
Hull.*

Apostles of humanity ! accept the lay,  
Which your diffus'd philanthropy inspires,  
Which all the virtues ask the muse to pay,  
While want confounded from the sound retires.

'Tis yours to gladden with celestial day  
The cell of poverty, so drear and cold ;  
To teach th' unlettered multitude to pray,  
And Truth's immortal prospects to unfold.

'Tis yours to wipe the sad repentant tear,  
And fill with hope divine affliction's child ;  
The widow'd matron's sorrowing heart to cheer,  
And bless her orphans with instructions mild.

'Tis yours to spread religion's happy reign,  
And bid the moral world revive again.

*Hull, May 8, 1797.*

## SONNET.

*On seeing a boy with a bird's nest.*

Return, foul savage, to that peaceful shade,  
Whence thy rude hand those helpless young  
has torn,  
Didst thou not hear the shrieks, the cries forlorn,  
Which, mad with grief, the widow'd parents made.

Haste and replace them in the sacred spot,  
Sacred to love, to tenderness and care ;  
Ah ! did thy heart such soft endearments share,  
Sure, it would bleed to see their helpless lot.

But ah ! in vain I plead, he hastes away ;  
In vain I urge their infant cause with tears ;  
Proud of the barb'rous spoil, he shuts his ears,  
And hugs a prize he scarce can keep a day.

So man his vices hugs, nor heeds the smart,  
Wrung from the wounds of virtue's broken heart.

*Hull, June 26, 1797.*

## ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship ! sweet source of every joy,  
Thy smiles each frown of fate defy,  
    O let me call thee mine ;  
With thee I'll brave the heaviest storm,  
Distress and woe in every form ;  
    O make this bosom thine.

The happy pair, who own thy reign,  
Enjoy what monarchs seek in vain,  
    And share the sweets of life ;  
Thus home amidst the warbling grove,  
The seat of Virtue and of Love  
    Is free from care and strife.

Here Kindness wipes the trav'ler's tear,  
Here Tenderness and Grace appear  
    To cheer the drooping mind ;  
Here sickness finds a healing balm,  
Here troubles grow divinely calm,  
    Where love and friendship's join'd.

This consecrated, blissful seat,  
Affords a safe and sweet retreat,  
    From grief and haggard care ;

Here streams of fond affection rise,  
And sympathy that never dies,  
To bless the happy pair.

Hail Friendship! Queen of earthly joys,  
Without thee, diadems are toys  
And vain is nature's store,  
With thee I would for ever rest,  
Made by thy smile supremely blest;  
Nor ask the world for more.

*Hull, July 10th, 1797.*

#### STORM AT SEA.

*Descriptive of the piece of music under that title,  
composed for the Organ by Mr. Baker, Stafford.*

Till over head a sheet  
Of lived flame discloses wide, then shuts  
And opens wider; shuts and opens still  
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze:  
Follows the loose and aggravated roar,  
Enlarging, deep'ning, mingling, peal on peal,  
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

THOMPSON.

Tending his flock, the gay Philetas sat  
Beneath the hawthorn's shade. The sun's mild  
beams,

His happy charge, his simple pipe, the tune,  
The fav'rite air and song his Flora sung,  
The placid murm'ring of the quiet stream,  
And moontide stillness, pour'd upon his soul  
The calm delight of virtue's matchless reign.

At length the gath'ring cloud, and waking breeze  
Announce th' approaching storm. He looks  
around—

The distant thunder warns him to secure  
A safer shade, and lay his pipe aside.

The thunder ceases, and Philetas soon  
His seat regains, and finishes his song.  
But now the dull dark clouds in haste return—  
He leaves the field, and goes to calm the fears  
Of Flora's timid breast. The heaving storm  
Bursts with redoubled force—the rattling hail  
Breaks the young foliage from the verdant trees,  
And frays the harmless songsters shelter'd there.  
The roaring thunder, more tremendous still,  
Affrights the howling herd—affects the soul  
Of reasoning man, with all the solemn fears  
Of that dread day, when nature's dying throes



Shall chill with awe the icy cheeks of death.  
The storm subsides ; Auroras' cheering beams  
Restores the beauty of creation's face :  
Now shrill the fife and martial drum are heard ;  
The thoughtless mariner defies the hand,  
That hurl'd the dreadful thunder o'er his head ;  
He heaves his anchor, bids the vessel sail,  
And soon forgets the terrors of the storm.  
But e'er the day has clos'd the winds arise,  
A dreadful squall succeeds, loud roar the waves—  
A clap of distant thunder shakes the sails.  
Again the rattling hail, the boist'rous winds,  
The vast concussion of the elements  
Proclaim the awful prowess of a God.  
—The winds again are hush'd, the clouds dis-  
pers'd—  
To the fierce storm Jehovah says “ Be still.”—  
But ah ! the frantic crew !—the vessel sinks !—  
A wat'ry grave ! a distant home ! each thought  
Akin to fear, extorts the piercing cry.  
The clinging mates join in the dying prayer,  
And lift an eye of terror to the arm  
That hurl'd with dreadful force the fatal storm.  
Then the loud shriek and bitter groan ascend.—  
At length the funeral waves the suff'ers hide,  
With their wreck'd vessel, in the briny deep.

Such are the awful scenes which thy strong mind,  
 Ingenious Baker, and thy skilful hand,  
 Bring to our ravish'd and our aching sight ;  
 And such the awful works, and sovereign ways of  
 God.

*Hull, July 1797.*

### SONNET.

#### TO THE DEISTS.

*Written after reading the Rev. Mr. Fawcett's  
 Summary of the Evidences of Christianity, just  
 published.*

Ye bankrupt minds ! ye souls of black despair !  
 In vain you trample on the sacred code,—  
 And Oh !—of the eternal arm beware,  
 Nor rouse the vengeance of the Word of God.\*

If ye have curs'd the sacred light of heaven,  
 Yet lead not others to eternal woe ;  
 Enough, if you be from its radiance driven,  
 And walk in darkness to the shades below.

\* Rev. xix. 13.

Avaunt ye Paines ! and ask an angry God,  
 To give you seats in the infernal world ;  
 There might your doctrine meet the longing nod,  
 Though thence, in anger, you would soon be  
 hurl'd.

Parent of Good ! avert their plans, their fate ;  
 Fawcett the pray'r shall join though he obtain  
 the hate.

*Sept. 29, 1797.*

### LINES,

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE  
 REV. JOHN BEATSON, OF HULL.

Thou need'st not, fond Solitude,  
 Amid the haunts of death intrude,  
 With unavailing sighs and tears,  
 With pallid looks and causeless fears ;  
 Beatson has gain'd the port of rest,  
 And in eternal calm is blest.

Thou need'st not, fond remembrance, paint  
 The bright example of the saint ;

Friends gain'd to virtue by his zeal,  
Shall best his genuine worth reveal ;  
The annals of eternity,  
Shall give the purest eulogy.

Thou need'st not, filial tenderness,  
In words of black despair express  
Thy loss ; thy father still survives,  
And in a life of virtue lives :  
Go copy each instructive line,  
His love of God and truth be thine :

With virtue lift the hand of prayer,  
The tear with misery learn to share :  
Teach vice the road to happiness,  
And bless the poor and fatherless ;  
Assert the rights Jehovah gave,  
Unbind the fetters of the slave :

Bid minds be free, their shackles break,  
Till Bigotry's foundations shake ;  
Till truth her native smile shall wear,  
And millions crowd her charms to share.  
O dare, in this degenerate age,  
To read and prize the sacred page,  
Dare to be singularly good,  
And strive to stem contagion's flood :

Then shall thy Father still survive,  
And Beatson still amongst us live.

W.

*May 9, 1798.*

### ON THE DEATH OF ALEXIS.

And dost thou cling to earth, unthinking youth,  
To 'scape the wreck of death, all nature's doom!  
Ah! haste and read what hoary headed truth  
Has just inscrib'd upon Alexis' tomb:—

“ Build not your pyramid, immortal friend,  
On tott'ring sand, expos'd to every wave;  
The firmest base that time itself can lend,  
Will sink, ere long, into the silent grave.

“ List not too earnestly to friendship's tale  
Nor grasp with extacy the Muses' prize;  
Long 'ere the tale of love was done—all pale,  
Uncrown'd, and breathless, poor Alexis lies.  
Yet shall the muses spread their flowers around  
his tomb,  
And all his virtues flourish in immortal bloom.

W.

*January 31, 1798,*

THE MOUSE'S GHOST AND THE  
PHILOSOPHER.

Say, affrighted spectre, why  
Dost thou hover round my bed,  
Echoing back a dying cry :—  
Go, and rest thy haggard head.

'Twas no sin to take thy life,  
Life so short and poor as thine ;  
Feeble was the dying strife,  
Breath thou hadst but to resign.

“ Wretch endu'd with nobler powers,  
Sordid tyrant of the earth,  
Life and peace and love are ours ;  
Thou art wretched from thy birth.

Gibbets, poisons, racks are yours ;  
Ye can feast on tears and blood ;  
Death's last agony allures ;  
Ye can trample on the good.

When I, unsuspecting, dar'd  
But to taste of your repast,  
And, by your deception snar'd,  
Found myself in prison fast,

Then you triumph'd o'er your slave,  
Laugh'd to see me pant with fear;  
Yet you call yourselves the brave,  
Say, you wipe the captive's tear.

When ye dragg'd me to the cell,  
And withheld the vital air,  
Then like fiends and sprites of hell,  
Ye drown'd in shouts my dying prayer.

When ye saw me gasp for breath,  
Shrink with horror at your sight;  
Then ye join'd the howl of death,—  
And I sought eternal night.

Now I'll break your sweet repose,  
Haunt your bed and keep you 'wake;  
You shall ne'er your eyelids close,  
But before a mouse shall quake.

*February 27, 1798.*

## SONNET,

*Inscribed to Miss \*\*\*\* on her birth-day.*

Hail, sacred morn ! prolong thy stay !  
 Thy gentle dew and holy breath  
 Shall save the fainting plants from death,  
 And bid all nature hail Matilda's natal day.

Ye flowers your richest tints display,  
 Your fragrance spread through every grove,  
 Ye birds attune the song to love,  
 And bid all nature hail Matilda's natal day.

Ye angry storms your rage delay,  
 Nature commands a day of rest ;  
 Be calm as Pastorella's breast,  
 While zephyrs whisper, " 'tis Matilda's natal day."

## LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. GRANT, BAPTIST  
 MISSIONARY,

*Who died at Serampore on the 31st, of October,  
 1799, in the 25th year of his age, and soon after  
 his arrival in India.*

Bold in the rank of fools Horatio stands,  
 And madly 'gainst his God lifts both his hands,



Sits with the Deist in the scorner's chair,  
Derides the book of God, and laughs at pray'r.  
While on he rushes in his mad career,  
The voice of mercy whispers in his ear—  
“Rash youth! forbear to urge th' unequal war,  
Or God shall smite thee from his fiery car.  
His voice demands the reason of thy rage:  
Why 'gainst thy God and Father thus engage?  
Midst oaths and blasphemies his tender care  
Ne'er cease thy life to guard, thy soul to spare!  
And when thy feet have touch'd the brink of hell,  
How many times he saved thee, canst thou tell?  
Oh turn thine eyes, behold the Lamb of God!  
And hear the accents of redeeming blood.  
This scene, which fools and infidels blaspheme,  
Must hence become thy sweet and constant theme;  
Now to thy former friends this news be shown,  
Then haste, and follow me to worlds unknown!”

The tale of mercy fill'd his anxious mind;  
If true, how vile was he, and God how kind!  
He reads the sacred page; the scenes renew'd,—  
The words that mercy spake are there reviewed.  
No longer now he doubts the word of God,  
Nor madly tramples on the Saviour's blood;  
He feels the power and majesty divine,  
Which shine in ev'ry page, in ev'ry line;

Wonders, he ne'er beheld the scene before,  
And longs to bear the news to ev'ry shore.

To prove the change divine, his pray'r is heard ;  
To India's shores he bears the heavenly word :  
Jesus accepts the soul his grace has won ;  
On India's plains arriv'd, his work is done ;  
Content, the way to heathen lands is shewn,  
He follows mercy to the world unknown.

W. W.

# A Monody

TO THE

MEMORY OF THE LATE REV. W. WARD.

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— Monumentum ære perennius. Hor.

SHALL blood-stained heroes claim immortal  
verse,

And nations' tears bedew the patriot's hearse?  
Shall sculptur'd trophies o'er the great be spread,  
And poets throng to praise the noble dead?  
And shall no meed be due to him, who strove,  
Impell'd by principles of heav'nly love,  
The slaves of Satan from their bonds to save,  
To point the wretch, just sinking in the grave,  
To heav'n's eternal rest; undaunted yet  
By all the dangers, that his path beset;  
Unsway'd by honour, unallur'd by gain  
Cross'd the rough billows of the stormy main,  
Far other climes and distant regions sought,  
Friends, country, kindred, sweets of home forgot?  
'Twas pity mov'd—'twas charity inspir'd,  
Love to a gracious Lord his bosom fired;

This, the main spring, that all his passions moved,  
 And those, the generous fruits, his faith that  
     prov'd

And love sincere ;— yes, and when love shall hold  
 Its empire undivided, uncontroul'd,  
 A ransom'd world its triumph and its joy,  
 While countless tongues its praises shall employ ;  
 Then shall the name of Ward, and all like him,  
 Shine as a kindred star 'midst the bright seraphim.

Where Ganges pours his mighty tide along  
 Thro' India's plains, the swarthy nations throng,  
 To bathe and bow idolatrous before  
 The river God ; the gasping sick implore,  
 Stretch'd on its banks, the next kind wave that  
     rolls,  
 To ease their pain and manumit their souls ;  
 And hope thus purified from sin to rise,  
 And gain a seat of bliss in Paradise :  
 There, whirl'd aloft in many a circling round,  
 The self-tormentor hangs, while on the ground  
 The crimson gore distils ; here on the glade,  
 Swelt'ring before his fire, is prostrate laid  
 The Hindoo devotee ; and there, with hands  
 Cross'd o'er his head, the musing Fakeer stands,  
 Or on his tyger's skin sits all exposed  
 To burning suns, and, when the day is closed,

To night's keen blast ; idly he hopes the while,  
Pleas'd with his penances that Heav'n will smile.  
As thro' the crowd the haughty Brahmin stalks.  
Fell death around in gloomy terror walks ;  
Vain hope and sad despair by turns impress'd ;  
But hope still yields to fear, and ev'ry breast  
With torture heaves ; each eye, with tearless grief,  
Looks wildly round and vainly asks relief.

And lo ! relief is nigh, the hour is come,  
Ordain'd of God, to call his wand'ers home.  
With ready zeal the sacred preacher flies,  
Love in his heart, compassion in his eyes,  
Unfolds the holy Shaster to their sight,  
And points the sinking soul to mansions bright  
Beyond the skies ; tells of the dreadful loss  
Of souls immortal, and proclaims the cross,  
The sov'reign remedy, by grace designed  
To heal the various ills of human kind.  
“ Behold the blood, the Saviour's blood,” he cries,  
“ For guilty souls the wondrous sacrifice ;  
“ See, for uncleanness open'd Israel's fount ;  
“ The stream fast issuing from the holy mount,  
“ To cleanse your foulest stains the Saviour dies,  
“ And rising opes a vista to the skies ;  
“ He traced the path, by mortals yet untrod,  
“ Thro' death's dark valley to the realms of God ;

“ Captivity itself was captive led,  
 “ When Jesus rose triumphant from the dead ;  
 “ He the first fruits, and soon shall all that sleep  
 “ In earth, or caverns of th’ unfathom’d deep,  
 “ To meet him rise. Hear, sinners, and believe,  
 “ Trust in the Saviour and true life receive ;  
 “ In faith address his mercy and his power,  
 “ His grace shall save you in the dying hour.  
 “ Not Ganga’s wave of fabled heav’nly source,  
 “ Nor all the streams, that swell it in its course,  
 “ Can cleanse like this : not Veeshno’s potent arm,  
 “ That crush’d the serpent, can stern Death disarm,  
 “ Can break of Hell the adamantine chain,  
 “ And give your souls to peace and God again :  
 “ Not all his nine avatars e’er achiev’d,  
 “ One sin aton’d, one suffering soul reliev’d ;  
 “ But our incarnate Saviour did, alone,  
 “ For sins of deepest dye at once atone :  
 “ Then venture on Him freely, none but He  
 “ Can helpless sinners from their bondage free.”

Quick thro’ the ranks the joyful tidings run ;  
 And now, for shelter from the scorching sun,  
 Beneath the Banian’s thickest shade they meet,  
 In numerous bands, to enjoy the cool retreat :  
 Some list attentive, others wond’ring stand  
 At this strange doctrine struck ; on either hand

'The Brahmin proudly scowls to hear decried  
His fav'rite Gods, to see their power defied :  
Yet trusts, that still the mighty cast will bind  
The troubled conscience and the wav'ring mind  
In its strong chain ; nor dreams he, that the slave  
Of superstition's power will ever brave,  
Bereft of kindred and of friends, forlorn,  
The shafts of ridicule and public scorn ;  
Sunk to the vile, degraded Paria's state,  
The sport of poverty, disgrace and hate.  
But now from heaven, th' immortal Dove descends,  
And sacred energy the word attends ;  
Vain is the cast's strong chain, all earthly bands  
To hold the soul are vain ! when grace commands  
To set the captive free, how vain each art,  
In God's decisive hour, t' enchain the heart !  
Weak as the twisted bands, that Sampson held,  
When proud Philistia's lords their foe beheld,  
Their dreaded foe, his sinewy limbs fast bound,  
And made the welkin with their shouts resound ;  
Snapp'd like the scorched tow, his bands remove,  
And slaughter'd hecatombs his prowess prove.  
But different triumphs wait the christian host ;  
Far other trophies, Ward, shall be thy boast ;  
A bloodless, tearless triumph thou shalt share,  
A purer palm of victory thou shalt bear :  
'Tis thine to sing the captive soul's release,  
And shout the honours of the Prince of Peace ;

At his approach, the cast's firm chain shall yield;  
And all th' infernal powers shall quit the field,  
Driven like the chaff before the whirlwind's  
blast;

Then heathen tribes their idol gods shall cast  
To moles and bats; and Zion's glorious King  
Ascend his throne, while heaven's high arch  
shall ring

With shouts of angels bright and spirits blest,  
From suff'rings saved that now in glory rest;  
And men redeem'd from sin, and death, and hell,  
Of ev'ry nation, shall the chorus swell,  
O'er the whole earth, the Saviour's wide domain,  
And "He, whose right it is, shall ever reign."

Deep in his lair the pagan dragon lay,  
Secure, and watching for his future prey;  
Forgot the dire disgrace, when Grecia broke,  
And Rome, the bondage of his tyrant yoke;  
When all his rabble gods and demon powers  
Forsook fair Corinth, and th' Athenian bowers:  
Rous'd at this new alarm the monster's fire,  
He rears his crest, and grins indignant ire;  
Sees, all around, his spells dissolving fast,  
His fanes deserted, and his idols cast  
To dark and cold neglect; nor safe his seat,  
Invasion threatens him in his last retreat:



No more his poor deluded vot'ries now,  
With stupid rev'rence at his altars bow ;  
No more the pilgrim penitents incline,  
With painful steps, to visit at his shrine :  
The blood of Christ, a healing fountain, flows,  
A sov'reign balm for all the suff'ers' woes ;  
His mercy now see India's sons implore,  
And Brahmin priests his sacred name adore.

See, where in you savannah rear'd on high,  
With numerous faggots heap'd, that tempt the sky,  
The funeral pile ascends ; extended there,  
Beside her husband's livid corse, to share  
Its fiery fate, and thus her doom to seal  
By foul self-murder, and unhallowed zeal,  
The mourning widow lies ; sees round her head  
The curling smoke ascend with secret dread :  
Not all the tales deceiving priests have told,  
From sacred vedas, and from records old,  
Of bliss eternal that awaits her soul,  
The throbbings of her heart can e'er controul ;  
Can e'er a mother's tender bosom steel  
'Gainst that sharp pang of anguish she must feel,  
To think, amidst her woes, that urchin boy,  
So late his father's pride, her only joy,  
With parricidal hand has li't the fire,  
And gladly sees his last, best friend expire ;

She feels, she weeps, and now, repenting late  
Her rash devotion, struggles with her fate ;  
But tears, and prayers, and strugglings all in  
vain,

No mortal hears the trembling wretch complain ;  
In loud, inhuman shouts her cries are lost,  
Or on the mounting flame to heaven are tossed ;  
Nought but a mass of living fire is seen,  
And crackling faggots blazing o'er the green.  
Enthron'd in crimes, in murd'rous rites enshrin'd,  
Forging fresh fetters for th' immortal mind,  
Thus has the demon rul'd ; but now his reign  
Hastes to its close ; his glory's in the wane.  
Saviour Divine, thy sov'reign sway extend  
Wide o'er the earth, till ev'ry knee shall bend ;  
Bid cruel deeds, and foul self-murder cease,  
And hush the tumults of the world to peace.

Mark, where, in gorgeous pomp, with thund'ring  
sound,

A pond'rous mass, that shakes the solid ground,  
The car of Juggernaut comes rolling on ;  
Idol obscene, by filthy homage won,  
And erst with bloody sacrifices pleas'd.  
What strange surprize his hireling slaves has  
seiz'd!

No heart the flame of self-devotion feels ;  
No victim bleeds beneath his chariot wheels,

Crush'd by the mighty weight : amaz'd they try  
New arts t' allure ; not one will dare to die  
For such a God ! ' Those pow'rless hands, shall  
they

The rod of universal empire sway ?

Think'st thou those sightless eye balls e'er can scan

The secrets of thy heart, misguided man ?

Not all thy loudest, longest prayers shall gain

That dull, cold ear ; lift up thy voice amain ;

Sure he's a God, or does his Godship sleep,

Or urge his journey through the mighty deep ?

Cry, cry aloud, nor spare, ye brave compeers

Of bloody Moloch's priests, and Baal's seers !

In vain, your reign is o'er ; forth from his place

Jehovah rising, glorious King of grace,

Comes to assert his honours, long profan'd,

To vindicate his sacred worship, stain'd

By many a base and antichristian rite,

Through the dark ages of that moral night,

In which the Man of Sin enwrapp'd the world.

Now is the banner of His cross unfurl'd,

The day of His redeem'd is come, the day,

The long arrears of vengeance to repay :

Gentile and Jew shall join, with one accord,

To sound his triumphs, and to hail Him Lord :

Then shall He reign omnipotent on high,

And hallelujahs sound from earth and sky ;

While wide and deep the tide of knowledge flows  
 O'er regions, where the fervid sunbeam glows  
 Intense, from Southern sea-girt isles,  
 Where genial spring in constant verdure smiles,  
 To Greenland's shores, where sternest winter  
     reigns,  
 And locks all nature in her icy chains.'

These were the scenes, dear Ward, that fir'd  
     thy soul  
 With ardent zeal no dangers could controul;  
 These radiant visions of the latter days  
 Urg'd all thy labour, called forth all thy praise;  
 These scenes to realize, what fervent prayer  
 Thy spirit breath'd; those bright rewards to share,  
 A deathless palm of victory to win  
 In souls subdued by grace, and conquer'd sin!  
 But ah! how soon thy glorious course is run;  
 How soon we're called to mourn thy setting sun;  
 When scarce had dawn'd upon thy eager view  
 The heav'nly prospects, which thy fancy drew!  
 Too soon, alas! for us, who mark'd thy course,  
 Thy spirit's ardour, that elastic force  
 Of hope, that sprang so buoyant on the wave  
 Of threat'ning woes, while all intent to save!  
 Nor lost is all thy toil, thy active mind  
 Has left a lasting monument behind,

'Than stone more durable, or solid brass ;  
It lives, while this vain world's brief ages pass,  
While rising suns and setting gild the plain  
Successive, till no point of time remain ;  
Bears on its front, engrav'd in deep record,  
The wondrous tidings of the living Word ;  
Stands till the light of truth shall brightly shine,  
Its lustre all unclouded and divine ;  
When darkling error, dazzled with the blaze,  
Shall shrink abashed, and hide its hideous form,  
Nor hide the terrors of th' approaching storm,  
When Satan's routed hosts, those demons fell,  
In dire dismay, retrace their native hell ;  
When the wide heaven is folded like a scroll,  
And fiercest light'nings flash from pole to pole,  
While all around continuous thunders roll ;  
When from dissolving elements shall rise  
New heavens and earth, and purer, brighter skies,  
Where, in their blest abodes, from ev'ry clime,  
The ransom'd throng shall meet, of ev'ry time,  
And age, and name, fresh rising from the tomb.  
Clad in full vigour and immortal bloom :  
When those whose labours Jesus deigns to bless,  
In turning numerous souls to righteousness,  
Shall shine as stars—then, Ward, thy name  
    shall be,  
A gem of ray serene in heav'u's pure galaxy.



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